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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXII.

DECEMBER, 1910, TO MAY, 1911



NEW YORK AND LONDON
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Painting by Marion Powers Illustration for "In Defence of Old Songs"

"SWEET AND LOW"

"Rest, rest on Mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon"

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Vol. CXXII December 1910 No. DCCXXVII



The Mansion.

By Henry van Dyke

THERE was an air of calm and reserved opulence about the Weightman mansion that spoke not of money squandered, but of wealth prudently applied. Standing on a corner of the Avenue no longer fashionable for residence, it looked upon the swelling tide of business with an expression of complacency and half-disdain.

The house was not beautiful. There was nothing in its straight front of chocolate-colored stone, its heavy cornices, its broad staring windows of plate glass, its carved and bronze-bedecked mahogany doors at the top of the wide stoop, to charm the eye or fascinate the imagination. But it was eminently respectable, and in its way imposing. It seemed to say that the glittering shops of the jewellers, the milliners, the confectioners, the florists, the picture-dealers, the furriers, the makers of rare and costly antiquities, retail traders in luxuries of life, were beneath the notice of a house that had its foundations in the high finance, and was built literally and figuratively in the shadow of St. Petronius' Church.

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At the same time there was something self-pleased and congratulatory in the way in which the mansion held its own amid the changing neighborhood. It almost seemed to be lifted up a little, among the tall buildings near at hand, as if it felt the rising value of the land on which it stood.

John Weightman was like the house into which he had built himself thirty years ago and in which his ideals and ambitions were encrusted. He was a self-made man. But in making himself he had chosen a highly esteemed pattern and worked according to the approved rules. There was nothing irregular, questionable, flamboyant about him. He was solid, correct, and justly successful.

His minor tastes, of course, had been carefully kept up to date. At the proper time, pictures by the Barbizon masters, old English plate and portraits, bronzes by Barye and marbles by Rodin, Persian carpets and Chinese porcelains, had been introduced to the mansion. It contained a Louis Quinze reception-room, an Empire drawing-room, a Jacobean dining-room, and various apartments dimly reminiscent of the styles of furniture affected by deceased monarchs. That the hallways were too short for the historic perspective did not make much difference. American decorative art is *capable de tout,* it absorbs all periods. Of each period Mr. Weightman wished to have something of the best. He understood its value, present as a certificate, and prospective as an investment.

It was only in the architecture of his town house that he remained conservative, immovable, one might almost say Early-Victorian-Christian. His country house at Dulwich-on-the-Sound was a palace of the Italian Renaissance. But in town he adhered to an architecture which had moral associations, the Nineteenth-Century-Brownstone epoch. It was a symbol of his social position, his religious doctrine, and even, in a way, of his business creed.

"A man of fixed principles," he would say, "should express them in the looks of his house. New York changes its domestic architecture too rapidly. It is like divorce. It is not dignified. I don't like it. Extravagance and fickleness are advertised in most of these new houses. I wish to be known for different qualities. Dignity and prudence are the things that people trust. Every one knows that I can afford to live in the house that suits me. It is a guarantee to the public. It inspires confidence. It helps my influence. There is a text in the Bible about 'a house that hath foundations.' That is the proper kind of a mansion for a solid man."

Harold Weightman had often listened to his father discoursing in this fashion on the fundamental principles of life, and always with a divided mind. He admired immensely his father's talents and the single-minded energy with which he improved them. But in the paternal philosophy there was something that disquieted and oppressed the young man, and made him gasp inwardly for fresh air and free action.

At times, during his college course and his years at the law school, he had yielded to this impulse and broken away—now toward extravagance and dissipation, and then, when the reaction came, toward a romantic devotion to work among the poor. He had felt his father's disapproval for both of these forms of imprudence; but never in a harsh or violent way, always with a certain tolerant patience, such as one might show for the mistakes and vagaries of the very young. John Weightman was not hasty, impulsive, inconsiderate, even toward his own children. With them, as with the rest of the world, he felt that he had a reputation to maintain, a theory to vindicate. He could afford to give them time to see that he was absolutely right.

One of his favorite Scripture quotations was, "Wait on the Lord." He had applied it to real estate and to people, with profitable results.

But to human persons the sensation of being waited for is not always agreeable. Sometimes, especially with the young, it produces a vague restlessness, a dumb resentment, which is increased by the fact that one can hardly explain or justify it. Of this John Weightman was not conscious. It lay beyond his horizon. He did not take it into account in the plan of life which he had made for himself and for his family as the sharers and inheritors of his success.

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"Father plays us," said Harold, in a moment of irritation, to his mother, "like pieces in a game of chess."

"My dear," said that lady, whose faith in her husband was religious, "you ought not to speak so impatiently. At least he wins the game. He is one of the most respected men in New York. And he is very generous, too."

"I wish he would be more generous in letting us be ourselves," said the young man. "He always has something in view for us and expects to move us up to it."

"But isn't it always for our benefit?" replied his mother. "Look what a position we have. No one can say there is any taint on our money. There are no rumors about your father. He has kept the laws of God and of man. He has never made any mistakes."

Harold got up from his chair and poked the fire. Then he came back to the ample, well-gowned, firm-looking lady, and sat beside her on the sofa. He took her hand gently and looked at the two rings—a thin band of yellow gold, and a small solitaire diamond—which kept their place on her third finger in modest dignity, as if not shamed, but rather justified, by the splendor of the emerald which glittered beside them.

"Mother," he said, "you have a wonderful hand. And father made no mistake when he won you. But are you sure he has always been so inerrant?"

"Harold," she exclaimed, a little stiffly, "what do you mean? His life is an open book."

"Oh," he answered, "I don't mean anything bad, mother dear. I know the governor's life is an open book—a ledger, if you like, kept in the best bookkeeping hand, and always ready for inspection—every page correct, and showing a handsome balance. But isn't it a mistake not to let us make our own mistakes, to learn for ourselves, to live our own lives? Must we be always working for 'the balance,' in one thing or another? I want to be myself—to get outside of this everlasting, profitable 'plan'—to let myself go, and lose myself for a while at least—to do the things that I want to do, just because I want to do them."

"My boy," said his mother, anxiously, "you are not going to do anything wrong or foolish? You know the falsehood of that old proverb about wild oats."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Yes, mother," he answered, "I know it well enough. But in California, you know, the wild oats are one of the most valuable crops. They grow all over the hillsides and keep the cattle and the horses alive. But that wasn't what I meant—to sow wild oats. Say to pick wild flowers, if you like, or even to chase wild geese—to do something that seems good to me just for its own sake, not for the sake of wages of one kind or another. I feel like a hired man, in the service of this magnificent mansion—say in training for father's place as majordomo. I'd like to get out some way, to feel free—perhaps to do something for others."

The young man's voice hesitated a little. "Yes, it sounds like cant, I know, but sometimes I feel as if I'd like to do some good in the world, if father only wouldn't insist upon God's putting it into the ledger."

His mother moved uneasily and a slight look of bewilderment came into her face.

"Isn't that almost irreverent?" she asked. "Surely the righteous must have their reward. And your father is good. See how much he gives to all the established charities, how many things he has founded. He's always thinking of others, and planning for them. And surely, for us, he does everything. How well he has planned this trip to Europe for me and the girls—the court-presentation at Berlin, the season on the Riviera, the visits in England with the Plumptons and the Halverstones. He says Lord Halverstone has the finest old house in Sussex, pure Elizabethan, and all the old customs are kept up, too—family prayers every morning for all the domestics. By the way, you know his son Bertie, I believe."

Harold smiled a little to himself as he answered: "Yes, I fished at Catalina Island last June with the Honorable Ethelbert; he's rather a decent chap, in spite of his ingrowing mind. But you?—mother, you are simply magnificent! You are father's masterpiece." The young man leaned over to kiss her, and went up to the Riding Club for his afternoon canter in the Park.

So it came to pass, early in December,

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that Mrs. Weightman and her two daughters sailed for Europe, on their serious pleasure-trip, even as it had been written in the book of Providence; and John Weightman, who had made the entry, was left to pass the rest of the winter with his son and heir in the brownstone mansion.

They were comfortable enough. The machinery of the massive establishment ran as smoothly as a great electric dynamo. They were busy enough, too. John Weightman's plans and enterprises were complicated, though his principle of action was always simple—to get good value for every expenditure and effort. The banking-house of which he was the chief, the brain, the will, the absolutely controlling hand, was so admirably organized that the details of its direction took but little time. But the scores of other interests that radiated from it and were dependent upon it—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, that contributed to its solidity and success—the many investments, industrial, political, benevolent, reformatory, ecclesiastical, that had made the name of Weightman well known and potent in city, church, and state, demanded much attention and careful steering, in order that each might produce the desired result. There were board meetings of corporations and hospitals, conferences in Wall Street and at Albany, consultations and committee meetings in the brownstone mansion.

For a share in all this business and its adjuncts John Weightman had his son in training in one of the famous law firms of the city; for he held that banking itself is a simple affair, the only real difficulties of finance are on its legal side. Meantime he wished the young man to meet and know the men with whom he would have to deal when he became a partner in the house. So a couple of dinners were given in the mansion during December, after which the father called the son's attention to the fact that over a hundred million dollars had sat around the board.

But on Christmas Eve father and son were dining together without guests, and their talk across the broad table, glittering with silver and cut glass, and softly lit by shaded candles, was intimate, though a little slow at times. The elder man was in rather a rare mood, more expansive and confidential than usual; and when the coffee was brought in and they were left alone, he talked more freely of his personal plans and hopes than he had ever done before.

"I feel very grateful to-night," said he, at last; "it must be something in the air of Christmas that gives me this feeling of thankfulness for the many divine mercies that have been bestowed upon me. All the principles by which I have tried to guide my life have been justified. I have never made the value of this salted almond by anything that the courts would not uphold, at least in the long run, and yet—or wouldn't it be truer to say and therefore?—my affairs have been wonderfully prospered. There's a great deal in that text 'Honesty is the best'—but no, that's not from the Bible, after all, is it? Wait a moment; there is something of that kind, I know."

"May I light a cigar, father," said Harold, turning away to hide a smile, "while you are remembering the text?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the elder man, rather shortly; "you know I don't dislike the smell. But it is a wasteful, useless habit, and therefore I have never practised it. Nothing useless is worth while, that's my motto—nothing that does not bring the reward. Oh, now I recall the text, 'Verily I say unto you they have their reward.' I shall ask Doctor Snodgrass to preach a sermon on that verse some day."

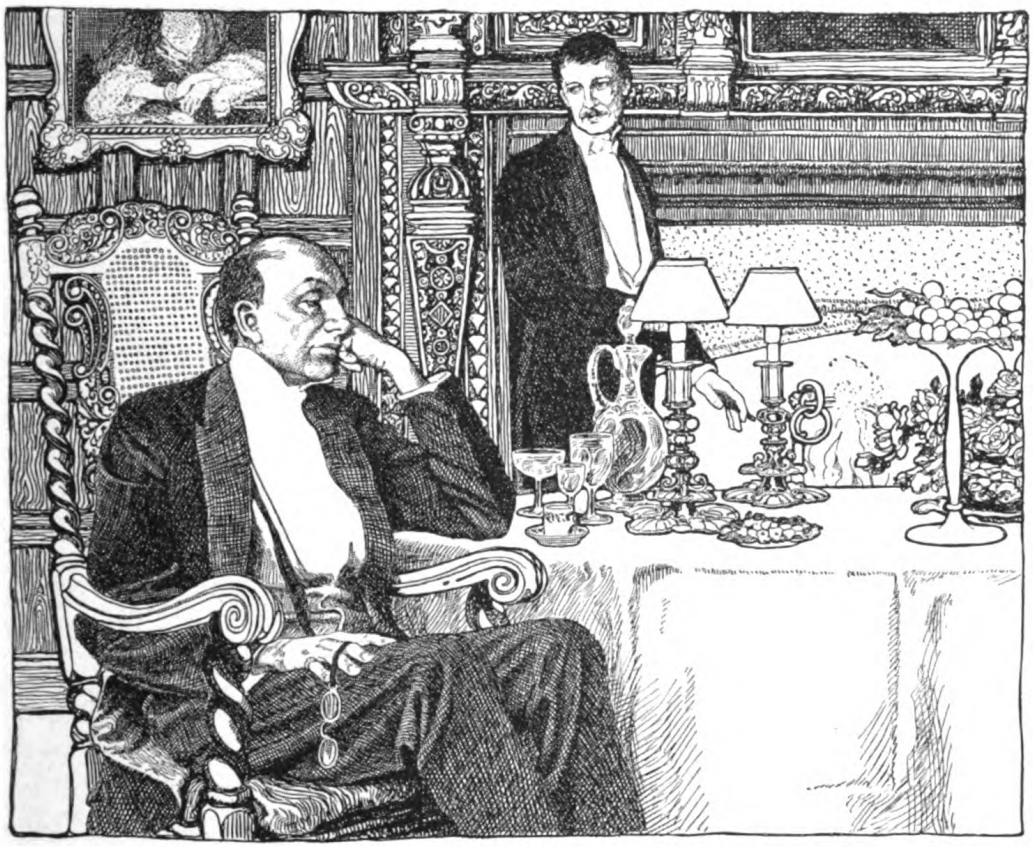
"Using you as an illustration?"

"Well, not exactly that; but I could give him some good material from my own experience to prove the truth of Scripture. I can honestly say that there is not one of my charities that has not brought me in a good return, either in the increase of influence, the building up of credit, or the association with substantial people. Of course you have to be careful how you give, in order to secure the best results—no indiscriminate giving—no pennies in beggars' hats! It has been one of my principles always to use the same kind of judgment in charities that I use in my other affairs, and they have not disappointed me."

"Even the check that you put in the plate when you take the offertory up the aisle on Sunday morning?"

"Certainly; though there the influence

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"RELIGION IS NOT A MATTER OF SENTIMENT; IT'S A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE"

is less direct; and I must confess that I have my doubts in regard to the collection for Foreign Missions. That always seems to me romantic and wasteful. You never hear from it in any definite way. They say the missionaries have done a good deal to open the way for trade; perhaps—but they have also gotten us into commercial and political difficulties. Yet I give to them—a little—it is a matter of conscience with me to identify myself with all the enterprises of the Church; it is the mainstay of social order and a prosperous civilization. But the best forms of benevolence are the well-established, organized ones here at home, where people can see them and know what they are doing."

"You mean the ones that have a local habitation and a name."

"Yes; they offer by far the safest return, though of course there is something gained by contributing to general funds. A public man can't afford to be without public spirit.. But on the whole I prefer a building, or an endowment. There is a mutual advantage to a good name and a good institution in their connection in the public mind. It helps them both. Remember that, my boy. Of course at the beginning you will have to practise it in a small way; later, you will have larger opportunities. But try to put your gifts where they can be identified and do good all around. You'll see the wisdom of it in the long run."

"I can see it already, sir, and the way you describe it looks amazingly wise and prudent. In other words, we must cast our bread on the waters in large loaves, carried by sound ships marked with the owner's name, so that the return freight will be sure to come back to us."

The father laughed, but his eyes were frowning a little as if he suspected something irreverent under the respectful reply.

"You put it humorously, but there's sense in what you say. Why not? God

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rules the sea; but He expects us to follow the laws of navigation and commerce. Why not take good care of your bread, even when you give it away?"

"It's not for me to say why not—and yet I can think of cases—" the young man hesitated for a moment. His half-finished cigar had gone out. He rose and tossed it into the fire, in front of which he remained standing—a slender, eager, restless young figure, with a touch of hunger in the fine face, strangely like and unlike the father, at whom he looked with half-wistful curiosity.

"The fact is, sir," he continued, "there is such a case in my mind now, and it is a good deal on my heart, too. So I thought of speaking to you about it to-night. You remember Tom Rollins, the Junior who was so good to me when I entered college?"

The father nodded. He remembered very well indeed the annoying incidents of his son's first escapade, and how Rollins had stood by him and helped to avoid a public disgrace, and how a close friendship had grown between the two boys, so different in their fortunes.

"Yes," he said, "I remember him. He was a promising young man. Has he succeeded?"

"Not exactly—that is, not yet. His business has been going rather badly. He has a wife and little baby, you know. And now he has broken down with tuberculosis. The doctor says his only chance is a year or eighteen months in Colorado. I wish we could help him."

"How much would it cost?"

"Three or four thousand perhaps, as a loan."

"Does the doctor say he will get well?"

"A fighting chance—the doctor says."

The face of the older man changed subtly. Not a line was altered, but it seemed to have a different substance, as if it were carved out of some firm, imperishable stuff.

"A fighting chance," he said, "may do for a speculation, but it is not a good investment. You owe something to young Rollins. Your grateful feeling does you credit. But don't overwork it. Send him three or four hundred, if you like. You'll never hear from it again, except in the letter of thanks. But for Heaven's sake don't be sentimental. Religion is not a matter of sentiment; it's a matter of principle."

The face of the younger man changed now. But instead of becoming fixed and graven, it seemed to melt into life by the heat of an inward fire. His nostrils quivered with quick breath, his lips were curled.

"Principle!" he said. "You mean principal—and interest too. Well, sir, you know best whether that is religion or not. But if it is, count me out, please. Tom saved me from going to the devil, six years ago; and I'll be damned if I don't help him to the best of my ability now."

John Weightman looked at his son steadily. "Harold," he said at last, "you know I dislike violent language, and it never has any influence with me. If I could honestly approve of this proposition of yours, I'd let you have the money; but I can't; it's extravagant and useless. But you have your Christmas check for a thousand dollars coming to you to-morrow. You can use it as you please. I never interfere with your private affairs."

"Thank you," said Harold. "Thank you very much! But there's another private affair. I want to get away from this life, this town, this house. It stifles me. You refused last summer when I asked you to let me go up to Grenfell's Mission on the Labrador. I could go now at least as far as the Newfoundland Station. Have you changed your mind?"

"Not at all. I think it is an exceedingly foolish enterprise. It would interrupt the career that I have marked out for you."

"Well, then, here's a cheaper proposition. Algy Vanderhoof wants me to join him on his yacht with—well, with a little party—to cruise in the West Indies. Would you prefer that?"

"Certainly not! The Vanderhoof set is wild and godless—I do not wish to see you keeping company with fools who walk in the broad and easy way that leads to perdition."

"It is rather a hard choice," said the young man, with a short laugh, turning toward the door. "According to you there's very little difference—a fool's paradise or a fool's hell! Well, it's one or the other for me, and I'll toss up for it to-

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night: heads, I lose; tails, the devil wins. Anyway, I'm sick of this, and I'm out of it."

"Harold," said the older man (and there was a slight tremor in his voice), "don't let us quarrel on Christmas Eve. All I want is to persuade you to think seriously of the duties and responsibilities to which God has called you—don't speak lightly of heaven and hell—remember, there is another life."

The young man came back and laid his hand upon his father's shoulder.

"Father," he said, "I want to remember it. I try to believe in it. But somehow or other, in this house, it all seems unreal to me. No doubt all you say is perfectly right and wise. I don't venture to argue against it, but I can't feel it—that's all. If I'm to have a soul, either to lose or to save, I must really live. Just now neither the present nor the future means anything to me. But surely we won't quarrel. I'm very grateful to you, and we'll part friends. Good night, sir."

The father held out his hand in silence. The heavy portière dropped noiselessly behind the son, and he went up the wide, curving stairway to his own room.

Meantime John Weightman sat in his carved chair in the Jacobean dining-room. He felt strangely old and dull. The portraits of beautiful women by Lawrence and Reynolds and Raeburn, which had often seemed like real company to him, looked remote and uninteresting. He fancied something cold and almost unfriendly in their expression, as if they were staring through him or beyond him. They cared nothing for his principles, his hopes, his disappointments, his successes; they belonged to another world, in which he had no place. At this he felt a vague resentment, a sense of discomfort that he could not have defined or explained. He was used to being considered, respected, appreciated at his full value in every region, even in that of his own dreams.

Presently he rang for the butler, telling him to close the house and not to sit up, and walked with lagging steps into the long library, where the shaded lamps were burning. His eye fell upon the low shelves full of costly books, but he had no desire to open them. Even the carefully chosen pictures that hung above them seemed to have lost their attraction. He paused for a moment before an idyll of Corot—a dance of nymphs around some forgotten altar in a vaporous glade—and looked at it curiously. There was something rapturous and serene about the picture—a breath of spring-time in the misty trees—a harmony of joy in the dancing figures—that wakened in him a feeling of half-pleasure and half-envy. It represented something that he had never known in his calculated, orderly life. He was dimly mistrustful of it.

"It is certainly very beautiful," he thought, "but it is distinctly pagan; that altar is built to some heathen god. It does not fit into the scheme of a Christian life. I doubt whether it is consistent with the tone of my house. I will sell it this winter. It will bring three or four times what I paid for it. That was a good purchase, a very good bargain."

He dropped into the revolving chair before his big library table. It was covered with pamphlets, and reports of the various enterprises in which he was interested. There was a pile of newspaper clippings in which his name was mentioned with praise for his sustaining power as a pillar of finance, for his judicious benevolence, for his support of wise and prudent reform movements, for his discretion in making permanent public gifts—"the Weightman Charities," one very complaisant editor called them, as if they deserved classification as a distinct species.

He turned the papers over listlessly. There was a description and a picture of the "Weightman Wing of the Hospital for Cripples," of which he was president; and an article on the new professor in the "Weightman Chair of Political Jurisprudence" in Jackson University, of which he was a trustee; and an illustrated account of the opening of the "Weightman Grammar-School" at Dulwich-on-the-Sound, where he had his legal residence for purposes of taxation.

This last was perhaps the most carefully planned of all the Weightman Charities. He desired to win the confidence and support of his rural neighbors. It had pleased him much when the local newspaper had spoken of him as an ideal citizen and the logical candi-

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date for the Governorship of the State; but upon the whole it seemed to him wiser to keep out of active politics. It would be easier and better to put Harold into the running, to have him sent to the Legislature from the Dulwich district, then to the national House, then to the Senate. Why not? The Weightman interests were large enough to need a direct representative and guardian at Washington.

But to-night all these plans came back to him with dust upon them. They were dry and crumbling like forsaken habitations. The son upon whom his honorable ambition had rested had turned his back upon the mansion of his father's hopes. The break might not be final; and in any event there would be much to live for; the fortunes of the family would be secure. But the zest of it all would be gone if John Weightman had to give up the assurance of perpetuating his name and his principles in his son. It was a bitter disappointment, and he felt that he had not deserved it.

He rose from the chair and paced the room with leaden feet. For the first time in his life his age was visibly upon him. His head was heavy and hot, and the thoughts that rolled in it were confused and depressing. Could it be that he had made a mistake in the principles of his existence? There was no argument in what Harold had said—it was almost childish—and yet it had shaken the elder man more deeply than he cared to show. It held a silent attack which touched him more than open criticism.

Suppose the end of his life were nearer than he thought—the end must come some time—what if it were now? Had he not founded his house upon a rock? Had he not kept the commandments? Was he not, "touching the law, blameless"? And beyond this, even if there were some faults in his character—and all men are sinners—yet he surely believed in the saving doctrines of religion—the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, the life everlasting. Yes, that was the true source of comfort, after all. He would read a bit in the Bible, as he did every night, and go to bed and to sleep.

He went back to his chair at the library table. A strange weight of weariness rested upon him, but he opened the book at a familiar place, and his eyes fell upon the verse at the bottom of the page.

"*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.*"

That had been the text of the sermon a few weeks before. Sleepily, heavily, he tried to fix his mind upon it and recall it. What was it that Doctor Snodgrass had said? Ah, yes—that it was a mistake to pause here in reading the verse. We must read on without a pause—*Lay not up treasures upon earth where moth and rust do corrupt and where thieves break through and steal*—that was the true doctrine. Our treasures upon earth must not be put into unsafe places, but into safe places. A most comforting doctrine! He had always followed it. Moths and rust and thieves had done no harm to his investments.

John Weightman's drooping eyes turned to the next verse, at the top of the second column.

"*But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.*"

Now what had the Doctor said about that? How was it to be understood—in what sense—treasures—in heaven?

The book seemed to float away from him. The light vanished. He sank slowly forward upon the table. His head rested upon his folded hands. He slipped into the unknown.

How long afterward conscious life returned to him he did not know. The blank might have been an hour or a century. He knew only that something had happened in the interval. What it was he could not tell. He found great difficulty in catching the thread of his identity again. He felt that he was himself; but the trouble was to make his connections, to verify and place himself, to know who and where he was.

At last it grew clear. John Weightman was sitting on a stone, a little way off from a road in a strange country.

The road was not a formal highway, fenced and graded. It was more like a great travel-trace, worn by thousands of feet passing across the open country in the same direction. Down in the valley, into which he could look, the road seemed to form itself gradually out of many

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

AMONG THE ROUNDED HILLOCKS OF AERIAL GREEN AND GOLD

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minor paths; little footways coming across the meadows, winding tracks following along beside the streams, faintly marked trails emerging from the woodlands. But on the hillside the threads were more firmly woven into one clear band of travel, though there were still a few dim paths joining it here and there, as if persons had been climbing up the hill by other ways and had turned at last to seek the road.

From the edge of the hill, where John Weightman sat, he could see the travellers, in little groups or larger companies, gathering from time to time by the different paths, and making the ascent. They were all clothed in white, and the form of their garments was strange to him; it was like some old picture. They passed him, group after group, talking quietly together or singing; not moving in haste, but with a certain air of eagerness and joy as if they were glad to be on their way to an appointed place. They did not stay to speak to him, but they looked at him often and spoke to one another as they looked; and now and then one of them would smile and beckon him a friendly greeting, so that he felt they would like him to be with them.

There was quite an interval between the groups sometimes; and he followed each of them with his eyes after it had passed, blanching the long ribbon of the road for a little transient space, rising and receding across the wide, billowy upland, among the rounded hillocks of aerial green and gold and lilac, until it came to the high horizon, and stood outlined for a moment, a tiny cloud of whiteness against the tender blue, before it vanished over the hill.

For a long time he sat there watching and wondering. It was a very different world from that in which his mansion on the Avenue was built; and it looked strange to him, but most real—as real as anything he had ever seen. Presently he felt a strong desire to know what country it was and where the people were going. He had a faint premonition of what it must be, but he wished to be sure. So he rose from the stone where he was sitting, and came down through the short grass and the lavender flowers, toward a passing group of people. One of them turned to meet him, and held out his hand. It was an old man, under whose white beard and brows John Weightman thought he saw a suggestion of the face of the village doctor who had cared for him years ago, when he was a boy in the country.

"Welcome," said the old man. "Will you come with us?"

"Where are you going?"

"To the heavenly city, to see our mansions there."

"And who are these with you?"

"Strangers to me, until a little while ago; I know them better now. But you I have known for a long time, John Weightman. Don't you remember your old doctor?"

"Yes," he cried—"yes; your voice has not changed at all. I'm glad indeed to see you, Doctor McLean, especially now. All this seems very strange to me, almost oppressive. I wonder if—but may I go with you, do you suppose?"

"Surely," answered the doctor, with his familiar smile; "it will do you good. And you also must have a mansion in the city waiting for you—a fine one, too—are you not looking forward to it?"

"Yes," replied the other, hesitating a moment; "yes—I believe it must be so, although I had not expected to see it so soon. But I will go with you, and we can talk by the way."

The two men quickly caught up with the other people, and all went forward together along the road. The doctor had little to tell of his experience, for it had been a plain, hard life, uneventfully spent for others, and the story of the village was very simple. John Weightman's adventures and triumphs would have made a far richer, more imposing history, full of contacts with the great events and personages of the time; but somehow or other he did not care to speak much about it, walking on that wide heavenly moorland, under that tranquil, sunless arch of blue, in that free air of perfect peace, where the light was diffused without a shadow, as if the spirit of life in all things were luminous.

There was only one person besides the doctor in that little company whom John Weightman had known before—an old bookkeeper who had spent his life over a

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desk, carefully keeping accounts—a rusty, dull little man, patient and narrow, whose wife had been in the insane asylum for twenty years and whose only child was a crippled daughter, for whose comfort and happiness he had toiled and sacrificed himself without stint. It was a surprise to find him here, as care-free and joyful as the rest.

The lives of others in the company were revealed in brief glimpses as they talked together—a mother, early widowed, who had kept her little flock of children together and labored through hard and heavy years to bring them up in purity and knowledge—a Sister of Charity who had devoted herself to the nursing of poor folk who were being eaten to death by cancer—a schoolmaster whose heart and life had been poured into his quiet work of training boys for a clear and thoughtful manhood—a medical missionary who had given up a brilliant career in science to take the charge of a hospital in darkest Africa—a beautiful woman with silver hair who had resigned her dreams of love and marriage to care for an invalid father, and after his death had made her life a long, steady search for ways of doing kindnesses to others—a poet who had walked among the crowded tenements of the great city, bringing cheer and comfort not only by his songs, but by his wise and patient works of practical aid—a paralyzed woman who had lain for thirty years upon her bed, helpless but not hopeless, succeeding by a miracle of courage in her single aim, never to complain, but always to impart a bit of her joy and peace to every one who came near her. All these, and other persons like them, people of little consideration in the world, but now seemingly all full of great contentment and an inward gladness that made their steps light, were in the company that passed along the road, talking together of things past and things to come, and singing now and then with clear voices from which the veil of age and sorrow was lifted.

John Weightman joined in some of the songs—which were familiar to him from their use in the church—at first with a touch of hesitation, and then more confidently. For as they went on his sense of strangeness and fear at his new experience diminished, and his thoughts began to take on their habitual assurance and complacency. Were not these people going to the Celestial City? And was not he in his right place among them? He had always looked forward to this journey. If they were sure, each one, of finding a mansion there, could not he be far more sure? His life had been more fruitful than theirs. He had been a leader, a founder of new enterprises, a



THE SPIRIT OF LIFE IN ALL THINGS WAS LUMINOUS

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"WELCOME," SAID THE OLD MAN. "WILL YOU COME WITH US?"

pillar of church and state, a prince of the house of Israel. Ten talents had been given him, and he had made them twenty. His reward would be proportionate. He was glad that his companions were going to find fit dwellings prepared for them; but he thought also with a certain pleasure of the surprise that some of them would feel when they saw his appointed mansion.

So they came to the summit of the moorland and looked over into the world beyond. It was a vast green plain, softly rounded like a shallow vase, and circled with hills of amethyst. A broad shining river flowed through it, and many silver threads of water were woven across the green; and there were borders of tall trees on the banks of the river, and orchards full of roses abloom along the little streams, and in the midst of all stood the city, white and wonderful and radiant.

When the travellers saw it they were filled with awe and joy. They passed over the little streams and among the orchards quickly and silently, as if they feared to speak lest the city should vanish.

The wall of the city was very low, a child could see over it, for it was made only of precious stones, which are never large. The gate of the city was not like a gate at all, for it was not barred with iron or wood, but only a single pearl, softly gleaming, marked the place where the wall ended and the entrance lay open.

A person stood there whose face was bright and grave, and whose robe was like the flower of the lily, not a woven fabric, but a living texture. "Come in," he said to the company of travellers; "you are at your journey's end, and your mansions are ready for you."

John Weightman hesitated, for he was troubled by a doubt. Suppose that he was not really, like his companions, at his journey's end, but only transported for a little while out of the regular course of his life into this mysterious experi-

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ence. Suppose that, as he dimly felt, he had not really passed through the door of death, like these others, but only through the door of dreams, and was walking in a vision, a living man among the blessed dead. Would it be right for him to go with them into the heavenly city? Would it not be a deception, a desecration, a deep and unforgivable offence? The strange, confusing question had no reason in it, as he very well knew; for if he was dreaming, then it was all a dream; but if his companions were real, then he also was with them in reality. Yet he could not rid his mind of the sense that there was a difference between them and him, and it made him afraid to go on. But, as he paused and turned, the keeper of the gate looked straight and deep into his eyes, and beckoned to him. Then he knew that it was not only right but necessary that he should enter.

They passed from street to street among fair and spacious dwellings, set in amaranthine gardens, and adorned with an infinitely varied beauty of divine simplicity. The mansions differed in size, in shape, in charm: each one seemed to have its own personal look of loveliness; yet all were alike in fitness to their place, in harmony with one another, in the addition which each made to the singular and tranquil splendor of the city.

As the little company came, one by one, to the mansions which were prepared for them, and their guide beckoned to the happy inhabitant to enter in and take possession, there was a soft murmur of joy, half wonder and half recognition; as if the new and immortal dwelling were crowned with the beauty of surprise, lovelier and nobler than all the dreams of it had been; and yet also as if it were touched with the beauty of the familiar, the remembered, the long-loved. One after another the travellers were led to their own mansions, and went in gladly; and from within, through the open doorways, came sweet voices of welcome, and low laughter, and song.

At last there was no one left with the guide but the two old friends, Doctor McLean and John Weightman. They were standing in front of one of the largest and fairest of the houses, whose garden glowed softly with radiant flowers. The guide laid his hand upon the doctor's shoulder.

"This is for you," he said. "Go in; there is no more pain here, no more death, nor sorrow, nor tears; for your old enemies are all conquered. But all the good that you have done for others, all the help that you have given, all the comfort that you have brought, all the strength and love that you have bestowed, are here; for we have built them all into this mansion for you."

The good man's face was lightened with a still joy. He clasped his old friend's hand closely, and whispered: "How wonderful it is! Go on, you will come to your mansion next, it is not far away, and we shall see each other again soon, very soon."

So he went through the garden, and into the music within. The keeper of the gate turned to John Weightman with level, quiet, searching eyes. Then he asked gravely:

"Where do you wish me to lead you now?"

"To see my own mansion," answered the man, with half-concealed excitement. "Is there not one here for me? You may not let me enter it yet, perhaps, for I must confess to you that I am only—"

"I know," said the keeper of the gate. "I know it all. You are John Weightman."

"Yes," said the man, more firmly than he had spoken at first, for it gratified him that his name was known. "Yes, I am John Weightman, Senior Warden of St. Petronius' Church. I wish very much to see my mansion here, if only for a moment. I believe that you have one for me. Will you take me to it?"

The keeper of the gate drew a little book from the breast of his robe and turned over the pages.

"Certainly," he said, with a curious look at the man, "your name is here; and you shall see your mansion, if you will follow me."

It seemed as if they must have walked miles and miles, through the vast city, passing street after street of houses larger and smaller, of gardens richer and poorer, but all full of beauty and delight. They came into a kind of suburb, where there were many small cottages, with plots of flowers, very lowly

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"BUT HOW HAVE I FAILED SO WRETCHEDLY?"

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but bright and fragrant. Finally they reached an open field, bare and lonely-looking. There were two or three little bushes in it, without flowers, and the grass was sparse and thin. In the centre of the field was a tiny hut, hardly big enough for a shepherd's shelter. It looked as if it had been built of discarded things, scraps and fragments of other buildings, put together with care and pains, by some one who had tried to make the most of cast-off material. There was something pitiful and shamefaced about the hut. It shrank and drooped and faded in its barren field, and seemed to cling only by sufferance to the edge of the splendid city.

"This," said the keeper of the gate, standing still, and speaking with a low, distinct voice—"this is your mansion, John Weightman."

An almost intolerable shock of grieved wonder and indignation choked the man for a moment so that he could not say a word. Then he turned his face away from the poor little hut and began to remonstrate eagerly with his companion.

"Surely, sir," he stammered, "you must be in error about this. There is something wrong — some other John Weightman—a confusion of names—the book must be mistaken."

"There is no mistake," said the keeper of the gate, very calmly; "here is your name, the record of your title and your possessions in this place."

"But how could such a house be prepared for me," cried the man, with a resentful tremor in his voice, "for me, after my long and faithful service? Is this a suitable mansion for one so well known and devoted? Why is it so pitifully small and mean? Why have you not built it large and fair, like the others?"

"That is all the material you sent us."

"What!"

"We have used all the material that you sent us," repeated the keeper of the gate.

"Now I know that you are mistaken," cried the man, with growing earnestness, "for all my life long I have been doing things that must have supplied you with material. Have you not heard that I have built a schoolhouse; the wing of a hospital; two, yes, three, small churches, and the greater part of a large one, the spire of St. Petro—"

The keeper of the gate lifted his hand.

"Wait," he said; "we know all these buildings. They were not ill done. But they were all marked and used as foundations for the name and mansion of John Weightman in the world. Did you not plan them for that?"

"Yes," answered the man, confused and taken aback, "I confess that I thought often of them in that way. Perhaps my heart was set upon that too much. But there are other things —my endowment for the college—my steady and liberal contributions to all the established charities—my support of every respectable—"

"Wait," said the keeper of the gate again. "Were not all these carefully recorded on earth where they would add to your credit? They were not foolishly done. Verily, you have had your reward for them. Would you be paid twice?"

"No," cried the man, with deepening dismay, "I dare not claim that. I acknowledge that I considered my own interest too much. But surely not altogether. You have said that these things were not foolishly done. They accomplished some good in the world. Does not that count for something?"

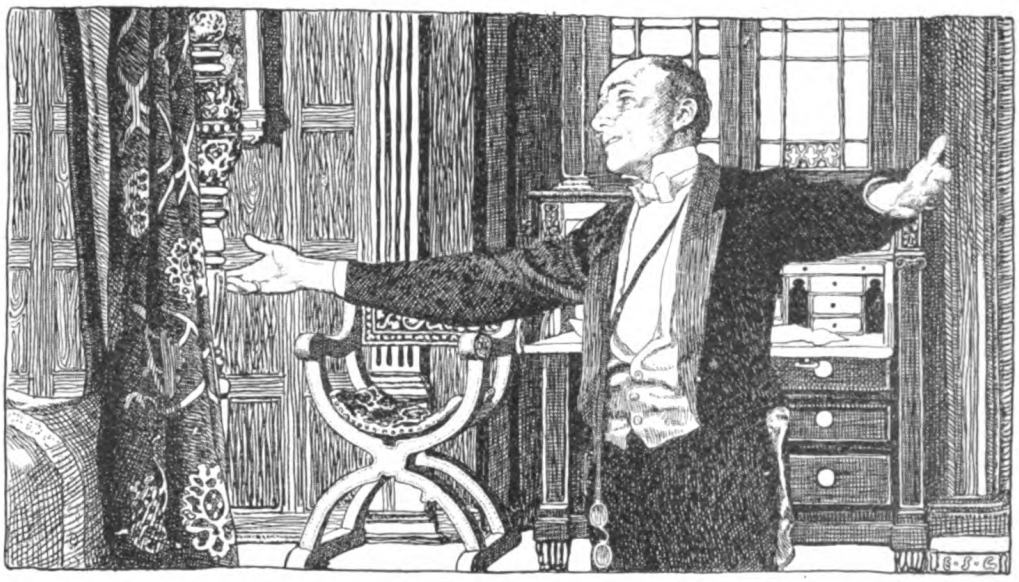
"Yes," answered the keeper of the gate, "it counts in the world—where you counted it. But it does not belong to you here. We have saved and used everything that you sent us. This is the mansion prepared for you."

As he spoke, his look grew deeper and more searching, like a flame of fire. John Weightman could not endure it. It seemed to strip him naked and wither him. He sank to the ground under a crushing weight of shame, covering his eyes with his hands and cowering face downward upon the stones. Dimly through the trouble of his mind he felt their hardness and coldness.

"Tell me, then," he cried, brokenly, "since my life has been so little worth, how came I here at all?"

"Through the mercy of the King" —the answer was like the soft tolling of a bell.

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"God give us a good Christmas together"

"And how have I earned it?" he murmured.

"It is never earned; it is only given," came the clear, low reply.

"But how have I failed so wretchedly," he asked, "in all the purpose of my life? What could I have done better? What is it that counts here?"

"Only that which is truly given," answered the bell-like voice. "Only that good which is done for the love of doing it. Only those plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought. Only those labors in which the sacrifice is greater than the wages. Only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself."

The man lay silent. A great weakness, an unspeakable despondency and humiliation were upon him. But the face of the keeper of the gate was infinitely tender as he bent over him.

"Think again, John Weightman. Has there been nothing like that in your life?"

"Nothing," he sighed. "If there ever were such things it must have been long ago—they were all crowded out—I have forgotten them."

There was an ineffable smile on the face of the keeper of the gate, and his hand made the sign of the cross over the bowed head as he spoke gently.

"These are the things that the King never forgets; and because there were a few of them you have a little place here."

The sense of coldness and hardness under John Weightman's hands grew sharper and more distinct. The feeling of bodily weariness and lassitude weighed upon him, but there was a calm, almost a lightness, in his heart as he listened to the fading vibrations of the silvery bell-tones. The chimney clock on the mantel had just ended the last stroke of seven as he lifted his head from the table. Thin, pale strips of the city morning were falling into the room through the narrow partings of the heavy curtains.

What was it that had happened to him? Had he been ill? Had he fainted away? Or had he only slept, and had his soul gone visiting in dreams? He sat for some time, motionless, not lost, but finding himself in thought. Then he took a narrow book from the table drawer, wrote a check, and tore it out.

He went slowly up the stairs, knocked very softly at his son's door, and hearing no answer, entered without noise. Harold was asleep, his bare arm thrown above his head, and his eager face relaxed in peace. His father looked at him a moment with strangely shining eyes, and then tiptoed quietly to the writing-

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desk, found a pencil and a sheet of paper, and wrote rapidly:

"My dear boy, here is what you asked me for; do what you like with it, and ask for more if you need it. If you are still thinking of that work with Grenfell, we'll talk it over to-day after church. I want to know your heart better; and if I have made mistakes—"

A slight noise made him turn his head. Harold was sitting up in bed with wide-open eyes.

"Father!" he cried, "is that you?"

"Yes, my son," answered John Weightman; "I've come back—I mean I've come up—no, I mean come in—well, here I am, and God give us a good Christmas together."

Yesterday

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

MY soul is fain to drink of joy;
Thy cup is full of tears.
Ah, take it from me, nor destroy
The dream of future years!
Thy face is fair, but grief is there,—
And grief but wastes and sears.

We two have been companioned long;
Now straightway let us part!
Another and a dearer song,
By some mysterious art,
Draws young, sweet breath while thy lips of death
Yet whisper to my heart.

Ah, joy it is a timid thing,
And easily 'tis slain;
A tender firstling of the Spring,
It shrinks at touch of pain;
Then haste away, dread Yesterday!
Nor hither come again!

So quickly? But who goes with thee,
Unrecognized before?
Are hope, alas! and memory
Thus joined forever more?
Then must thou stay, O Yesterday!
Lest joy, too, quit my door.

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The Real Dismal Swamp

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IF Tom Moore had not visited the United States in 1804, and, at Norfolk, Virginia, written his famous poem about the Dismal Swamp, that charming, easily accessible, and otherworldly relic of the primeval wilderness—a bit of wildest nature at the doors of New York, Philadelphia, or Washington—would probably not bear so dark a reputation. On the other hand, its fascination would be less, and I for one would never have cherished a lifelong dream to visit its "dismal" morasses. I don't think Mrs. Stowe's *Dred* alone would have fired my boyish imagination with this dream. No, it was Tom Moore's poem, learned by heart, with its weird and potent spell:

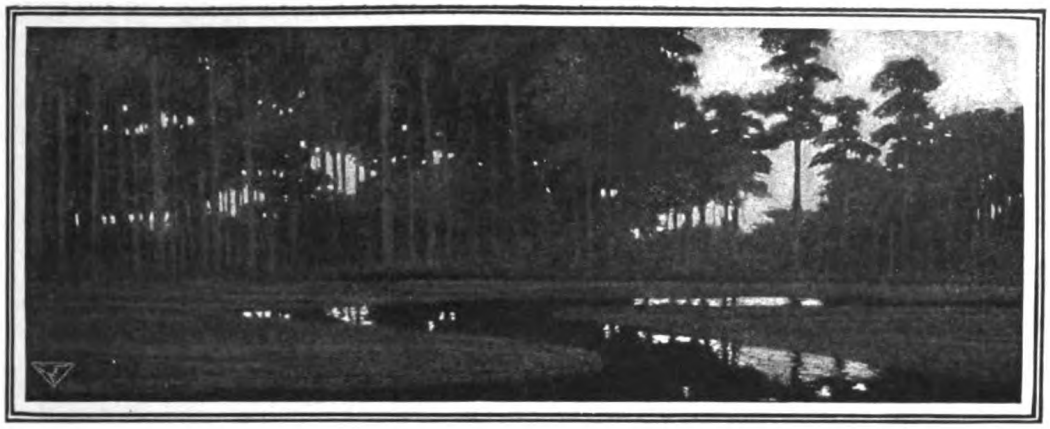
"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
The maid and her lover so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

I have written that stanza from memory; I haven't seen the poem for twenty years, but I'll wager it's right to a syllable. I knew swamps in my boyhood, tolerably wet and tolerably gloomy. The Dismal Swamp was my delicious nightmare of the composite wetness and gloom of all those dark corners of our New England woods. I longed to visit it, to creep through its tangle to the weird and lonely lake where the lover "hollowed a boat of the birchen bark," and to see, perhaps, that strange apparition, or at the very least a fugitive slave pursued by bloodhounds.

Well, I have been to the Dismal Swamp at last and camped on the shore of its lake. I saw no apparition in "a boat of the birchen bark." Indeed, there being no birches in the swamp, the chances of it were somewhat diminished in advance. Less fortunate than "Porte Crayon," the American magazine illustrator who went into the swamp with his sketch-book in 1856, I saw no gigantic negro peering warily through the reeds, with a finger on the trigger of his rifle. I did not even see any water, outside of the lake and the canals. Although it was early May when my companion and I entered the swamp, and the spring of 1910 was not a dry one, we could walk dry-shod everywhere that we attempted it. There were no mosquitoes nor yellow flies to annoy us so early in the season. We saw no snakes. The air was warm and balmy by day, cool and soft by night. Innumerable birds sang in the wilderness about us. The prevalent northwest wind ruffled the dark waters of Lake Drummond, that silent pool in the heart of the unbroken forest, till they danced merrily. The days were one long delight, and the nights so still and deep as only he who has been in the wilderness can understand, while a little moon rode up out of the cypresses and turned to silver the white mist on the water. The Dismal Swamp remains today, in spite of the loggers and the attempts at agricultural reclamation, much as it has been for a century. It has suffered in popular estimation from its associations. Intrinsically, it is the opposite of dismal; it is a virgin paradise.

The Dismal Swamp, like all the great swamps along the South Atlantic seaboard, was made by the elevation of the old sea bottom. This sea bottom was elevated in such a way that the new land could not drain properly for lack of slope and because of the retarding vegetation, and the vegetable deposit of centuries has laid over it a spongy soil, in some places so deep that you can thrust a stick down through this peat-like crust for eight or ten feet without striking solid bottom. On the western border of the swamp, from Suffolk, Virginia, down to Reddick's Store, North Carolina, the old coast line can be plainly seen, the swamp meeting this "bench," as the geologists call it, as clearly as the sea meets the

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AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF SOUTHERN PINES SOLEMNLY KEPT US COMPANY

shore. It is called "the coast," in fact, by the swamp people. The swamp extends some thirty miles south from Deep Creek, Virginia, well down toward Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. It is from ten to twenty miles wide, and Lake Drummond is nearly in the centre of it, though north of the State boundary. At least five rivers rise in the swamp, but their sources cannot be detected. They ooze from somewhere under the surface of the marsh deposit.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, George Washington organized a Land Company, with the first object to reclaim the swamp for cultivation. From a point a few miles south of Suffolk a canal was cut in to Lake Drummond, which is still known as the Washington Ditch. The swamp, however, was too extensive to be reclaimed by such small engineering feats as were then possible. In after-years the canal was used for hauling out lumber, and the company made a fortune. Toward the close of the eighteenth century a larger canal, fifty feet wide and deep enough to admit the coast-line vessels of the day, was cut through the swamp, almost due north and south, from the Elizabeth River at Deep Creek to the Pasquotank River in North Carolina. This gave a continuous inside passage for ships from Norfolk, Virginia, to Albemarle Sound. A second canal, to feed this one, was cut in to Lake Drummond, which was dammed with a lock to store water in the dry season. As the mud from the main canal was thrown up into high banks, it retarded the slight eastward drainage of the swamp, making the western portion more swampy, the eastern portion less so. As a result, for many miles to-day the land to the east of the canal is green with farms, dotted with houses and crossed by roads, while fifty feet to the west, across the sluggish ditch, rises the unbroken wall of the wilderness.

In all, perhaps a third of the original one thousand square miles of the swamp has been reclaimed, along its edges chiefly. But though the lumbermen have been, again and again, into the remainder, it stands to-day a vast and, save by the waterways or logging roads, almost impenetrable jungle of giant trees and rank undergrowth, the home of wild animals, of deadly snakes, of birds and fish, and less than a dozen human beings. It was into this relic of the wilderness that we plunged, but a day's journey from New York.

The air was raw and cold when we slipped down the river past the towering sky-scrapers and looked with contempt upon the poor commuters crowded on the ferry-boats like cattle, going home after one more day of toil. We patted our khaki-clad legs with pharisaical satisfaction, and sniffed for the salt round Sandy Hook. We woke up the next morning in the balmy, soft air of Chesapeake Bay. At Norfolk we stocked up with provisions, and at three in the afternoon boarded a tiny steamer called the *Nita*, bound up the Dismal Swamp Canal.

Two steamers ply daily from Norfolk

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up the canal. The *Nita* does not make the complete trip through, however. A larger boat goes to Elizabeth City, North Carolina. These boats carry passengers, mail, and every sort of miscellaneous freight. They bring out the farm produce and carry in the equipment. They are extremely busy little craft, in their leisurely Southern way, with crews of innumerable negroes. We chugged along past the navy-yard, up the winding south branch of the Elizabeth River, where an endless procession of Southern pines solemnly kept us company, beyond the waving tide-grasses on the banks, under a couple of railroad bridges (built for two tracks to indicate the spirit of hope which animates the South), and finally entered the canal at Deep Creek.

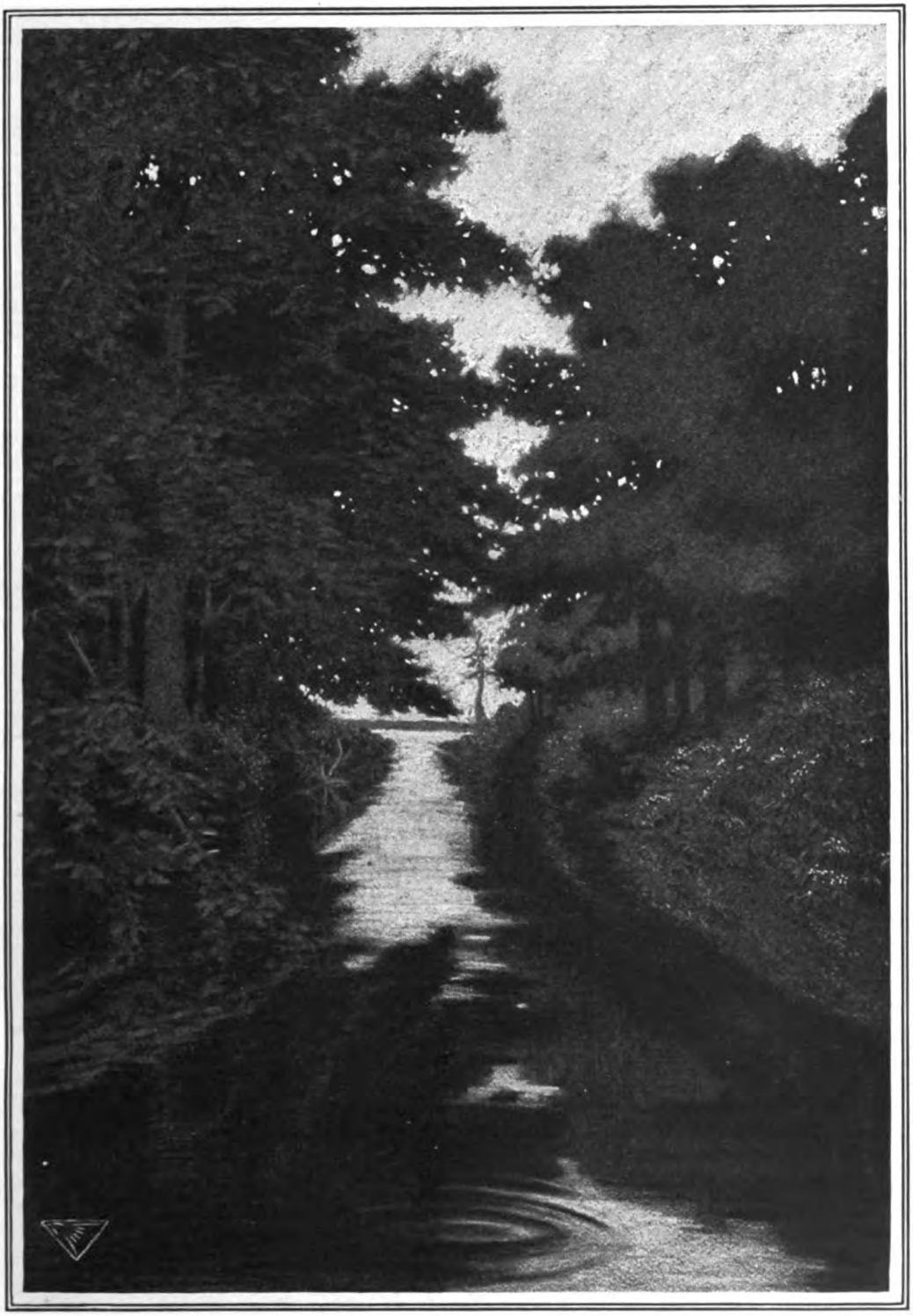
Here they raised a drawbridge at our approach, and we stopped beneath it, slung a gangplank out into the dust of the road, and disembarked a bag of oats and a woman with a baby. On the bridge rail hung two young negresses, chewing tobacco and making bold eyes at the crew. The village of Deep Creek straggled off in a discouraged sort of way down its one white street. The captain (who also steered the boat and collected the fares) shouted for haste. But haste seemed foolish. We were entering another order.

Passing through the northern locks of the canal, we met two schooners coming out, loaded almost to water-line with clean-smelling cypress shingles. As the water foamed through the gates, it shone in the sun with every shade of burnt sienna, amber, and brown—the strange, dark water of the Dismal Swamp, colored, it is said, by the juniper and cypress roots. Then we headed south down the arrow-like path of the canal, which held ahead the mirrored reflection of the bramble-covered banks and the great trees growing beyond. We had entered the Dismal Swamp! My companion, the artist, who even more than I had dreamed for years of this day, sat silent on a bag of fertilizer in the bow, and pulled excitedly at his pipe. You have to be excited to sit on a bag of fertilizer!

The banks of the canal are so high and so overgrown with verdure that even from the upper deck of the steamer you cannot see over them. However, to the east telegraph poles bespoke a road, and now and then the roof of a house was visible, or the face of a negro child peering through the bushes. Every mile or two we drew up at an opening in the bank and slung out freight to the waiting negroes, who drove mules in little two-wheeled carts, without rein or bit, after the century-old custom of the swamp. Driving consists chiefly of language. Through the gaps, too, we could see farms stretching out, level as a Western prairie, reclaimed from the forest. But in the western bank there was never a break, nor over it any cessation in the steady, monotonous march of the vine-draped gums and cypresses or the darker ranks of the pines.

Presently a thunder-shower came on. We had gone twenty-four miles from Norfolk. It was six o'clock, and rapidly growing dark. As the rain soaked down, we ran alongside of the "Cap'n Wallace place" and threw off the Cap'n's mail. Cap'n Wallace is the squire of the swamp. Years ago the Wallace family reclaimed a square mile on the west bank by sinking a drain under the canal to carry off the water eastward, and now have a large and prosperous corn and hay plantation, dotted with negro cabins quite as if the war had never been. A mile beyond the Wallace homestead is Lynch's Landing, where the lumber is loaded on schooners, and here we disembarked and prepared to spend the night, for it was impossible to get in to Lake Drummond in the rain and darkness. We were driven east a mile, to the village of Wallaceton, little more than a lumber-camp surrounding the great sawmill, where we secured an apology for supper, at the "hotel" where the lumbermen are fed. Wallaceton has a store, a church, and a school. It also has the inevitable source of Saturday-night inspiration, and only too many negroes and whites willing to be inspired. At supper we found a New-Yorker who had been down there in the swamp a year—for Wallaceton is really in the swamp, on reclaimed land—searching for a process to prevent gum timber from warping. He drank up gossip of the city greedily, and inquired with special (and quite comprehensible) eagerness for news of the famous restaurants. Nobody keeps a cow

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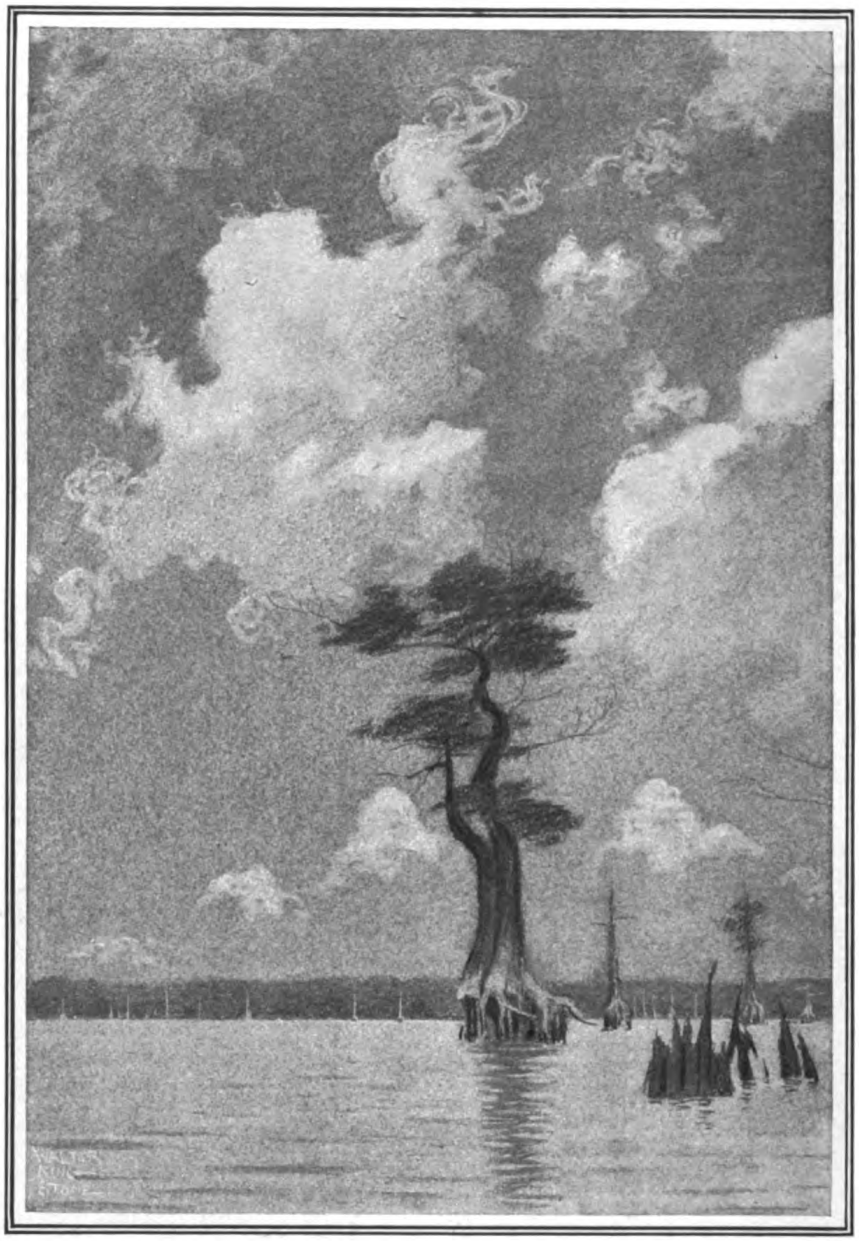
Drawn by Walter King Stone

THE PORTAL TO THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

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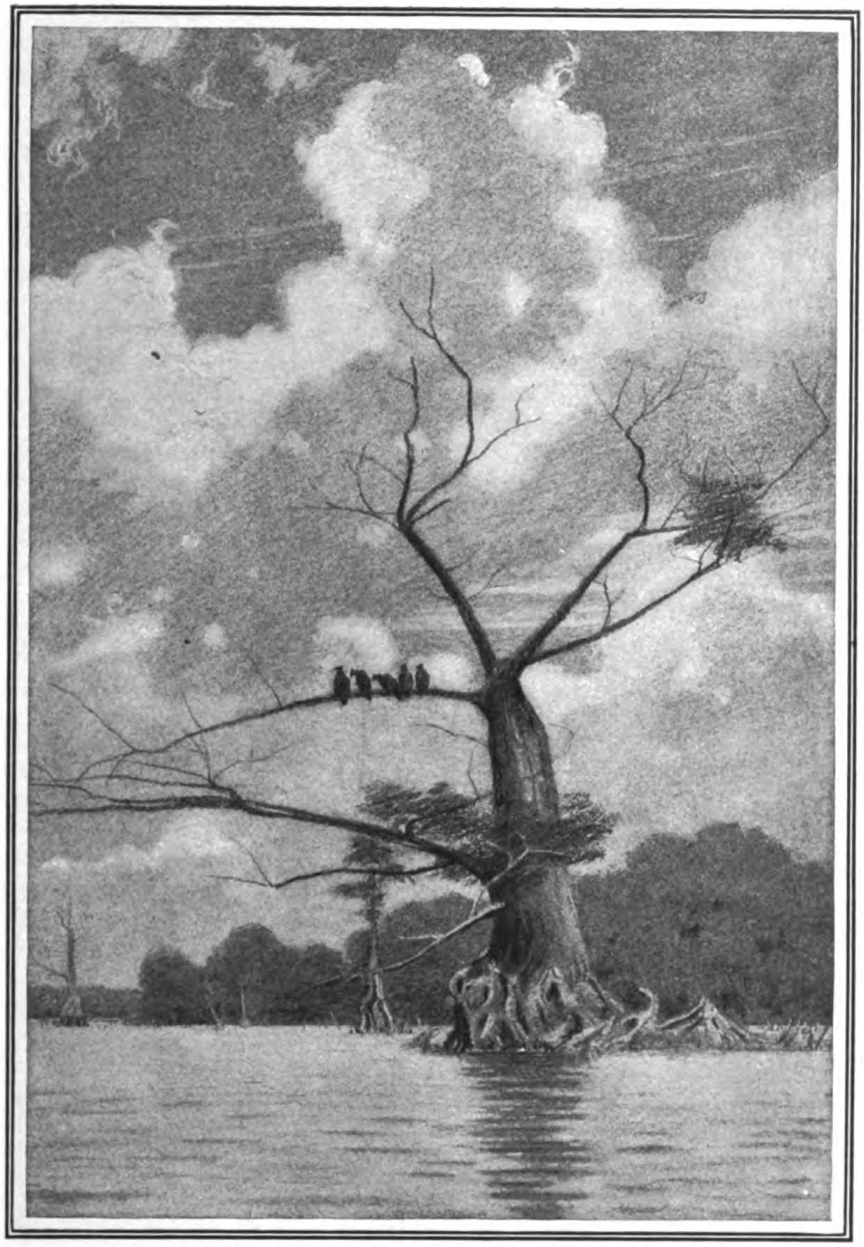
THE GRAY TAPERING TRUNKS REARED ON A WICKER ISLAND OF ROOTS

in Wallaceton, apparently. You drink condensed milk in your coffee and on your cereal.

However, this truly dismal feature was forgotten the next morning, when we rose into a new-washed world, shipped our stores aboard a motor-boat, and turned out of the main canal into the feeder which comes down from Lake Drummond.

Porte Crayon, when he entered the swamp in 1856, went in from Suffolk, on the other side. The Washington Ditch is much narrower than the feeder, so that the trees often meet above it; and Porte Crayon's motive power was furnished by two negroes, on a tow-path of logs, while ours was furnished by gasoline. Otherwise his description written fifty-four years ago fits perfectly to-day. The same great turkey-buzzard sailed languidly on ahead. The same tall, slender reeds made a feathery hedge along the bank. The same wild profusion of "myrtle, greenbrier, bay, and juniper

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THEIR CROOKED LIMBS FLAUNTING A SHRED OF DELICATE FOLIAGE

hung over the black, narrow canal." The same hushed stillness, broken only by the calls of the birds (and, in our case, by the steady chug of the engine), stole over the senses and seemed to blot out all memory of the outer world. It was a glorious, dazzling morning. In the black stream ahead the great trees were mirrored so clearly that image and object were of almost equal distinctness, and the perspective of the canal was like a long tube. We saw little into the swamp, for the flowering jungle on the banks; but over the jungle rose the gums and cypresses and pines and oaks and maples, twined with enormous creepers and bearing their pendant vines like hair. Across our path ahead flashed the red of a cardinal-bird. A flicker was tapping off to the left. A water-thrush greeted us from the bank. The Carolina wren uttered his pleasant call. The whole forest about us was musical.

We penetrated up this magic water-

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way four miles, disembarked in shoal water at a rough landing, climbed the bank, and tugged our baggage along a path trodden through the high reeds a few hundred yards farther, coming out into a little clearing. In this clearing was an unpainted, two-story cottage, a shed, a vegetable garden with fruit trees and grapes, the locks which regulate the outflow from Lake Drummond, and an extremely military tent. Sitting on the lock gate, clad in the shirt and trousers of the United States navy, was a young sailor shooting little mud-turtles with a Krag-Jörgensen rifle! As the Krag rifle is sighted for two thousand yards and will kill at three miles, there was something incongruous in his appearance.

"Why don't you use it on a bear?" asked my companion.

The sailor ejected his shell. "Bring on your bear," he replied.

There seemed to be no adequate rejoinder, so we moved on to the house. This house is occupied by Cap'n Jack, keeper of the locks. Cap'n Jack has a telephone, and when they want more water in the canal you hear the imperative tinkle of its bell here in the silence of the wilderness. Cap'n Jack belongs to the "swamp folk," as he will tell you. He was born on the margin of the swamp, at Deep Creek, and has always lived in its shadow. Before the war, when he was a small boy, he can remember dark nights when his father, a strong Union sympathizer, stole into the swamp with provisions for the fugitive slaves. Cap'n Jack himself wanted, when the war came, to go with the other boys to the front, but his family prevented. He will tell you how a Union troop galloped into the yard one day and took away the gun he had concealed. He can neither read nor write, and his cabin in the forest is not palatial, to say the least. But he welcomes you to it with a native hospitality that might belong to the ancient régime, and hobbles behind you solicitously (Cap'n Jack has "rheumatics"), beating off his too hospitable dogs, and calling out for Aunt Jane, his ancient housekeeper, to give the strangers whatever they want, yass, sir!

The tent, we found, belonged to a party of young sailors upon shore leave from the Portsmouth Navy-yard. We had planned to camp on the Cap'n's clearing, but as they had the only available site, the Cap'n insisted on our sleeping in an upper chamber of his house, where a feather bed, long disused, spread a dusty and dubious welcome. Aunt Jane, he apologetically said, wasn't able to "do for us," but we could use her stove. Under the circumstances—the circumstances being Aunt Jane's kitchen!—we were not displeased with this arrangement, and we passed our nights, for the most part, under a roof, eating breakfast and our night meal, of our own preparation, on the veranda.

The Cap'n keeps several flatboats and a long canoe dug out of a cypress log, which he rents to hunters and fishermen. Half an hour after our arrival we were paddling on up the canal, under the dark shadows of overarching trees. After perhaps an eighth of a mile we saw open water ahead. We dug in our paddles. The boat shot over the black, silent ditch, and suddenly emerged from the wall of the forest into the lake of the Dismal Swamp. Our efforts ceased abruptly. In silence, in astonishment, even in awe, we gazed at the scene before us, at the realization of our dream.

This portal to the lake of the Dismal Swamp is like nothing else. The lake itself, though the gazetteers of a half-century ago, and even Porte Crayon, give its width as seven miles, is a round bowl in the forest not more than three miles across. This distance, however, partly from the character of the shore, which has no distinguishing marks whatever to guide the eye or assist the judgment, partly from the curious greenish haze of the farther banks, is oddly deceptive. The lake looks ten miles across, and the forest wall on the farther side seems like a level line of hills. Into this body of water, untroubled by any boat, ringed only by the eternal silences of the wilderness, your way leads between what first seem rows of bleached mastodons' bones; and out in the water, a hundred feet from shore, like twin lighthouses marking the channel, stand two sentinel bald cypresses, their gray, quick-tapering trunks reared on a wicker island of roots, their crooked limbs flaunting a shred of green, delicate foliage. They suggest Gargantuan reproductions of

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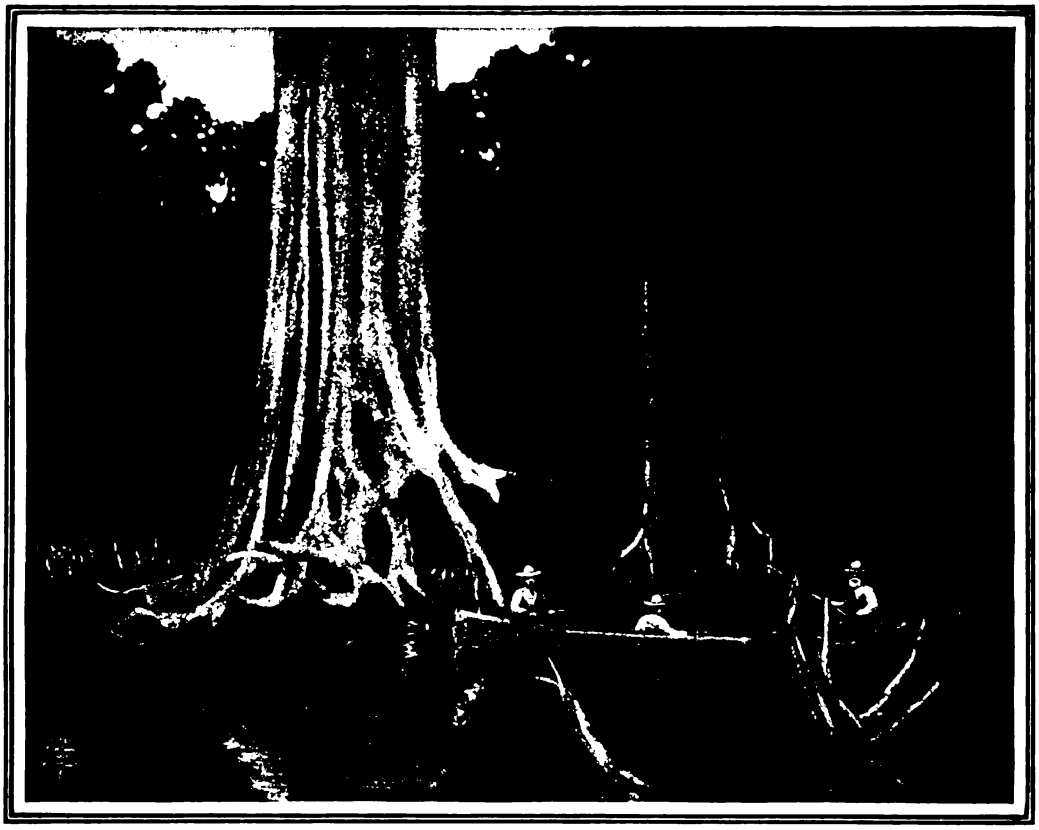
those Japanese dwarf trees which come in tiny pots and seem to be a thousand years old. They are dead and white, and yet they are alive. They seem to intimate that the inroads of the water have left them, the last heroic survivors from the primeval forest, to fight it out alone. They are the most striking and the most haunting feature of the lake of the Dismal Swamp, accentuating its strangeness, its desolation, its suggestion of untold centuries of silence, its wild charm.

As we rowed out into the lake, we could see these huge cypress ruins growing in the water all along the shores, some of them quite dead, some of them still bearing umbrellas of delicate foliage. On the shore itself were the trunks of many more, some felled by the wind, but the majority by the axes of lumbermen perhaps a century ago. And the entire shore, extending well out into the shallow water, is gray with the bleached cypress - knees, looking as if it were strewn with the bones and tusks of prehistoric animals. The knees of the cypress are usually from two to four feet long. They grow up from the roots above the surface of the water, and have apparently been developed by the tree to secure air. By this device the bald cypress is enabled to grow in the water. Wherever a cypress grows in water, whether this water is perpetually above the surface or, as in the swamp woods, somewhat beneath the surface, the knees come up from the roots till they are clear of the water-line. According to Professor Shaler, the lake in reality has not risen and killed the cypresses, but the forest has pushed them out into the lake, the vanguard of its advance. It is perpetually pushing its marshy deposit slowly out, and restricting the borders of Lake Drummond. The fact, however, that no new cypresses are coming out in the lake would seem to disprove him, and to indicate that when the level was raised by the dam a century ago too much water gradually killed these ancient and magnificent trees.



IT IS NO WONDER THE SLAVES FLED HERE

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ACROSS THE LAKE WE CAME UPON ANOTHER DUGOUT CANOE

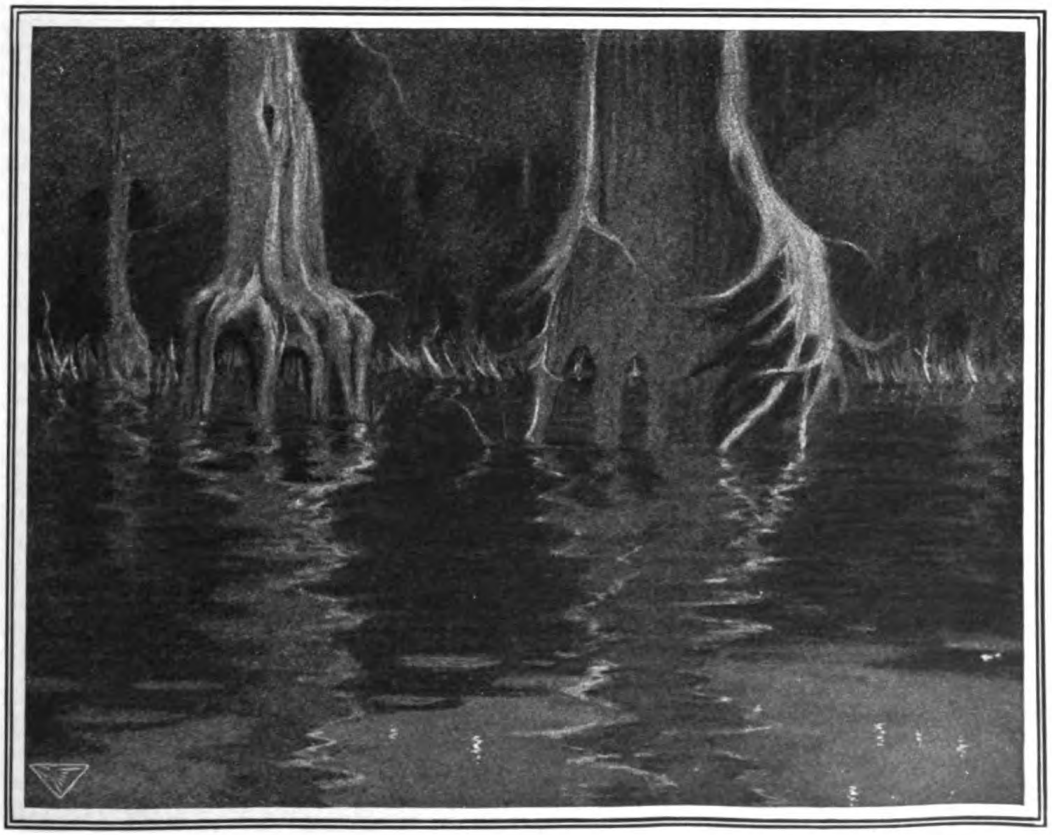
For a long time we paddled our canoe in among these strange groves in the water, where the waves lapped through the tent-like roots and the bleached and weather-worn trunks whispered of untold antiquity. From a few hundred yards out on the lake it was impossible to tell which trees marked the entrance to the canal, and there was no gap visible in the forest wall. We were alone in the wilderness. In spite of Professor Shaler's statement in his monograph on the Dismal Swamp (prepared for the United States Geological Survey in 1888), that "bird life is only moderately abundant," we heard from the shore a perpetual symphony. Landing, we attempted to penetrate the forest wall. We squeezed through a hedge of ten-foot-tall reeds, and under the shadows of the huge black gum trees nearly stepped on an oven-bird's nest, the mother hurrying off through the grasses with a pretended broken wing. As we met no snakes, and found the ground under our feet perfectly dry, we lost all thought of dismalness. But the swamp jungle is quite difficult enough of passage without water. Giant fallen tree trunks block your path. The enormous blackberry-vines, in white bloom during May, tear you viciously. The innumerable bushes and creepers and tall reeds bewilder and obstruct. Up the straight trunks of the gums and maples huge vines twine, as big as your leg, and their pendant foliage gives to the trees a feathery softness and beauty, shadowing every forest vista and rendering them bewilderingly similar. Without the sun or a compass for guide it would take an Indian to steer a course through the swamp. Only last spring a bear-hunter, who had been familiar with the place from childhood, wandered lost for two days and nights, and was given up by his friends.

It is no wonder the slaves fled to it before the war, and often eluded capture for years, even raising families in its jungled maze. It is less wonder

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that the swamp is said to hold some hundreds of wild cattle, strayed from domestic flocks on the borders, and existing without the supposedly imperative salt. These cattle are popularly believed to be ferocious beasts. Cap'n Wallace says he has heard the bulls fighting with bears at night, and once at least the body of a bull and the body of a bear were found lying side by side, mutually slaughtered. We saw none of these cattle during our stay in the swamp, nor any bears, either. 'Possums and raccoons were the extent of our game. But many bears are killed in the swamp every year by the hunters.

Rowing across the lake, we came upon another dugout canoe, in among the cypress-knees, so protectively colored that it was invisible two hundred yards away. It held a negro and two white boys, fishing for black bass. On the shore, which at this point attained the astonishing elevation of three feet, and so was crowned with pines, were two hunters' camps, roughly built and half hidden in the dense foliage. They were then unoccupied. Between them a brook trickled down. We walked up this brook a few hundred feet, and came upon a merry picnic party of men, women, and children, and a rough shack owned by a "swamp-man," who will house you for twenty-five cents a day. This shack is at the locks which mark the end of the Washington Ditch. A second canal, known as the Jericho Ditch, also ends here. It, too, runs northwest to Suffolk, but is now impassable. The picnic party had come in from Suffolk by rowboat, up the Washington Ditch, a favorite outing for the inhabitants of that town. In a Virginia gazetteer published in Charleston in 1856, it is recorded that "The Lake Drummond Hotel, a favorite public house," occupied this site, and had become "the Gretna Green of the region." But it had disappeared when Porte Crayon was in the swamp. He records, however, that a visitor to it once poured the dark



THE GREAT CYPRESS RUINS ROSE LIKE WHITE PHANTOMS OF SOME PREHISTORIC FOREST

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swamp water from a bottle, thinking it was brandy, and diluted it with white whiskey, taking that for water. The more water he used, the stronger grew his drink, till he was at last saved by the entrance of the proprietor. The present shack bears little resemblance to "a favorite public house," but it affords a shelter and during the spring and autumn is frequently occupied by hunters and campers.

We paddled up the ditch which, it is said, was surveyed by Washington himself. More than a century of rank, luxurious verdure has completely obliterated every sign of man in its construction. It seems a natural waterway. Being but fifteen feet wide, the great trees arch over it and trail their pendant vines and mosses in the still, hushed air. The sunlight sifts through in mottled patches, making jewels on the black water, which is so protected by the reeds along the bank that only the ripple of a boat seems ever to disturb it. For five miles or more it creeps through this almost tropic wilderness, silent, peaceful, beautiful beyond belief.

That evening a young moon hung in the tree-tops over Lake Drummond, and bathed with a silver glow the night mist steaming up from the surface. The great cypress ruins out in the water rose like white phantoms above this mist, white phantoms of some prehistoric forest. The invisible waves lapped eternally through their roots. The scene was poignantly lonely, yet lovely too, with the soft forgetfulness of a Lotus Land.

In the morning we woke up to the carolling of myriad birds. To wake up in the Cap'n's little clearing in the swamp, where the great green wall of the forest seems perpetually in the act of pushing his cottage off into the ditch, and to lie drowsily while the morning sun rides above the cottonwoods, while the fresh breeze waves the pendant hair of the black gums against the sky, while the birds' chorus shrills and pipes and calls from every side, to breathe the soft air and hear the green rustle of the forest, is a sensation of exquisite delight. The day was again cloudless and pleasantly warm, though we had slept under two blankets and a quilt. The sailors were busy fishing or out tending their traps. Now and then we could hear the crack of a rifle. They had captured alive two raccoons and a 'possum, which they had caged up to carry back to the fleet. Like so many campers, they had wantonly killed innumerable birds and squirrels as well, and tacked the wings and tails over their tent door. They had also shot several cottonmouthed moccasin snakes—the most deadly viper of the swamp, though it avoids you whenever possible, and Cap'n Jack says he never heard of any one being bitten—and were preparing belts of the skins.

We left them and plunged into the woods. The enormous blackberry thorns are no respecters of person or garment. They tear khaki as if it were cotton. But we crawled through and beat down our way to a huge maple tree, where a bunch of mistletoe as large as a bushel basket was growing far up, and managed to climb high enough to cut it down. The swamp abounds in mistletoe and holly, though the task of getting in to the trees, or detecting the mistletoe amid the bewildering profusion of foliage and vines, when you do get there, is a hard one. The trees, too, growing so close together, reach great heights before they put out any limbs, and their trunks are too thick for ordinary climbing. In the rich green gloom of the woods the birds still kept us company. We counted in the space of a morning more than twenty varieties, including the rare water-thrush, the beautiful cardinal, and the friendly and humble chickadee. Up in the mountains of Virginia you can sometimes meet sixty varieties in a tramp across a county. But we saw enough in the swamp to make us wonder at Professor Shaler's statement that bird life does not abound. The swamp is lyrical with birds from morning till night. No matter how occupied you are with some other interest, you can never quite lose consciousness of their presence, and sometimes the tapping of the woodpeckers rings like a distant woodman's axe on the hollow trunks of the cypresses. In winter, too, the open stretches of the canal are alive with ducks.

As we rowed round the dark, shallow waters of Lake Drummond till we could at last tell by a sort of instinct where the canal emerged from the forest wall,

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and no longer had to follow the shore till we stumbled upon it, as we wandered long hours in the tangled and luxurious forest, as we listened of an evening to the quaint talk of the old Cap'n about swamp folk of the past and the days when bloodhounds followed the escaped slaves into this jungle, and then as we fell into deep sleep amid the cool hush of the wilderness, New York, if we spoke of it at all, seemed a thousand miles away. It was reported by Professor Shaler that by lowering the locks of the Dismal Swamp Canal and cutting transverse ditches the whole area could be drained, and made to yield $16,000,000 a year in agricultural produce. The lumber yield, he declared, is only $100,000 a year at most. But there are thousands upon thousands of square miles in the South still uncultivated which do not require costly drainage, and there is only one Dismal Swamp. A delegation from the Virginia Legislature visited Lake Drummond last spring, in considering a scheme to set apart at least so much of the swamp as immediately surrounds the lake as a State reservation. This plan should surely be carried out. Except perhaps during three or at most four months in summer, the swamp around the lake is free from insects, from malaria, from infection of any sort. The scenery is wild and beautiful. The spot is rich in tradition, easily accessible from either side by waterways of alluring charm; and yet the forest stands to-day to all appearances as it has stood for centuries, a virgin wilderness. From its denseness, it is unusually adapted for a game preserve, where bear and deer still abound. It is a paradise of birds. The lake can easily be stocked with fish. It should be kept as it is to-day for all time, a refuge and a delight for the citizens of Virginia, and for the nation.



FOR MILES IT CREEPS THROUGH AN ALMOST TROPIC WILDERNESS

Our exit from the swamp was sudden and dramatic. Sickness called us out, and the obstreperous telephone, tinkling incongruously in the wilderness to remind us of an outer world we wished to forget, suddenly reassumed its beneficent importance. The Cap'n's two negro boys piled our luggage into the cypress-log canoe, which was fitted with oars, and with long, tireless stroke pulled us down the feeder to the main canal. It was late

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Saturday afternoon when we reached Wallaceton. Many of the citizens of that metropolis of the swamp were already in a state of Sabbath cheer—not induced by the brown swamp water, concerning which they make no mistakes. Was there an automobile in the town? The question brought forth only apologies. Again the telephone came to our aid. We called up a garage in Portsmouth, twenty-five miles away. An hour and a quarter later the twin lamps of a motor-car shone through the gathering gloom of the village street. We hailed this incongruous symbol of civilization with joy, when a few hours before we would have cursed it, and, tumbling in, we began our exit from the swamp, not, as we had planned, once more by the slow, languid, otherworldly canal, as if we were drifting back into the days before the war, but with all the speed a bad road permitted in a high-power motor-car.

The road ran evidently several miles east of the canal, occasionally past farms where startled faces gazed at us from lamplit doors, but most of the time through a dim plain, where tall, ghostly reeds hedged the road in front, lit by the glare of our search-lights. This was the Green Sea, a part of the swamp so called because, in the absence of trees, it is covered with waving billows of reed and cane. But we went through woods as well, where the search-lights pierced up into the gloom, throwing suddenly out of the shadow some gigantic trunk, while the ghostly lane of reeds ran ever on ahead. The car lurched through puddles and bumped over bridges. Once we flew past a farm where a garden-party was in full swing, lanterns hanging from the trees; and the horses tethered by the fence reared at our approach. We finally crossed the canal at the village of Deep Creek, over the bridge which had been raised to let our boat pass through some days before, tore down the narrow village street, where the white fence-palings seemed almost to graze our wheels, and settled down for the final run up a State road to the city.

Once on this smooth macadam, the swamp became suddenly the thing unreal. It was behind us, gone, a memory. The purring motor-car, the city lamps that presently reddened the sky ahead, the scream of a distant train, commerce, haste, worry, the rush of modern life, were the real things again. We paid the chauffeur (a colored man who also owned the car) a ridiculously small fee considering the distance and the state of the roads, and hastened on our journey by the ordinary carriers of commerce.

That is not the ideal way to take leave of the Dismal Swamp, but it is not without its vivid suggestion of contrast. Life in the swamp is slow, simple, primitive; it still keeps its flavor of a vanished century, like the languid peace of its canal. The swamp itself is still to all intents a virgin wilderness. Yet we tore out of it in a motor-car. There are few such spots left in America, so easily accessible; and there is no spot more beautiful, more haunted with old associations, more musical with birds and strange with ancient cypresses and lovely with the spell of the trackless wilderness.



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The Poodle of Monsieur Gaillard

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER



"SAINTS in Heaven! Monsieur is bereft of his reason!" Césarine, Monsieur Gaillard's housekeeper, uttered these words with astonishment and also with asperity. As though invoking the help of the saints of Heaven, she raised her hands.

Toward Monsieur Gaillard the attitude of Césarine at all times was monitorial. Having carried him in her arms in babyhood, she had privileges. As the head of his comfortable little establishment in Paris—he had brought her up from Lohéac, his excellent estate in vines in the Midi, to take charge of it—she had rights. That her cookings were as of Paradise could not be questioned. That her temper was as of a region antipodal to Paradise could not be denied. Between herself and her master there was so strong a friendship that its most frequent manifestation was open war.

In effect, the scene that Césarine beheld seemed to justify her discourteous assertion and to warrant her invocation of saintly aid.

Seated at his own dining-table was Monsieur Gaillard. In the centre of the table—covered with a green cloth and not laid for a meal—was a large urn-like soup-tureen of elegant design. Standing upon the cover of the tureen, and retaining with difficulty his position upon that slippery height, was a black poodle: his head upraised and his mouth wide open, as though—as was the fact—in the act of uttering a formidable howl. Being a housekeeper with a high sense of her responsibilities, and a woman of such undauntable neatness that she would not have hesitated to rebuke an untidy archangel, it was the desecration of the best soup-tureen that reasonably aroused Césarine's wrath.

Monsieur Gaillard started, guiltily. His back was toward the door, and the door had been opened with so considerate a gentleness that his first knowledge of Césarine's undesired presence was conveyed to him in her remonstrant words. The poodle, taking advantage of the diversion, slid down gladly from his bad eminence and jumped from the table to the floor with a cheerful bark.

"Monsieur perhaps will have the goodness to explain this childish folly?" observed Césarine stiffly.

"With willingness, my good Césarine," Monsieur Gaillard replied; but in a tone that had not willingness as its dominant note. "As thou knowest, this faithful animal is the only creature in the world who has for me an unswerving affection—"

"Monsieur pays me a compliment upon my long years of devotion. He will be pleased to accept my thanks!" By way of emphasizing her devotion, Césarine glared.

"Truly, truly, my good Césarine, thy affection for me is above praise. But even thou thyself must admit that it is of a brittleness—that thy manifestations of it most often take the form of a reproof and a frown. But I will put the case in different words. Pierrot has an affection for me that in all seasons is persistent and unquestioning. I am teaching, therefore, that wholly loyal animal to sit lamenting upon my tomb: into which—broken-hearted by thou knowest what perfidy—I shall descend at no distant day!" Monsieur Gaillard lowered his voice to a key of becoming melancholy as he uttered, appealingly, these dismally prophetic words.

Césarine refused to respond to his appeal. With a coldness she replied, questioningly: "Monsieur then has the intention to be reduced to soup, and to

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go down into his tomb in the soup-tureen? This is a new arrangement. Repeatedly he has informed me that it was his purpose to go down into his tomb roasted. Truly, if Monsieur desires to enter Eternity through the kitchen, I venture to advise him to adhere to his roasting plan."

"My roasting plan, as thou so unfeelingly callest it, Césarine, has not been abandoned. I shall be cremated, as I often have told thee, and my ashes will be deposited in a silver urn. This urn will be placed in the niche already prepared for it in my library. On it will be engraved the touching inscription: 'He died of a broken heart'!"

"Has Monsieur arranged that the number of years shall be stated during which the breaking of his heart has proceeded? To my own knowledge more than a score have passed since—because of that minx—it had its beginning; and even yet—Monsieur now being turned of forty-five, though I will do him the justice to say that he does not look it—I venture to assert that the process is incomplete. But we lose sight of the main matter. I would ask again: Why is this unclean animal permitted to associate himself with my best tureen?"

"Putting aside the fact—that no one knows better than thyself, who thyself saw to it that he was washed but this very morning—that Pierrot is of a cleanliness—"

"Cleanliness sufficing to justify association with a soup-tureen is impossible for any dog!" Césarine interrupted hotly.

"Putting that aside, I say," continued Monsieur Gaillard; "canst thou not perceive, dull woman that thou art, that already thy question has been answered? Have I not told thee that my ashes are to repose in a silver urn? Equally, have I not told thee that I have been teaching Pierrot to stand lamenting upon my tomb? The matter explains itself. If Pierrot can maintain himself upon this slippery vessel, it follows that he easily can maintain himself—while howling appropriately—upon my mortuary urn of silver: the top of which, expressly to make more facile his act of devotion, will be somewhat flattened, and so roughened with embossments that he will have a hold for his claws. With my nephew all is arranged. Once a week, for so long as the worthy animal lives, Pierrot will be conducted to the library and encouraged to jump to the niche and thence to mount upon the urn. There, for a reasonable length of time, the faithful creature will remain—uttering at intervals lamenting howls. Thus shall it be, Césarine, when I am but ashes, that one faithful heart—in contrast with the cruel heart that was unfaithful—will mourn for me. Truly, it will be a beautiful, a sacred, rite that my poor Pierrot will perform!"

Monsieur Gaillard for a moment maintained a sad silence. Then, quite cheerfully, he added: "Now I will show thee how well the good Pierrot has learned his new trick—though trick is much too light a word to apply to an act so animated with a pensive tenderness." And, turning to Pierrot, he patted on the table and said encouragingly: "Mount, good dog!"

"Monsieur will show me nothing of the sort!" cried Césarine sharply and strongly. "The idea of it! To defile my superb tureen with that abominable beast—and before my very eyes! I shall place it in hiding against such sacrilege. It will appear only on occasions of ceremony—when even Monsieur will be compelled to hold his follies in control!"

Accommodating her actions to her words, Césarine snatched up the tureen from the table and—cherishing it in her arms protectingly—bolted from the room.

Presently, presumably having placed the tureen in safety, Césarine returned. She had the fighting blood of the South in her veins, this excellent woman; and when that blood fairly was up she was not content with a fight that lasted through but a single round.

"Having compelled Monsieur to come to reason in the matter of dogs and vessels belonging to the dinner," she said resolutely, "I shall be glad to go more deeply into that matter of his heart-break. It is a matter that—having heard overmuch about it—I would wish to settle with him, once and for all. And, by Monsieur's permission, we will treat it seriously. At the beginning we will grant that, other things being equal, the marriage that was to make Monsieur's estate of Lohéac and the Roustan estate

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UPON THE TUREEN STOOD A BLACK POODLE IN THE ACT OF UTTERING A FORMIDABLE HOWL

of Clérensac all of one tenant was reasonable."

"That good project," said Monsieur Gaillard, speaking very earnestly, "was deep in my father's heart. He died lamenting—and I live lamenting—that it was not realized. It was well worth doing even—even at a cost!"

"But it was not worth doing," Césarine continued, "at the cost of a marriage that immediately would have repented itself; and that, precisely, would have been its cost had Monsieur married Mademoiselle Angèle Roustan. I will ask Monsieur to recall the bad tempers of that person even when she was a very little girl—a chunky little girl, with overfat little legs and yellow hair."

"Thou art unjust to the poor Angèle, very unjust, Césarine. Her bad tempers were of my making. Scamp that I was, I would set Froufrou to snapping at those plump legs of hers that I might enjoy her terrors; that I might enjoy her pain, I would pull her yellow hair!"

"Monsieur's conduct, perhaps, was not wholly irreproachable. He was a boy—and all boys are imps of Satan. But how was she later: when she came to be a young lady—always of a romantic silliness, and always of a pig-headedness that made her sullen when she was contradicted and furious when she was crossed? Does Monsieur recall the sentimental follies that came of her convent readings—and her absurd demands?"

"I remember," Monsieur Gaillard smiled a little, "that she wanted me to kill a dragon for her. But that was earlier—after her nurse had told her the story of the Tarasque."

"I do not refer to that period, as Monsieur well knows. I refer to the time when Monsieur had completed his course at Montpellier and was come home again—to be immediately married, as we all believed—and she declared that he must ask to be called to the colors of his regiment and go for a while and fight black men in Africa, in order to make himself worthy of her by heroic deeds; and then, when he properly refused to do anything so crazy, fell into one of her rages and called him a coward."

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"That is not a pleasant thing to remember," Monsieur Gaillard spoke gravely. "It was then that the breaking of my heart began."

"Monsieur is asked to keep in mind that we now are talking seriously. His heart, as he well knows, never was even near breaking. He has played with that fancy because his nature is whimsical—and it has served him as an excellent excuse when at first his good parents, and later his friends, have urged him to range himself by marrying: a state for which I am of the opinion, based on knowledge, he has little aptitude and absolutely no desire."

Césarine undoubtedly knew much that justified this assertion. In spite of herself, as she made it, she smiled. Monsieur Gaillard, knowing her knowledge, openly laughed.

"With Monsieur's permission, then," she resumed, "we will leave the broken heart out of the question. But Monsieur has reason in saying that when his refusal was given to that silly fancy, a most just refusal, the end had its beginning. His heart was not broken, but it was hurt; and the hurt was deepened by the sudden anger that met his refusal—and that continued after it until the end came. For me, I am assured that the head of that young lady had maggots in it. Nothing less explains!"

"She certainly had peculiarities," Monsieur Gaillard admitted.

"Beyond a question, she did have peculiarities!" said Césarine with emphasis. "What a life she must have led that poor Monsieur Beaumelle—whom she married in her spiteful anger, and whom she so soon harried into his grave! Monsieur certainly has no need to be heart-broken because it was not on his own back that her blows fell! And observe what has come of it all! By her absences and her bad managings she has made ricochets of Clérensac—until, they say, the vines are near ruined. That part saddens me: when I think of how Monsieur, by his cares and his sagacities, would have grown on those vines—as on his own of Lohéac—harvests of grapes which would have yielded streams of gold. Killing dragons and fighting black men, indeed, for such a woman! Even at the cost of losing Clérensac, Monsieur has made a good escape. I give him my felicitations with my whole heart!"

Césarine drew a long breath, and for a moment was silent—while she enjoyed the feeling of conscious rectitude that attends upon one who has cleared the air by exhibiting unpleasant facts bared



HIS ENTRY WAS MADE ON HIS HIND LEGS

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to their very bones. But the affair of the tureen still rankled, and her moral yet remained to be applied.

"And now I would have Monsieur to understand," she resumed, speaking in a strong voice, "that this matter of his broken heart—while a fancy that he is free to play with in any harmlessly foolish fashion that pleases him—never again is to be made an excuse for such disgraces as he and Pierrot together have put upon propriety to-day. Pierrot, at the best, is filled to suffocation with desires to commit unimaginable sinnings. If my back is turned upon him for but one single instant—and he watches for that instant—he delights in occupying himself in malignant crimes. It is enough that my life should be made a burden to me by interminable iniquities of his own devising; it is far too much—far more than I will put up with—that Monsieur should set him to the doing of even viler acts of wickedness than come from the conceivings of his own evil heart. Solemnly, then, I warn Monsieur that this odious scene must not be repeated. Solemnly I tell him that if again he mixes his revolting dog with my dishes it must be over my dead body—and even my dead body will thrill with a just horror if over it such profligate pollutions occur!"

Having thus delivered herself, in a manner that left Monsieur Gaillard crushed by the logic of her argument and stunned by the energy of her climax, Césarine retired in good order to the kitchen: conscious that she bore with her from the field of battle her colors and her drums.

So far as they concerned Monsieur Gaillard's supposititious heart-break, Césarine's several assertions—while perhaps a little warped by her prejudices—essentially were statements of fact. So far as they concerned the iniquities of Pierrot, less can be said—since in making them her prejudices fairly had carried her away.

That Pierrot had a hatful of impish traits is undeniable—he would not have been a poodle without them. But they far were outweighed—save in the estimation of Césarine, upon whom for the most part they were practised—by his many interesting and engaging amiabilities. In addition to being a dog of a most loving and lovable nature, he was the possessor of such rare intelligence that he easily had acquired an extraordinarily varied equipment of elegant accomplishments—and so thoroughly that prompting was unnecessary to assure their display. Keeping them in his pocket, he produced them of his own accord as occasion required.

Thus, of a morning, it was his habit, unbidden, to enter his master's chamber in the immediate wake of his master's coffee. His entry was made on his hind legs. Being come to the centre of the room, holding himself always with a soldierly erectness, he raised to his forehead his right paw. In that military attitude of respect he remained until his salute had been returned. Then, with a genial bark by way of saying good-morning, he resumed the use of his normal supply of legs and chased around the room with great realism an imaginary cat—a performance that was the more interesting because it wholly was an invention of his own. As the spirit moved him, other of his tricks were exhibited; and in conclusion, walking on his hind legs and carrying carefully in his mouth a saucer, he solicited and received his rewarding lumps of sugar: which he ate with such nicety, after placing the saucer on the floor, that even Césarine—who was not in accord with this use of sugar—could not find remaining on the sedulously waxed tiles so much as a single contaminating grain.

On the morning sequent to the affair of the soup-tureen this pleasing ceremony was cut to a shortness that was not at all to Pierrot's liking. Being an artist, he respected his art and was pained when it was slighted. The scant attention accorded to him by Monsieur Gaillard hurt his feelings: as he made manifest by stopping in the very act of standing on his head—his most notable performance—and retiring to a corner in a dignified sulk. Under ordinary conditions Monsieur Gaillard would have apologized; but on that particular morning he was in very much of a hurry and had matters of a gravity upon his mind. An affair of importance with a wine-merchant—an affair that for some time had been in

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progress, and not in smooth progress—was to be concluded within the next hour or two. With his thoughts thus deeply engaged, he made no more than a perfunctory effort to soothe Pierrot's hurt feelings; drank his coffee in unseemly gulps, and hastened away anxiously to the Halle aux Vins.

His return, some hours later, was of a smiling leisureness. His affair with the wine-merchant had been concluded to a marvel—better than his expectations, better even than his hopes. Feeling that he had earned his breakfast, he looked forward to eating that meal with a just pleasure—that made him sniff eagerly at the agreeable whiffs from it which came to him as he opened his door. To his surprise, he was not met at the door by Pierrot—whose habit it was to welcome his returns punctually, and to carry to his dressing-room his cane and his gloves. But Pierrot's dereliction was put in the background by the odor of the breakfast: which his nose informed him was something out of the common—as usually was the case on the mornings following the evenings when Césarine and her master had been at odds. Hurrying to his dressing-room, and thence to the breakfast table, he awaited his feast impatiently—yet even in his impatience noted with satisfaction that the soup-tureen was back in its place on the buffet. "Ah, the good Césarine bears no malice," he thought kindly. "Peace is restored!"

Yet there was something in Césarine's look and manner, as she brought the omelette, that distinctly was disturbing. Her movements were abrupt and awkward. She had an evasive air—almost an air of guilt. Beneath her eyes—which looked everywhere but into Monsieur Gaillard's eyes—were dark marks. As she placed the omelette on the table her hands trembled. Positively, had she seasoned it with hellebore her manner could not have been more odd!

"Clearly, peace is *not* restored," was Monsieur Gaillard's internal comment upon these curious manifestations of Césarine's mental uneasiness. But experience had taught that domestic crises of this nature—rarely, however, of this intensity—best were dealt with by ignoring them. Pursuing, then, the *laissez-faire* policy, and also touching on a matter that was beginning to cause him some anxiety, his spoken words were: "Where is Pierrot, my good Césarine? He did not meet me at the door, and he is not here to breakfast with me. I offended him this morning. Has the brave beast felt my rudeness so keenly that he has become ill?"

"I have no knowledge of Pierrot's health, Monsieur," Césarine answered coldly, but with a curious catch in her voice.

"But where is he? The tureen, I observe, is not locked up. Surely, in thy anger, thou hast not locked up the dog?"

"I have not locked up the dog, Monsieur. As Monsieur knows, locking him up would be useless. He is in league with the devil, that animal! He can open all doors easily, and even can turn keys."

"It is thy own evil temper that should be under lock and key," said Monsieur Gaillard hotly; and more hotly added: "Bring Pierrot to me without another single instant of delay!"

Césarine quailed for a moment. Then, pulling herself together, she answered stolidly: "It is impossible to comply with Monsieur's command. Pierrot is not in the apartment. Pierrot has disappeared!"

Had the uneaten remnant of the omelette suddenly transformed itself into a bomb and exploded, Monsieur Gaillard would not have been more effectually stunned than he was by this doomful utterance. Articulate speech was quite beyond his power.

Breaking the tense silence, Césarine herself took the word. With head bowed down, and speaking in a strained voice that lacked inflection—the voice that a murderess would use in making her confession—she continued: "It is not my fault, Monsieur. The matter happened in this way: Pierrot accompanied me this morning, as always, when I went to make my marketings. As always, he carried the basket. As always—disregarding the purity of my basket, disregarding everything but the gratification of his own low desires for amusement—he engaged himself in conversation with every ill-conditioned cur that we met upon the way. I will do him the justice to say that it was in the company of a dog of

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"AFTER THE PUG WENT PIERROT"

good breeding that he vanished: the pug that the stout lady carried, and that —almost as though she sought to attract our Pierrot's attention—she put down out of her arms as he drew near. Naturally, Pierrot—"

"Vanished? Stout lady? Pug? What farrago is this, Césarine? Art thou crazed?"

In dull tones Césarine went on: "The stout lady with the pug, as I have told Monsieur, was as though waiting for our coming. On the instant that Pierrot entered into conversation with the pug—Pierrot had run on ahead of me—she turned a corner quickly. After her went the pug. After the pug went Pierrot. When I came to be arrived at the corner they all, as I say, had vanished. Only my respectable basket, lying abandoned in the gutter, remained. In the whole street there was to be seen nothing moving save a fiacre that was driving rapidly away!"

"Well?" demanded Monsieur Gaillard sternly.

"I called for Pierrot, Monsieur, ceaselessly. My callings were unheeded. I waited for his return with a patience." Césarine groaned.

"Well?" demanded Monsieur, still more sternly.

Césarine covered her face with her apron and gave vent to sobs. From beneath her apron, in a voice that her sobs rendered almost inarticulate, she answered despairingly: "Monsieur, he did *not* return!"

Stricken by those words of woful finality as by a thunderbolt, Monsieur Gaillard clutched his forehead and uttered a lamentable cry. Then, leaning forward upon the breakfast table—only by a hair's breadth escaping the omelette—he buried his face in anguish in his hands!

Broken only by Césarine's snuffling sobs —the emotion of Monsieur Gaillard was too profound for audible expression—there rested during some heart-breaking moments upon that chamber of desolation an agonized silence. Then, suddenly, a bell rang sharply—the bell of the outer door.

Monsieur Gaillard, overwhelmed by his grief, remained unmoved by this inter-

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ruption. Césarine, automatically responding to the summons to discharge an every-day duty, automatically went to the door and opened it. Outside was a commissionnaire, holding in his hand a letter. "No answer!" he said curtly, giving the letter to Césarine, and hurried down the stair. Evidently, his instructions as to the delivery of the letter must have been explicit—since the whole of the address upon it, in a handwriting curiously cramped, was: "To Monsieur the owner of Pierrot."

For an instant Césarine's wits failed to act. Then they overacted. "Monsieur! Monsieur!" she cried joyfully, "Pierrot is not lost. Here is a letter that he himself has written to tell us where he is!" And under her breath she added: "He is capable of it, that animal —who is of the same breast with the imps of sin!"

"Thou art demented, Césarine," Monsieur Gaillard answered shortly. But it was with a thrill of hope, aroused by the strange superscription, that he opened the letter; and his hope grew stronger as he read these cheering but somewhat cryptic words: "With a friend no less faithfully affectionate, Pierrot awaits here his master's coming"—to which was added an address in the Rue des Accacias, a street of an assured respectability but in the region lying northwestward of the Arch.

Césarine—persisting in the direction that her overacting wits had taken—demanded eagerly: "Where is he? What is it that the brave beast tells of himself?"

"Imbecile woman!" Monsieur Gaillard responded discourteously. "Bring me at once my hat and my gloves!" In another instant, leaving his unfinished breakfast to languish, he had departed on the wings of the wind!

"It is a dog that Monsieur is in search of?" said the concierge politely. "Certainly. To the fourth, if Monsieur pleases. I myself will have the pleasure to sound the bell."

"To the fourth?" Monsieur Gaillard queried, a little doubtfully.

"To the fourth, if Monsieur pleases," the concierge repeated; and added: "Monsieur is expected. The door is directly at the head of the stair."

During his drive Monsieur Gaillard had had ample leisure—a Paris cab having little in common with the wings of the wind on which he had started—to read repeatedly the curious letter that had sent him on his quest; and with each reading of it the words "with a friend no less faithfully affectionate" increasingly had aroused in him a curiosity that was not unmixed with doubt. To the best of his knowledge, he had not within a mile of the Rue des Accacias even a remote acquaintance—let alone a faithfully affectionate friend. There was a disquieting suggestion of allurement in the phrase; and this suggestion became stronger when he found that his destination was an apartment above and away from the street by four flights of stairs. As he mounted those stairs, with a cumulative slowness, he regretted that he had neglected to bring with him his cane.

Being arrived at last at the fourth floor, he found the door at the stair-head held open for him by an elderly maid-servant: about whom there was something vaguely familiar which gave him the feeling that in another moment he would remember and would call her by her name. That her memory was more precise, and worked with accuracy, was demonstrated by her words. "Good day, Monsieur Gaillard," she said with a smile of recognition and of welcome. "Be good enough to enter. Madame in a moment will attend."

To his surprise, she did not speak in French, but in the langue d'oc of his own Southern home. In this fact there seemed to him to be a clue to his vague memories—but he did not pursue it, because at that instant there came from beyond a closed door at the end of the passage a volley of rejoicing barks.

"Ah, the good beast!" said the maid-servant. "He perceives that his master is near him! I would release him at once to happiness but for my commands. It is Madame herself who would confer that pleasure upon him—and upon Monsieur." While thus speaking, the maid-servant had led Monsieur Gaillard to the doorway of the salon. "In but another moment Madame will attend," she repeated, standing aside that he might enter—and so left him, closing behind her the door.

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After his pull up the stairs, Monsieur Gaillard thankfully seated himself—in an exceptionally broad armchair, covered with crimson plush and having on its back a green têtière embroidered energetically with purple flowers—and with a natural interest looked around him. His first glance assured him that his regrets for his cane were needless. Smilingly he perceived that whatever dangers might lurk in that highly emphasized little salon they were not of the sort to be attacked with canes.

In its very essence the room was feminine: crowded with knickknacks, obviously of a souvenir type; cluttered with overloaded little tables; the dominant pictures of a religious type; on all the chair-backs polychromatic discords done in crewels. Yet the chairs, oddly, were of an extraordinary width and massiveness. Not one of them but would have sustained uncomplainingly an unusually broadly based and very heavy man. The scheme of color—in the carpet, the wall-paper, the curtains, the upholstery, the crewel-work têtières—was nothing less than staggering. It was as though an ill-made rainbow had exploded in a bad dream. Yet this violent salon—while it fairly set his teeth on edge—made a reminiscent appeal to Monsieur Gaillard in which was a note of pathos: turning his thoughts—already bent in that direction by the maid-servant's use of his own home language—to the many other like salons that he had known so well, down there in the Midi, when he was a boy.

The moment lengthened in which Madame the owner of this chatoyant apartment was to appear. With an interest quickened by the stirring of his youthful memories, Monsieur Gaillard arose from his chair and began an inspection of the countless queer little objects—statuettes, carvings, framed photographs, fantastic trifles in bronze and glass and china—which were strewn thickly about the room. It was an inspection that by turns invited his smiles and compelled his shudders—until, coming to the mantel-shelf, both smiles and shudders were submerged in the emotion incident to a sharply startling surprise. In that place of honor, as in a shrine, flanked on the one side by a stuffed cat (presumably a deceased pet), and on the other by a large statuette of the Virgin of Lourdes, was a silver-framed photograph of—himself!

But it was the himself of a far back, a more than thirty years back, past. The photograph, faded and dim, was a carte-de-visite—of the time when the fashion set by the Duke of Parma, having spent itself in Paris, was regnant in the provinces—of a curly-headed boy of twelve. He remembered with a thrill his intense joy when it was taken—down there in Cette, whither he had been carried by his father, who had wine matters to attend to, as a reward for having passed well his examinations for the Lycée; and his pride, when he was come home again to Lohéac, in leaving these elegant proofs that he was a man of fashion at the homes of his neighboring friends. That one of the little pictures should have survived so long; that he should find it amidst such grotesque surroundings; that it so obviously was cherished as the greatest treasure that the owner of that museum of tawdry oddities possessed: all this made up a triple marvel that fairly brought him to a stand. And then a fourth dimension was added to his wonder. As he held the little picture in his hand, closely examining it for some hint of its history, he heard pronounced quaveringly—in a voice that seemed to touch yet another deep chord of memory—his own name: "Gaston!"

Monsieur Gaillard's nerves were tense. He had had his fill of affronting surprises and mysteries. On hearing his name spoken so familiarly, in a voice vaguely recognized, he sighed with relief. Confidently expecting that all the mysteries and surprises immediately would be explained and accounted for, he turned sharply—to behold, standing in the doorway of the salon, a lady upon whom he never consciously had laid eyes! Algebraic concepts must be invoked to satisfy the situation. It was to the fifth dimension that his bemazement was raised.

At least this unknown lady was in harmony with her environment—strikingly so in the matter of the broad and massive chairs. Her size—her width, to be precise—was prodigious. Exceptional though they were in breadth and in strength, the chairs had their work cut out for them. Her color scheme was even more pro-

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nounced than was that of the apartment. In the case of the apartment, as has been stated, it was as though an ill-made rainbow had exploded. In the case of the lady it was as though two ill-made rainbows—shattered by a collision with the irresistible abundance of her person—had overflowed her with incongruous hues. Her prismatic effect was not confined to her garments. The wide area of her billowy smiling face, and the luxuriant circumferences of her bared arms, were enriched warmly with the first color of the spectrum. The third color, somewhat dulled, coyly had taken refuge in her hair. Her effect upon Monsieur Gaillard—like that of the crewel-work têtières—was to incline him at once to shudder and to laugh.

Her smile faded as she perceived his look of utter blankness. There was a note of pain in her voice as she asked: "Dost thou not know me, Gaston? Am I then so changed?"

Disposed as he was to turn to ancient memories, that sorrow-touched familiar voice of a sudden conjured up before him a vision of a fat little girl whose hair he was pulling—and so put the key to the puzzle in his hand. In place of the blank look on his face came a look of recognition—not joyful recognition, precisely; and in a tone of surprise—not joyful surprise, precisely—he exclaimed: "Surely, it is Madame Beaumelle!"

"Call me not by that hated name, on which my young life was shipwrecked! To thee, Gaston, as always, I am 'little Angèle'!"

Monsieur Gaillard, who was not destitute of a sense of humor, politely concealed by stroking his mustache the impolite action of the muscles of his mouth: induced by the reflection that, dimensionally, the adjective was inappropriate; and that the noun—as indicating resemblance to even the Flemish type of angel—distinctly was misapplied. But the essence of the appeal—irrespective of its verbal inaccuracies—caused him a certain embarrassment. Being of a cautious habit, and in possession of a considerable store of worldly wisdom, a suitable method of meeting this suddenly presented sight draft on his sympathies—even on his affections—did not instantly frame itself in his mind.

Breaking the silence, that dragged a little, the lady herself took the word. "Thou art not angry with me, Gaston," she asked in a tone of coquettish plaintiveness, "for having contrived my little comedy to bring thee here? It was an inspiration, my dog-stealing! At first I thought—ah, for long I have thought—of writing a letter asking thee to come to me. But I knew too well that a letter would bring—if it brought me anything—only a letter in reply. In search of thy dog, to whom thy heart is tender, I felt assured that thou wouldst come thyself. I do not blame thee for holding me as less than thy dog, Gaston. Thou hast much to forgive me. I was cruel, and I was false!"

Madame Beaumelle made these self-depreciatory statements mournfully. Having made them, she paused and sighed. Her sigh distinctly was interrogative—implying that the opportunity to deliver a monologue was not the first thing that she desired.

Indeed, common courtesy demanded that Monsieur Gaillard should not remain indefinitely silent. Nor did he. Being still engaged in reflections prompted by caution and worldly wisdom, his reply was a trifle slow in coming; but it was marked by acumen when it came.

"Madame's little comedy is delightful," he said, speaking in a tone of cheerfulness that was in pronounced contrast with Madame Beaumelle's tone of sorrow. "I enjoy to the utmost her amusing contrivings—so ingenious—so spirituelle! But, surely, Madame will not transform her comedy into a tragedy by truly stealing my good Pierrot? She will give him back to me? Indeed, I am sure of it. Eliso—I remember her name, now. She has aged, yet I was sure that I knew her—promised me as much when she met me at the door."

It is possible that Madame Beaumelle was not wholly satisfied with the direction that Monsieur Gaillard was giving to the conversation. Conceivably, she would have been better pleased had he touched, even bitterly, on the self-condemnatory reminiscent section of her remarks. His compliments upon her dog-stealing comedy undoubtedly were made with a grace—but he had used them as a base for a much too prompt reversion

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HE HEARD PRONOUNCED QUAVERINGLY HIS OWN NAME: "GASTON!"

to the prosaic matter of the stolen dog. However, Madame Beaumelle herself was not without a certain skill in directing conversation. Again she gave matters a reminiscent turn.

"Be not afraid, Gaston," she said sadly, "thou shalt have back thy Pierrot. I have no wish to make my comedy a tragedy. For me, I have had enough of tragedy—in the stinging sorrows of my own poor heart! But hast thou no care to know—before I return him to thee—what has befallen me in all the years that have passed since, by my own act of folly, the embitterment of my life began?"

Assuredly, any other phase of antiquarian research would have been more agreeable to Monsieur Gaillard than that which Madame Beaumelle proposed to him. But his preferences in the matter were not consulted. Assuming an affirmative reply to her question, without pause she continued: "They have been dreary years, black years, Gaston. My soul has suffered all agonies! And in these later times other troubles have come upon me—of a meaner sort, but bitingly hard to bear. Even now I have in hand the selling of Clérensac. For such managings I have no aptitude, and I am weary of seeing all down there go wrong. It will sell for but a half of its value—since much must be spent upon it to set it in repair again—but for enough to permit me to live in modest comfort. Ah, if things had gone differently! *Thy* vines are the boast of the region, Gaston!"

"Thanks. Yes. Quite so. They really are doing very well indeed," Monsieur Gaillard replied absently—wholly missing the point that Madame Beaumelle so delicately had made in her just compliment upon his vinicultural skill.

In point of fact, the announcement that Clérensac was to be sold, and at a bargain, completely filled his mind. At last the way was open to him to realize his dream of acquiring that estate by purchase—without encumbrances—and of enclosing it with Lohéac in the ring-fence that so long ago had been planned. Being wholly engrossed with this very practical matter, it is not surprising that the sentimental innuendo conveyed in Madame Beaumelle's affirmation of the good results that would have attended his earlier acquisition of the estate—with

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IT WAS THE COMMANDING ATTITUDE OF AN INCENSED PYTHONESS

encumbrances—quite escaped his notice. What did not escape his notice, however, was the business-like appositeness with which her revival of her alleged youthful romance precisely synchronized with a partial crisis—that its belated realization would quiet—in her financial affairs.

Inferring, correctly, from his tone and manner that Monsieur Gaillard was not thinking at all about his vines; and inferring, incorrectly, the direction that his thoughts had taken, Madame Beaumelle was encouraged thus to proceed:

"And thy life, also, Gaston, has gone ill! Not in material things—it is a matter of renown how thou hast enriched thyself—but in the deep matters of the soul. All that is known to me. I have kept myself informed. Yes, though thou hast not been conscious of it, through all these weary years I ever have hovered over thee!" (Of a sudden Monsieur Gaillard had so vivid a mental perception of Madame Beaumelle in that abnormal position, and of his personal peril in case any part of her hovering apparatus went wrong, that again his mustache was covered with his hand.) "Thus watching thee, I have beheld—at once admiringly and grievingly—thy lonely life: of which my perfidy and thy faithfulness have been the cause. Thou hast been nobly constant, Gaston, most nobly constant, to one who little has deserved such loyal love!"

"Don't mention it!" was Monsieur Gaillard's undeniably feeble rejoinder to this fervid utterance. But his words, if inadequate, were sincere. He was conscious that the sort of loneliness which he had suffered did not directly invite compassion; and he equally was conscious that the tribute to his constancy appreciably was more emphatic than his exercise of that virtue deserved. Moreover, the lady's reiterated self-reproaches were embarrassing: inviting him on the one hand to a displeasingly rude acquiescence, and on the other to a dangerously suave denial. Really, if he meant—and he did mean—to keep the situation in hand, "Il n'y a pas de quoi" was quite the best thing that he could say.

Madame Beaumelle, however, seemingly found his reply unsufficing. Again she sighed. But as he made no addition to it she continued: "Yet, truly, I myself have not been disloyal, Gaston; at

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least, not after the realization of my error —and that realization came cruelly soon. In thy own hand, but a moment ago, thou hadst the little picture that through all these years I have cherished. As thou seest, I guard it sacredly: between the image that I brought back when I made my pilgrimage—canst thou guess, Gaston, what I prayed for?—and my Abelard, who for years was the comfort of my forsaken heart. He was adorable! Even my pug has not usurped his place. After thee, Gaston—yes, I say it frankly—Abelard was the only living creature whom I truly and unalterably have loved!"

It is improbable that Monsieur Gaillard accepted precisely as a compliment this avowal by Madame Beaumelle of the mixed bestowals of her unalterable affections; and it is certain that his comment upon her disposition of them was not that which she anticipated. Modestly ignoring his own share in their distribution, he fixed his regards admiringly upon the deceased Abelard and said with a warm enthusiasm: "What a perfectly superb cat he must have been!"

Madame Beaumelle's red face became appreciably redder. Dead cats at that moment did not hold the leading place in her thoughts. That Monsieur Gaillard should deliver his tactless eulogy in the very thick of the crisis that she so resolutely had precipitated was far more than a discourtesy. Her broad person visibly swelled!

"And loving that magnificent animal as she did," Monsieur Gaillard affably continued, "Madame cannot but sympathize with me in my love for my brave Pierrot. Surely she will repent of her stealings"—his tone became that of kindly raillery—"and will surrender him without forcing me to call upon the police for aid? Her comedy, as I have assured her, has been most amusing. But now, seriously, I must have my dog again; and must take him, and myself, away—already I have trespassed too long equally upon Madame's good nature and her time." Monsieur Gaillard spoke these words with a finality. As though to enforce them, there came faintly, muffled by intervening doors, the sound of complaining barks. "Ah, the faithful beast!" he added. "Knowing that I am here, he grows impatient. Hearken to his cry for me! Madame surely will yield to our joint appeal!"

On the ears of Madame Beaumelle neither the barks of Pierrot nor the words of his master fell gratefully. Her eyes, deep-set in the billows of her glowing cheeks, glittered dangerously. For a moment she seemed to be about to give vent to speech in accord with the flashings of her eyes. By a perceptible effort she controlled herself; and when she did speak it was in gentle and even playful tones. She was of a resolute nature, this lady; and she had a sufficient acquaintance with the art of warfare to know that battles sometimes are won by a change of front.

"It is the same with thee still, Gaston," she said, "thy love of dogs. How well I recall thy affection for thy little Froufrou! Dost thou remember how thou wouldst terrify me by setting him to snapping at my baby calves? Art thou still so cruel?" Again Monsieur Gaillard's hand stroked his mustache—as the thought occurred to him that were he to resume the practice of that particular form of cruelty at least a mastiff would be required!

"How wickedly, too," she continued in a tone that was less playful than tender, "thou wouldst pull my hair! Truly, I almost fear to be near thee even now!" By way of emphasizing her dread of such dangerous propinquity, Madame Beaumelle drew her chair nearer to Monsieur Gaillard, and so inclined her head that it easily was within reach of his hand. It was a compliment that she thus paid to the soundness of her own physical preservation. Clearly, there was no taint of commercialism in her hair.

"And now, at once, for Pierrot!" cried Monsieur Gaillard, with a decisiveness in which distinctly was perceptible a note of alarm.

At that crisic instant—as a delivering angel from heaven, according to Monsieur Gaillard's view of the situation; as a marring fiend from hell, according to the view that Madame Beaumelle took of it—the door opened and Pierrot burst into the room all in a whirl of frisking joy! (While Césarine was wrong in declaring that this sagacious animal was in league with the powers of evil, she

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had reason in asserting that he could open all doors easily and even could turn keys.)

Madame Beaumelle snatched back her head and jerked back her chair as though she had been stung: intuitively conscious, in that terrible moment, that the arrival of Pierrot upon the field was for her what for the Emperor was the coming up of the Prussians at Waterloo!

It speaks well for Monsieur Gaillard's coolness, and also for his sense of opportunism, that he used his reinforcements—to pursue the simile—with the genius of a Wellington. Rising, he cried sharply: "Thou forgettest thy manners, Pierrot! Attention! Salute!" And Pierrot—even in his emotions responding to the call of duty—not only rose erect and saluted Madame Beaumelle, but of his own accord went on to his difficult feat of standing on his head and wagging gracefully in the air his inverted tail.

"Madame perceives for herself my Pierrot's rare intelligence," said Monsieur Gaillard blandly; "and so will understand why I so cherish him in my affections: even as Madame declares that she once cherished me, and—later—Abelard. But that is not nearly all. He can perform endless wonders, my Pierrot. If Madame conveniently can permit me the use of her umbrella, she shall see his proficiency in the manual of arms. I am pained to trouble her—but I have neglected to bring with me my cane."

As he reverted to his lack of that offensive weapon—and at the same time realized that he seemed to be getting on quite well with a rapier—Monsieur Gaillard for the last time covered his mustache with his hand.

The effect produced upon Madame Beaumelle by this offensive exhibition of Pierrot's accomplishments—in which she found a climax of insulting negation to her hopes—was identical with the effect that popularly is attributed to a display of the Gorgon's Head. As one stunned, she regarded the contraposed Pierrot with a frozen stare!

Monsieur Gaillard's intentionally rasping request for an umbrella—acting as act the noisome fumes of burning feathers held under the nose of a person in a faint—revived her to consciousness and to action. Slowly rising from her chair, she stood erect—and with a massive arm outstretched pointed toward the door. It was the commanding attitude of an incensed Pythoness—a Pythoness much contracted vertically, but compensatingly expanded on lateral lines—and it was in the sibilant tones of an incensed python that she uttered the commanding words: "Va-t'en!"

A politer phrase might have been used by Madame Beaumelle, but none other that would have made her strong meaning quite so energetically clear. "Get out!" is an adjuration—using that word in its modern colloquial sense—that leaves positively nothing to the imagination of the adjured.

Monsieur Gaillard had no quarrel to make with the peremptoriness of his dismissal. He was more than ready to bring the interview—that, like the têtières, he had found at once amusing and painful—to an end. Even an absurd discord ceases to be ludicrous when it is too pronounced or too prolonged.

"Since Madame so pointedly insists that I must leave her," he said with a suave courtesy, "I have only to yield to her wishes—merely for an instant pausing to point out to her that my coming to-day, which she now appears to regret, precisely is at one with my going of many years ago: both being wholly of her own will. Having drawn Madame's attention to this not unimportant fact, I avail myself of her very explicit permission to retire."

As he thus delivered himself, Monsieur Gaillard bowed with an elegance over his hat and moved to the door. Opening the door, and standing on the threshold with Pierrot beside him, he again bowed with an elegance over his hat. "I have the honor," he said, respectfully, "to beg that Madame will accept my homages and my adieux;" and in a sharper tone added: "Thy manners, Pierrot! Salute!"

Standing on his hind legs with a soldierly erectness, facing Madame Beaumelle with a soldierly exactitude—vastly pleased with his own cleverness, and all unconscious that he thus consummated his master's series of ironic atrocities—Pierrot raised briskly to his forehead his right paw!

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Reflections of a Beginning Husband

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I BEG to recall myself to memory as that Peregrine Jesup of whose audacious experiment in getting married to Cordelia French I told you not long since. You may care to know that we are still married, and, speaking for myself and, as far as observation enables me, for Cordelia, we are still pleased with the experiment. Why should I call it audacious, to be sure? I am more and more impressed, so far, with the calculating prudence of it, and surely sensible observers must agree with me, and for ten who will think we were rash to get married on sixty dollars a week, there will be hundreds, certainly, who will smile at the idea of that being a doubtful income to marry on.

Our maid, Matilda Finn, is a person of considerable talent. I doubt whether two people who aim to subsist on sixty dollars a week are entitled to have a maid at all. I dare say they belong in a boarding-house, or else in a flat where they do their own work and put at least fifty dollars in the bank the first of every month. Oh, delightful thought! Imagine being six hundred dollars to the good at the end of the year, and putting it into some safe gamble that would be the corner-stone of a competence! And if I had only courted Matilda Finn instead of Cordelia it would have been so easy! Do you remember Andrew Cannybee and his first investment in Pullman? But he was living with his mother then and had few expenses. I suppose the money-savers are folks who go without everything they want except money until they cease to want it. That would have been all right if I had wanted Matilda Finn. I know I could have held myself down to self-denial until I could really afford to marry, and by that time I should have got over wanting Matilda. Whereas I never could endure the thought of not wanting Cordelia. I am afraid the Cannybee strain in me isn't strong enough to do any good. I seem to like life while it is here.

All the same I like Matilda, who is part of life at these presents, and so does Cordelia. Matilda is cheerful, she is clean, and indulgent, and she can cook. When food is scarce and dear and you have to have it, you don't want to have it fooled with by the wasteful or the inexpert. The little that man wants here below he has to have two or three times a day, and it does make a difference how it is fixed up for him. Consider the staples of nourishment—bread, toast, tea, coffee, bacon, eggs, chickens, chops, beefsteak, fish, codfish, oysters, clams, lettuce, rice, beans, milk, and the package foods that some of us eat for breakfast to divert our minds from diet! How various are the dealings of the human mind and hand with these simple alimentary provisions! What grace or defect of human character is there that cannot find its demonstration in the way an egg is dropped on toast! There is as much difference in toast as there is in people; there is a great native difference in eggs, and much individuality; no two slabs of bacon are alike to start with, or are affected quite the same by smoke and other processes of education. When it comes to coffee, what a problem! Leaving out all the coffee that is not coffee at all, consider the horde of coffees that *are* coffee; their propensity to masquerade under names that do not belong to them, to be blended, and to taste unexpectedly every time you get a new lot!

But give the coffees their due. Nearly all of them are good. It is only that some of them are enough better than others to interest an aspiring spirit which reaches out instinctively in the direction of the highest good for the money. Such a spirit will early recognize that food being variable, the mind that prepares it should be constant, and sagacious in its processes.

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I would not have you suppose I am an epicure. I never think much about food unless it is not so good as I think it ought to be, all things considered; or else is better than I expected. There needs to be some standard of nourishment in a family, and in our family of three it has to be adjusted to an expenditure of three dollars a day. Cordelia says that I contribute the standard and the dollars and leave her to furnish the adjustment. That is where Matilda Finn comes in. I asked Mrs. French once if Cordelia could cook—asked her quite casually, and not, of course, as though it was of any consequence. She said yes, that every woman could cook, and that Cordelia could, of course, and that the question was whether any man could live off her cooking. She has taken cooking lessons since then and courses in Domestic Science, which includes cooking, and I think she can do it. But cooking is an agitating job, and I don't like to have Cordelia agitated. Nor is there any need. I like better to have her stick to her own profession, which is ministering to happiness. I suppose they don't teach that in the domestic-science courses. Cordelia ministers to Matilda Finn's happiness, and Matilda cooks and does all the other things that need to be done in a flat, except what Cordelia and I do; and Cordelia ministers to my happiness remarkably. All sorts and conditions of folks Cordelia ministers to: she has captivated her mother's market-man, with whom she talks meat, poultry, fish, politics, and current events every morning. She knows all his reasons for the high price of meat. "That man," she said the other day, "can bamboozle me into anything!" Nevertheless, she seems to be getting intimately acquainted with the butcher business and the anatomy of the animals on which we elect to subsist, and the comparative cost and edibleness of their various sections. The spring lamb that we had for dinner the day Caseby dined with us was "a bargain I got off of Mr. Cooper," who had an oversupply of fore quarters and sold one at a great reduction to young Mrs. Jesup. As a rule, we do not subsist on spring lamb at home in the spring. That seems to be a favorite dinner-party provision, and we still dine out enough to keep up our acquaintance with it. The "lamb" we have is the most neutral of all meats, unexciting, but sufficient for the purpose of nourishment.

Cordelia sings at her work, and that makes me think she must like the life. Perhaps I should say her employments rather than her work. Being away all day, I don't know very much about them, but at least I hear her singing while she is putting up her hair.

This matter of woman's work looks important. I wonder what they do all day—girls, that is, like Cordelia. If she had a job it would simplify matters, particularly if it was a remunerated job, for I dare say Cordelia would spend more money if she had it. *I* could. But it would have to be some kind of an independent home job, like painting or writing, or taking in washing. If she went out to work and had any boss but me, it would not be tolerable. Moreover, if she had a job that she was qualified for and that was worthy of her talents, she would probably be better at it than I am at mine, and earn more at it than I do, and then where would I come in! Think of us both coming home tired from wage-earning! Awful! I am glad she has no job, except, as I said before, the great one of ministering to happiness. I seem to be just a poor old-fashioned monopolist, not much farther along than the Stone Age.

But she does keep busy in a way. I hear of her making calls—though she says calls are a queer employment for a lady who lives over a tailor-shop—and she goes to see her mother, and my mother, and various girls, and goes to market, and sews a little and reads a little and does charities a good deal, and has girls in to lunch and feeds them on I don't know what. She says it's not wise to break with the life you know any more than you have to, and of course that's so; though neither is it wise to hang on to the life you know when you can't afford it. The life you know isn't the only good one even for you. I have come to feel that tremendously since I turned anarchist—to feel that life is a big thing, a bully thing, and that we are fools to cramp it and trim it down too much to fit usage and environment. Friends are

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very valuable, acquaintance is valuable, a standard of living and a set of associations when once you are used to them are very hard to shift from; but all those things are the accessories of life rather than life itself, and it seems a chicken-hearted sort of prudence that would sacrifice life to its accessories.

This from a man who is as sensitive as I am to the differences in dropped eggs, and feels as strongly as I do about fish-balls and bacon, and who likes caviare when it is really good, and alligator-pears, and pâtés of goose-livers, may sound a little forced; but must it follow that because one sees and admires the trees he cannot see the forest?

Yes, I am glad Cordelia has no money-making job, but I suppose that is no argument against such employments for women in general who need them. *I*, being so gifted in money-getting and commanding the income I do, did not need to have my labors supplemented in the wage-earning line. *My* need was for assistance in spending our money.

By the way, as I meditate on money and my large appetite for it and the ways of getting it, it occurs to me that there is a new profession—muck-raking. Maybe it's not new, since nothing is, but at any rate it's coming along on a good slant just now, is very lively, looks altruistic, and I dare say can be made modestly remunerative; for muck-rakers, of course, like other working folks, must live. More than moderately remunerative it can hardly be without spoiling it, for the great business opportunity in it would be to make a great record as a prosecutor and then be retained for the defence. To me, as a lawyer, that looks good, but there are those who would gibe at it as a sort of blackmail.

Well, there does seem to be a lot of tar in money. Sometimes I despair of ever getting enough to keep an auto on without having to pay some impossibly defiling or enslaving price for it; but I haven't got to have an auto yet, so I take courage.

Father and Father-in-law both growl at the muck-rakers, as is proper enough for gentlemen of their years and responsibilities, but the muck-rakers look to me like microbes of a very natural and timely kind, lawfully and inevitably produced, and going about a necessary business with a catching sort of enthusiasm. When they beat a bad grab, the anarchist in me insists upon rejoicing, no matter what respect the lawyer in me may feel for clients who appreciate lawyers and pay them suitably.

Father-in-law has sent me three gallons of superior European champagne put up in bottles the usual way, mostly pints. He is a kind man. Why he thinks it wise to cultivate expensive thirsts in Cordelia and me I do not know, but my theory is that he thinks a taste for beverages that we can't afford will make for abstemiousness. So it will, I dare say. Cordelia says the gallons are just a tribute of affection, unsullied by ulterior purposes of any sort. We are going to ask Father-in-law to dinner, and that is a great tribute, for even reduced to his simplest needs he is expensive to feed.

Naturalists have observed and recorded a tendency in married people to duplication. That is, in some respects, a solemn thought. I understand you can get lots more room in Brooklyn for the same money, and people do it; but to me that's a much more solemn thought than the other one—too solemn altogether. Up the island there are extraordinary rows and successions of human hives. Cordelia and I catch a Sunday afternoon automobile-ride up there once in a while and marvel at them as we pass. One could get a fine detachment up there; though for that matter there is an interesting grade of detachment to be had in Brooklyn. And detachment has its value—breaks habits, brings folks in some ways harder up against the facts of life, invites a new inspection of people, brings various releases and stimulations—but I don't know that it is a thing that Cordelia and I are disposed to chase very hard for its own sake. We are hard enough up against the facts of life as it is, and we are gregarious people and like companions, and if we got a good detachment would go right to work, I suppose, to mitigate it by new associations. We will never move to Harlem or beyond merely for the sake of pioneering, nor swap associations for the mere benefit of swapping. And yet that's what the Methodist ministers used to do under

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the old three-years-in-a-place rule—may be doing it still. It was the intention that they should gather no moss, so the plan was to keep them rolling. To me, now, moss looks very nice, and I wouldn't mind its adhering. I love old associations and permanence of relation, and my heart is even hospitable to some fixity of condition; but there is plenty to be said in favor of wearing the garments of life loose enough to shed them when they get seriously in the way. One should be enough of a change-artist to quit a part he cannot excel in before the scene-shifters shut him out. The predicament of people who haven't it in them to prosper in the social level they find themselves in, and who are so fettered by the conventions and expectations of that level that they can't break into another, is very pathetic. We hear plenty about the tragedies of families that sink, but what of the tragedies of those that rise, as when a man makes a raft of money and his sons experiment with leisure, drink, chorus-girls, and divorce; and his daughter, for lack of inviting marital opportunities, is obliged to elope with the chauffeur! That sounds better than eloping with the coachman, as used to happen; but still there is a prejudice against it. Of course advantages—most of them—are advantageous, else civilization wouldn't get ahead; but, by George! they have their price. If Cordelia and I were a grain less stylish we might be living in a model-tenement and saving money. (I wonder if we could get one that would hold Matilda too!) The residents of New York around here where we live are roughly divided into two classes, people who eat in the front basement and are getting rich, and people who are too stylish to eat in the front basement, and have up-stairs dining-rooms and butler's pantries, and are (some of them) getting poor. The receipt for getting rich in this neighborhood is—Eat in the basement! But I'm not sure that it is a reliable receipt. It tends to blight some opportunities. Anyhow, it does not fit the ambitions of the socially ambitious of this generation, to whom eating in the basement would seem to conflict with about all that is delectable in life. Of course basement dining-rooms belong to the habits of forty years ago, and invited the simple life, which now for the most part has been chased into flats. But the truth remains that advantages are bought with a price.

It is harder to get something for nothing than we think it is when we read of wills going to probate. They do go there, and then it is to observe whether the heirs get the money or the money gets the heirs. We don't take medicine unless we are sick. Money in large chunks is pretty strong medicine, but we take it when it offers without regard to our condition, and it does not always do us good.

Tom Merchant was saying something the other day to the effect that a man could not be of very considerable use in the world until he ceased to be dependent on his work for his living. Of course that is not so, as Lincoln's case and innumerable others attest, and as new cases keep attesting every day. Nevertheless, the venerable John Bigelow has said something very like what Tom said, and I think there is a slice of truth in it. Money in store is power, and makes for leisure to think and act, and may help enormously, in a crisis, to independence in thought and action. Lincoln was poor, but, after all, he had enough cash in hand to spare the time for the debate with Douglas and for all the politics that followed, up to the time when he began to draw a salary as President.

The trouble with the chaps that come early into ready-made money is that so few of them ever learn enough about common human life, and people, and the elements of the job, to be considerably useful, even if they aspire to be. Still, I think they do better nowadays than they used to. The money-getting school, whatever course you take, is an exacting school. Somehow you have to deliver the goods—some kind of goods that somebody is willing to pay for. I wonder how much the girls miss, those of them who do miss it, by not taking the courses in that school! Of course they miss some great possibilities of development, but against that you have to measure what they would miss by not being able to do two kinds of things in the same years, and sacrificing what they get as it is, for what they might get as it might be. There comes in the division of work be-

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tween men and women and the difference in their natural careers. Cordelia as she is, for me.

Cordelia and I are agreed that we will have rhododendrons in our garden. Those in the Park have begun to bloom, and I am excessively pleased with them. They have such a fine Greek name that takes me back to Xenophon's Anabasis, and such splendid blossoms and such interesting shades of color, and then they bloom in the shade. I respect them most of all for that. To live in the shade and turn out so splendid—well, allegorically speaking, it happens more or less to folks, too. It will cost us something to have a good lot of rhododendrons in our garden, but when it comes to planning for our country place we never spare expense. Why should we? Frugality of imagination is no saving to anybody. Cordelia is less extravagant in that particular than I am, because when I see the men who earn a lot of money I speculate in my mind as to how they do it and whether *I* could do it, and I usually decide that I shall be able to presently if I have time, and then, naturally, I think what I shall have when I get all that money, and just now it is rhododendrons because they are just coming along. A good deal goes with rhododendrons: hired men, domestic animals, chariots of locomotion; I dare say by the time Cordelia and I get around to having them, aeroplanes will have become a reasonable solicitation. But there's no hurry. The rhododendrons in the Park are lovely, and I dare say there are more in the Bronx (if you can get there), and we have hospitable friends who have them in gardens.

This observing the money-getters and noticing how they do it, and computing how long it will take to learn the trick and acquire the necessary prestige, is all right enough and even useful, but it plagues me when I get my mind too much on it. That's not really the way to live—and yet, and yet. "The life is more than meat; the body more than raiment," but, having life, meat comes very handy, and having a body, raiment is convenient. The people who miss it are those who starve life, or overlook it, in their solicitude for meat and motors.

The prevalent habit of going to Europe is curious. For that matter the habits of contemporary Americans are very curious—the motor-car habit so conspicuous just now, their travel habit, much cultivated by farmers in winter, and by city people in summer. They are remarkable habits; instructive, no doubt; expensive, but somehow at present there is money for them. Cordelia says she has travelled, and need not go on the road again for some time. I haven't, but I am content to wait until it is convenient. This town of New York is trying to live in in some ways, but it can be said for it that here a great many things are brought to the door. There are pictures here, and very pleasing objects in the shop windows, and a variety of people, and spoken languages enough to satisfy the most ambitious, and a mighty interesting assortment of architecture, and more making while you wait. Some Americans in time past have been to Europe to good purpose—as witness our newer architecture—and some keep going there to pretty good purpose every year. That makes it the easier to stay at home and say *Cœlum non animum* to one's self, and grub along. Cordelia and I bestow some of our spare attention on the growth of characters. They don't seem to grow so very much on the road. Intelligence and powers of comparison may get a boost in the school of itineracy, but character not so probably. Corlear Van Terminal has been to Europe once or twice every year since I can remember, and gads constantly when at home, and all but sleeps in a motor-car, and yet, so far as I can see, he's always just the same as he was the last time. I can't see that he's got ahead one lap. Chapman says the soul of man requires to be fed on the Bible and the Greek poets. One can do that at home, and one can work at home, and have faith and endure and plug along—all quite useful to character, and as developing in some ways as travel and Europe can be in others.

Cordelia and I have been reading about the Wesleys and the characters they got and how they got them. There were eighteen children or thereabouts, and a dozen or so grew up. Fine people, too; admirable stock and developed by discipline, privation, and pious training, all tempered by affection, humor, and lots

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of quality in the trainers. It makes you feel that character is a very expensive product, and hardly to be had at the ten-cent store where we and our contemporaries are prone to go for it.

The Wesleys were poor; very much poorer than is thought at all suitable in these times, even for the reverend clergy or for the teachers of our youth. The father was a clergyman; the mother was a lady of excellent abilities and education, and they lived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Food was plain and hard to get in that family, and raiment was only slightly related to embellishment, and sickness was frequent and poverty perpetual; but with what audacity those Wesleys took hold on life! It makes our timid overtures look like mill-pond voyaging. Really it is wholesome to sit by the window, within ear-shot of the rattle of the street-cars and the chug-chug of the automobiles, and read of the past straits of the straitened and the courage of the bold, and observe on what shoulders of men and women, and through what bogs of privation, civilization has come along.

Not that the Wesleys had a preference for privation. The Reverend Samuel scrambled actively to maintain his family, but the increasing family outran his best diligence. We have changed all that. Families are less apt to outrun the paternal diligence in these days. So far as numbers go, they trudge along respectfully behind the census man and look over his shoulder at the figures. But that change is all in the day's work, and springs out of changed conditions. People in our time are not curious enough about the processes of nature to raise very large families in order that they may watch near at hand the workings of the rule about the survival of the fittest. What they can observe of the application of that rule in written biography and among the neighbors seems to suffice, and in their own personal speculations they seem to care for no more progeny than they think they can contrive survival for, whether they are fittest or not. So butts in man, and tries to adjust the processes of nature to match his judgment and his taste in expenditure.

When it gets hot, Cordelia will be going off to her father's country palace in Connecticut, varying that experience in due time by a sojourn in my father's country palace in New Jersey, and I shall spend with her so much of the time as my urban duties permit. That will save us from dependence on any fresh-air funds this year. Parents are a considerable convenience, especially nowadays, when so many of them have learned their place, and especially in this town of New York, where it costs all you can earn to provide a winter habitation, and where the young wives of earnest workers like me are apt to be a good deal out of a job in summer. Much more systematic provision is made to carry my kind of man through the summer than for Cordelia's kind of woman—the clubs, for example. For man and wife at our stage of life parents, duly qualified and equipped, are a very suitable and timely provision. Indeed, I feel sometimes that the worthlessness and miscellaneous degeneracy of parents in these times is exaggerated. I don't say this by way of casting an anchor to the windward, nor out of mere magnanimity, but because I honestly think so. People say that parental authority is all gone. Some think it good riddance; others lament. Since democracy came to be the fashion, everybody wants his own way more than formerly, and gets it rather more, children included. But parental direction is still a factor in life, and parental influence is enormous, and influence gets to the springs of action and character even more effectually than dogmatic authority. It is much harder for a fool father to blight a Mirabeau nowadays, and those Wesley parents that I spoke of might in our time have meddled less with their daughters' marriages, thereby, possibly, avoiding some disasters; for the Wesley girls chose ill, but their parents, in choosing for them, chose still worse. Parents doubtless realize the limitations of their calling better than they did, and a good deal more is done in these days than formerly to piece out their deficiencies and help them with their duties. Doctors give them better advice than the Wesley parents got; schools in this country—in spite of the constant stream of criticism and depreciation which schools endure—average surely a great deal better than schools did fifty years ago. The raising and

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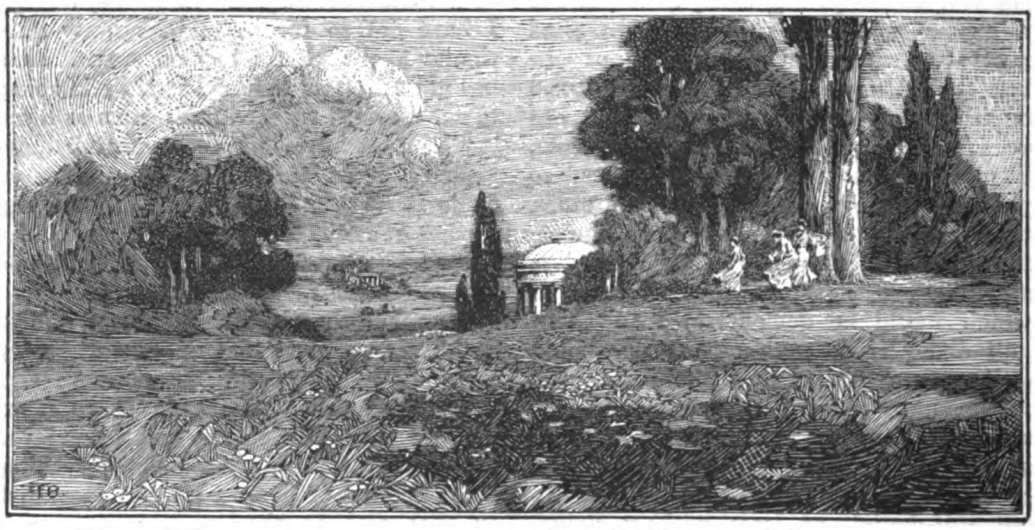
training of the young, being as important a matter as there is in sight, has had protracted attention from some of the best minds, and has had money showered on it in a huge profusion. All that has been more or less helpful to parents, but it does not warrant the idea, so popular among current commentators, that parents have come to be supernumeraries on the public stage. That is a ridiculous notion, the absurdity of which would be demonstrated in about half a day if parents universally should quit work and take a half-holiday.

We ought to save a little money this summer living on our fathers. It is a grand way to save. I don't know of a better. It makes frugality possible without self-denial—at least without privation. They say there is excellent sport to be got out of self-denial, and I read that saving money and the repression of the impulse to spend it make like everything for the development of character. I dare say that is so. It is all a part of self-control, and of government by intelligence instead of by impulse. And self-control, including timely and suitable repression of expenditure, means freedom, and power to give, and the power to do, and the power to jump in and seize an opportunity. Possibly I can acquire the accomplishment of not buying some things that I want, even though I have the money to pay for them. That will be a wonderful acquisition to me, though I have got so far as to be mighty particular about what I buy on credit. One has got to get as far as that if he is going to get married on such an income as ours.

That was a great stroke—getting married. I don't see how I had the nerve to do it. Probably I hadn't. I dare say we got married on Cordelia's nerve, for when you come down to the facts it was she who took most of the chances, and really made the choice. To choose and to decide things seem in our day to be very largely women's work. I am more and more impressed with that as I go more and more to Cordelia to get her views. I get them on pretty much everything except points of law. I am the specialist on that and on the earning of money, but she is the specialist on the arrangement of life. I guess she is an obedient wife, but in practice I seem to make suggestions and she to make decisions. She makes them with great consideration and indulgence for me, and with a degree of judgment that saves me much mental effort. The opportunities of mental effort that I enjoy below Canal Street, between ten o'clock and six, suffice to keep my mind exercised, and I am no glutton about making unnecessary mental efforts after I get up-town. Perhaps that simplifies life for Cordelia. I wonder what women do whose husbands don't have to work!



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In Defence of Old Songs

by

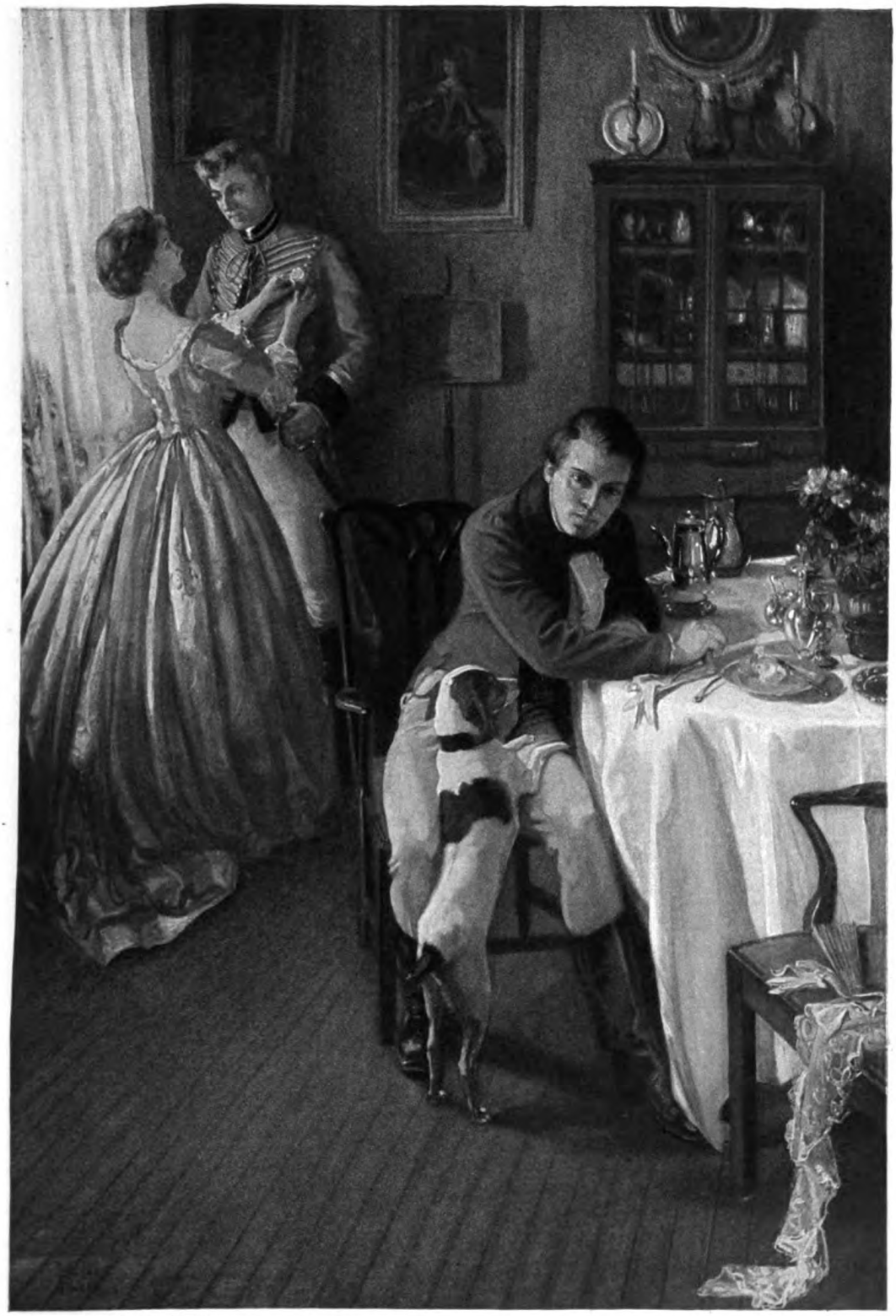
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE life of a literary critic may well seem unexciting and devoid of adventure; though, as we all know, M. Anatole France has defined literary criticism as the adventures of the critic's soul among masterpieces. M. France was thinking of more elegant and erudite adventures than that of which I propose to write; though he, of all humanists, would best understand its significance and charm. No one so well as he could appreciate the thrill that comes to a critic from his sudden unexpected initiation into even the smallest secret of that greatest of all critical mysteries—popular taste. When I say "critic," I am thinking first of that somewhat superior person which each one of us is apt to be in our youth, so tyrannically intolerant of old standards, so impatient of, as it seems to us, worn-out simplicities; so sensitively alert for *le nouveau frisson* and the last *nuance*. The difficulty in the young days of the critic is a sophomoric superiority to the unlettered human heart. One of the many advantages of growing old is a strange, one might almost say a mysterious, understanding of all that has happened to us, and—incidentally—all we have read when we were young. Perhaps I should say, the things that were read to us when we were young, the things, of course, we couldn't read for ourselves, the things read to us by a mother whose literary tastes we had to grow somewhat older to appreciate — that dear mother who crooned Wordsworth and Byron to us by our bedside, and whom, later, we tried vainly to persuade that Meredith was a greater nature-poet than Wordsworth, that Swinburne outsang Byron, and that Keats, generally speaking, was the only poet since Shakespeare.

Such a mother might laughingly quote Burns against our Mrs. Browning and Rossetti; and perhaps not till long years after have we, by some fortunate accident, some chance intellectual adventure, suddenly come to understand that that old mother was right.

These changes of the critical heart come in odd and humble ways. It was, I remember, to the circumstance of my missing a train at a wayside station in Surrey, and, as a consequence, having to kill three or four hours in the old inn, that I owe my sudden initiation into the hitherto somewhat unrealized greatness and charm of John Bunyan—for there in the old inn bookcase was an old copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with rude

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"ALICE GRAY"

"Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away.
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray."

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wood-cuts, which I took, experimentally, from the shelf to while away the time—with the result that I missed the next train, and had to stay at "The Three Pigeons" overnight.

Similarly, I owe the critical enlightenment which I ask the reader to share with me—more than likely he has already gone through the same stage of development for himself—to the chance of picking up from an old piano, standing amid horsehair chairs and ancestral water-colors in the Connecticut farmhouse where I am living, a popular collection of songs and rounds and catches which not only charmed our great-great-grandparents, but are still today as vociferously on the lips, and tearfully in the hearts, of men as ever. I confess that the book has been the occasion of a debauch of sentiment almost unbearable in its poignancy and unashamed in its abandon; and I come out of the experience understanding completely the feelings of that old lady who has immortalized herself by making a like confession, when she admitted:

"I cannot sing the old songs,
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow;
For bygone hours came o'er my heart,
With each familiar strain:
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again."

Indeed, if, in the striking words of Eliza Cooke, one wishes to learn, not only how much the heart can bear, but how much it has borne, one could not do better than consult any encyclopædia of old and ever-young emotions, and lachrymatory of ancient sorrows such as this song-book I have picked up on that old piano. The book itself is not old, being, in fact, a cheap paper-backed collection made comparatively recently, such as can be bought in any music-store; and it is, therefore, the more significant, for it is thus not merely reminiscent of the tastes of the past, but representative of the tastes of the present, too, as it bears witness also to the remarkable longevity of popular favorites. It would seem, indeed, that when a song possesses the peculiar kind of vitality to capture the popular heart or the popular fancy, it can never quite lose its hold; but, indeed, goes on strengthening it, generation after generation, by the cumulative power of association. Take that international anthem of human friendliness, *Auld Lang Syne:* it is quite conceivable that a poem might be written even more forcibly embodying its simple universal sentiment—such poems may have been written; but it is, none the less, impossible to imagine one taking its place in any kindly gatherings of English-speaking men and women, at those moments when the emotion of human fellowship warms the heart to the poignancy and pathos of our common mortal lot, and the peculiar tragic thrill of old ties of race and kindred. And, of course, the chief reason for this unassailable popularity of *Auld Lang Syne*—though not the only reason—is the fact of its having been sung so incalculably often before, in every quarter of the four winds, and under circumstances of such deep feeling. Dead voices join ours in its chorus, and it is haunted by the pathos of immemorial meetings and partings, by the true grasp of hands long since nerveless dust, the loving glance of loyal eyes that shine no longer at the laughing table of life—

"Old meetings and old partings—all that ends;
So loved, so vivid and so vanished."

The fashions of human feeling change not, and though new forms of its expression naturally arise and have their hour, man in his realer moments is best pleased by those old forms, consecrated and endeared by familiar usage, the words he is most at home with, and the tunes he used to whistle when a boy. And it must be a "superior," sophisticated eye, indeed, that would not soften and fill as it glanced over the titles alone of the book of "home songs" that is before me as I write. Take the first dozen, just as they come:

Alice, where art Thou? Annie Laurie. Auld Lang Syne. Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home. Ben Bolt. The Blue Bells of Scotland. The Blue Juniata. By the Sad Sea Waves. The Campbells are Coming. Come Back to Erin. Comin' Thro' the Rye. Darby and Joan.

What doors of memory fly open with each quaint old-fashioned name, what

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pictures of long-forgotten evenings light up, evenings not indeed yet robbed of certain humorous aspects by the tenderness of our retrospect, as we recall the languishing Miss So-and-so at the piano, and the enamored Mr. So-and-so pouring out his impassioned tenor over her chaste shoulder! Or can we forget how another Mr. So-and-so used to throw us irreverent youngsters into convulsions by his manner of roaring out, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?" His thundering basso must still echo in the ears of time. Oh yes! there is still much to provoke our smiles as we look over these old songs, the sort of smiles provoked by old fashion-plates and old prints of bygone elegancies and affectations — fine ladies promenading "the Mall" in chignon and crinoline, accompanied by superfine gentlemen in side-whiskers and white trousers—yet, humorously haunted as these old songs may be (particularly, perhaps, by the ghost of Tom Moore), it is impossible to read them without being impressed by their genuine power and charm, and general right to exist irrespective of the whims of fashion or the tenderness of our retrospective regard. If we wipe those retrospective tears from our eyes, and sit down to consider them in a less sentimental spirit, one is surprised to find what an unexpected vindication of the contemned "popular taste" they provide. At least one reader of them has thus been surprised, and that is the critical adventure I set out to describe.

Of course, the first obvious characteristic of these popular songs is the simplicity of their subject-matter. Their themes are very few and elemental, the primitive emotions—Life and Love and Death as they come to what Whitman called "simple, natural persons," as, in the last analysis, they affect even the more sophisticated; joy and sorrow direct and uncomplex, unsicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Great literary art also, as we know, deals with the same simple elemental themes, but it treats them consciously, intellectualizes, subtilizes them, looks before and after, and regards human emotions and human drama not so much in themselves as in relation to the Infinite Mystery of things, *in speculum æternitatis*. Popular art, however, seizes merely on the vivid emotion of living, the sheer joy and pain, asking no questions of why or how, seeking no philosophic interpretations, conscious of no mystic intimations, knowing only the human pang in its immediate personal intensity. It is an art entirely without fine shades and secondary meanings. Therefore it provoked our youthful contempt, and is passed over by the superior critic as crude and sentimental. Crude appeals to the feelings—unworthy of critical consideration! Mere raw subject-matter undisguised by any finesse of treatment! Yet man's feelings are crude, or at least strong and simple when he feels at all; and it is hard to imagine such a theme, say, as a man's love for his mother—perhaps the most favorite theme of these popular songs—treated otherwise than with the heartfelt directness of simple affection; though, doubtless, there are some who would consider that the proper way to treat a mother in art is Whistler's way, merely dispassionately, as a "study" or an "arrangement."

The world at large, however, has decided in favor of Eliza Cooke's method in "The Old Arm Chair." "Reeking sentimentality! Maudlin emotionalism!" one can hear some one — our old sophomoric selves, maybe—exclaim; yet one may well ask how an excess of sentiment or emotion is possible on such a subject as a mother's memory, or what object could more naturally focus our wistful affection than an old chair in which a beloved mother so long has sat and now sits no more. Here surely is an occasion on which the human heart may let itself go in unrestrained simplicity of its sorrow, however naïve and unlettered in its expression; the more naïve and unlettered the more natural and convincing. I confess that for me the simple words in which Eliza Cooke has clothed her lament seem in a very true and important sense to be literature, unless literature is a term to be applied merely to decorative arrangements of words, a pastime of the æsthetic sense, and is to be denied the name when occupying itself with the more vital, every-day interests of mankind. Fortunately, in literature there are many magics, and perhaps it is the so-called humblest magic that works the miracle best worth having. One draw-

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Painting by Marion Powers

"MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY"

"My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody."

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back to the unbiassed appreciation of these popular masterpieces which it is impossible to be unconscious of so soon as one starts to quote their titles is one which, at all events, they share with some of the greatest masterpieces of artistic "literary" poetry—the drawback of their having been subjected so long, owing to their very popularity, to derisive quotation, that it is difficult to dissociate them from familiar misusage and seriously ask consideration for them as they are. Derisive quotation would seem to be the final end of all literary masterpieces whatsoever, and to be the common lot alike of *Come into the Garden, Maud,* and *The Old Folks at Home;* of *The Raven* and *The Old Oaken Bucket.* Yet the qualities which made the lordly literary masterpieces and the humbler homely masterpieces popular in the first instance, and keep them so, are still there, and in each case are still clearly evident and easy to state. The humblest form of immortality is seldom won by accident. Tennyson and Poe do not further concern us at the moment; but I should like the reader to consider the mere words of *'Way down upon the Swanee River,* and see if he does not agree with me that, even of themselves, apart from the music, they present an appealing picture and strike a deep emotional chord with a sure, however simple, art.

It is customary to say of the success of such songs that it is all due to the music. The words of popular songs don't matter, we are told. The tune is everything. All the same, the tune was born of the words, of the suggestion made by them to the composer's mind; and the fact is that, while in the best examples music and words seem one and indivisible, having often been born together and having so long been traditionally associated, yet in no few cases, such as *Home, Sweet Home,* for example, the words are unquestionably the predominant partner.

To return to the *Old Folks at Home,* the magnetism of the melody is undeniable, but consider, so to say, the emotional voltage of the mere subject-matter of the words. There is the advantage for the writer of popular songs. The very words he uses—"Home"—"Mother"—"Country"—are poems in themselves, traditionally charged with human feeling. They are things rather than words, conveying their meaning as directly, and awaking as immediate response, as a national flag. If, as it used to be the fashion to say, subject-matter does not count in high art—the treatment is all!—the reverse is surely the case in the art of the people, and the artist's skill lies almost more in his choice of subject-matter than in its manipulation. The writer of the *Old Folks at Home* was fortunate in concentrating in his song nearly all the not very various subject-matter of appeal of which popular songs are made, and if we analyze the ingredients of *Old Folks at Home* we shall come pretty near to the recipe on which all successes in this kind have been made. To begin with, the song strikes the note of distance, distance from home, that sentiment of exile in space and time, that "far-far-away" motive, which curiously vibrates through all such popular songs, in which some form of sadness seems to be a necessity. We seldom meet in them any one who is happy just where and when he is. Either he is "far away" from what he loves, or he is "going far away." He is always wishing to be somewhere else—either in Dixie, or in old Kentucky, or in Erin, or "within a mile of Edinboro." His heart is always "sair for somebody" or something. But the most usual objects of his wistful longing are the old folks and the old home. There is neither need nor space to name the innumerable songs of which the old folks are the heroes and the old home the setting. Though the old home seems usually to be situated down south, it is to be found, need one say, in every corner of the earth, from Kentucky to Killarney, though the longing for it seems to have been expressed chiefly by negroes, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. The old home is usually simple, the dwelling of simple folk—"one little hut among de bushes," and here the writer of *Old Folks at Home* strikes what one might call the cottage note. The cottage, with roses round the porch, and beehives in the garden, would seem to be very near to the human heart. It is seldom we meet with a castle in popular song, though we must not forget

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those halls of Tara on which the harp hangs mute, or those "marble halls" in which we once dreamt we were sleeping.

When we have noted the "happy childhood" and "mother" motives, it will be seen that the *Old Folks at Home* pretty well bears out my claim for it of including and illustrating the most general features of popular song. Incidentally, too, by its dialect, it reminds one how large a body of popular song is written in one or other of three dialects—Scotch, Irish, or negro. Perhaps that pervading note of exile comes largely from this fact, as undoubtedly no little of their general pathos—for pathos seems strangely to inhere in dialect, and the incomparable pathos of the Scotch dialect in particular is, need one say, one of the classic possessions of literature. But here a master has been at work; and what would any old song-book be without Burns?—though it must be remembered that Burns did not make the Scotch dialect, and that many of his best-known songs are partly traditional. No, the Scotchman and the Irishman and the negro—I hope none of them will object to the collocation—are born with music in their souls, as the Englishman, generally speaking, is not; and the very names of the heroes and heroines of popular song bear witness to their ascendancy as song-makers. We seldom meet with an English or American hero or heroine. To be sure, there are Ben Bolt and Mollie Darling; but even these can hardly compete with Robin Adair, young Lochinvar, John Anderson, with Annie Laurie, Kathleen Mavourneen—or even Old Black Joe.

Practically the only motive of popular song unrepresented in the *Old Folks at Home* is the love motive. Sailor songs, soldier songs, national songs, hymns, and drinking songs may be regarded as forming a sort of technical section apart from the main body of popular song, and only appealing to the general heart in occasional moods or in exceptionally spirited examples.

Popular love-songs, again, illustrate that curious sadness of the popular heart to which I have referred above. It is seldom you come upon a happy lover in my old song-book. Once in a while you find a gay courting song, such as *Comin' thro' the Rye,* but, for the most part, the song is of love's loss rather than of love's joy, love afar, or love scorned, or love in the kirkyard. Popular song would certainly seem to bear out the truth of James Thomson's dictum that "lips only sing when they cannot kiss." The trouble always is, as with Alice Gray, "She never can be mine." Possibly the reason for this is that the best love-songs have been written by the Scotch—beautiful, heart-breaking things they are, and none more beautiful than *My Heart is Sair for Somebody.* The note of passion is seldom struck, and the voice of the fleshly school is refreshingly absent. But the one bracing note that is struck again and again amid all tears of separation and regret is the note of constancy to one fair face, the note of a love that is faithful in despite of distance and death. In the purity and constancy of his affection the popular song-writer compares favorably with his more sophisticated literary brother.

And that reminds me to note that the literary poet is conspicuous mainly by his absence in my old song-book. Kingsley, Longfellow, and Tennyson are the three favored exceptions; Kingsley with his *Three Fishers,* Longfellow with *Stars of the Summer Night,* and Tennyson with *Sweet and Low.* It is a curious thing how the average man seems to scent and avoid any taint of "literature" in his poetry. Even great poets may write of the simplest themes in the simplest words, but as a rule they appeal in vain to the popular ear. It speaks volumes for the remarkable nature and range of Tennyson's genius that he of all poets, in our day at least, should be the one conspicuous exception. With all his immense cultivation and keen æsthetic sensibility, his skill in subtle and ornate metrical effects, there was evidently in him, too, the soul of a simple singer of the people, knowing instinctively the simple music to which the heart of the people beats, and knowing just the right fall of the simple words they love. For the heart of the people is the heart of a child, and the art of writing for them seems very much like the art of writing for children—the most difficult of all literary arts. Perhaps the charming childishness of the popular heart is best shown in its love of apparently

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Painting by Marion Powers

"THE OLD ARM CHAIR"

"And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child."

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meaningless rounds, a number of which I find in my old song-book, such as *Scotland's Burning*—"Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning! Look out! Look out! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Cast on more water." What does it mean! some dull person may ask. As well ask the meaning of *Three Blind Mice,* or *The Hunting of the Snark.* It is pure child-heartedness, that is all! And we find the same charming inconsequence in a people's choice of its national songs. The songs men march to battle with are seldom lofty patriotic hymns such as one might expect with such stern business afoot, but some delightful doggerel such as *Yankee Doodle,* or *There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.*

Thank goodness that it is so! It would be dreadful to belong to a nation that knew Milton by heart, refused to see anything acted but Shakespeare or Greek tragedy, and suffered no music less frivolous than Beethoven and Bach. If such a nation of solemn prigs should ever come to pass, what a treasure-trove would seem such a collection as that which I found on the old piano. How eagerly we would steal off into a corner with some friend of like mind and wallow in its frank sentimentalism, its fearless platitudes of emotion, its refreshingly unlettered language, its almost brutal agonizing of the heart! How real it would all seem to us, after our moping masterpieces and mathematical fugues! How grateful we would be if only some lofty musical acquaintance would consent to sing us *The Last Rose of Summer,* and if only Mr. So-and-so of the thundering basso could be persuaded to come back and roar forth once again *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.* Be sure we would promise not to laugh.

Journey's End

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WHAT made life fair, O Love, before you came,
  Its labor, laughter, tears?
That which was full seems now an empty name
  Of random years.

What I strove for, or shunned, to what aspired,
  Had value once, I know—
Poor little round of little things desired,
  An empty show.

But it was all I knew, and patiently
  I smiled and trudged along—
Until you came, and all the soul of me
  Burst into song.

Sang like a lark that flings its being high
  To the sun's burning kiss,
Till its too swiftly beating heart is nigh
  To break with bliss.

So must it be when unto Paradise
  At last our spirits roam,
Wondering what earthly road could e'er entice,
  When we are Home.

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The Gift-Bearer

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

"IT is all red and green and sparkling and golden inside," thought Elizabeth, dreamily. "But outside it is all white."

She had been left alone for a minute while the baby was being dressed in the next room, and the family was gathering down-stairs. Laurie had been put to bed for his nap very late, so he would be at his rosy baby best for the Christmas tree and the toys; he had only just waked up, although it was growing dark. The mother raised the window and looked out.

It was wonderfully silent out where the snow was. The silence was what she wanted. The bursts of laughter that came to her from down-stairs every time a door was opened hurt her like a flare of burning wind in her face. Yet they were doing it all for her—for her and Laurie.

"How kind they are—how *kind!* And it all has helped, every bit of it has helped!" she whispered to herself. But her thoughts were straying far away over white billows that had once been walks and streets and parking. They had journeyed to other billows and billows—they had touched, with the shudder that living flesh will always feel when it dwells on the incredible thought of death, on that softly rounded bed where her husband lay.

"Oh, Lawrence!" her heart went out to that haven which was still the one to which every need sent her, but which was—mercifully—not *there*. "How kind they are—how much they have helped! But how little they know what it is!" Her eyes ached with the struggle between the rising tears and her will to keep them down; the struggle had become so the usual thing that even in her dreams she felt the tears rise, and held them back that they might not overflow.

"Ba-ba-ba-ba!" came Laurie's little voice from the next room.

"It must be his kitty he is talking to," thought Elizabeth. "And he must be almost ready; he always begins to chatter when his hair is being curled." She closed the window resolutely, as if that could shut out sorrow.

"You know you mustn't cry," she said to herself, encouragingly. She had found exhorting herself to be one of the things that helped. It gave her the sense of companionship. "You know that would make your eyes red. And then they would all be so disappointed. You have really done very well so far about seeming happy."

The nurse appeared at the door with the baby in her arms. From the length of the room Laurie surveyed her with condescension in his direct gaze. He seemed tantalizingly aloof, separated by the crisp immaculateness of his frock, the flawless, pink-flushed skin, the round innocence of the wide-open eyes, the wet tendrils of his newly curled hair. In her longing for her baby's deliciousness Elizabeth forgot everything else. She made a dart for him.

"Kiss me this minute!" she demanded, taking him into her arms. With his sweet eyes nonchalantly on something beyond her head, the baby yielded his cool, fresh lips.

"Mum-mum-mum-mum," he graciously explained.

When Elizabeth and the baby appeared below they were immediately surrounded by an impatient crowd. Every one was penned up in the library until doors should be opened—all Creswolds but Mother Burnham, Elizabeth thought, as she caught sight of her mother-in-law, and realized, with a sudden ache of sympathy, how solitary she looked.

Her own mother came bustling through the room.

"Oh, there you are; we'll open the doors now," she said—and halted. Elizabeth was in white. "How touching it was of her to lay aside her black!"

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thought the mother. Her fair head thrown back, the fine free sweep of the lifted arms that held the baby high up so that all could see him, the clear profile, the noble outlines were beautiful. But, oh, that wistful pucker of the eyebrows that Elizabeth wore when she was trying to be happy! It appealed too keenly. Mrs. Creswold turned to her youngest son.

"Help Elizabeth with the baby, dear; Laurie is so heavy. We must do everything for Elizabeth we can—things *he* would have done. I am so afraid the day will be too much for her endurance. You understand. Now everybody keep quiet and hear what the baby will say when first he sees it. I feel sure this will make him talk at last. Maybe I have forgotten—do you remember how old your babies were when they began to talk, Mrs. Burnham? It seems to me that Laurie is rather backward about speaking. It wouldn't be at all strange if he were, as splendidly healthy as he is—"

Her voice was drowned by the forward surge of the whole company. Headed by Elizabeth and the baby, they swept across the wide hall, into the holly and mistletoe hung room, green-garlanded and red-ribboned.

The room was so full of light and warmth and evergreen fragrance that, spacious as it was, it seemed bursting with it all. At first it was a daze of brilliance—a dazzle of light. But at last one saw that the centre of it all, the luminous source of the rays of light and color and fragrance, was the magical tree that stood in the heart of it. Finely symmetrical, from its pointed apex to its wide-spreading lowest boughs, not unlike a heart in shape, it existed only to be decked with countless messages of joy. Every twig had its buoyantly upraised burden of toy or tinsel or chain or candle. Yet its green recesses seemed to promise secret troves of treasure, more precious than any displayed. A mortal tree it was, grown in a familiar, near-by forest, decked by the hands they knew. Yet, for one enchanted instant, it seemed to the eyes of the family gathered there to be no mere thing of spiralled boughs and clustered needles. Instead, it was the heart of love made conscious, kindled on every hearth in the awakened land—glowing—palpitating—launching forth its sacred fire of adoration.

For a minute they stood spellbound, the eyes of some wet with sharp emotion, the lips of others smiling in response to a message that spelled to them only joy. Elizabeth was white and silent, stricken with the memory of the last Christmas, exalted by a joy so great that it was sorrow, and by a sorrow so absolute that surrender to it was joy.

With a sigh each one left the world of his own dreams to realize that it was not his tree, after all, that it was Laurie's delight over his first Christmas they had all come to witness. Eyes shining in anticipation, all drew nearer to observe. Elizabeth, holding the baby, took her position in front of the tree.

There was an interval of poignant silence. Laurie's eyes rested, critically, intelligently, upon the spectacle. One would have said, had it not been known that this was his first experience with Christmas, that he was examining the tree, comparing it with others he had known, testing it by his ideals. After a few minutes of patient scrutiny of his scrutiny, it became apparent to the most optimistic that the baby, of all that company, was the only one who was unmoved.

They waited.

"He's dazed by it all," said one. That gained universal approval. He needed time.

"Pretty, pretty tree," said one fond auntie.

"See the lights, Baby," said another.

"Ba-ba-ba-ba," Laurie remarked, intelligently, his hand reaching for the nearest candle. When that was refused with a chorus of horror, he turned to his mother.

"Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba?" His inquiry was dignified and patient.

"See the balls and the chains, baby—"

That struck Laurie as a sensible remark, and he grabbed a shining red ball. As it pulled loose from the tree he shrugged and chuckled with delight. By the time that had been taken away from him it was a handful of broken glass. The whole episode occurred to Laurie as unreasonable, and he yelled in emphatic and self-respecting disapproval.

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Elizabeth became nervous at this blot on the fair prospect of the day. The family closed around her, loud in their suggestions.

"Put him down and let him creep to his toys," said Grandmother Creswold. Elizabeth did so. "Here is this rocking-horse of mine *hidden* behind the tree! The baby would never see it there! I thought that the toys were to be arranged in a perfectly impartial manner, and nobody was to have any preference shown!" She dragged the rocking-horse—warranted the largest and most magnificent the market afforded—forward under the light of Laurie's eyes. But he ignored it. Every aunt and uncle began anxiously to locate her or his own particular offering.

"It would be strange if he didn't enjoy his gifts," said Elizabeth, earnestly. "Everybody has been so wonderfully kind. But of course they would be—" her voice faltered. "He wouldn't be a Burnham if he didn't have the Christmas spirit, would he, Mother Burnham? Do you remember Lawrence—last year—?"

It was the danger-signal for which every one was on the alert. A torrent of enthusiasms interrupted her.

"Think I'll just start this train of cars to running." Off whizzed the little train of cars.

"This is the way the horsie gallops!" The charger was agitated immoderately.

Frantic squeaks were brought from a woolly subject. "The little lamb says, 'Ba-a-a,' Baby!"

Grandmother Creswold crept nearer to her daughter. "Aren't you cold in that white gown, dear?" She pulled a scarf over Elizabeth's shoulders with tender fussiness.

"The baby wants to get into his automobile!" Grandfather Creswold lifted him up and tried to put him on the seat. But an unexpected stiffening of fat legs marred the plan. And—all without having said a word or changed from his bored and stately gravity—the baby found himself, unmolested, on the floor. There he turned his back to the tree and his anxious relatives crying up their wares, and seriously devoted himself to trying to get off his short white shoe.

The gentle young mother came out of her abstraction.

"What did you bring, Mother Burnham? Shall we give it to the baby now?" The anxiety to have no one slighted in the ceremonial to the baby-idol would have moved Grandmother Burnham, had she dared allow herself to be moved by anything.

"It is—this, Elizabeth." She held out a flat parcel which she had been carrying in her hand. "I felt I didn't want to give it to the baby—here."

Elizabeth took it from her. She knew what it was without looking, and her hands caressed it.

"I know—I'll put it away." Her brave lips trembled.

Laurie had found that he couldn't get his shoe off, and had tired of poking his finger into a little hole in the floor. He began laboriously to creep toward his mother. His gait, which was an indescribable combination of creeping and hopping and dragging himself along, had never before failed to provoke shrieks of delighted laughter. But every one was too busy explaining puzzle-pictures and tops to him to applaud. So displeasure was rampant in the little poked-out lower lip.

"The baby looks frightened." The grandmother was looking at him with sombre eyes.

Elizabeth took him passionately up into her arms, and he submitted very graciously and allowed himself to be cuddled. He even put up his lips to be kissed.

"It's so much—all at once. And don't you think, Mother Burnham, that some of the toys are too old for him?" The little mother spoke timidly.

"Possibly. Elizabeth, hasn't he a tooth through yet?"

"No, but his gums are swollen. And the book says, 'Even with the healthiest children dentition may be delayed.' And Laurie certainly is healthy!" Even in Elizabeth's sweet tones there were signs of bristling to the defence of her own.

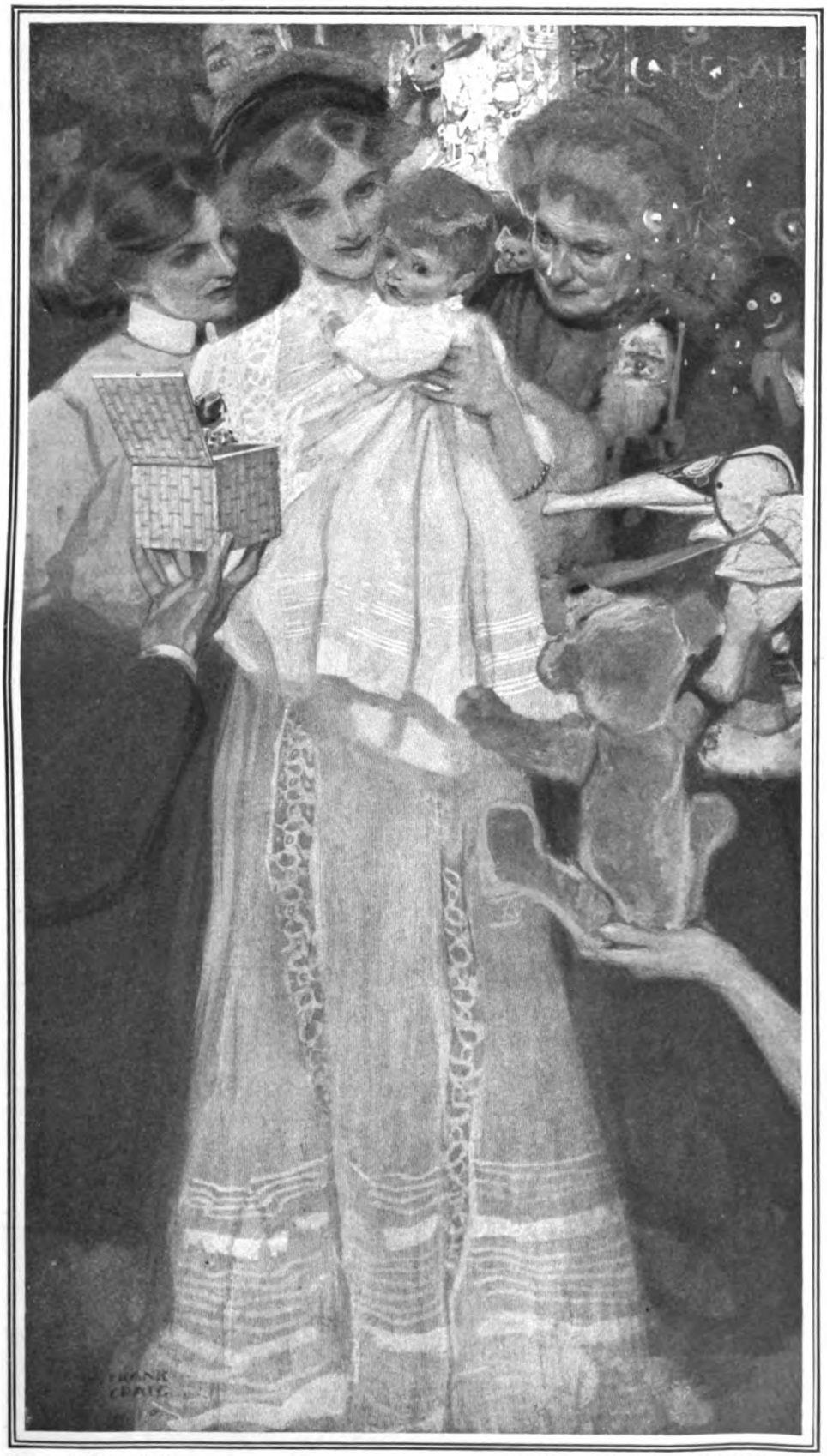
"Laurie will be a year old—?"

"In one month. You know it was two weeks after—"

Grandmother Burnham winced.

"Let me think," she said. "Esther cut her first tooth when she was six months old—the babies have always been forward in the Burnham family. And Lawrence got his first—"

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Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THEY EXHIBITED TOYS IN CONCERT WITH LOUD ENDORSEMENTS

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Elizabeth's face had gone down on Laurie's head.

"When did Lawrence—?" Her voice was muffled. But there was longing in it mingled with dread.

Some one caught the name, and there were quick glances exchanged. Every one crowded around as if to hedge Elizabeth in before some threatened danger. The tender babble came fast:

"Such a grip as the little chap has—I could hardly get—"

"And such a wise little smile!"

"He's dazed with the lights."

"Past his bedtime, too."

"Grave as a judge."

"Those cunning little fat hands—I could just eat them up!"

Every one breathed more freely when Elizabeth crushed Laurie in her arms, buried her face in his baby sweetness, and smiled.

Another danger-signal had been observed and the peril averted. Grandmother Creswold beamed. Every one was at liberty to return to the business of the day: to make the hero live up to the standard that had been set for him in the way of innocent Christmas joy. But when time went on and there was still no response from the solemn, wide-eyed baby, a certain heaviness was injected into the hilarity, the jocund company began to be restive, disappointed—in the case of one or two, bored. Finally there was a lull in the proceedings, when reveller looked at reveller, when the spicy smell of evergreens had ceased to provoke the delicious sentiment of Christmas-time, when it became evident that the candles were dripping and that the house was overwarm. The group of servants in the hall scuffled huge African feet, stopped their ejaculations of "Ain' he sweet?" and, "Did yo' ever!" and reverted frankly to their own affairs, with many a burst of scarcely smothered laughter.

Left to himself on the floor for a moment, the baby's eyes were magnetically attracted to some object. As soon as he had spied it he could see nothing else. Sometimes pulling himself along by his arms, sometimes creeping, sometimes hopping like a hoppy-toad—with that fascinating but again unregarded gait of his—he drew himself nearer to it. One by one the eyes of his subjects were attracted, and they watched in suspense to see what had been favored by him at last. Jealousy burned in the breast of each as he saw his own offering passed by, and slighting thoughts dwelt on the subject of the baby's probable choice. Slowly—gradually—first to this one—then to that—until the most unwilling was convinced—it became apparent that it was something behind the tree that Laurie sought!

He had it! It was a small wooden box in which some toy had come! In its owner's haste to get his gift under range of the hero's eye it had been thrust scornfully behind the tree. A wooden box whose cover slid fascinatingly in and out, catching sometimes, which made ardent effort necessary, but yielding always to the pressure of determined fingers. This was what he sought and what he got. It wreathed his baby face with joyous Christmas smiles!

Elizabeth quickly rose to the necessity of covering this fatal breach of tact. She tried to pull the box away from him; but the dawning storm in his face warned her. Leaving the box in his hands, she took him in her arms and carried him before the tree. Instinctively every one gathered around them. Noise subsided into silence. They felt it was the final effort.

"See the pretty toys, Baby," said the mother, softly. Her sheltering pose was so beautiful and her voice so tender that a lump came to the throat of more than Grandfather Creswold. But the baby, box clutched in fist, like a little graven Christ-child, kept secret his own unfathomable thoughts.

Every one was aroused to a final intensity of desperation. They exhibited toys in concert with loud endorsements of them, all talking in opposition to one another. The room was hot; the noise alarming; and hitherto well-conducted persons were being very strange. The baby's lip puckered—quivered. He turned to the refuge that was near and sure and sweet and buried his head on his mother's breast.

With the coming of the sobs the ebbing enthusiasm of the worshippers eddied into pity and subsided entirely. There was a murmur of consolatory remarks, and people began vaguely to think of grown-up

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parcels to be done up and cards to be mailed. But as Laurie raised his head after one despairing wail to get breath for another, Grandmother Burnham caught a gleam of something in his wide-open mouth.

"Oh, Elizabeth—let me see—I thought I saw—" her finger exploring the baby's mouth. "Poor darling! No wonder he cries; his gums are so hot. His tooth is through! Yes—it's there! Why, there are two of them! At the same time! Not even the Burnham babies ever did that before! It's wonderful!"

Pride and exultation mantled into Grandmother Burnham's face, breaking up the forced composure that had made it unnatural. The others crowded around to see the miracle. Laurie proved to be an angel of goodness. He held his mouth wide open enough to satisfy the desire of even the most curious of his worshippers. When his nurse Emma appeared, grinning, he opened it so wide that his face appeared to be principally soft pink cavity. Joy and excitement charged the air. He was conceded the possession of his box unhindered. Private disappointment was healed by this instance of devotion to the public weal. The disaffected were turned into partisans. No political adventurer ever made a shrewder *coup d'état*.

Before Grandmother Burnham went she had a few words with Elizabeth apart.

"I am so glad," she said. "Laurie's tooth was the best Christmas present that could have come to me. I was so afraid—he might not be—like other babies."

"He isn't," said Elizabeth, with her strong calm. "He never was—for a minute—like other babies!"

The older woman looked at her an instant in silence.

"And I am glad," she said, "that the Burnham baby is—yours!"

As the mother carried the baby upstairs to bed, she paused for a moment. The blue eyes were becoming darker and more mysterious than ever with sleep, the anemone tint of his cheek was deepened, the lips were soft loves.

"My baby!" She tried to gather all the sweetness of his face to her in one swift famished kiss. Then, his head sinking against her shoulder, the fragrant breath floating up to caress her cheek, the joy of him for a moment filled her vision, the aching emptiness that had been her heart.

"'Frankincense,'" she thought—the old, enchanted, half-understood mystery of childish Christmases came to her with sharp, sweet significance. "Frankincense in a precious casket. Frankincense you have brought to me!"

The nursery was all white, lacy-white and fluffy-white and fleecy-white. There was the faintest tinge of blue in the walls, a silky band of it or so in the piled-up softness of the crib, a fleck of it here and there amidst the delicate colorings of rugs and chintz coverings. Emma had placed in readiness the things for the evening bath. There they stood, glistening white tub showing rosy reflections from the firelight, lace-trimmed wicker basket, clothes-hamper, soap, sponge—a ring of daintiness around the hearth. In front of the tub Elizabeth's low chair was drawn. The nurse was in waiting.

"Just fill the tub and then you may go, Emma. I'll give him his bath tonight. Elizabeth was beginning absently to take off the short, wide, white shoes. "Oh, take the baby a minute, please. I—there is something I want to do."

She took up the square parcel that Grandmother Burnham had put into her hands and began to unwrap it. It was the photograph of her husband that they all thought the best. And his mother had had it framed for the baby. With dry eyes Elizabeth put the picture on the high mantel-shelf and took the baby again in her lap.

Insensibly, as she took off one little garment after another, the tension of her mood relaxed. When the long white stockings were peeled off and ten fat pink toes wriggled their delight at release—

"This little pig—" Elizabeth had begun, when the baby mouth curled wide open, knowing so well that there were entrancing adventures to be related. Long before they came to "Quee—quee—quee—I'll tell mamma when she comes home!"—in anticipation of the climax Laurie gurgled ecstatically.

The giggling delight lasted while crumpled frock and funny petticoats were being pulled off. And at last Elizabeth

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came to the bare pink shoulders and dimpled cushiony arms that she loved. Then her face went down and her lips took their joy, the joy that was left to her. It seemed for the moment almost enough. Laurie only half liked kisses. They were merely an inevitable part of the performance to his mind. He shrugged and wriggled away from as many as he could. But those he had to endure he took with chuckles. It was in the midst of the shower that Elizabeth's heart went out to him in longing. It seemed as if he might say something to her, out of his infinite completeness, to her want.

"Say 'mamma,' sweetheart!" She had been trying for so long to make him say it.

The baby shrugged and wriggled. Then he ducked his head with roguish compliance.

"Ba-ba!" he said, and brandished his fat fist in triumph.

"Say 'mamma,' you rascal!" But one of his moments of absolute repose had descended upon him. He threw himself back in her arms, his eyes dark with the mystery that he withheld from her. The mother's eyes went to the picture on the mantel-shelf.

"Say 'mamma,' Baby." How infinitely alone the word made her feel.

"Say 'mamma,' darling. Will he never say it?" she wondered. And the "never" let loose upon her the thought of the long years to come. They pressed upon her, a never-ending flood, beating out their burden of grief to be always combated, a battle that was to be never won. With the thought the long-restrained passion of her sorrow, pressed back by the confines of the tragic day, burst its bonds at last.

"Oh, Lawrence," she sobbed, straining out her arms into the blankness, "the day is over, your day. How could I ever have lived it—with you not here? I dressed myself in white—I knew you would have had no black upon your day. I have tried to live it in your spirit, as you would have had me do. But my strength is all gone. I can't go on by myself. I am nothing by myself. I want you—I need you—my husband. Why was I made to be so wholly yours—if you were to go and leave me alone? Oh, Lawrence! *Can't* you answer? You can't be happy without me—wherever you are—My husband. In all the perfect time we had together there was not once when I called you that you didn't come!"

The baby's wondering eyes and sober mouth warned her, and she made the almost impossible attempt to put her grief away. For— The water would be getting cool. She must give the baby his bath.

Then the moments were too full of the fun of it all for sorrow, of the rosy chubbiness splashing and bubbling out his delicious gurgle of a laugh, blinking and screwing up his face when she insisted on washing it, catching after bubbles, and kicking his fat legs lustily, quite convinced, from the pride with which his eyes sought his mother's face, that no created being had ever been so clever as to kick legs before. Yet, when the soft gown was on him, and, wrapped snug in a blanket, he struggled to worm his pink toes out of the covering to meet the glow of the fire, the need returned.

"Say 'mamma,'" she urged, almost fiercely. For the moment the joy of loving, of giving, was spent. It was the assurance of being loved she needed, the response that would tell her that she would really not be always alone. But her face of stress frightened the baby, and he puckered up his lip to cry. Then she put herself aside again. "All right, sweetheart. You don't need to say it. And we'll rock—we don't care for rules to-night—Wock-a-bock-a— Wock-a-bock a— Go to sleep, precious honey—s'eep—s'eep—s'eep—"

The patter of the nonsense that is so much more sane than sense soothed her. The baby crooned his own little accompaniment to her song. The silence of the room became restful, charged with love and peace. The sound of falling wood-ash slid into the crooning; there was no sound outside but the mysterious, impalpable caress of falling snow, that is so close to no sound that it seems but silence made rhythmical with a measure that marks but the peacefulness of love. Mother and child rocked softly, wrapped with warmth and comfort, until the heavy head dropped back on her arm, the breathing became a thought deeper—the baby was asleep.

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She tucked him in, joy in her very hands that they made him so snug and warm. Then, with nothing but the firelight for companion, dancing like his own dreaming fancies, she left him.

Her own room was only softly lighted. She could see mistily the most beautiful of all of Raphael's Madonnas that Lawrence had hung there the Christmas before. Even the calendar showed, on every page, the eternally appealing Mother and Child. It had not yet to be changed; the year was not out at whose beginning her husband had placed it there; it had been one of his tender fancies. The old choking constriction of her throat warned her that she must not think. "Where are they all?" she wondered. It was not like the care with which they had safeguarded her through the day to leave her alone now. But she knew, as none of them did save perhaps his mother, that the reckoning was only put off. A memory of the radiant figure of her husband, presiding over the home festival that he loved, the glad spirit of it all, came to her—and she cried out.

There was a musical clangor of sleigh-bells in the air. She held aside the frost-like meshes of the curtain and looked out. The solitary sleigh with its two, much-muffled occupants was opposite the house, and she followed it with her eyes down the street. The snow had stopped; the air was clear and sharp; through rifts in the parted clouds the stars were bright and mystically gay. The clump of little evergreen shrubs on the lawn, huddled together and white, made her think of a flock of sheep, crouching patiently until they should be guided home. And a tree at the corner of the hedge bent its sinewy height protectingly over them, broad shoulders mantled with the snow fallen during its patient waiting—

"'The shepherds watched their flocks by night'"—her thought wandered docilely over paths trodden on many a childish Christmas-time. The white, frosty world, the faint music of the sleigh-bells, the brightness from the windows streaming out over the shepherd and the sheep, the warm and fragrant shrine where lay her baby—these were but the prompting of her thought; the essence of it lay within.

The Baby and His Mother, the Wise Men kneeling with their precious gifts of frankincense and myrrh—the wide all-seeing eyes that made no answer to the gifts, whether of gladness or refusal—the awed shepherds huddled without. What was it that those limpid-souled old painters in a simpler world had been trying ever since to say to men? Why did the Wise Men, kneeling, offer unregarded gifts, and why did the Baby never smile?

The clouds drifted over again, and a few flakes fell. They fell faster. And with their light descent, feathery yet inexorable, as the long mounds of the flower-garden became yet more softly rounded, the cruel thought came to her again of the softly rounded bed in which he lay.

So it was with the old, hopeless shutting in of misery about her soul that she turned to find something to do, something that should make her—she knew the path so well—pass imperceptibly from outward stoicism into inward calm. Only once the cry of her soul went out in despair:

"Lawrence—? In all the perfect time we had together there was not once when I called you that you did not come!"

She was hunting—very composedly for all the inward turmoil—for the linen coat she was embroidering for the baby against the coming summer-time, when a sound came from the crib in the other room. It was a queer little sound, she thought when it came again, not like the usual startled peevishness of a baby aroused from his first sleep. It was more like the glad chirp with which a nestling greets the fresh and welcome day. Making sure, from the soft rustle among the sheets and blankets, that Laurie was really awake, she hurried to him.

The baby was sitting up in his crib. She turned on the light. He was flushed from sleep, his hair lay in damp little rings because the covering had been too warm, one fat spud of a hand held lovingly five fat "piggies," the other was on the other side of the crib. His eyes were very dark and very deep. He was not frightened, and was cheerfully content. As she looked at him his lips curled into a smile.

"M-m-m-m-m!" He was brandishing the fist that had held the crib toward the picture she had so recently put on the mantel-shelf—the one she had tried to point out to the baby, but had found her

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SHE PUT THE PICTURE INTO THE BABY'S HANDS

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courage fail in doing. "Ba-ba-ba-ba!" He was trying desperately to express something.

"Papa!" He said it happily and paused, content.

She forced herself to be calm until she had made sure. With the baby in her arms she stood before her husband's picture. She put it into the baby's hands.

"Papa," said Laurie, and smeared on the glass his smacking, baby kiss.

Elizabeth held herself very still—she had to soothe the little thing again to quiet. He was really very drowsy. It took only a few minutes of "Wock-a-bock-a" before the fire to make him drop off, rosily and happily, to sleep.

"There was too much covering over him," Elizabeth said to herself, dutifully, as she threw back one of the blankets. Automatically she turned off the light and went into the next room. She had even taken a few stitches in her embroidery, when—almost violently—she threw it down.

"Some one told him," she said, out loud. And the voice was the dry one of intellectual scepticism.

"It was just the natural thing, the word the formation of his mouth makes it possible for him to say first." But she knew it was too clear that he connected the name with the picture.

"Well, what does that prove?" she argued with herself. "It is some trace of race-inheritance, then, something instinctive that has come down to him. It means nothing."

Suddenly she threw herself, face down, across the bed and burst into a storm of tears. Immoderate, shuddering, awed, magical tears they were, that swept away doubt, reason, thought—everything but the buoyant ecstasy of belief that raised her all at once to a pinnacle of vision.

"The baby knows him, he knows him. What does it matter whether it was Lawrence's dear face bending over our baby or God's dear voice in his heart! It was the gift Love sent me—through love. Oh, my baby, my baby, we brought gifts to you. What could they mean to you who are the complete soul of love yourself—needing nothing? But the gifts you have brought me bear up my heart—the tiny pearl in your mouth—his name on your lips. Frankincense and myrrh you brought to me, beloved—frankincense for a sweet savor and myrrh for my anointing—that I may go forth, a prophet of gladness, into my life!"

She went to the window and put aside the curtains so that she might look out, unimpeded, into the night world. The flurry of snow was over, the wind was rising; as she looked an icicle was blown from the eaves and fell with a musical tinkle against the pane. She was glad that the clouds had been driven aside, because she could see the stars. The rush of emotion that filled her seemed more real than the cold glass that she pressed her face against.

"He lives!" She cried it out jubilantly. "It is true!" She proclaimed it defiantly. "This surge of my spirit is higher and more stable than the crests of the everlasting hills!" She sent her exultant burst of passion straight to meet the sure comprehension of the stars!

All through that wonderful night she lay awake. The white heat of her joy would not let her sleep. But it was a wakefulness that was more re-creating than rest. After a time she took up her baby and lay with his warm body against hers, blessedly close. In the daytime he wanted very little of her love; even when he wanted to be cuddled the little boy in him made him hold himself aloof. But now, in his sleep, every groping motion of his dimpled hands was toward her, and his mouth made little wishful motions that showed that in his dreams was the memory of the warm milk that he had last supped. At every motion of the hands the raw wound in her heart that marked the place from which love had been wrenched away was nearer healing, and at the thought of his touching hunger she hung over her baby, feeding him on her love, that living fountain of giving within her that was emptied but to well up again.

The white night pulsated with meaning, messages flowed in to her, from the stars and from the dimly seen familiar objects about her. The night was full of voices as her heart was full of joy.

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Charles Cottet: Painter of Brittany

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

AMONG that spirited group who, under the leadership of Puvis de Chavannes, Carrière, and Besnard, seceded from the Old Salon a generation ago and encamped on the appropriately militant Champ de Mars, were certain younger men who to-day constitute the chief glory of modern French painting. Though individual in temperament, they have always been noted for their unity of aim and purpose. To mention one without speaking of the others would be well-nigh impossible, for in the roster of current art the names of Jacques-Emile Blanche, René Ménard, Lucien Simon, and Charles Cottet are seldom separated. Despite the inevitable tendency to disintegrate once success has been achieved, the cohesive power of this little coterie has continued strong. For two decades they have virtually remained the backbone of the Société Nationale, or New Salon, and at different intervals have added the prestige of their influence and personality to such organizations as the Société Internationale and the Société Nouvelle.

Yet it has been something more than the mere gregarious instinct which has held them together. A marked sense of artistic affinity has distinguished their inspiration from the very outset. Owing perhaps to inherent conservatism, and possibly also to the dominant influence of Whistler and Carrière, whose canvases were ever bathed in mystic darkness, these men did not succumb, as did so many of those about them, to the prismatic radiance of the impressionist palette. Their work was invariably restrained in tonality, so much so that they were jocosely christened "la bande noire," and it is important to note that their art still retains many of its initial characteristics. While modern in feeling, they have stood, each after his own fashion, for that which is most enduring in the æsthetic traditions of their country. They have preserved unbroken that continuity of development which is the distinctive feature of French culture as a whole. It would indeed be difficult, even for the casual observer, not to perceive that quality of artistic integrity which is so consistently expressed by Blanche in the province of portraiture, by Ménard in the domain of classic landscape, or Simon and Cottet in their delineations of peasant type and scene.

The youngest, and by all odds the most virile and sturdy of the four, is Charles Cottet, who was born among the mountains of Auvergne, but whose land of adoption is the melancholy, sea-lashed coast of Brittany. Cottet is one of the most vigorous personalities in the annals of contemporary painting. He belongs by right of direct succession to those apostles of the simple and homely majesty of every-day existence whose art has so profoundly stirred the popular as well as the cultivated sympathies of his time. Through kindred sincerity and singleness of aim he has done for his Breton fisherfolk what Millet has accomplished for the Fontainebleau peasant, Meunier for the Belgian miner and dock-hand, and Segantini for the Alpine farmer and herdsman. The lives as well as the æsthetic biographies of these men read singularly alike. They have resided in some particular locality and mingled freely with those about them. Without exception they have passed through identical phases of progressive development. Beginning with exact and specific transcription, they have moved steadily toward the general and symbolical. The sheer facts of life, however picturesque or poignant, have gradually become secondary to that deeper significance which ever lingers beneath the surface.

Like his fellow laborers in their respective fields, Charles Cottet started a faithful and patient disciple of the outward and visible. But before long

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the mere chronicle of character, of work and sorrow, of peril and privation, was not sufficient, and he thus became as it were a subjective realist, moulding nature to his own purpose, and giving his art a power and appeal far beyond its customary import. A less zealous and resolute spirit might readily have proved unequal to this larger undertaking, yet Cottet did not waver. He had within him a certain fundamental stability of temperament which never deserted him; and furthermore he was constantly reinforced by that deep and strong vital energy which sprang direct from the soil beneath him or was swept in from the infinite sea.

This painter-philosopher, who has taken the plainest and most elementary facts of life and woven them into a lofty and moving threnody of human struggle and suffering, and who has brought to his task something of the sonorous richness of Delacroix and the stark verity of Gustave Courbet, was born July 21, 1863, at Puy, in the Haute-Loire. Baptized Charles-Jacques-Marie-Joseph, he was educated at the provincial Lycée and came to Paris young, already bent upon becoming an artist, though possessing as well considerable talent for letters, especially verse. While he studied in a desultory manner both at Julian's and at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, his only real masters were Roll and Puvis de Chavannes, both of whom, however, aided him more in the way of friendly counsel and advice than in any practical fashion. Charles Cottet, even in those early, 'prentice days, was blessed with a memorable personal appearance. His flowing auburn beard, long, rebellious hair, sanguine complexion, and keenly penetrant glance made him conspicuous wherever he went. Combative of disposition and somewhat rugged of address, he seldom failed to make his presence felt. His rise was rapid. At first somewhat influenced by current impressionistic tendencies, he was not long in attaining individual utterance. Following his official début at the Old Salon of 1889, he exhibited frequently at various dealers, notably Le Barc de Boutteville's in the rue Le Peletier, where his companions numbered such young radicals as Emile Bernard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Zuloaga. In 1890 he deserted the Old Salon for the New, becoming an Associé in 1893, and a Sociétaire in



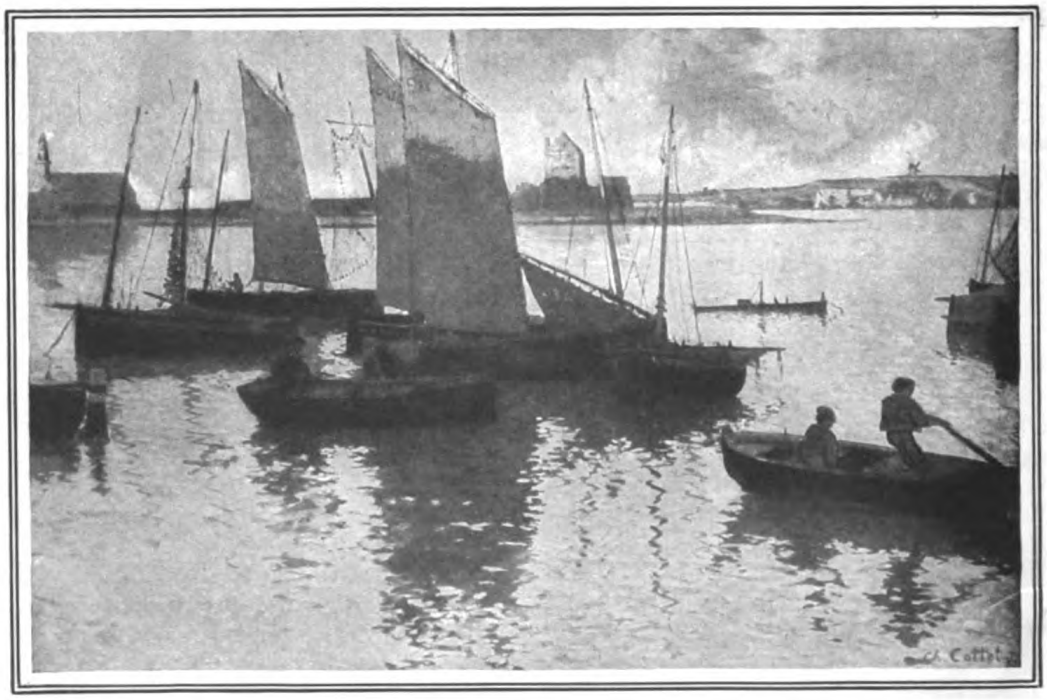
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES COTTET
Painted by Jacques Emile Blanche

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1894. Both of these years, moreover, saw him the recipient of special honors at the hands of the State, the former witnessing his entry into the Luxembourg, and the latter gaining for him a coveted travelling stipend, which enabled him to pass considerable time in Algiers, Egypt, and Italy. He had, however, meanwhile settled at Camaret, on the Brittany coast, and it is there where, save for an occasional sojourn in his ancestral Savoy, or a trip to Spain, that the succeeding years have been spent.

Though there were painters of Breton life and scene before Charles Cottet, no one has depicted with such truth and sympathy, or such convincing emotional intensity, the rough outward semblance and strange, inarticulate soul of this remnant of an antique race which survives in all its primitive integrity on those bleak, wind-blasted headlands. Aside from a certain imperious attraction which it at once exerted over his receptive sensibilities, Cottet himself did not at first realize why he had come to this far-off corner of the earth where the tides of America crash upon the cliffs of Armorica. He lived quite alone, and painted industriously, now a view of the harbor lit by the sulphurous gleam of the setting sun, now a group of fishermen putting off for the catch or huddled sullenly together in some dingy cabaret. His point of view was personal, and his handling already displayed a certain massive inevitability of touch. Still, while his work won almost instant recognition, few dreamed that he possessed that power of sustained and concentrated effort, and, above all, that gift of synthesis, which make for lasting art.

While at the outset there was no manifest relationship between these scattered studies and sketches, before long he began to group them under a single collective title. In addition, his thoughts revolved continuously around certain special themes, sombre it is true, yet all the more typical of this land which he had definitely chosen as his own. The incessant peril of the ocean, the despair of sudden bereavement, and those countless atavisms, religious, occult, and mystical, which survive in these old-world Celts, imperceptibly cast their spell over the painter's spirit. Like the Bretons themselves his mind constantly reverted



SUNSET, HARBOR OF CAMARET
Luxembourg Gallery

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THE FAREWELL MEAL
Luxembourg Gallery

to the spectacle of death. Grief-stricken women living ever within the shadow of that pall which hangs over the entire peninsula, heavy-footed, dark-clad figures on their way to mass or market, and here and there a strip of granite-bound coast seen in all its sinister grandeur—such were the subjects of innumerable canvases, some mere hasty impressions, others more carefully elaborated. Though he often passed the entire twelvemonth under these drear skies and by this menacing sea, he regularly sent each spring to the Salon the fruits of his hard-won labors. His work was yearly becoming better known, and was more than once honored by Government purchase, yet it was not until 1898 that it can be said to have achieved that stamp of definitive mastery which is so abundantly revealed in his triptych entitled *The Farewell Meal; Those Who Depart; Those Who Remain.* More of a trilogy than a triptych, this huge, sober-toned canvas constitutes the apotheosis of Cottet's art. Symphonic in conception as well as in coloring and treatment, it marks the logical culmination of all the painter had thus far been striving to attain. Displaying an exceptional fusion of concrete observation, profound humanity, and pure plastic eloquence, it ranks as one of the important pictures of modern times. The delineation of character is both accurate and sympathetic, and the sense of fatality which broods over the simple board is unapproached in its sheer power of emotional suggestion.

Most artists become the prisoners of their past successes. They paint and repaint their popular triumphs until the end of their days; but not so Charles Cottet, whose fecundity continued unabated. Indifferent to the immense vogue of his triptych, he went calmly, almost stolidly forward, widening his panorama of Breton life, and year by year strengthening his hold upon the public imagination. *The Farewell Meal* was followed by a series of studies of bereavement in which one recognizes the same type of feminine suffering with merely

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GRIEF

incidental variations. Now old, now young, it is a face upon which seems to be stamped the concentrated sorrow of countless successive generations. Seated mute and motionless with their backs to a strip of dark blue-green water, awaiting in suppressed anguish the return of the little fleet from treacherous coast or cruel northern sea, these women are the very epitome of mingled hope and foreboding. Nothing theatric or adventitious ever mars the unity of such episodes. No matter how tragic its import, a quiet resignation permeates each scene. You cannot fail to note in canvas after canvas a manifest deliberation of mood and method and an almost wilful austerity of statement which are eminently appropriate to the subject. This art possesses in the highest degree that measured immobility which rightfully links it with certain older forms of æsthetic expression. Though local in accent, it reveals qualities which at bottom are essentially classic.

At the Exposition Universelle of 1900 Cottet was again seen in his full strength, and during the decade which has since elapsed he has more than held his own in artistic accomplishment and public esteem. Though constantly varying his choice of theme, and painting now in Finistère, now in Dauphiné, now by the shores of Lake Geneva or under the soaring spires, grim, massive walls, and dark arcades of Segovia or Avila, his vision has remained inherently unchanged. A vigorous feeling for construction, a controlled though resonant color sense, and a marked capacity for broad, synthetic treatment are to-day as formerly the distinguishing characteristics of his style. The memorable canvases of this period both in point of size and æsthetic importance are the *Religious Procession in Brittany,* which was completed in 1900 and now hangs in the Municipal Gallery of Venice, the *Breton Women at the Pardon of Sainte Anne-La-Palud,* exhibited four years later, and *Sadness by the Sea,* which is a veritable modern Pietà. Apart from its ornate and sumptuous exteriorization --its wealth of crisp white frocks and veils, the flashing of gold banner and chasuble, and the variegated headdresses of the attendant crowd, all suffused by the fresh clarity of early morn-

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RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN BRITTANY

Gallery of Modern Art, Venice

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THE MOURNERS

ing—there is no especial message to this *Procession* as a whole. In his *Pardon,* however, Cottet makes a distinct departure, the daring chromatic appositions, the bright green of the meadow where are clustered the young women in gala attire, and the distant church bathed in that bluish haze which is the approved badge of outdoor vision, all constituted a decisive contrast for one who had depicted so many sombre-hued scenes. Yet he was soon to return with new power and poignancy to his favorite field, for in *Sadness by the Sea* he has given us the climax of simple, heartfelt agony in that handful of stricken humanity gathered about the outstretched figure of a drowned sailor. Perhaps voluntarily, perhaps subconsciously, the painter has endowed this episode with something of Biblical significance, for on looking at these despairing women, these bowed and broken men, and that rigid, prostrate form, it is impossible not to recall that older story of the Descent and Entombment which has haunted the mind during so many centuries. Worthy to rank beside Courbet's *Burial at Ornans,* the picture completes Cottet's cycle of canvases dedicated to life on that wave-worn coast which has so long proved the chief source of his artistic inspiration.

The interval during these larger and more ambitious undertakings has been filled with an immense variety of minor compositions, as well as certain portraits which reveal the painter's personal viewpoint and independence of execution. His panorama of Breton character, costume, and natural setting is extraordinary in range and finality. No one has approached him in minute fidelity of detail or broad power of generalization. He has placed on record with keen insight and careful realism not only the physical traits but the psychic essence of this strange folk whose very origin lies immured in vague conjecture. In such pictures as *Watching a Dead Child* and *The Fires of Saint John* he has penetrated that substratum of paganism which throbs beneath the thin veneer of

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Christian practice and belief. No subject and no locality has been left untouched. From the island of Ouessant, the Isle de Seine, and the sand-dunes of La Palud, from the coast of Chèvre, the Cape Saint-Mathieu, and numerous other remote spots, he has faithfully gathered his material. Ethnologist as well as painter, he never fails to give these countenances their proper racial significance. The narrow forehead, high cheek-bones, heavy chin, and, above all, that curious aspect of uniformity, that mixture of robustness and degeneration which are the product of continuous interbreeding, he depicts with unerring verity. In his intimate comprehension of this people upon whom the sorrows of the world and the yoke of primitive superstition hang so heavily he clearly stands alone.

It need not be assumed because of this deep study of humanity, and accurate knowledge of every wind and tide which sweep along the ancient sea marge of Arvor, that Charles Cottet is any less the poet or the genuinely plastic artist. He harbors within him not a few of the legacies of an earlier romanticism, and in spirit his work is a fundamentally emotional product. Mere fact, as in the case of Gustave Courbet, for example, has never exercised its tyranny over his vision, and it is more than possible that he only chose this particular region because its special characteristics reacted so strongly upon his own sober energy of purpose and rugged imaginative force.

Though nearing fifty, the years have not been unkind to Monsieur Cottet. He is passionately fond of travel, and always returns with richly eloquent records of his wanderings, whether among the mountains of Savoy, the lagoons of Venice, the valleys of the Nile, or the saffron splendor and immemorial decay of Spain. He usually passes the winter months at his Paris house in the rue Cassini, just opposite the home of his colleague, Simon. By June, however, he is off again to his Brittany retreat, and autumn is apt to find him visiting



A Pig-Market in Brittany

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FETE DAY—BRETON WOMEN AT THE PARDON OF SAINTE ANNE-LA-PALUD

Zuloaga at Segovia or studying the masterpieces of the Prado and frequenting the cafés of the Puerta del Sol. Wherever the flavor of romance still lingers one is sure some day to meet Charles Cottet, and the more primitive and isolated the place the better it suits him.

The little bachelor home in the rue Cassini is one of the quaintest and most picturesque spots in all Paris. Not wishing to demolish a friendly tree which occupied the site, he had his studio built about it, boxing in the trunk and letting the branches spread at will above the roof. Not only the atelier but the entire house is filled with sketches and studies in every stage of completion, as well as numerous engravings in black and white and in tint, a branch of art which he has cultivated with notable proficiency. Around the walls are projects for pictures the finished versions of which hang in the foremost galleries of Europe from Barcelona to Helsingfors, or have crossed the water briefly to appear under the progressive auspices of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg. It is with infinite labor and deliberation that Monsieur Cottet prepares his material, but once ready, he abandons himself to his task with something akin to lyric inspiration, and this is why, despite their static dignity, these canvases never seem inert or lacking in vital intensity. He is short but compact of figure, and speaks with convincing enthusiasm. On listening to the vibrant tones of his voice or watching the smouldering fire of his eye as he moves brusquely about among the myriad products of his brush, you cannot fail to realize the immense creative energy of the man. And when a chance breeze stirs his beloved tree-top, or the wind for a moment sounds like the distant call of the sea, and he glances up from his work, you instinctively feel how intimate is his sense of the pervasive mysteries of nature and of life.

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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER III

THERE came a day when Miss White's little school in the garret was broken up. Mr. Ferguson declared that David and Blair needed a boot instead of a petticoat to teach them their Latin — and a few other things, too! He had found Mrs. Richie in tears because, under the big hawthorn in her own back yard, David had blacked Blair's eye, and had himself achieved a bloody nose. Mrs. Richie was for putting on her things to go and apologize to Mrs. Maitland, and was hardly restrained by her landlord's snort of laughter.

"Next time I hope he'll give him two black eyes, and Blair will loosen one of his front teeth!" said Mr. Ferguson.

David's mother was speechless with horror.

"That's the worst of trusting a boy to a good woman," he barked, knocking off his glasses angrily; "but I'll do what I can to thwart you! I'll make sure there isn't any young-eyed cherubim business about David. He has got to go to boarding-school, and learn something besides his prayers. If somebody doesn't rescue him from apron-strings, he'll be a 'very, very good young man,'— and then may the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

Poor Mrs. Richie was too bewildered by such sentiments even to protest—although, indeed, Mr. Ferguson need not have been quite so concerned about David's "goodness." This freckled, clear-eyed youngster, with straight yellow hair and good red cheeks, was just an honest, growly boy, who dropped his clothes about on the floor of his room, and whined over his lessons, and blustered largely when out of his mother's hearing; furthermore, he had already experienced his first stogie—with a consequent pallor about the gills that scared his mother nearly to death. But Robert Ferguson's jeering reference to apron-strings resulted in his being sent away to school. Blair went with him, "rescued" from the good woman régime of Cherry-pie's instruction by Mr. Ferguson's advice to Mrs. Maitland; "although," Robert Ferguson admitted, candidly, "he doesn't need it as poor David does; *his* mother wouldn't know how to make a Miss Nancy of him, even if she wanted to!" Then, with a sardonic guess at poor Mrs. Richie's unspoken thought, he added that Mrs. Maitland would not dream of going to live in the town where her son was to go to school. "She has sense enough to know that Blair, or any other boy worth his salt, would hate his mother if she tagged on behind," said Mr. Ferguson; "but of course *you* would never think of doing such a thing, either," he ended ironically.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Richie, faintly. And so it was that, assisted by her landlord's kindly brutal words, David's mother thrust her one chicken out into the world, unprotected by her hovering wing. About the time Miss White lost her two masculine pupils, the girls began to go to a day-school in Mercer, Cherry-pie's entire deposition as a teacher being brought about because, poor lady! she fumbled badly when it came to a critical moment with Elizabeth. It all grew out of one of the child's innumerable squabbles with David—she got along fairly peaceably with Blair. She and Nannie had been comparing pigtails and David had asserted that Elizabeth's hair was "the nicest"; which so gratified her that she first hugged him violently, and then invited him to take her out rowing.

"I'll pay for the boat!" she said, and pirouetted around the room, keeping time with:

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"'Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be—'

Uncle gave me a dollar yesterday," she interrupted herself, breathlessly.

To this David, patiently straightening his collar after that ecstatic embrace, objected, with a magnanimity which was lessened by his explanation that he wasn't going to have any *girl* pay for him! This ruffled Elizabeth's pride for a moment; however, she was not averse to saving her dollar, so everything was arranged. David was to row her to Willis's, a country tavern two miles down the river, where (as all middle-aged Mercer will remember) the best jumbles in the world could be purchased at the agreeable price of two for a cent. Elizabeth, who was still congratulating herself on having "nicer hair than Nannie," and who loved the river (and the jumbles), was as punctual as a clock in arriving at the end of the covered bridge, where, at the toll-house wharf, they were to meet and embark. She had even been so forehanded as to bargain with Mrs. Todd for the hire of the skiff, in which she immediately seated herself, the tiller-ropes in her hands, all ready for David to take the oars. "And I've waited, and waited, and waited!" she told herself angrily, as she sat there in the faintly rocking skiff. And after an hour of waiting, what should she see but David Richie racing on the bridge with Blair Maitland! He had just simply forgotten his engagement! (Elizabeth was so nearly a young lady that she said "engagement.")

"I'll never forgive him," she said, and the dimple hardened in her cheek. Sitting in the boat she looked up at the two boys, David in advance, a young, lithe figure, in cotton small-clothes and jersey, leaping in great, beautiful strides, on and on and on, his face glowing, his eyes like stars;—then, alas, he gave a downward glance; and there was Elizabeth, waiting fiercely in the skiff! His "engagement" came back to him,—there was just one astonished, faltering instant; and in it, of course, Blair shot ahead! It must be confessed that in his rage at being beaten David promptly forgot Elizabeth again, for, though she waited still a little longer for him and his apology, no David appeared, he and Blair being occupied in wrangling over their race. She went home in a slowly gathering passion. *David had forgotten her!* "He likes Blair better than me; he'd rather race with another boy than go out in a boat with me; and I said I'd pay for it—and I've only got one dollar in the whole world!" At that last stab of self-pity a tear escaped and ran down the side of her nose,—(and she was still a whole block away from home!); when it reached her lip, she put her tongue out furtively and licked it away. But the repression made the outbreak, when it came, doubly furious. She burst in upon Miss White, her dry eyes blazing with rage.

"He made me wait; he didn't come; I hate him. He just takes it for granted he can do anything he wants. I'll never speak to him again. He is a beast."

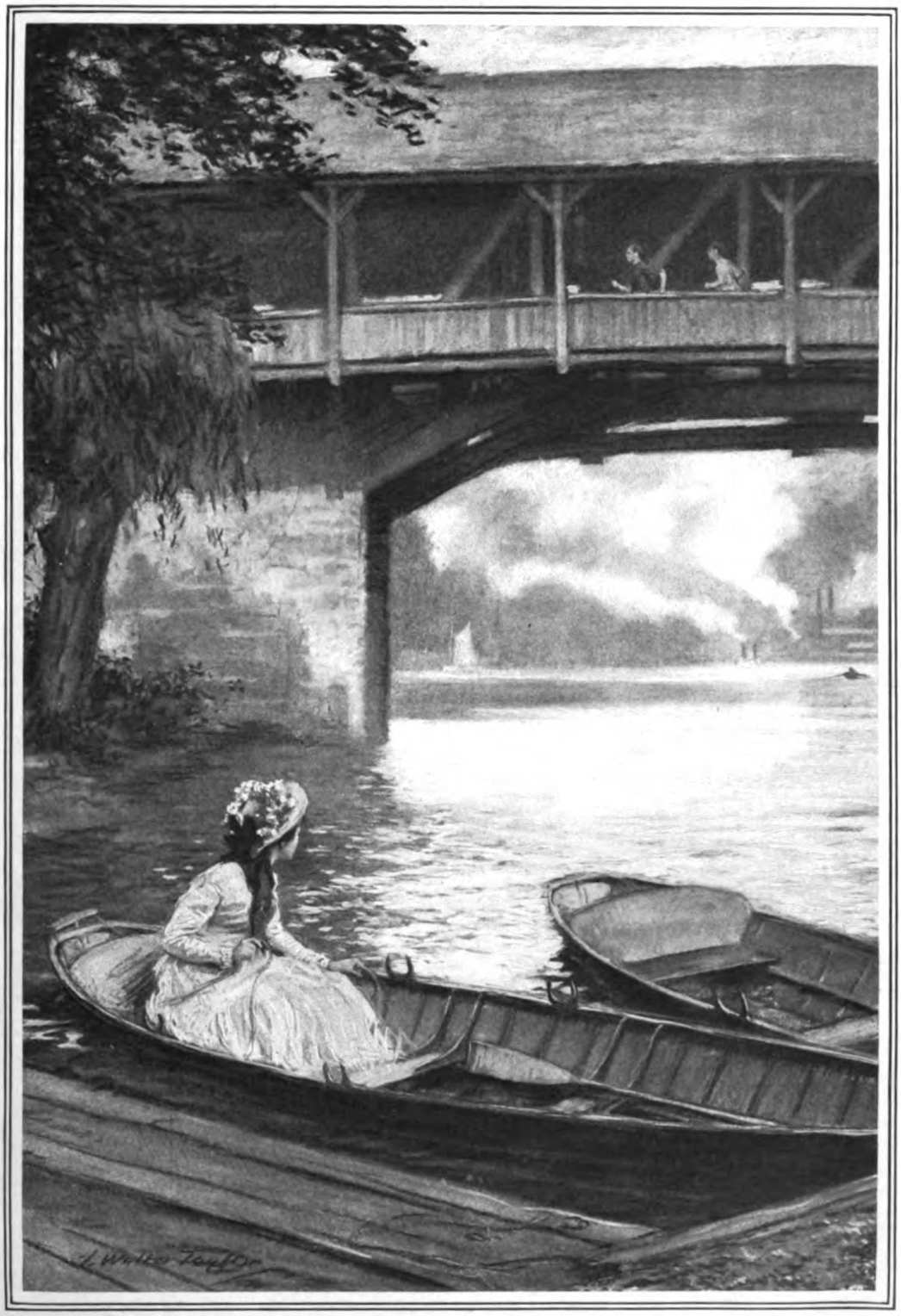
"Elizabeth! You mustn't use such unladylike words! When I was a young lady I never even *heard* such words. Oh, my lamb, if you don't control your temper, something dreadful will happen to you some day!"

"I hope something dreadful will happen to him some day," said Elizabeth. And with that came the tears,—a torrential rain, through which the lightning still played and the thunder crashed. Miss White, in real terror, left her, to get some smelling-salts, and the instant she was alone Elizabeth ran across the room and stood before her mirror; then she took a pair of scissors in her shaking hand and hacked off lock after lock, strand after strand, of her shining hair. When it was done, she looked at the russet stubble that was left with triumphant rage. "There now! I guess he won't think my hair is nicer than Nannie's any more. I *hate* him!" she said, and laughed out loud, her vivid face still wet and quivering.

Miss White, hurrying in, heard the laugh, and stood transfixed: "Elizabeth!" The poor, ugly, shorn head, the pile of gleaming hair on the bureau, the wicked, tear-stained, laughing face, brought the poor lady's heart up into her throat. "Elizabeth!" she faltered again; and Elizabeth ran and flung her arms about her neck.

"David forgot all about me," she sobbed. "He is always hurting my

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I'VE WAITED, AND WAITED, AND WAITED!" SHE TOLD HERSELF ANGRILY

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feelings! Oh, Cherry-pie, kiss me! Kiss me!"

That was the end of the outburst, and the beginning of a fit of unbridled repentance. The next morning she waylaid David to offer him some candy, which he took with serene unconsciousness of any bad behavior on his part.

"Awfully sorry I forgot about going to Willis's," he said casually; and took a hearty handful of candy.

Elizabeth looked into the nearly empty box and winced; but she said bravely, "Take some more." He took a good deal more.

"David, I—I'm sorry I cut my hair."

"Why, I didn't notice," David said, wrinkling up his freckled nose and glancing at her with some interest. "It looks awfully, doesn't it?"

"David, don't tell your mother, will you? She always looks at me so sort of horrified, when I've been—been provoked. It almost makes me mad again," Elizabeth said candidly.

"Materna thinks it's dreadful in you, Elizabeth."

"Do you mind about my hair?" Elizabeth asked.

David laughed uproariously. "Why on earth should *I* mind? If I were a girl, you bet I'd keep my hair cut."

"I was wicked," she said, in a whisper; "do you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" said David, astonished, his mouth full of candy; "why, it's nothing to me if you cut off your hair. Only I shouldn't think you'd want to look so like 'Sam Hill.' But I tell you what, Elizabeth; you're too thin-skinned. What's the use of getting mad over every little thing?"

"It wasn't so very little, to be forgotten."

"Well, yes; I suppose you were disappointed, but—"

Elizabeth's color began to rise. "Oh, I wasn't so terribly disappointed. You needn't flatter yourself. I simply don't like to be insulted."

"Ah, now, Elizabeth," he coaxed, "there you go again!"

"No, I don't. I'm *not* angry. Only —you went with Blair; you didn't want—" she choked, and flew back into the house, deaf to his clumsy and troubled explanations.

In Miss White's room, Elizabeth announced, passionately, her intention of entering a convent, and it was then that Cherry-pie fumbled: she took the convent seriously! All her Protestantism—the Protestantism of her generation, which referred in lowered voices to the Scarlet Woman—was up in arms; it never occurred to her that the child's threat would be humorous to a Catholic priest. As she thought it over, her alarm increased, and the next morning she broke the awful news to Elizabeth's uncle. It was before breakfast, and Mr. Ferguson—who had not time to read his Bible for pressure of business—had gone out into the grape-arbor in his narrow garden to feed the pigeons. There was a crowd of them about his feet, their rimpling, iridescent necks and soft gray bosoms pushing and jostling against one another, and their pink feet actually touching his boots. When Miss White burst out at him, the pigeons rose in startled flight, and Mr. Ferguson frowned.

"And she says," Miss White ended, almost in tears, "she says she is going to enter a convent immejetly!"

"My dear Miss White," said Elizabeth's uncle grimly, "there's no such luck."

Miss White positively reeled. Then he explained, and the old governess came nearer to her employer in those ten minutes than in the ten years in which she had looked after his niece. "I don't care a continental, Miss White, about Elizabeth's hair or her religion; she can wear a wig or be a Mohammedan if it keeps her straight. She has a bad inheritance. I would be only too pleased to know that she was shut up in a convent, safe and sound. But this whim is not worth talking about. Tell her *I* don't care if she becomes a nun; but unfortunately foolish little girls of fourteen are not allowed to be nuns."

Miss White retired, nibbling with horror. But that night Robert Ferguson went in to tell his neighbor his worries.

"What *am* I to do with her!" he groaned.

"She cut off her hair?" Mrs. Richie repeated, astounded; "but why? How perfectly irrational!"

"Don't say 'how perfectly irrational'; say 'how perfectly Elizabeth.'"

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"She needs a stronger hand than kind Miss White's," Mrs. Richie said; "why not send her to school?" And the harassed uncle sighed with relief at the idea, which was put into immediate execution.

With growing hair and wholesome companionship of other girls, the ascetic impulse soon died a natural death; but the temper did not die. It only hid itself under that sense of propriety which is responsible for so much of our good behavior. When it did break loose, the child suffered afterward from the consciousness of having made a fool of herself,—which was a very wholesome consciousness; but as she grew older she suffered in another way, which was not so wholesome: she began to feel a sort of fright at her own helplessness before the evil spirit which would so often leap upon her and tear her. "I don't want to get angry," she used to say to Nannie, "and of course I never mean any of the horrid things I say to the girls. Oh, I *do* try to be good, like you,—and yet I can't help being wicked." She did try, poor child! And she was "good," too. Between those dark moments of being "wicked," she was a straightforward child of generous loves, which she expressed as primitively as she did her angers; indeed, in the expression of affection Elizabeth had the exquisite, and sometimes embarrassing, innocence of a child who has been brought up by a sad old bachelor and a timid old maid. As for her angers, they were followed by despairing repentances, which she lightened as well as she could by passionate efforts to "make it up" to any one she felt she had wronged. She spent her little pocket-money in buying presents for her maleficiaries; she skulked, like a dog who knows he has done wrong, on the heels of girls whom the day before she had vilified to the full extent of her schoolgirl tongue. That was her open repentance; her secret repentance made her invent punishments for herself, and confess her sin with humiliating fulness. Once she confessed to her uncle, thereby greatly embarrassing him.

"Uncle, I want you to know I am a great sinner; probably the chief of sinners," she said, breathing hard. She had come into his library after supper, and stood with a hand on the back of his chair; her eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"Good gracious!" said Robert Ferguson, looking at her blankly over his glasses, "what on earth have you been doing now?"

"I told Cherry-pie she was a hideous, monstrous old donkey-hag."

"Elizabeth!"

"I did."

"Have you apologized?"

"Oh," said Elizabeth with a sick look, "what's the good of apologizing? *I said it.* I can't make it not said, can I? No, I haven't apologized; I wouldn't take the comfort of apologizing. I don't deserve it." She stopped, and sobbed under her breath. "Uncle, here is the money you gave me to go to the theatre."

Poor Robert Ferguson, with a despairing jerk at the black ribbon of his glasses, leaned back in his chair, helpless with perplexity. Why on earth did she give him back his money? He could not follow her mental processes. He said as much to Mrs. Richie the next time he went to see her. He went to see her quite often in those days. For the convenience of David and Elizabeth, a doorway had been cut in the brick wall between the two narrow gardens, and Mr. Ferguson used it frequently. In their five or six years of living next door to each other the acquaintance of these two neighbors had deepened into a sort of tentative intimacy, which they never quite thought of as friendship, but which permitted many confidences about their two children.

And when they talked about their children, they spoke, of course, of the other two, for one could not think of David without remembering Blair, or talk of Elizabeth without contrasting her with Nannie. Nannie had none of that carolling vitality which made Elizabeth an acute anxiety and a perpetual delight. She was one of those gently good girls, who never give anybody any trouble, and she was still a 'fraid-cat, who looked under the bed every night for a burglar. With Blair at boarding-school her life was very solitary, for of course there was no intimacy between her and her stepmother. Mrs. Maitland was invariably kind to her, and astonishingly patient

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with the rather dull little mind,—one of those minds that are like softly tangled skeins of single zephyr; if you try to unwind the mild, elusive thoughts, they only knot tightly upon themselves, and the result is a half-frightened and very obstinate silence. But Mrs. Maitland never tried to unwind Nannie's thoughts; she used to look at her sometimes in kindly amusement, as one might look at a kitten or a canary; and sometimes she said to Robert Ferguson that Nannie was like her own mother;—"but Blair has brains!" she used to say, complacently. School did not give the girl the usual intense friendships, and except for Elizabeth, she had no companions; her one interest was Blair, and her only occupation out of school hours was her drawing—which was nothing more than endless, meaningless copying. It was Nannie's essential child-likeness that kept her elders, and indeed David and Blair too, from understanding that she and Elizabeth were no longer little girls. . . . Perhaps the boys first realized Elizabeth's age when they simultaneously discovered that she was pretty.

Elizabeth's long braids had always (except for that vindictive interregnum of cropped curls) been attractive to the masculine eye; they had suggested jokes about pigtails, and much of that peculiar humor so pleasing to the young male; but the summer that Elizabeth "put up her hair," the puppies, so to speak, got their eyes open. When the boys saw those soft plaits, no longer hanging within easy reach of a rude and teasing hand, but folded around her head behind her little ears; when they saw the small curls breaking over and through the brown braids that were flecked with gilt, and the stray locks, like feathers of spun silk, clustering in the nape of her neck; when David and Blair saw these things —it was about the time their voices were showing amazing and ludicrous register, —something below the artless brutalities of the boys' sense of humor was touched. They took abruptly their first perilous step out of boyhood. Of course they did not know it. . . . The significant moment came one afternoon when Blair had invited them all out to the tollhouse for a "treat." Mrs. Todd, who had begun to ladle out pink and brown ice-cream for them when they were very little children, winked and nodded nowadays when they came in together, and made jocose remarks about "handsome couples," and then trundled off to get the ice-cream, leaving them in the saloon. This "saloon" was an ell of the tollhouse; it opened on a little garden, from which a flight of rickety steps led down to a float where half a dozen skiffs were tied up, waiting to be hired. In warm weather, when the garden was blazing with fragrant color, Mrs. Todd would permit favored patrons to put their small tables out among the marigolds and zinnias and sit and eat and talk. The saloon itself had Nottingham lace window curtains, and crewel texts enjoining remembrance of the Creator, and calling upon Him to "bless our home." The tables, with marble tops translucent from years of spilled ice-cream, had each a worsted mat, on which was a glass vase full of blue paper roses; on the ceiling there was a wonderful star of scalloped blue tissue-paper,—ostensibly to allure flies, but hanging there winter and summer, year in and year out. Between the windows that looked out on the river, stood a rattling old piano, draped with a festooning scarf of bandanna handkerchiefs. These things seemed to Blair, at this stage of his æsthetic development, very satisfying, and part of his pleasure in "treating" came from his surroundings; he used to look about him enviously, thinking of the terrible dining-room at home; and on sunny days he used to look, with even keener pleasure, at the reflected ripple of light, striking up from the river below, and moving endlessly across the fly-specked ceiling. Watching the play of moving light he would put his tin spoon into his tumbler of ice-cream and taste the snowy mixture with a slow prolongation of pleasure, while the two girls chattered like sparrows, and David listened, saying very little, and always ready to let Elizabeth finish his ice-cream after she had devoured her own.

It was on one of these occasions that Blair, watching that long ripple on the ceiling, suddenly saw the sunshine sparkle on Elizabeth's hair, and his spoon paused midway to his lips. "Oh, say, isn't Elizabeth's hair nice?" he said.

David turned and looked at it. "I've

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seen lots of girls with hair like that," he said: but he sighed, and scratched his left ankle with his right foot. Blair, smiling to himself, put out a hesitating finger and touched a shimmering curl; upon which Elizabeth ducked and laughed, and danced over to the old tin pan of a piano to pound out *Shoo Fly* with one finger. Blair, watching the lovely color in her cheek, cried out in honest delight: "When your face gets red like that, you are awfully good-looking, Elizabeth!"

"Good-looking": that was a new idea to the four friends. Nannie gaped; Elizabeth giggled; David "got red" on his own account, and muttered under his breath, "Tell that to the marines!" But into Blair's face had come, suddenly, a new expression; his eyes smiled vaguely; he came sidling over to Elizabeth and stood beside her, sighing deeply: "Elizabeth, you are an awful nice girl."

Elizabeth shrieked with laughter. "Listen to Blair—he's spoony!"

Blair was instantly very angry; "spooniness" vanished in a flash; he did not speak for fully five minutes. Just as they started home, however, he came out of his glumness to remember Miss White. "I'm going to take Cherry-pie some ice-cream," he said; and all the way back he was so absorbed in trying—unsuccessfully—to keep the pallid pink contents of the mussy paper box from dripping on his clothes, that he was able to forget Elizabeth's rudeness. But childhood, for all four of them, ended that afternoon.

When vacation was over, and they were back in the harness again, both boys forgot that first tremulous clutch at the garments of life; in fact, like all wholesome boys of fifteen or sixteen, they thought "girls" a bore. It was not until the next long vacation that the old, happy, squabbling relationship began to be tinged with a new consciousness. It was the elemental instinct, the everlasting human impulse,—but of course they did not recognize it. The boys, hobbledehoys, both of them, grew shy and turned red at unexpected moments. The girls developed a certain condescension of manner, which was very confusing and irritating to the boys. Elizabeth, as unaware of herself as the bud that had not opened to the bee, sighed a good deal, and repeated poetry to any one who would listen to her. She said that boys were awfully rough things, and their boots had a disagreeable smell. "I shall never get married," said Elizabeth; "I hate boys." Nannie did not hate anybody, but she thought she would rather be a missionary than marry;—"though I'm afraid I'd be afraid of the savages," she confessed, timorously.

David and Blair were confidential to each other about girls in general, and Elizabeth in particular; they said she was terribly stand-offish. "Oh, well, she's a girl," said David; "what can you expect?"

"She's darned good-looking," Blair blurted out. And David said, with some annoyance, "What's that amount to?" He said that, for his part, he didn't mean to fool round after girls. "But I'm older than you, Blair; you'll feel that way when you get to be my age," he said; "it's only when a man is very young that he bothers with 'em."

"That's so," said Blair, gloomily. "Well, I never expect to marry." Blair was very gloomy just then; he had come home from school, the embodiment of discontent. He was old enough now to suffer agonies of mortification because of his mother's occupation. "The idea of a lady running an Iron Works!" he said to David, who tried rather half-heartedly to comfort him;—David was complacently sure that *his* mother wouldn't run an Iron Works! "I hate the whole caboodle," Blair said angrily. It was his old shrinking from "ugliness." And everything at home was ugly;—the great old house in the midst of Maitland's Shantytown; the darkness and grime of it; the smell of soot in the unused halls; Harris's slatternly ways; his mother's big, beautiful, dirty fingers. "When she sneezes," Blair said, grinding his teeth, "I could—swear! She takes the roof off." He grew hot with shame when Mrs. Richie, whom he admired profoundly, came to take supper with his mother at the office table, with its odds and ends of china. (As the old Canton dinner service had broken and fire-cracked, Harris had replenished the shelves of the china-closet according to his own taste, limited by Mrs. Maitland's economic orders.) Blair found everything hideous, or vulgar, or uncom-

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fortable, and he said so to Nannie with a violence that betrayed his real suffering. For it is suffering when the young creature finds itself ashamed of father or mother. Instinctively the child is proud of the parent, and if youth is wounded in its tenderest point,—its sense of conventionality (for nothing is as conventional as adolescence),—that natural instinct is headed off, and of course there is suffering. Mrs. Maitland, living in her mixture of squalor and dignity, had no time to consider such abstractions. As for there being anything unwomanly in her occupation, such an idea never entered her head. To Sarah Maitland, no work which it was a woman's duty to do, could be unwomanly; she was incapable of consciously aping masculinity, but to earn her living, and heap up a fortune for her son, was, to her way of thinking, just the plain common sense of duty. But more than that, the heart in her bosom would have proved her sex to her: how she loved to knit the pink socks for dimpled little feet! how she winced when her son seemed to shrink from her! how jealous she was still of that goose Molly—who had been another man's wife for as many years as Herbert Maitland had been in his grave. But Blair saw none of these things that might have told him that his mother was a very woman! Instead, his conventionality was insulted at every turn; his love of beauty was outraged. And as a result a wall was slowly built between the mother and son, a wall whose foundations had been laid when the little boy had pointed his finger at her, and said "uggy."

Mrs. Maitland was, of course, perfectly unconscious of her son's hot misery; she was so happy at having him at home again that she could not see that he was unhappy at being at home. She was pathetically eager to please him. Her theory —if in her absorbed life she could be said to have had a theory—was that Blair should have everything he wanted, so that he should the sooner be a man. In this, of course, she made the mistake common to rich parents of supposing that what is given makes the man—whereas it is what the man gets for himself that makes him. Money, Mrs. Maitland thought, would give Blair everything he wanted. She herself wanted nothing money could give, except food and shelter; the only use she had for money was to make more money; but she realized that other people, especially young men, like the things money would buy. Twice, during that particular vacation, for no cause except to gratify herself, she gave her son a wickedly large check; and once, when Nannie told her that he wanted to pay for some painting lessons, though she demurred just for a moment, she paid the bill, so that his own spending-money should not be diminished.

"What on earth does a man who is going to run an Iron Works want with painting lessons?" she said to the entreating sister. But even while she made her grumbling protest, she wrote a check.

As for Blair, he took the money, as he took everything else that she gave him of opportunity and happiness, and said, "Thank you, mother; you are awfully good";—but he shut his eyes when he kissed her. And the eyes of his heart were shut, too. He was blind to the love, the yearning, the outstretched hands of motherhood. And this was not because he was cruel, or hard, or mean; it was only because he was young, and delighted in beauty; for Youth, intent upon its own delights, is the cruelest, and hardest, and meanest thing in the world! When its eyes open, when it begins to see, when it grows tender and pitiful and generous, it is no longer Youth.

Of course his wretchedness lessened after a fortnight or so,—habit does much to reconcile us to unpleasantness; besides that, his painting was an interest, and his voice began to be a delight to him; he used to sing a good deal, making Nannie play his accompaniments, and sometimes his mother, working in the dining-room, would pause a moment with lifted head, and listen, and half smile,—and then fall to work again furiously.

But the real solace to his misery and irritation came to him,—a boy still in years—in the sudden realization of *Elizabeth!*

CHAPTER IV

"I AM going to have a party," Blair told Nannie; "I've invited David and Elizabeth, and four fellows; and you can ask four girls."

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Nannie quaked. "Do you mean to have them come to supper?"

"You can call it 'supper,'" Blair said; "I call it dinner."

"I'm afraid Mamma won't like it; it will disturb the table."

"I'm not going to have it in that hole of a dining-room; I'm going to have it in the parlor. Harris says he can manage perfectly well. We'll hang a curtain across the arch, and have the table in the back parlor."

"But Harris couldn't wait on us in there, and on Mamma in the dining-room," Nannie objected.

"We shall have our dinner at seven, after Harris has given Mother her supper on that beautiful table of hers."

"But—" said Nannie.

"You tell her about it," Blair coaxed; "she'll take anything from you."

And Nannie yielded. Instructed by Blair, she hinted his purpose to Mrs. Maitland, who to her surprise consented amiably enough.

"I've no objections. And the back parlor is a very sensible arrangement. It would be a nuisance to have you in here; I don't like to have things moved. Now clear out! Clear out! I must go to work." A week later she issued her orders: "Mr. Ferguson, I'll be obliged if you'll come to supper to-morrow night. Blair has some kind of a bee in his bonnet about having a party. Of course it's foolishness, but I suppose that's to be expected, at his age?"

Robert Ferguson demurred. "The boy doesn't want me. He has asked Elizabeth and David, and a dozen young people. He doesn't want me."

Mrs. Maitland lifted one eyebrow. "I didn't hear about the dozen young people; I thought it was only two or three besides David and Elizabeth; however, I don't mind. I'll go the whole hog. He can have a dozen, if he wants to. As for his not wanting you, what has that got to do with it? I want you. It's my house, and my table; and I'll ask who I please. I've asked Mrs. Richie," she ended, and gave him a quick look.

"Well," her superintendent said indifferently, "I'll come; but it's hard on Blair." When he went home that night, he summoned Miss White. "I hope you have arranged to have Elizabeth look properly for Blair's party? Don't let her be vain about it, but have her look —decently." And on the night of the great occasion, just before they started for Mrs. Maitland's, he called his niece into his library, and knocking off his glasses, looked her over, with grudging eyes; and then he barked—on principle: "Don't get your head turned, Elizabeth. Remember, it isn't fine feathers that make fine birds," he said;—and never knew that he was proud of her!

Elizabeth, bubbling with laughter, holding her skirts out in small, white-gloved hands, dipped him a great courtesy, and then suddenly ran to him, and before he knew it, caught him round the neck and kissed him. "You dear, darling, *precious* uncle!" she said.

Mr. Ferguson, breathless, put his hand up to his cheek, as if the unwonted touch had left some soft, fresh warmth behind it.

But Elizabeth did not wait to see the pleased and startled gesture; she gathered up her fluffy skirt, dashed out into the garden, through the green gate in the wall, and, bursting into the house next door, stood in the hall and called upstairs loudly: "David-David-David! Come! Hurry! Quick!" She was stamping her foot with excitement.

David, who had had a perspiring and angry quarter of an hour with his first white tie, came out of his room and looked over the banisters, both hands at his throat. "Hello! What on earth is the matter?"

"David—see!" she said, and stood, quivering and radiant, all her whiteness billowing about her.

"See what?" David said, patiently.

"A long dress!"

"A *what?*" said David; and then looking down at her, turning and twisting and preening herself in the dark hall like some shining white bird, he burst into a shout of laughter.

Elizabeth's face reddened. "I don't see anything to laugh at."

"You look like a little girl, dressed up!"

"Little girl?" she said; "I don't see much 'little girl' about it; I'm nearly sixteen." She gathered her skirt over her arm again, and retreated with angry dignity.

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As for David, he went back to try a new tie; but his eyes were dreamy. "George! she's a daisy," he said to himself.

When, the day before, Mrs. Richie had told her son that she had been invited to Blair's party, he was delighted. David had learned several things besides his prayers at school, some of which caused Mrs. Richie, like most mothers of boys, to give much time to her prayers. But as a result, perhaps of both things—prayer and education—and in spite of Mr. Ferguson's misgivings as to the wisdom of trusting a boy to a "good woman," he was turning out an honest young cub, of few words, defective sense of humor, and rather clumsy manners,—manners amusingly different from Blair's *savoir-faire*. But under his speechlessness and awkwardness, David was sufficiently sophisticated to be immensely proud of his pretty mother; only a laborious sense of propriety, and the shyness of his sex and years, kept him from, as he expressed it, "blowing about her." He blew now, however, a little when she said she was going to the party: "Blair 'll be awfully set up to have you come. You know he's terribly mashed on you. He thinks you are about the best thing going. Materna, now you dress up awfully, won't you? I want you to take the shine out of everybody else. I'm going to wear my dress suit," he encouraged her. "Why, say!" he interrupted himself, "that's funny—Blair didn't tell me he had asked you."

"Mrs. Maitland asked me."

"Mrs. Maitland!" David said, aghast; "Materna, you don't suppose *she's* coming, too, do you?"

"I'm sure I hope so, considering she invited me."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" said David, thoughtfully, and added, under his breath, "I'm betting on his not expecting her. Poor Blair!"

Blair had need of sympathy. His plan for a "dinner" had been talked over with Harris, and every detail had been worked out with a painstaking regard for artistic effect, and for, so far as he understood it, convention. There had been many difficulties in the way, but when Blair once made up his amiable, indolent mind to do a thing, he held on to his purpose with a perseverance that was amusingly like his mother's large and unshakable obstinacies. So, somehow or other, the difficulties were conquered. His first effort was to make the room beautiful; so the crimson curtains were drawn across the windows, and the enormous cut-glass chandeliers in both rooms emerged glittering from their brown-paper muslin bags. The table was rather overloaded with large pieces of silver which Blair had found in the big silver-chest in the garret; among them was a huge centre ornament, called in those days an épergne,—an extraordinary arrangement of prickly silver leaves, and red glass cups which were supposed to be flowers. It was black with disuse, and Blair made Harris work over it until the poor fellow protested that he had rubbed the skin off his thumb,—but the pointed leaves of the great silver thistle sparkled like diamonds. Blair was charmingly considerate of old Harris, so long as it required no sacrifice on his own part, but he did not give up a single piece of silver because of that thumb. With his preposterously large allowance, it was easy to put flowers everywhere,—the most expensive that the season afforded. When he ordered them, he bought at the same time a great bunch of orchids for Miss White. "I can't invite her," he decided, reluctantly; "but her feelings won't be hurt if I send her some flowers." Then he proceeded to arrange his menu, charging the things he wanted to his mother's meagre account at the grocery-store. When he produced his list of delicacies, things unknown on that office-dining-room table, the amazed grocer said to himself, "Well, *at last* I guess that trade is going to amount to something! Why, damn it," he confided to his bookkeeper afterward, "I been sendin' things up to that there house for seventeen years, and the whole bill ain't amounted to shucks. That woman could buy and sell me twenty times over. Twenty times? A hundred times! And I give you my word she eats like a day-laborer. Listen to this"—and he rattled off Blair's order. "She'll fall down dead when she sees them things; she don't even know how to spell 'em!"

Blair had never seen a table properly appointed for a dinner-party; but Harris had recollections of more elaborate and

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elegant days, a recollection, indeed, of one occasion when he waited at a policemen's ball; and he laid down the law so dogmatically that Blair assented to every suggestion. The result was a humorous and most incongruous compound of Harris's standards and Blair's aspirations; but the boy, coming in to look at the table before the arrival of his guests, was perfectly satisfied.

"It's fine, Harris, isn't it?" he said. "Now, light up all the burners on the chandeliers in both rooms. Harris, give a rub to that thistle leaf, will you? It's sort of dull." Harris looked at his swollen thumb. "Aw' now, Mr. Blair," he began. "Did you hear what I said?" Blair said icily,—and the leaf was polished! Blair looked at it critically, then laughed and tossed the old man a dollar. "There's some sticking-plaster for you. And, Harris, look here: those things —the finger-bowls—don't go and get mixed up on 'em, will you? They come last." Harris put his thumb in his mouth; "I never seen dishes like that," he mumbled doubtfully; "none of my dinners had 'em."

"Well, it's the fashion," Blair insisted; "Mrs. Richie has 'em; and I've seen them at swell hotels. Most people don't eat in an office," the boy ended, with a curl of his handsome lip.

It was while he was fussing about, whistling or singing, altering the angle of a spoon here, or the position of a wine-glass there, that his mother came in. She had put on her Sunday black silk, and she had even added a flat lace collar fastened by a shell cameo pin; she was knitting busily, the ball of pink worsted tucked under one arm. There was a sort of grim amusement, tempered by patience, in her face. To have supper at seven o'clock, and call it "dinner"; to load the table with more food than anybody could eat, and much of it stuff that didn't give the stomach any honest work to do—"like that truck," she said, pointing an amused knitting-needle at the olives—was nonsense. But Blair was young; he would get over his foolishness when he got into business. Meantime, let him be foolish! "I suppose he thinks he's the grand high cockalorum!" she told herself, chuckling; but her rugged face softened into tenderness. Aloud she said, with rough jocosity:

"What in the world is the good of all those flowers? A supper table is a place for food, not fiddle-faddle!"

Blair reddened sharply. "There are people," he began, in that voice of restrained irritation which is veiled by sarcastic politeness, "there are people, my dear mother, who think of something else than filling their stomachs."

Mrs. Maitland's eye had left the dinner table, and was raking her son from head to foot. He was very handsome, this sixteen-year-old boy, standing tall and graceful in his new clothes, which, indeed, he wore easily in spite of his excitement at their newness.

"Well!" she said, sweeping him in a glance. Her face glowed; she put out her hand and touched his shoulder. "Turn round here till I look at you!" she commanded. "Well, well! I suppose you're enjoying those togs you've got on?" Her voice was suddenly raucous with pride; if she had known how, she would have kissed him. Instead she said, with loud cheerfulness: "Well, my son, which is the head of the table? Where am I to sit?"

"*Mother!*" Blair said. He turned quite white. He went over to the improvised serving-table, and picked up a fork with a trembling hand; put it down again, and turned to look at her. Yes; she was all dressed up! He groaned under his breath. The tears actually stood in his eyes. "I thought," he said, and stopped to clear his voice, "I didn't know—"

"What's the matter with you?" Mrs. Maitland asked, looking at him over her spectacles.

"I didn't suppose you would be willing to come," Blair said miserably.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said kindly; "I'll stick it out for an hour."

Blair ground his teeth. Harris, pulling on a very large pair of white cotton gloves—thus did he live up to the standards of the policemen's ball—came shuffling across the hall, and his aghast expression when he caught sight of Mrs. Maitland was a faint consolation to the despairing boy.

"Here! Harris! have you got places enough?" Mrs. Maitland said. "Blair, have you counted noses? Mrs. Richie's coming, and Mr. Ferguson."

"*Mrs. Richie!*" Blair said. He had, in

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spite of his despair, an elated moment. She would see that he, Blair, knew how to do things decently! Then his anger burst out. "I didn't ask Mrs. Richie," he said, his voice trembling.

"What time is supper?" his mother interrupted, "I'm getting hungry!" She took her place at the head of the table, sitting a little sidewise, with one foot round the leg of her chair; she looked about impatiently, striking the table softly with her open hand, a hand always beautiful, and to-night clean. "What nonsense to have it so late!"

"It isn't supper," Blair said, "it's dinner; and—" But at that moment the door-bell saved the situation. Harris, stumbling with agitation, had retreated to his pantry, so Mrs. Maitland motioned to Blair. "Run and open the door for your friends," she said kindly.

Blair did not "run," but he went; and if he could have killed those first-comers with a glance, he would have done so. As for Mrs. Maitland, still glowing with this new experience of taking part in her son's pleasure, she tramped into the front room to say how do you do, and shake hands with two very shy young men, who were plainly awed by her presence. As the others came in, it was she who received them, standing on the hearth rug, her back to the empty fireplace which Blair had filled with roses, her left hand behind her, her right ready to welcome the timid youngsters, who in reply to her loud heartiness stammered the commonplaces of the occasion.

"How are you, Elizabeth? What! a long dress? Well, well, you *are* getting to be a big girl! How are you, David? And so you have a swallowtail, too? Glad to see you, Mrs. Richie. Who's this? Harry Knight? Well, Harry, you are quite a big boy. I knew your mother when she was Molly Wharton, and not half your age."

Harry, who had a sense of humor, was able to laugh; but David was red with wrath, and Elizabeth tossed her head. As for Blair, he grew paler and paler.

Yet the dreadful dinner went off fairly smoothly. Mrs. Maitland sat down before anybody else. "Come, good people, come!" she said, and began her rapid "Bless, O Lord," while the rest of the company were still drawing up their chairs. "Amen, soup, Mrs. Richie?" she said heartily. The ladling out of the soup was an outlet for her energy; and as Harris's ideals put all the dishes on the table at once, she was kept busy carving or helping, or, with the hospitable insistence of her generation, urging her guests to eat. Blair sat at the other end of the table in black silence. Once he looked at Mrs. Richie with an agonized gratitude in his beautiful eyes, that was like the gratitude of a hurt puppy lapping a friendly and helping hand; for Mrs. Richie, with the gentlest tact, tried to help him by ignoring him and talking to the young people about her. Elizabeth, too, endeavored to do her part by assuming (with furtive glances at David) a languid, young-lady-like manner, which would have made Blair chuckle at any less terrible moment. And even Mr. Ferguson, although still a little dazed by that encounter with his niece, came to the rescue—for the situation was, of course, patent,—and talked to Mrs. Maitland; which, poor Blair thought, "at least shut her up"!

Mrs. Maitland was, of course perfectly unconscious that any one could wish to shut her up; she did not feel anything unusual in the atmosphere, and she was astonishingly patient with all the stuff and nonsense. Once she did strike the call-bell, which she had bidden Harris to bring from the office table, and say loudly: "Make haste, Harris! Make haste! What is all this delay?" The delay was Harris's agitated endeavor to refresh his memory about "them basins."

"Is it *now*?" he whispered to Blair, furtively rubbing his thumb on the shiny seam of his trousers. And Blair, looking a little sick, whispered back:

"Oh, throw 'em out of the window."

"Aw', now, Mr. Blair," poor Harris protested, "I clean forgot; is it with these here tomatoes, or with the dessert?"

"Go to the devil!" Blair said, under his breath. And the finger-bowls appeared with the salad.

"What's this nonsense?" Mrs. Maitland demanded; then, realizing Blair's effort, she picked up a finger-bowl and looked at it, cocking an amused eyebrow. "Well, Blair," she said, with loud good nature, "we are putting on airs!"

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Blair pretended not to hear. For the whole of that appalling experience he had nothing to say—even to Elizabeth, sitting beside him in the new white dress, the spun silk of her brown hair shimmering in the amazing glitter of the great cut-glass chandelier. The other young people, glancing with alarmed eyes now at Blair, and now at his mother, followed their host's example of silence. Mrs. Maitland, however, did her duty as she saw it; she asked condescending questions as to "how you children amuse yourselves," and she made her crude jokes at everybody's expense, with side remarks to Robert Ferguson about their families. "That Knight boy looks like his father. Old Knight is an elder in The First Church; he hands round the hat for other people to put their money in—never gives anything himself. I always call his wife 'goose Molly.' Is that young Clayton, Tom Clayton's son? His grandmother wasn't sure who his grandfather was. Mrs. Richie's a pretty woman, Friend Ferguson;—where are your eyes?" When it was over, that terrible thirty minutes—for Mrs. Maitland drove Harris at full speed through all Blair's elaborations—it was Mrs. Richie who came to the rescue.

"Mrs. Maitland," she said, "sha'n't you and I and Mr. Ferguson go and talk in your room, and leave the young people to amuse themselves?" And Mrs. Maitland's quick agreement showed how relieved she was to get through with all the "nonsense."

When the elders had left them, the "young people" drew a long breath, and looked at one another. Nannie, almost in tears, tried to make some whispered explanation to Blair, but he turned his back on her. David, with a carefully blasé air, said, "Bully dinner, old man." Blair gave him a look, and David subsided. When the guests had begun a chatter of relief, Blair still stood apart in burning silence. He wished he need never see or speak to any of them again. He hated them all; he hated— But he did not finish this, even in his thoughts.

It was Elizabeth who soothed the scorch of his mortification. When the others were recovering their spirits, and Nannie had begun to play on the piano, and somebody had suggested that they should all sing,—"And then let's dance!" cried Elizabeth—Blair disappeared. Out in the hall, standing with clenched hands in the dim light, he said to himself he wished they would all clear out! "I am sick of the whole darned business; I wish they'd clear out!"

It was there that Elizabeth found him. She had forgotten her displeasure at David, and was wildly happy; but she had missed Blair, and had come, in a whirl of excitement, to find him. "What are you doing? Come right back to the parlor!"

Blair, turning, saw the smooth cheek, pink as the curve of a shell, the soft hair's bronze sheen, the amber darkness of the happy eyes, that were full of starry light. "Oh, Elizabeth!" he said, and actually sobbed.

"Blair! What *is* the matter?"

"It was disgusting, the whole thing."

"What was disgusting?"

"That awful dinner—"

"Awful? You are perfectly crazy! It was lovely! What *are* you talking about?" In her dismayed defence of her first social function, she put her hands on his arm and shook it. "Why! It is the first dinner I ever went to, Blair, in all my life; and look—six-button gloves! what do you think of that? Uncle told Cherry-pie I could have whatever was proper, and I got these lovely gloves. They are awfully fashionable!" She pulled one glove up, not only to get its utmost length,—but also to cover that scar which her fierce little teeth had made so long ago. "Oh, Blair, it really was a perfectly *beautiful* dinner!" she said earnestly.

She was so close to him that it seemed as if the color on her cheek burned against his, and he could smell the rose in her brown hair. "Oh, Elizabeth," he said, panting, "you are an angel!"

"It was simply lovely!" she declared. In her excitement she did not notice that new word. Blair trembled, and could not speak. "Come right straight back!" Elizabeth said; "please-please-please—everybody will have a perfectly splendid time, if you'll just come back. We want you to sing. Please!" The long, sweet corners of her eyes implored him.

"Elizabeth," Blair whispered, "I—I love you."

Elizabeth caught her breath; then the

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exquisite color suddenly streamed over her face. "Oh!" she said faintly; and swerved away from him. Blair came a step nearer. They were both silent for a minute. Elizabeth put her hand over her lips, and stared at him with half-frightened eyes. Then Blair:

"Do you care, a little, Elizabeth?"

"We must go back to the parlor," she said, breathing quickly.

"Elizabeth, *do* you?"

"Oh—Blair!"

"Please, Elizabeth," Blair began; and suddenly put his arms round her very gently, and kissed her cheek.

Elizabeth looked at him speechlessly; then, with a quick, lovely movement, came nestling against him. A minute later they drew apart; the girl's face was quivering with light and mystery, the young man's face was amazed. Then amazement changed to triumph, and triumph to power, and power to something else, something that made Elizabeth shrink and utter a little cry. In an instant he caught her violently to him and kissed her—kissed the scar on her upraised, fending arm, then her neck, her eyes, her mouth, holding her so that she cried out and struggled; and as he let her go, she burst out crying. "Oh—oh—*oh*—" she said; and darting from him, ran up-stairs, stumbling on the unaccustomed length of her skirt, and catching at the banisters to keep from falling. But at the head of the stairs she paused; the tears had burned off in flashing excitement. She hesitated; it seemed as if she would turn and come back to him. But when he made a motion to bound up after her, she smiled and fled, and he heard the door of Nannie's room bang and the key turn in the lock.

Blair Maitland stood looking after her; in that one hot instant boyishness had been swept out of his face.

CHAPTER V

"THEY have all suddenly grown up!" Mrs. Richie said, disconsolately. She had left the "party" early, without waiting for her carriage, because Mrs. Maitland's impatient glances at her desk had been an unmistakable dismissal.

"I will walk home with you," Robert Ferguson said.

"But aren't you going to wait for Elizabeth?" she protested.

"David will bring her home."

"He'll be only too glad of the chance; how pretty she was to-night! You must have been very proud of her."

"I wasn't; not in the least. Beauty isn't a thing to be proud of. Quite the contrary," he said, and sighed.

Mrs. Richie laughed: "You are hopeless, Mr. Ferguson! What is a girl for, if not to be sweet, and pretty, and charming? And Elizabeth is all three."

"I would rather have her good."

"But, good gracious! prettiness doesn't interfere with goodness. And Elizabeth is a dear, good child."

"I hope she is," he said.

"You *know* she is," she declared.

"Well, she has her good points," he admitted; and put his hand up to his lean cheek, as if he still felt the flower-like touch of Elizabeth's lips.

"But they have all grown up," Mrs. Richie said. "I have lost my boy. Mr. Ferguson, he wants to smoke! What shall I do?"

"Good heavens, hasn't he smoked by this time?" said Robert Ferguson, horrified. "You'll ruin that boy yet!"

"Oh, when he was a little boy, there was one awful day, when—" Mrs. Richie shuddered at the remembrance; "but now he wants to really smoke, you know."

"He's seventeen," Mr. Ferguson said, severely. "I should think you might cut the apron-strings by this time."

"You seem very anxious about apron-strings for David," she retorted with some spirit. "I notice you never show any anxiety about Blair!"

At which Robert Ferguson laughed loudly: "I should say not! He's been brought up by a man—practically." Then he added with some generosity, "But I'm not sure that an apron-string or two might not have been a good thing for Blair."

Mrs. Richie accepted the amend good-naturedly. "My tall David is very nice," she said, "even if he does want to smoke; and I love him very much. But I've lost my boy."

"He'll be a boy," Robert Ferguson told her, "until he makes an ass of himself by falling in love. Then, in one

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minute, he'll turn into a man. I—" he said, and laughed; "I was twenty, just out of college, when I made an ass of myself over a girl who was as vain as a peacock. Well, she was beautiful—I must admit that."

"You were very young," Mrs. Richie said gravely; the emotion behind his careless words was obvious. They walked along in silence for several minutes. Then he said, contemptuously:

"She threw me over. Good riddance, of course."

"If she was capable of treating you badly, of course it was well to have her do so—in time," she agreed; "but I suppose those things cut deep with a boy," she added gently. She had a maternal instinct to put out a comforting hand, and say "never mind." Poor man! because, when he was twenty a girl had jilted him, he was still, at over forty, defending a sensitive heart by an armor of surliness! It was foolish, but it was pathetic, too. "Won't you come in?" she said, when they reached her door; she smiled at him, with her pleasant leaf-brown eyes, eyes which were less sad, he thought, than when she first came to Mercer. ("Getting over her husband's death, I suppose," he said to himself, but instantly added, as if afraid of his own kindness: "she has looked mournful longer than most widows!")

He followed her into the house silently, and, sitting down on her little sofa, took a cigar out of his pocket. He began to bite off the end absently, then remembered to say, "May I smoke?"

The room was cool in the shadowy light of a great shaded lamp, and full of the fragrance of white lilies. Mr. Ferguson had planted a whole row of lilies against the southern wall of Mrs. Richie's garden. "Such things are attractive to tenants; I find it improves my property," he had explained to her, when she found him grubbing, unasked, in her back yard. He looked at the lilies now approvingly; but Mrs. Richie looked at the clock. She was tired, and sometimes her good neighbor stayed very late.

"Poor Blair!" she said, "I'm afraid his dinner was rather a disappointment. What charming manners he has," she said meditatively; "I think it is very remarkable, considering—"

Mr. Ferguson knocked off his glasses angrily. "Mrs. Maitland's manners may not be as—as fine-ladyish as some people's, I grant you," he said, "but I can tell you, she has more brains in her little finger than—"

"Than I have in my whole body?" Mrs. Richie interrupted gayly; "I know just what you were going to say!"

"No, I wasn't," he defended himself; but he laughed and stopped barking.

"It is what you thought," she said; "but let me tell you, I admire Mrs. Maitland just as much as you do."

"No, you don't, because you can't," he said crossly; and then he smiled. He could not help forgiving Mrs. Richie, even when she did not appreciate Mrs. Maitland—the one subject on which the two neighbors fell out. But after the smile he sighed, and apparently forgot Mrs. Maitland. He scratched a match, held it absently until it scorched his fingers; blew it out, and threw it into the fireplace where a great jug of lilies had replaced the grate. Then he leaned forward, his hands between his knees, the unlighted cigar in his fingers. "Yes," he said, "she threw me over."

For a wild moment Mrs. Richie thought he meant Mrs. Maitland; then she remembered. "It was very hard for you," she said vaguely.

"And Elizabeth's mother," he went on, "my brother Arthur's wife, left him. He never got over the despair of it. He —killed himself."

Mrs. Richie's vagueness was all gone. "Mr. Ferguson!"

"She was bad—all through."

"Oh, *no!*" Helena Richie said faintly.

"She left him, for another man. Just as the girl I believed in left me. I would have doubted my God, Mrs. Richie, before I could have doubted that girl. And when she jilted me, I suppose I did doubt Him for a while. At any rate, I doubted everybody else. I do still, more or less."

Mrs. Richie was silent.

"We two brothers—the same thing happened to both of us! It was worse for him than for me; I escaped, as you might say, and I learned a valuable lesson: I have never built on anybody. Life doesn't play the same trick on me twice. But Arthur was different. He

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was of softer stuff. He was too good to her—that was the trouble. If he had beaten her once or twice, I don't believe she would have left him. Imagine leaving a good husband—a devoted husband—"

"I can't imagine," Helena Richie said, in a low voice, "leaving a living child. No, *that* seems to me impossible."

"And Elizabeth has her blood in her," he burst out. "And she is pretty, just as she was. She—she looks like her, sometimes. There—now you know. Now you understand why I worry so about her. I used to wish she would die before she grew up. I tried to do my duty to her, but I hoped she would die. Yet she seems to be a good little thing. Yes, I'm pretty sure she is a good little thing. She—to-night, before we went to the dinner, she—she behaved very prettily. But if I saw her mother in her, I would —God knows what I would do! But except for this fussing about clothes, she seems all right. You know she wanted a locket once? But you think that is only natural to a girl? Not a vanity that I need be anxious about? Her mother was vain—a shallow, selfish theatrical creature!" He looked at her with hunted eyes. "I am so dreadfully anxious, sometimes," he said simply.

"No, there's nothing to be anxious about," his hearer said, in a smothered voice, "nothing at all."

"Of course I'm fond of her," he confessed, "but I am never sure of her."

"You ought to be sure of her," Mrs. Richie said; "her little dresses—why, it is just natural for a girl to want pretty dresses! But to think— Poor little Elizabeth!" She hid her face in her hands. "And poor bad mother," she said, in a whisper.

"Don't pity *her!*" he said; "she was not the one to pity. It was Arthur who—" He left the sentence unfinished; his face quivered.

"Oh," she cried, "you are all wrong. She is the one to pity,—I don't care how selfish and shallow she was!—not your brother. He just died. What was dying, compared to living? Oh, you don't understand. Poor bad women! You might at least be sorry for them. How can you be so hard?"

"I suppose I am hard," he said, half wonderingly, but very meekly; "when a good woman can pity Dora—that was her name; who am I to judge her? I'll try not to be so hard," he promised simply.

He had risen. Mrs. Richie tried to speak, but stopped and caught her breath at the bang of the front door.

"It's David!" she said, in a terrified voice. Her face was very pale, so pale that David, coming abruptly into the room, stood still in his tracks, aghast.

"Why, Materna! What's up? Mother, something is the matter!"

"It's my fault, David," Robert Ferguson said, a little abashed; "I was telling your mother a—a sad story. Mrs. Richie, I didn't realize it would pain you. Your mother is a very kind woman, David," he said; "she's been sympathizing with other people's troubles."

David looked at him resentfully, and came and stood beside her, with an aggressively protecting manner. "I don't see why she need bother about other people's troubles. Say, Materna, I—I wouldn't feel badly. Mr. Ferguson, I—you—" he blustered; he was very much perturbed.

The fact was David was not in an amiable humor; Elizabeth had been very queer all the way home. "High and mighty!" David said to himself, treating him as if he was a little boy, and she a young lady! "And I'm seventeen," David told himself, angrily;—"the idea of her putting on such airs!" And now here was her uncle making his mother low-spirited. "Materna, I wouldn't mind," he comforted her.

Mrs. Richie put a soothing hand on his arm. "It's all right, David," she said; she was still pale. "Yes, it was a sad story. But I thank you for telling me, Mr. Ferguson."

He tried awkwardly to apologize for having distressed her, and then took himself off. When he opened his own door, even before he closed it again, he called out, "Miss White!"

"Yes, sir?" said the little governess, peering rabbit-like from the parlor.

"Miss White, I've been thinking. I'm going to buy Elizabeth a—a piece of jewelry; a locket, I think. You can tell her so. Mrs. Richie says she's quite sure she isn't really vain in wanting such things."

"I have been at my post, sir, since

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Elizabeth was three years old," Miss White said with spirit, "and I have frequently told you that she was not vain. I'll go and tell her what you say, immejetly!"

But when Cherry-pie went to carry the great news, she found Elizabeth's door locked.

"What? Uncle is going to give me a locket?" Elizabeth called out in answer to her knock. "Oh, joy! Splendid!"

"Let me in, and I'll tell you what he said," Miss White called back.

"No! I can't!" cried the joyous young voice. "I—I'm busy!"

She was busy; she was holding a lamp above her head, and looking at herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. Her hair was down, tumbling in a shining mass over her shoulders, her eyes were like stars, her cheeks rose-red. She was turning her white neck from side to side, throwing her head backward, looking at herself through half-shut eyes; her mouth was scarlet. "Blair is in love with me!" she said to herself. She felt Blair's last kiss still; she felt it until it seemed as if her lip bled.

"David Richie needn't talk about 'little girls' any more. *I'm engaged!*" She put the lamp down on the mantelpiece, shook her mane of hair back over her bare shoulders, and then, her hands on her hips, her short petticoat ruffling about her knees, she began to dance. "Somebody is in love with me!

"Oh, isn't it joyful, joyful, joyful—"

CHAPTER VI

WHEN the company had gone,—"I thought they never *would* go!" Nannie said—she rushed at her brother. "Blair!"

The boy flung up his head proudly. "She—told you, did she?"

"You're engaged!" cried Nannie, ecstatically.

Blair started. "Why!" he said; "why, yes! So I am! I never thought of it." And when he got his breath, the radiant darkness of his eyes sparkled into laughter. "Yes, *I'm engaged!*" He put his hands into his pockets and strutted the length of the room; a minute later he stopped beside the piano and struck a triumphant chord; then he sat down and began to play uproariously, singing to a crashing accompaniment:

". . . . lived a miner, a forty-niner,
With his daughter Clementine!
Oh my darling, oh my *darling*—"

—the riotous, beautiful voice rang on, the sound overflowing through the long rooms, across the hall, even into the dining-room. Harris, wiping dishes in the pantry, stopped, tea-towel in hand, and listened; Sarah Maitland, at her desk, lifted her head, and the pen slipped from her fingers. Blair spun about on the piano-stool, and caught his sister around her waist in a hug that made her squeak. Then they both shrieked with laughter.

"But, Blair!" Nannie said, getting her breath; "Blair, shall you tell Mamma to-night?"

Blair's face dropped. "I guess I won't tell anybody yet," he faltered; "oh, that awful dinner!"

As the mortification of an hour ago surged back upon him, he added to the fear of telling his mother a resentment that would retaliate by secrecy. "I won't tell her at all," he decided; "and don't you, either."

"I!" said Nannie. "Well, I should think not! Gracious!"

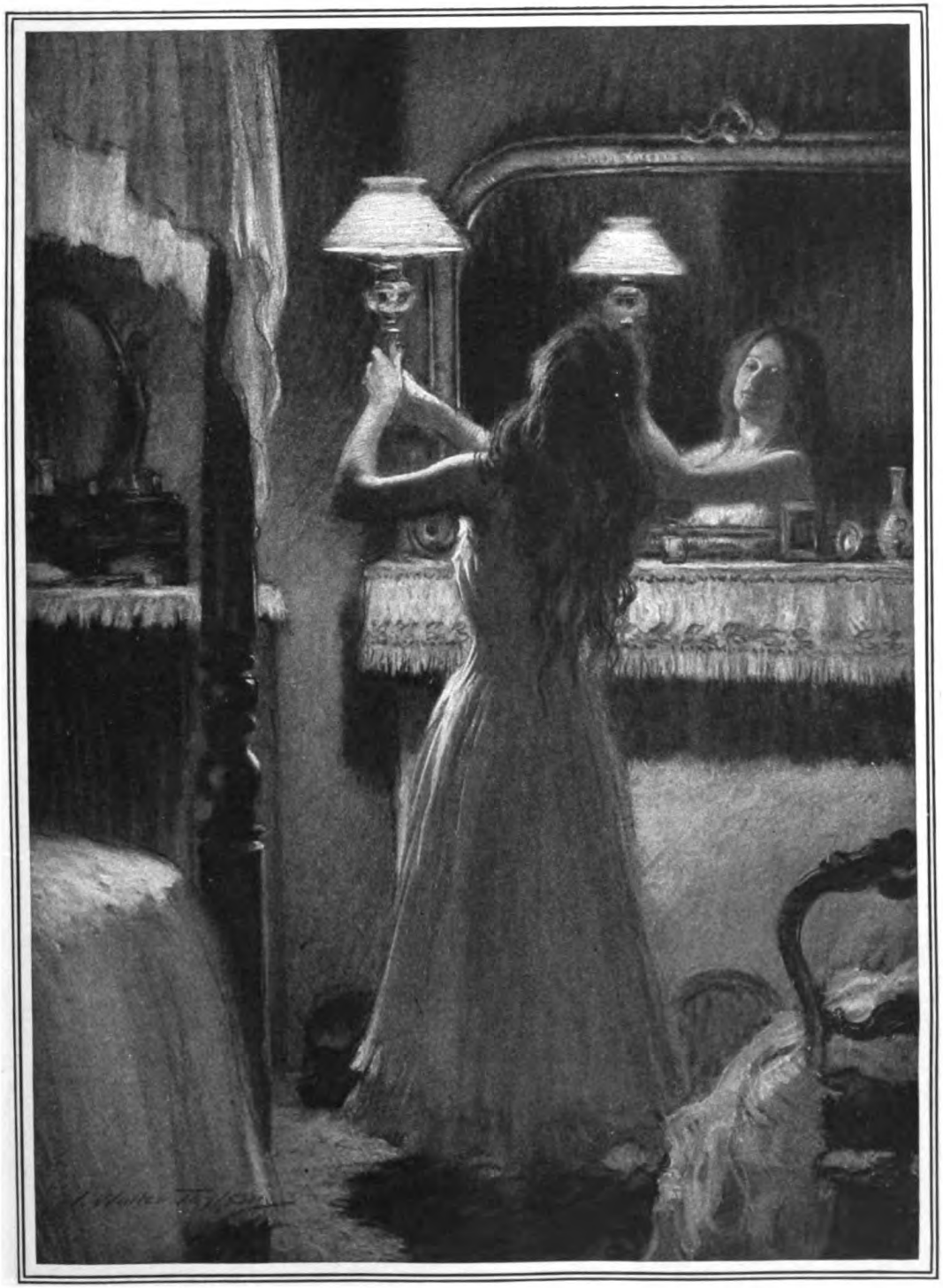
But though Blair did not tell his mother, he could not keep the great news to himself; he saw David the next afternoon, and overflowed.

David took it with a gasp of silence, as if he had been suddenly hit below the belt; then, in a low voice he said, "You—*kissed* her. Did she kiss you?"

Blair nodded. He held his head high, balancing it a little from side to side; his lips were thrust out, his eyes shone. He was standing with his feet well apart, his hands deep in his pockets; he laughed, and his face reddened to his forehead, but he was not embarrassed. For once David's old look of silent, friendly admiration did not answer him; instead there was half-bewildered dismay. David wanted to protest that it wasn't—well, it wasn't *fair*. He did not say it; and in not saying it he ceased to be a boy.

"I suppose it was when you and she went off after dinner? You needn't have been so—so darned quiet about it!

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"BLAIR IS IN LOVE WITH ME!"

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What's the good of being so—mum about everything? Why didn't you come back and tell? You're not ashamed of it, are you?"

"A man doesn't tell a thing like that," Blair said scornfully.

"Well!" David snorted, "I suppose sometime you'll be married?"

Blair nodded again. "Right off."

"Huh!" said David; "your mother won't let you. You are only sixteen. Don't be an ass."

"I'll be seventeen next May."

"Seventeen! What's seventeen? I'm pretty near eighteen, and I haven't thought of being married;—at least to anybody in particular."

"You couldn't," Blair said coldly; "you haven't got the cash."

David chewed this bitter fact in silence; then he said, "I thought you and Elizabeth were kind of off at dinner. You didn't talk to each other at all. I thought you were both huffy; and instead of that—" David paused.

"That damned dinner!" Blair said, dropping his love-affair for his grievance. Blair's toga virilis, assumed in that hot moment in the hall, was profanity of sorts. "David, I'm going to clear out. I can't stand this sort of thing. I'll go and live at a hotel till I go to college; I'll—"

"Thought you were going to get married?" David interrupted him viciously.

Blair looked at him, and suddenly understood,—David was jealous! "Gorry!" he said blankly. He was honestly dismayed. "Look here," he began, "I didn't know that *you*—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," David broke in contemptuously; "if you think *I* care, one way or the other, you're mistaken. It's nothing to me. 'By," and he turned on his heel.

It was a hot July afternoon; the sun-baked street along which they had been walking was deep with black dust and full of the clamor of traffic. Four big gray Flemish horses, straining against their breastplates, were hauling a dray loaded with clattering iron rods; the sound, familiar enough to any Mercer boy, seemed to David at that moment intolerable. "I'll get out of this cursed noise," he said to himself, and turned down a narrow street toward the river. It occurred to him that he would go over the covered bridge, and maybe stop and get a tumbler of ice-cream at Mrs. Todd's. Then he would strike out into the country and take a walk; he had nothing else to do. This vacation business wasn't all it was cracked up to be; a man had better fun at school; he was sick of Mercer, anyhow.

He had reached Mrs. Todd's saloon by that time, and through the white palings of the fence he had glimpses of happy couples sitting at marble-topped tables among the marigolds and coreopsis, taking slow, delicious spoonfuls of ice-cream, and gazing at each other with languishing eyes. David felt a qualm of disgust; for the first time in his life he had no desire for ice-cream. A boy like Blair might find it pleasant to eat ice-cream with a lot of fellows and girls out in the garden of a toll-house, with people looking in through the palings; but he had outgrown such things. The idea of Blair, at his age, talking about being in love! Blair didn't know what *love* meant. And as for Elizabeth, how could she fall in love with Blair? He was two months younger than she, to begin with. "No woman ought to marry a man younger than she is," David said; he himself, he reflected, was much older than Elizabeth. That was how it ought to be. The girl should always be younger than the fellow. And anyway, Blair wasn't the kind of man for a girl like Elizabeth to marry. "He's too selfish. A woman ought not to marry a selfish man," said David. For his part, he hated selfishness. He was glad that he had been brought up not to be selfish. However, it made no difference to him whom she married. If Elizabeth liked that sort of thing, if she found Blair—who was only a baby anyhow—the kind of man she could love, why, then he was disappointed in Elizabeth. That was all. He was not jealous, or anything like that; he was just disappointed; he was sorry that Elizabeth was that kind of girl. "Very, very sorry," David said to himself; and his eyes stung. . . . (Ah, well; one may smile; but the pangs are real enough to the calf! The trouble with us is we have forgotten our own pangs, so we doubt his.) . . . Yes, David was sorry; but the whole darned

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business was nothing to him, because, unlike Blair, he was not a boy, and he could not waste time over women; he had his future to think of. In fact, he felt that to make the most of himself he must never marry.

Then suddenly these bitter forecastings ceased. He had come upon some boys who were throwing stones at the dust-grimed windows of an unused foundry shed. Along the roof of the big, gaunt building, dilapidated and deserted, was a vast line of lights that had long been a target for every boy who could pick up a pebble. Glass lay in splinters on the slope of sheet-iron below the sashes, and one could look in through yawning holes at silent shadowy spaces that had once roared with light from swinging ladles and flowing cupolas; but there were a few whole panes left yet. At the sound of crashing glass, David, being a human boy, stopped and looked on, at first with his hands in his pockets; then he picked up a stone himself. A minute later he was yelling and smashing with the rest of them; but when he had broken a couple of lights, curiously enough, desire failed; he felt a sudden distaste for breaking windows,—and for everything else! It was a sort of spiritual nausea, and life was black and bitter on his tongue. He was conscious of an actual sinking below his breast-bone. "I'm probably coming down with brain fever," he told himself; and he had a happy moment of thinking how wretched everybody would be when he died. Elizabeth would be *very* wretched! David felt a wave of comfort, and on the impulse of expected illness and death, he turned toward home again. However, if he should by any chance recover, marriage was not for him. It occurred to him that this would be a bitter surprise to Elizabeth, whose engagement would no doubt be broken as soon as she heard of his illness; and again he felt happier. No, he would never marry. He would give his life to his profession—it had long ago been decided that David was to be a doctor. But it would be a lonely life. He looked ahead and saw himself a great physician—no common doctor, like that old Doctor King who came sometimes to see his mother; but a great man—a great and lonely man! How much nobler to devote himself to his profession, giving up all personal happiness, than merely to look forward to a lot of money, that somebody else had made, as Blair was doing! But perhaps that was why Elizabeth liked Blair; because he was going to have money? And yet, how could she compare Blair with,—well, *any* fellow who meant to work his own way? Here David touched bottom abruptly. "How can a fellow take money he hasn't earned?" he said to himself. David's feeling about independence was unusual in a boy of his years, but it was not altogether admirable; it was, in fact, one of those qualities that is a virtue, unless it becomes a vice.

When he was half-way across the bridge, he stopped to look down at the slow, turbid river rolling below him. He stood there a long time, leaning on the hand-rail. On the dun surface a sheen of oil gathered, and spread, and gathered again. He could hear the wash of the current and in the railing under his hand he felt the old wooden structure thrill and quiver in the constant surge of water against the pier below him. The sun, a blood-red disk, was slipping into the deepening haze, and on either side of the river the city was darkening into dusk. All along the shore lights were pricking out of the twilight, and sending wavering shafts down into the water. The coiling smoke from furnace chimneys lay level and almost motionless in the still air; sometimes it was shot with sparks, or showed, on its bellying black curves, red gleams from hidden fires below.

David, staring at the river with absent, angry eyes, stopped his miserable thoughts to watch a steamboat coming down the current. Its smoke-stacks were folded back for passing under the bridge, and its great paddle-wheel scarcely moved except to get steerageway. It was pushing a dozen rafts, all lashed together into a spreading sheet. The smell of the fresh planks pierced the acrid odor of soot that was settling down with the night mists. On one of the rafts was a shanty of newly sawed pine boards; it had no windows, but it was evidently a home, for it had a stove-pipe, and there was a woman sitting in

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its little doorway, nursing her baby. David, looking down, saw the downy head, and a little crumpled fist lying on the white, bare breast. The woman, looking up as they floated below him, caught his eye, and drew her blue cotton dress across her bosom. David suddenly put his hand over his lips to hide their quiver. The abrupt tears were on his cheeks. "Oh—*Elizabeth!*" he said. The revolt, the anger, the jealousy, were all gone. He sobbed under his breath. He had forgotten that he had said it made no difference to him,—"not the slightest difference." It did make a difference! All the difference in the world. . . . "Oh, Elizabeth!" . . . The barges had slid farther and farther under the bridge; the woman and the child were out of sight; the steamboat with its folded smoke-stacks slid after them, leaving a wake of rocking, yellow foam; the water splashed loudly against the piers. It was nearly dark there on the foot-path, and quite deserted. David put his head down on his arms on the railing and stood motionless for a long moment.

When he reached home, he found his mother in the twilight, in the little garden behind the house. David, standing behind her, said carelessly, "I have some news for you, Materna."

"Yes?" she said, absorbed in pinching back her lemon verbena.

"Blair is—is spoony over Elizabeth. Here, I'll snip that thing for you."

Mrs. Richie faced him in amazement. "What! Why, but they are both children, and—" she stopped, and looked at him. "Oh—*David!*" she said.

And the boy, forgetting the spying windows of the opposite houses, dropped his head on her shoulder. "Materna—Materna," he said, in a stifled voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Spell of the Road

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

SOFT-FOOTED through forest and bracken,
Hard-riding the desert or plain,
When shoe-thong or girth ye would slacken
Ye hear me, and follow again.
My lures have a myriad faces,
But all their voices are one—
The call of the Uttermost Places
That lie at the Back of the Sun.

By step and by league shall ye hear them:
"To the turn . . . to the crest . . . to the verge! . . ."
And ever ye seem to draw near them,
Yet ever, fore-distant, they urge
Through hill-trail and hedge-road and byway,
On prairie and moorland and lea,
To the wind-track and fast-flying skyway
And spindrift-wet ways of the sea.

And the heat of the desert shall burn you,
The snow-field and ice-floe shall bite;
Yet hometide nor fireside shall turn you—
I have woven a spell on your sight:
Ye shall gaze, to the last of your being,
Ye shall toil, ye shall travel and spend,
For the Thing That Is Just Beyond Seeing
And the Thing That Comes After the End!

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Her Christmas Cabby

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

BETTY was sorely homesick and very tired. To paint from nature and for love in the Virginia fields was a singularly different thing from painting strange faces for necessary money in a New York studio. And though Sue was a dear and the stanchest of friends, there were times when Betty wished that she spoke with a Southern instead of a Northern accent, so that old associations would rise softly with her voice.

"You must come out, Betty," said Sue just here. "You have been in this stuffy studio working and working for two whole days. You are as white as paper."

Betty sighed and obeyed.

They walked up Fifth Avenue nearly to Central Park.

Betty kept brave step with Sue's long, elastic stride, until her gray eyes were black with fatigue, and one heel smarted as from a burn.

"Sue," she said, finally, "I . . . I am dead beat. . . . I didn't know I was so tired when we started. And I really think my heel is blistered. Do you . . . could we . . . do you think it would be dreadfully wicked if we took a cab? I don't feel as though I could stand a car or a 'bus."

"No, I don't," said Sue, after a glance at the pale face. "There's a cab-stand on the next corner, and you can choose the horse yourself, as you always like to do."

Betty managed to limp to the next corner, and then went slowly along the line of waiting cabs.

"I'll take this one," she said, finally, looking not at the cabby or the cab, but at the horse.

"This one" was a strong, upstanding bay, with clean legs, and a lean, knowing-looking head.

While Sue bargained with the cabby, Betty slipped off her glove and stroked the bay's nose. He started, then turned his head and gave her a benevolent, summing-up sort of look from out his blinkers. She petted him some more. The good, horsey smell of him (she noticed how clean he was) made her homesick for Virginia.

Then Sue called her, and they got into the cab and drove off.

"I've told him to stop at one or two places," said Sue; "to go shopping is cheaper than to take a drive, and you needn't get out. I can put in a lot of odds and ends in 'a hour.'"

"What a good idea," said Betty, dreamily. She was leaning back in her corner, watching the steady slouch of the bay's quarters, and thinking that he reminded her of her own "Jackanapes," that she used to drive so gayly through the fields of Albemarle.

Sue's first two errands took her only a few moments apiece, then she went into a house where dwelt a "little dressmaker," and Betty knew that there would be a fitting, and a longer absence.

After a minute or so, the cabby swung himself down from his high perch, and as the cab oscillated with his descent, the bay turned his head and gave a long stare backward, as though saying: "Has anything happened to the fare? Or are you only getting down to stretch your legs?"

"You dear!" said Betty, whistling to him. "You're exactly like Jackanapes. . . ."

The bay continued to regard her, moving his ears questioningly.

"You *dear!*" said Betty again. "Oh, I do wish I had a lump of sugar."

The cabby now gave her a shrewd glance. Something in her face seemed to attract him, for after a little while he looked again. Presently he ventured:

"That's a very intelligent animal, ma'am."

Betty included horse and man in her smile.

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"JONAS, HERE'S A LADY WHAT WANTS TO KNOW YOU"

"Yes," said she, "I see that he is. He is just like a dear horse that I had down in my country home in Virginia. Only he was black. I called him 'Jack-anapes' because he was such a scamp. . . . No harm in him, you know. Just scampish. . . . Had a sense of humor like a man . . ."

"This feller's called 'Jonas,' ma'am. No meanin' to it whatever," said the cabby, coming nearer and smacking Jonas's sleek rump. "But he's a rascal all right. . . . Oughter bin called Mark Twain judgin' by his sense of humor. . . . Look at him now—lettin' on to kick some, 'cause I ain't got no sugar handy."

In fact "Jonas" had pinned back his ears and was feigning a side kick with perfect art.

"He's a dear," said Betty again.

The cabby took a good look at her this time.

"Would you like to get acquainted with him, ma'am?" he ventured suddenly.

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"I certainly would," said Betty.

"Then, if you'll just step down, I'll intrajuce you."

Betty got out at once.

When she was on the pavement, the cabby took Jonas by the bits and brought him into what he considered a fitting position for the introduction.

"Jonas, my son," said he, "here's a lady what wants to know you. Please, ma'am, step a leetle this way."

Betty did so.

"Now, Jonas . . ." said the cabby.

Jonas turned his wise head toward Betty and slowly bobbed it up and down. Betty curtseyed in return. People, as they passed, looked at the group somewhat curiously, but neither Betty nor Jonas was mindful of men just at that moment.

"Oh, I do *wish* I had some sugar," said she again, as, the introduction over, she stood stroking Jonas's forehead and pinching his loose gray under lip. She peeped at his sound teeth. "About seven or eight, isn't he?" she asked.

The cabby beamed.

"Say, you know somethin' 'bout horses, don't you, miss?" said he. (He had decided finally that she was unmarried.) "Jonas is just turned eight."

"I ought to know something about them," said Betty, smiling. "I think I rode before I walked." And she told him about the stock-farm in Virginia, and the thoroughbreds and hunters.

"Gee! Don't you miss it?" asked he, sympathetically. "Looks to me like you was pinin' after it just a mite. No liberty meant, miss."

"Of course not," said Betty. "I suppose I do 'pine' after it . . . sometimes."

"City life sure is hard on them as was born in the country," said the cabby. "Ben through it myself. Sight of a load a' hay uster knock me out when I first come East."

"Aren't you a New-Yorker?" asked Betty.

"No'm. Detroit," said he.

And just here Sue came out, and they went on their way.

As they turned into Fifth Avenue again, the little trap flew up, and the cabby's voice said:

"Say, miss, take your time. Ef you got any little marketin' or so, to do, jest do it easy. Jonas an' me, we ain't thinkin' of prices right now."

"Oh, . . . thank you *so* much!" called Betty.

The trap snapped.

"You seem to have made an ardent friend of your cabby," said Sue, smiling.

"He is a *very* nice man—really, Sue," said Betty. "And Jonas is the dearest horse I've seen since I left Virginia."

"Well," said Sue, "I'll just take advantage of his offer to get some celery for a salad to go with the squabs Mrs. Antrim is going to send you. You've simply got to eat some dinner, Betty. You can't go on like this. And if you do I can't stay with you—that's all."

"Dear Sue," said Betty, cuddling up to her.

"There's no use wheedling—you've got to eat to-night," said Sue sternly.

They stopped before the little market on Broadway which Sue usually patronized.

"Please, Sue," urged Betty, "get some lump sugar. I must give Jonas some sugar before we part."

"Very well," said Sue, "if they have any."

She came back in about five minutes, saying that sugar was not to be had in that shop.

"Then an apple," said Betty. "What a goose I was not to think of it at first! There's a pile of big, red ones in the window. Just buy one, Sue dear, and get the man to cut it up for you."

Much amazed, Sue went back, and returned with a double handful of sliced apple. The shopman followed and stood in the door watching. Betty, who had pulled off her gloves again, took the apple, and went to Jonas's head. There was a bitter wind blowing, and her fur coat flapped against him, making him snort and back. Then he scented the apple. In another second he was munching joyously, nuzzling deep among Betty's fingers, and stamping now and then with pleasure.

"That's a new sight on Broadway, sure," said the shopman to his assistant, who had also come to the door.

The touch of fellow-feeling that makes the whole world kin united him, his assistant, Sue, the cabby, and the passers-

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by in a smiling oneness. Only Betty and Jonas were unconscious save of each other and the apple.

"There . . . That's all, old man," said Betty, finally. Then she turned to Sue with a helpless gesture. "My hands *are* in a mess, aren't they?" said she.

Sue dried them on her own pocket-handkerchief and they once more re-entered the cab, after giving the address of the studio.

When they got there, and after he had been paid, the cabby said to Sue:

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I sure would like to know that lady's name."

Betty heard him, and came back smiling. The lamplight showed him her clear, pale little face and big gray eyes as she looked up.

"It's rather a hard name," she said. "I am from Virginia—but my father was a Russian. My name is Nekludoff—Miss Elizabeth Nekludoff."

The cabby made two attempts at it, then shook his head.

"Guess this other lady's might be easier, ma'am," said he—"no offence meant. But I'd like to give you my boss's number, so's you can call me up when you want a cab. Would the other lady mind giving her name?"

"Her name is Miss Susan White," said Betty.

"Ah," said the cabby. "That's plain English, sure. I'll remember, ma'am."

He gathered up his reins and was driving off.

"Say, miss," he called, as Jonas turned, side-stepping deftly with the cumbrous cab, "*my* name's McGowan . . . from Cuba!"

Betty broke into her soft laughter, and McGowan's harsh bass joined in. Then Jonas began to trot earnestly.

"Good-night!" called Betty.

"Good-night!" he called back. "Good luck!"

The next night was Christmas Eve. Betty and Sue were alone in the studio. The wind beat against the skylight like Sindbad's roc clamoring for admittance.

Sue was reading aloud to Betty, who lay on the divan with her locked hands over her eyes.

"Betty," said her friend suddenly, laying down the book, "you aren't listening to a word."

Betty smiled guiltily.

"Sue, dear," said she, "I was thinking of McGowan and Jonas."

"Were you indeed?" said Sue, smiling back. "Well, I don't wonder that you couldn't keep your mind on Emerson."

"I was thinking that they probably wouldn't have much more of a Christmas than we shall have . . . poor dear Sue! And you might be merrymaking at that dear home of yours."

"And so might you be in your home in Virginia, or dining out with any amount of people simply crazy to have you."

"No . . ." said Betty. "I'm too tired—that's the plain truth, Sue. I'd heaps rather just have Christmas here alone with you. But McGowan and Jonas . . . I don't believe they'll get as much as 'Merry Christmas.' And that bothers me."

She sat up suddenly among the rumpled cushions and looked at Sue with bright eyes.

"Sue! . . . Do hand me my fountain-pen and some paper, like an angel. . . . My very smartest paper . . . I've an idea."

Sue gave them to her.

"Now, Betty," said she, "what *are* you going to do? You're not going to invite McGowan and Jonas to hang up their stockings with ours, I suppose?"

"No. . . . But something like it," said Betty.

All her face ran over with smiles. She scribbled for a few seconds, then handed Sue the sheet of paper.

"It's *very* little, I know," said she, "but it's just the thought. People *do* like to be thought of at Christmas, and horses too . . ."

Sue was reading the little missive. It ran as follows:

"For my friend from Cuba, from his friend from Russia, to buy himself some tobacco and Jonas some sugar for Christmas."

"Betty," said Sue, when she had finished, "you are a lovable child. . . . There's no doubt about that."

"Oh," said Betty, rather shamefacedly, "it's just a bit of fellow-feeling. You know I can't afford to send him but a dollar."

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"You can't afford that," said Sue, laughing. "But I suspect it will be more really a Christmas gift just for that reason."

Then she slipped on her coat, and went out and posted the note after Betty had put a new dollar-bill in the envelope.

Christmas day was bleak and forlorn beyond expression. The weather had turned warmer during the night, and such light snow as had fallen had melted along the empty streets into a black oil. The wind blew fitfully; there were little spats and sputters of chill rain.

Betty and Sue had looked at their stockings and giggled over the doggerel in which each little gift was wrapped. They had lunched on tea and omelette, with a bowl of holly between them, and then spent the afternoon in finding room for the beribboned pots and boxes of flowers that smart chauffeurs and footmen handed the proud lift-boy "for Miss Nekludoff." Among other presents came a box of new-laid eggs from the model farm of one of those whom the New York papers allude to as "New York's smartest and most fashionable young matrons." From another came a silver bowl filled with topaz jelly. From another a *galantine* of chicken *à la Virginia*. From another a huge basket of hothouse fruit, etc., etc. Yet another sent a dainty little tray with the most exquisite invalid's lunch set out on it.

"See," said Betty, smiling and tearful at the same time, "this is the heart of 'cold' New York, and it is the haughty and bloodless inmates who send me all these lovely things, just because I'm trying to make my own little path in the world, and had a bad fall with my horse, which makes the path a little harder to climb. Why, Sue—I should think I were in Richmond, with all my mother's old friends sending me 'goodies,' if I shut my eyes for only a minute! . . . Aren't they dears? Aren't the 'fashionable New-Yorkers' the very salt of the earth? . . . And who is keeping my lonely Christmas with me, if you please, but the dearest of Yankees!"

She hugged Sue hard, and incidentally wiped her eyes on her shoulder.

"Mason and Dixon's line is all nonsense," said she, rather chokily. "I'd like to tie them up by the thumbs with it! . . . That is all it's good for. . . ."

As the day wore on, however, she began to feel more and more depressed. The memory of gay house-parties long ago, in dear, red Albemarle, rushed over her. She saw the leaping wood-fires, smelled the aromatic smoke of cedar and pine cones, . . . heard the soft negro voices saying: "Chris'mus gif', Miss Betty, honey . . ." felt the warm mother-arms about her; heard her father's delightful accent. "Ver-r-ry happy, Lizinka?" . . .

Betty was an orphan now. She feigned a headache and said that she thought she would go to her room for a few minutes and brush out her hair.

As she sat brushing its thick lengths, and gazing rather sadly at her own eyes in the mirror, she heard a queer sort of bumping noise on the stairs.

"Thump-bump, thump-bump," it came, with slow regularity. It grew nearer and nearer, then ceased. She heard the studio door open, voices speaking, then there was silence.

Betty listened for a moment longer, and went on slowly brushing her lovely, red-brown hair. She forced her thoughts away from Virginia, and began to wonder if McGowan would receive her little Christmas thought that day.

"I suppose not," she reflected, "the Christmas mails are so packed."

Here Sue knocked at the door.

"Betty," she called, "McGowan is here!"

"Oh!" cried Betty, jumping up and letting fall her brush. "I was just thinking of him! . . . Do you suppose he can wait until I do up my hair?"

"Sure, lady—I'll wait all right. Take your time," said a harsh bass from the hall.

"Oh! Is that you, Mr. McGowan?" Betty called back. "Merry Christmas! . . . I won't be three minutes."

She "did up" her hair into a big shining twist, and ran to the studio in less than the three minutes.

McGowan, in his long, cabby's overcoat, was seated on the extreme edge of a little white Louis XVI. armchair. He rose as Betty entered, and came toward her, and she saw that he was slightly lame. In the broad glare from the studio window his dark head stood out sharply edged with reflected light. It was a square, compact head, that looked as

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though it had been welded into shape by sledge-hammer blows from life. The eyes were dark, piercing, quintessentially alive, and looked straight at you. The fine nose had been somewhat battered—"bashed" would be the fitting word. A slightly grizzled mustache hid the mouth, which showed, however, in a grim line underneath. The jaw and chin were those of the born fighter. He was of medium height, wirily built, and looked about fifty.

Betty went up to him and held out her hand, her face all pleased and awakened.

"How nice of you to come, Mr. McGowan," said she. "I do think it was *so* nice of you. You're our first Christmas visitor."



McGowan was seated on the Edge of his Chair

"Lady," said McGowan, giving the slight hand an earnest wring and then releasing it, "nice or not nice don't come into this. . . . What I come for . . . what I *had* to come for, was to tell you what this . . ." he took from his breast pocket Betty's note, and stood weighing it upon his palm . . . "what this has meant to me. Lady . . ." he paused and fixed his eyes on the girl's—"Lady . . . I ain't never had anything get so close to me in my life, and I've lived some time, and some ways," he added, with a fleeting twinkle. "What made you up and send a Christmas word and present to a old, tough, hard-set New York cabby is what gets me. I ain't never heard of such a thing. Wouldn't 'a' believed it if I'd bin told—no, not by the angel off a Christmas tree . . . But if you think I'm too tough to appreciate it, why then, lady, you're good and mistaken, that's all."

"Why, Mr. McGowan," said Betty, blushing and stammering, "it was only a little Christmas thought. . . . It . . . it wasn't anything but . . . but . . . just that . . ."

"'Just that's' good enough for me," said McGowan.

"Won't you sit down?" said Betty, pointing him to a larger chair. "We can talk so much better."

"Please to let me do all the talking right now, lady," replied McGowan, seating himself as directed, and continuing to finger Betty's note. "I ain't what you might call got a start yet. What I lay off to say is this: How is it that I got a own sister, that I set a heap by once, and she and my two brothers done me out of a cool ten thousand between 'em, and you, lady, a stranger as ain't never set eyes on me till two days ago—how is it, I want to know, that *you* think of me at Christmas, and send me them dandy words and that dollar?"

He did not wait for Betty's confused reply, but marched on his ranks of plain,

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eager words, quite routing her. "That dollar now, . . ." continued he, taking it out and unfolding it. "D'you think I'd *spend* it?" He shook it toward her almost angrily. "'Spend it,' says I. Not on your life! . . . 'What then?' says you. Why, lady, *I'm going to frame it!* . . ."

Betty gazed at him with parted lips.

"Now, lady, if you please . . ." said McGowan, checking her. "Let me have the floor a *leetle* longer. Yes, ma'am. I'm going to frame it. You can double on that. I've got two photos of a cousin of mine who did the straight thing by me when I was on my uppers, and I'm going to frame this here dollar, and hang it up between them photos. Then, you see," he broke off, feeling his eyes glisten and the situation growing somewhat too sentimental—"you see, that way, lady, I'll never go broke!"

"But, Mr. McGowan . . ." faltered Betty.

"Aw, say! Don't 'Mister' me, lady. Just call me 'Mac.' Why, you got me, sure. Don't you know that? You *got me*, lady. Why, I'd run round the world and back again before breakfast for you. Any time you need me, all you got to do is to go to the zing-zing [he pointed to the telephone] and say, 'Mac, I've got a job for you.' Sure! I'm talkin' straight talk to you, lady."

"Mr. McGowan . . . I mean, Mac . . ." said Betty. "I do think that this is the nicest Christmas day I ever spent."

"Aw! . . . come off! — 'Scuse me, miss," said McGowan, bashfully.

"I do . . . I do . . ." insisted Betty. "I was all sad and lonely when you came. And now I feel so happy and cheerful. Why, Mr. . . . why, Mac . . . you're giving me the most beautiful Christmas present just by coming here to thank me for my thought of you. Yes, you've given me a new friend. . . . And how is dear old Jonas?" she wound up, feeling her eyes also glistening.

"Jonas, ma'am," said McGowan, "is on the road to Colic-town with his manger snowed up with sugar."

"Good!" cried Betty. "Then he's having a merry Christmas, too."

But McGowan was looking at her thoughtfully.

"Lady," said he at last, "since 'friends' is to be the word between us—and long has it been since I've swapped that word with any—I'll just have to tell you one or two little things."

He eyed her keenly, then he said:

"I've been in the lock-up, lady."

"I'm glad you're not there to-day," returned Betty, laughing.

McGowan laughed with her.

"'Twere only for scrappin'," said he. "I'm a boss scrapper."

"Yes, you look as though you could scrap at a pinch," said Betty, gravely.

They laughed again.

Then McGowan took up the recital of his drawbacks.

"I used to be a hard drinker," said he.

"I'm sorry," said Betty.

"But I've quit for some years now."

"That's good," said Betty.

"Then I'm mighty set on horse-racin' and gamblin'."

"I like horses and gambling too," said Betty, and they laughed again.

"Know how to play cold-hand poker?" asked McGowan.

"I can play draw-poker very well," replied Betty, "but I don't know the other."

"I'll learn you sometime, if you like," said McGowan. "You got a keen eye in your head."

"Thank you," said Betty. "I'd love to learn."

"I'll learn you all right. But say, talkin' of eyes. You got the dandiest pair in your head ever I see. Say, just keep them eyes on me for a bit. Right through to the rubbish in a man they looks. Say, he'd chuck it all right ef you kep' them eyes on him as a friend."

"I'm your friend all right, Mac," said Betty, speaking his own language without being aware of it.

"Shake on it—will you?" said he.

Betty put her slim fingers in his hard fist, and they "shook" solemnly.

"And now," said McGowan, rising with his difficult hitch—"now, lady, I've got a favor to ask you."

"Certainly," said Betty, eagerly.

"It's this . . ." McGowan pursued, hesitating a little. "I don't want you to think I'm the sort as would take any liberties . . ."

"Don't be silly, Mac," said Betty, smiling.

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"Well, it's just this, then. *I* want to give *you* a Christmas present. . . ."

He looked at her anxiously.

"Why, anything that you like, Mac," said she, beaming on him. "I shall be delighted. . . ."

"Then," said McGowan, his face relaxing, "I want you should wrap up good and warm, and you and the other lady come and let me and Jonas take you for a Christmas ride. . . . Are you game for it? . . . I know you ain't so strong as you might be right now. The other lady was tellin' me how you'd fell with your horse and sorter jarred your back . . . but the fresh air 'll do you good, sure. And just take your time. . . . Me and Jonas 'll be waitin' round. Say how long? A hour? . . . three-quarters? . . ."

"Why, Mac," said Betty, her eyes brimming over, "I'll be ready in ten minutes. Indeed . . . Indeed . . ."

She caught up his hard hand in both her own.

"Truly, Mac, this is the very nicest Christmas I ever had!"

That drive with "Mac" and Jonas was a bright memory with Betty all her life. She was so tired that day, that the most cunningly hung and cushioned motor could not have tempted her from her warm studio. But to go with "Mac" and Jonas for that "Christmas ride" she could not fling on her wraps fast enough.

"Sue . . . Sue . . ." she laughed, thrusting in hatpins with nervous fingers. "Look at me well, Sue dear. . . . Look at yourself in the glass. . . . We're the only women alive who've ever been asked by a New York cabby to take a 'free ride.' That dear McGowan! . . . Isn't he a perfect dear, Sue? . . . 'As tough as they make 'em,' in some ways, . . . and as straight as a string in others. Sue . . . people will just think they see an ordinary cab clap-clopping up Fifth Avenue, but it will really be a Cinderella coach, with a gold body and diamond wheels . . ."

She went chattering down the six flights of stairs (it was a holiday, so there was no boy to work the cranky lift) and out upon the pavement, in such a state of glee that she said "Merry Christmas!" to the stately "Bobby" who was conversing with McGowan when she appeared. That personage stared at her, dumfounded, then reddened to the rim of his helmet, raised a stiff finger in salute, and walked away, overwhelmed with embarrassment.

They got in and McGowan tucked them up with a quite motherly solicitude.

"Sure you're warm enough?" he kept asking.

Then, all the way up the Avenue, the trap would open at intervals and he would demand anxiously:

"Sure Jonas ain't spatterin' you? Sure you won't have me lower the glass?"

It was evident that he thought such an unspoiled heart as Betty's could only come straight from the country, for he took pains to point out to her every place and house of note.

Out to Clermont he and Jonas took them, and then back by way of Riverside Drive. As they were nearing the studio, he asked if they wouldn't like to get something for dinner.

"I *would* like a dozen lemons," admitted Betty.

"Well, I guess lemons make good soup all right, if *you* like it, ma'am," said McGowan.

He drove them to a small Sicilian fruit-shop, and they made their purchase. As the shopman went back with his change up flew the trap.

"Say, what did that dago charge you ladies?" demanded a stern voice.

Betty told him.

"Oh, that's all right, then. From the look of the change I thought he'd cheated you."

"Oh," whispered Betty, hugging herself and then Sue, "isn't 'Mac' a treasure! . . . He's looking after us just as if we were the babes in the wood. Bless him!"

They parted with very "Christmas" feelings all round. "Just ring up the Mayflower Livery Stables, before twelve mornings, and ask for Cabman McGowan, ladies, and you'll get me, sure," was his last injunction.

They did not see him again, however, until New-Year's night. Betty caught a grippy cold, and Sue kept her severely housed. She was also put on a vegetarian diet by her doctor, so that the New-

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Year's dinner consisted of a large mess of pottage made of the same plant for which Esau sold his birthright.

Just as they had laid their little table for two, and sat down to it, there came a knock at the studio door. Sue opened it upon McGowan, much powdered with snow as to hat and shoulders.

"Fierce night," said he. "Happy New-Year, ladies."

"Happy New-Year, Mac," said Betty. "Have you dined, or will you share our very simple meal? 'Better is a dinner of herbs,' you know, 'where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'"

"Sure," said McGowan. "I know all about that. None better. But I've eat my snack—thank you. Say, though . . ." He lifted his handsome, damaged nose, and sniffed like a questing hound. "'S that home-made coffee I smell?"

"It is," said Betty, laughing. "Good and black. You shall have a big teacup full of it, if you like."

"'Like's' the word," said McGowan. "Gee! You're snug here, ain't you?"

And he shook his snowy hat against the radiator, which fizzled.

"Say, ladies," remarked he, with a sly grin, as he sat established in the little, white Louis XVI. fauteuil, which he seemed to prefer to all the other chairs, slowly stirring the black decoction with its six lumps of sugar, and looking from Betty to Sue, and back to Betty again. "Bet you a fiver you can't guess where I'm bound for to-night."

"To a fireman's dance?" said Sue.

"To a prize-fight?" hazarded Betty.

Mac winked at her approvingly.

"You're burnin', all right, as we used to say when I was a kid. But it ain't a prize-fight this time. It's a cock-fight."

Betty, who couldn't honestly smile upon this announcement, and yet who didn't like to seem damping in any way, jumped up just here and went to fetch a little packet of cigars which she had bought for him as a New-Year's present.

"I know women aren't considered to know much about cigars, Mac," said she, rather shyly, presenting them, "but the man at Henson & Burroughs said that these were good."

"Henson & Burroughs! Whew!" whistled McGowan. "Ain't I the gilt-edged swell, these days? Say, this is kind of you, miss. Ef it ain't a liberty I'll try one right now."

"Of course," said Betty. "I brought them for you to have one with your coffee."

Mac bit off the end of one (it was long and dark) and lighted it by scratching a sulphur match along the white enamelled arm of the chair. Betty winced, but bore it bravely.

"Fine," announced he, coughing a little. "Strong—but I like 'em strong. Ever since that business with my family that I told you about, I don't sleep much nights. So the stronger the tobacco the better I like it."

"Ah . . . I'm so sorry, Mac," said Betty, with soft, comprehending eyes fixed on his scarred face. Sue had gone out with the empty dishes. "Is it so bad as that?"

McGowan looked into the kind eyes.

"Broke me all up," he said, slowly. "Nigh crumpled up the man in me. God! I can't get over it, lady. And it's been six years now."

"I'm so, so sorry," said Betty again, with her tender, drawling Southern vowels. "Will you tell me how it happened?"

"That's easy enough," said McGowan. "I was a wild youngster all right, as I've told you . . . but I sure was gone on that sister of mine. Whatever money I earned I'd go back home and chuck it in 'Cinda's lap (my sister's name's Lucinda) and say, 'There, sis . . . you spend that for me. . . .' Yes'm—that's what I done every whack. Then I come out East an' got steadier. Useter think nights of how I'd have 'Cinda come out and live along o' me. We wa'n't neither of us the marryin' kind. Well!—that's all gone to the shop where the scrap-iron goes. . . ."

He took a long pull at the cigar, and coughed again.

"Good *and* strong . . . fine!" he said, reflectively, looking at the red tip.

"I'm afraid it's *too* strong," ventured Betty, anxiously.

"Not it! . . . Couldn't be . . ." said McGowan.

"Well? . . ." asked Betty after a while, "won't you tell me some more?"

"Well, miss . . . you see this little trouble with my leg put me out of work.

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"THE STRONGER THE TOBACCO THE BETTER I LIKE IT

It's a hard thing for a man to make a legitimate livin' when the work he's used to is took from him. But I've done it. Been a New York cabby now goin' on fifteen year."

"Poor Mac . . . How did you hurt your leg?" asked Betty.

"Caught my foot in a frog . . . switchin'-engine," said McGowan briefly.

"Oh . . . *don't* . . ." said Betty. She was quite white. "Don't tell me any more, Mac . . . I . . . I . . . It's too dreadful . . ."

"Now ain't you the real angel to be carin' like that?" asked McGowan, his dark face twitching for an instant. "Don't you worry," he then said. "Me and my peg-leg's on real good terms now. Get along first rate. Please not to worry, miss. Say . . ." he broke off, smiling whimsically, "should think such a solid chunk a' gold as you've got for a heart would weigh you down some. You ain't what 'd be called hefty, ma'am, askin' your pardon."

"No," said Betty, smiling back at him. "I'm certainly not 'hefty.' Not these days, anyway . . . But, Mac, you've never finished about your sister . . . I do want to hear so very much."

McGowan took another long pull at his cigar.

"It was like this," he said. "You see, my oldest brother was a skilled mechanic. We was all trained some that way, but Bob he got ahead. He got on, till he owned shops of his own. Made a right good pile. Bob was always kinder soft on me, like I was on 'Cinda . . . though I was such a wild kid, as I've said. Yes, Bob 'd have left me my share, sure. Well, when a feller back in Detroit wrote

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me as how Bob was dyin', I lit out for home. 'Twa'n't the money, though I'm human and money's a mighty good thing to keep human on . . . but somehow I wanted to see Bob before he left for good. So I lit out. . . . Well, . . . it's easy told, as I said. Them two brothers and that sister a' mine, they backed and filled, and lied to me . . . and sent me off to the wrong place . . . and by the time I got things straightened out, Bob, he'd shifted on to the main track and was out of sight for this life. They say, if he'd 'a' knowed I even wanted to 'a' seen him, he'd 'a' altered his will. My share 'd 'a' been ten thousand. The others got it. That's all. But somehow the thought of 'Cinda chippin' in with 'em, and the thought o' Bob never knowin' as how I wanted to see him . . . them two thoughts squeezes me nights same's when a man gets squeezed between two buffers. . . . That's all, ma'am."



"OH, MISS LUCINDA IS IT REALLY YOU?"

"Oh, Mac . . . " said Betty, when he paused, hands hanging down between his knees, and sombre eyes fixed on the floor, "are you sure . . . are you *sure* that Lucinda 'chipped in'?"

"Sure," said McGowan, grimly.

"But how can you be sure? . . . Did you ever see her again? . . . Did you ever speak with her?"

"She took her share, lady, and I ain't never heard from her since, that's sure enough for you, ain't it?"

He looked up fiercely, and his jaw set.

"Somehow . . ." said Betty, "somehow . . . I feel sorry for Lucinda, Mac."

"Well, don't get sorry for no more right now," said he, suddenly twinkling. "Or that heart o' yourn 'll bust sure. Say, I must be gettin' along. Much obliged for a very pleasant evenin' *and* the cigars, ma'am. And now I'll be wishing you 'good-night and slumbers light.' That's what my good old ma used ter say to me when she tucked me up. It's what's of her in me, I guess, that's kept me from slumpin' altogether. Takes a pinch of good mother to season a scamp," he wound up, with his dry grin. "Well I'm off for keeps now. You'd better go right to bed, miss—no liberty intended. I've wore you out, I'm afraid, but you sure have set me up. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mac," said Betty. "Come soon again. And . . . I really wouldn't be too sure about Lucinda's having turned against you. I feel things sometimes, and I feel that."

"Well, bless your gold nugget of a heart, 'Cinda or no 'Cinda," said McGowan, and he was gone.

"Mac," said Betty, the next time that she saw him, "where does your sister Lucinda live now?"

"Out in Weston, Detroit. Why?"

"I just wanted to know," said Betty. "Is it a big town or a little town?"

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"Might 'a' growed some," said McGowan. "'Twa'n't much of a place when I last saw it. You ain't botherin' over that old story, are you, miss?"

"Not . . . bothering, exactly," said Betty.

"Well, don't you," said McGowan. "I had a lot a' gall to go shiftin' my troubles onto you, anyhow. I've been good and mad at myself thinkin' over it, many a time. I didn't have no business to . . ."

Betty just touched his hand, and he stopped. "We're *friends,* you know, Mac," said she.

Here Sue came in and he got up and took his leave.

It was about a week after this that Sue, coming in from a short walk, found Betty looking earnestly at an envelope that she had just addressed.

"Sue . . ." said she, before her friend could speak, "run out again just a second, before you take off your things, and post this for me—will you?"

Sue took the letter. It was addressed to "Miss Lucinda McGowan, Weston, Detroit."

"Betty," exclaimed she, "what *are* you up to now?"

"Never mind," said Betty, with joyous mystery. "You'll know in due time."

The weeks went by, and several more letters were sent to Miss McGowan, when one morning Sue's voice, somewhat agitated, called from the outer passage:

"Betty . . ." it said, "*Betty,* . . . come here a minute."

Betty went to the door.

"Oh, my dear Betty," said Sue. "*Miss Lucinda McGowan is in the studio and asking for you!*"

Betty's whole face leaped alight.

"It's all right, Sue dear," said she. "Let me go to her . . . quick! And be sure that no one is allowed to come in."

She ran to the studio, entered it softly, and closed the door behind her.

Lucinda McGowan was standing in the middle of the room, gazing anxiously toward the door. She was a fair, frail woman of about forty, with nervous, pale-blue eyes, and a sweet, weak little mouth, that twitched as she saw Betty.

"Oh, Miss Lucinda," said the girl, whispering, and going quickly up to her, "is it really you? . . . Oh, I am so glad. I am Mac's friend, you know, I am Betty Nekludoff."

"I hope you are well now, miss," said Lucinda, tremulously. She stood holding her black travelling-bag to her with both arms. The train-dust under her eyes and on her soft, faded hair made her look haggard.

"I am very well indeed, thank you," said Betty, "but you must be very tired. Sit here in this armchair. Nobody is coming in. I've given orders. Shall I make you a cup of nice, strong tea?"

"That sure sounds good," said Lucinda, and she smiled for the first time.

Betty made the tea and poured it out for her, into one of her pet cups. Then she took one herself, and soon they were talking like old friends. Lucinda's story was brief and to the point.

"When them letters o' yours begin comin'," said she, "seemed like they was just answers to prayer. They ain't ben two minutes in the last six years, I don't believe, that the thought a' Jim ain't ha'nted me. . . . Seems like I'd go crazy nights, tryin' to fix it out how I c'd get word to him. You see, miss, as I have wrote you, they must 'a' kep' back all my letters . . . for it wa'n't in Jim to be onforgivin'. No, that wa'n't in him. Well . . . you know it all, miss. Then . . . after your last two letters come, I jist went to a first-rate lawyer-man, as you said, and put the whole thing to him. . . . And he fixed things up for me, and . . . and . . . I just boarded a train an' come right on. That's all, miss."

There was much more, however, but it came out little by little, as poor Lucinda relaxed for the first time in that dreary six years, and the hot tea and Betty's sympathy unsealed the fountain of her shy heart. She was very exhausted, poor soul. To travel straight from Detroit to New York in common passenger-coaches, by night and day, is a fatiguing experience, especially when one is over forty and has never travelled so much as a day before in one's whole life.

Finally Betty persuaded her to wait two days for the meeting with her brother. "You are so tired," she said, "and Sue and I will take such care of you, that you will feel like a new woman by then. You won't be so nervous, and it will be

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'DON'T YOU SEE HOW SHE WANTS YOU TO TAKE IT?"

much better for you both. Don't you think so yourself, Miss Lucinda?"

Miss Lucinda, nervously relieved to have the great scene of her uneventful life deferred for even two days, gladly consented. There was as much pain as pleasure in the feeling with which she looked forward to this renewal of an old tie, after so many sad events and such a bitter estrangement.

So Betty and Sue kept kindly watch over her until the day on which it had been decided that MacGowan should be told the truth.

On that morning he knocked betimes at the studio door. A sparkling, breathless Betty opened to him.

"I've a surprise for you, Mac!" cried she. "Just sit there in your pet chair. . . . I'll go and bring it to you . . ."

"Ain't she the best ever?" said he to Sue.

"I guess you'll think there's a better even to her best, in about two minutes," said Sue, with unusual expansiveness. Then she, too, went out.

Presently Betty came softly back. She held by the hand a little, faded, sweet-mouthed woman, who trembled from head to foot, and clasped a shabby black travelling-bag closely to her.

"Here's my surprise," said Betty.

"'Cinda!" cried McGowan, and he went white.

The little woman shook and shook.

"Oh . . . Jim . . ." gasped she. "Oh . . . Jim!"

Then she went toward him, thrusting out the bag with both hands.

"Take it . . . take it . . . take it . . . for God's sake . . ." she stammered and began to sob.

McGowan stared at her with such fierce

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eyes, that even Betty felt a little frightened. She had put light hands on primeval passions and they shook her too, in their eruption.

"Take it, Mac . . ." she urged now, rather piteously. "Don't you see how she wants you to take it? . . ."

"What's it, anyhow?" said McGowan, roughly.

"It's all the money what was gave me . . ." sobbed Lucinda. "Before God it is, Jim . . . I ain't never touched a cent of it. Seemed like it was serpents to me. . . . It's all I got. Before God it is . . ."

McGowan wrenched open the shabby bag and peered in. For one instant the lust of gold made his face ugly. Then he drew out a big cotton handkerchief, knotted into a bundle. He jerked the knots apart. What he saw, sent him stumbling to a chair.

"Godamighty," said he, "the girl's ben goin' about N'York with thousands in cash, loose like this. . . ."

Then suddenly he set bag and handkerchief on the floor. He reached Lucinda in a stride, had her in his arms, bundling her up to him, as children bundle a dear and forlorn doll.

"'Cinda . . ." said he . . . "Little Sis . . ."

Betty stole out.

"And now," said McGowan to Betty an hour later, "ef you think any family reunion is goin' to keep me and Jonas from takin' you for your ride— Well, miss, you're mistaken, that's all."

But Betty shook her head, between tears and laughter.

"No, Mac . . ." said she. . . . "Tonight you are both going to have dinner with me here in the studio. But this time you're to hitch Jonas to a buggy and take Lucinda for a drive in the Park."

Agneia

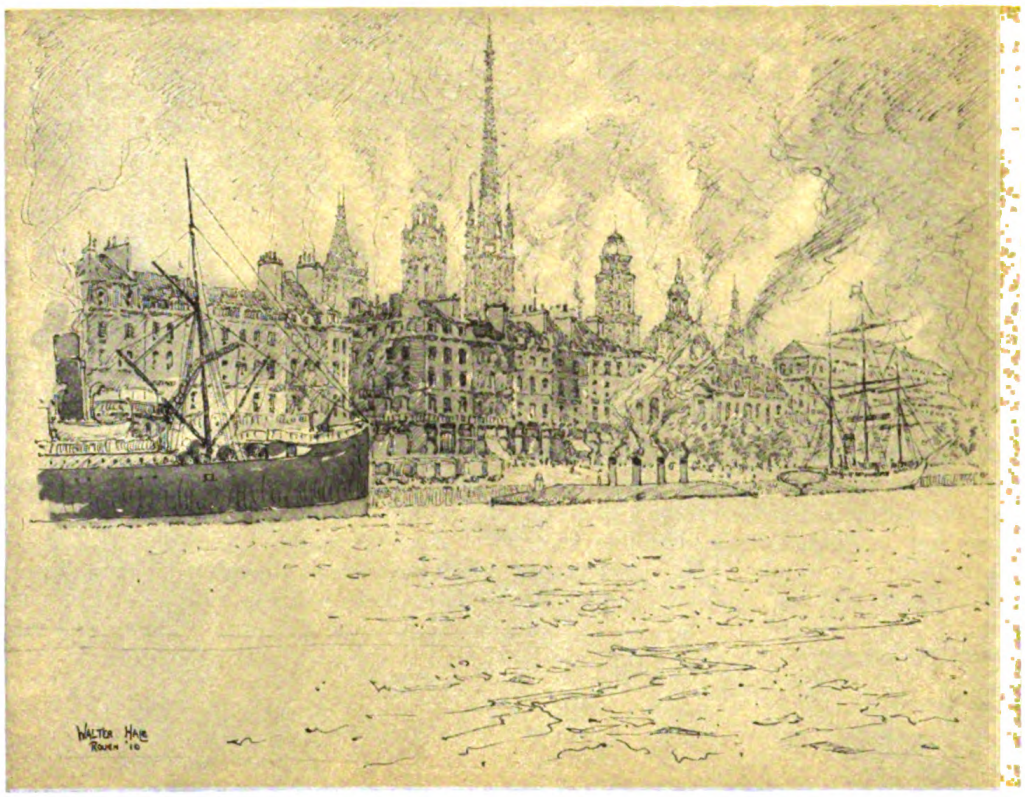
BY J. JAMES BRITTON

AH, Sweet, with pensive looks and eyes,
Fit for the shaded, grav.
Cool courts, and convent sanctuaries,
Where never passionate day
May strike, with its too fervent fires;
Nor earthly noises rude,
With wild importunate desires,
And craving hopes, intrude.

Ah, Sweet, with lips that praying seem,
Forever, with a smile,
A reflex of some angel dream,
Within thine heart's calm aisle.
Ah, Sweet, with locks of beaten gold,
That fall about thy brow,
Too sacred for a man to hold,
As men are fashioned now.

I dare not, with my earthly love,
Besmirch thy saintly heart;
My fingers, though in velvet glove,
Would tear its rose apart.
Its rose of peace, so white, so fair,
So dear,—and nursed by thee
To carry with thee otherwhere,
Where kingly gardens be.

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ROUEN

Chance the Cicerone

BY LEE WILSON DODD

IF you drop off the little train that runs down past Assisi to Foligno at a certain station named Spello, you will find on alighting that Spello is a mile or two away on a steep hill, and that there are no cabs, busses, or conveyances of any kind whatever waiting to take you there. Now these things are the test of a true traveller. If you are merely a make-believe traveller, you will become annoyed and forget your Italian when you try to explain your annoyance to a small barefooted boy eating a fig. But if you are of the right voyaging breed you will be delighted. The absence of cabs gives you just the needed leisure to command your Italian; you are then able to make the acquaintance of the fig-boy, to win a fig-strewn smile from him, and quite naturally it at once appears that his father resides in Spello and possesses a *vettura*. What could be more opportune? It will take him but a little half-hour to run thither and summon his father. Meanwhile the sun is shining, and is there not the solitary station-master whom it is your duty as a fellow man to rob of his ennui? And while you are doing this you will be pleased to discover that he also has robbed you of yours. In fact, you will have to break off in the middle of a pleasant, if labored, conversation because a frantic cracking of whip announces the *vettura* of the father of the fig-boy.

Now please to note that if one had carefully planned his route, and had cautiously written ahead, there would

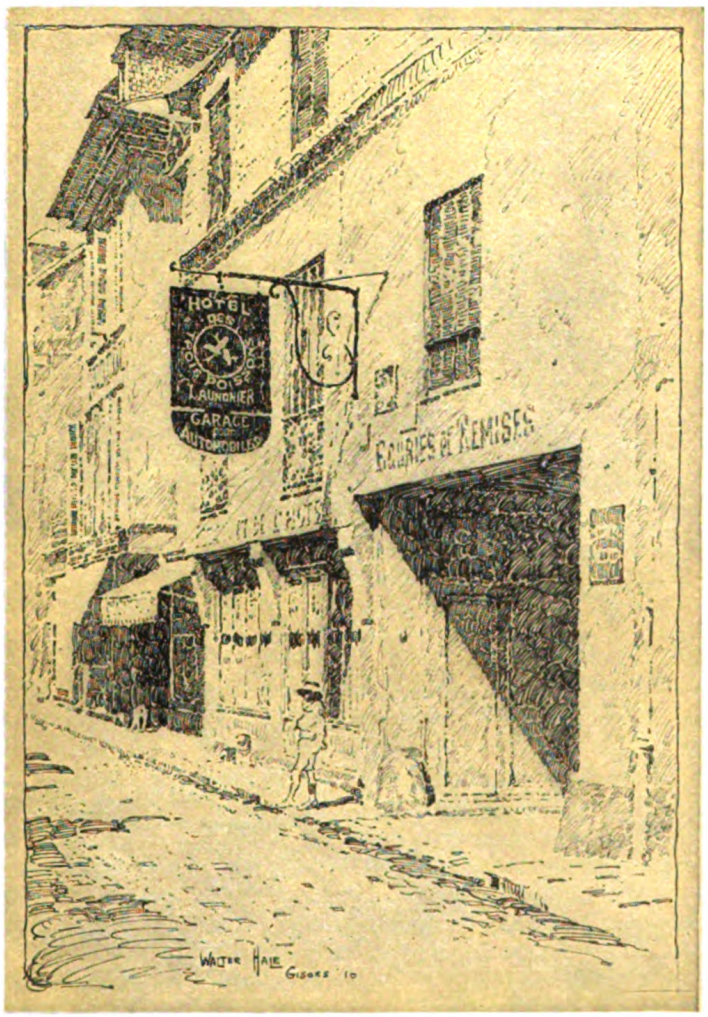
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have been a carriage waiting at the station named Spello . . . and that would have spoiled everything. Because in that case you would never have made the acquaintance of the station-master, nor would you have learned that his eldest son was christened "Polyphemo"—although of moderate stature and possessed of two eyes. Some one, it would seem, had recently revealed to the station-master that the original owner of his eldest son's name was a one-eyed giant. This revelation had pained him and had led to a quarrel with his wife, since it was she who had chosen and insisted upon the name. But she was a good young woman, his wife, and a great lover of the Virgin—so no doubt her prayers would avert any bad luck which her choice of a name might otherwise have entailed upon her first-born. Besides, was she not expecting another baby, and would it not be easy to name him or her (as God willed) Giovanni or Maria, and so prove one's desire to do just the safe and proper thing? *Siccuro!* . . .

No, no, it would never have done to have written ahead. If one is going to arrange everything beforehand, one might as well stay at home—where the expected usually happens. This *laissez-faire* may or may not be bad economics, but it is just the rule for the open road.

For example . . .

The Professor, the Professor's wife, Félise, and myself decided, while sojourning together at Rouen, that it would be pleasant to take a canoe trip down the river Epte. We knew nothing of this river but its happy presence on the map, and the remark in a guide-book that it was a "clear-water stream." The map, too, seemed to indicate Gisors as our logical starting-point and Vernon as our goal. Now it would have been, I suppose, a comparatively simple matter to ascertain that the Epte is a river only by courtesy; that it is easily stepped across; that it is choked at times with rush and lily; that it is spanned by low-arched bridges; and finally that in any event there are no canoes to be had at Gisors. But to have found out these essential things beforehand might have discouraged us, and then, good heavens! the unforeseen pleasure we should have missed! . . . In the first place we should have missed Gisors itself—the splendid



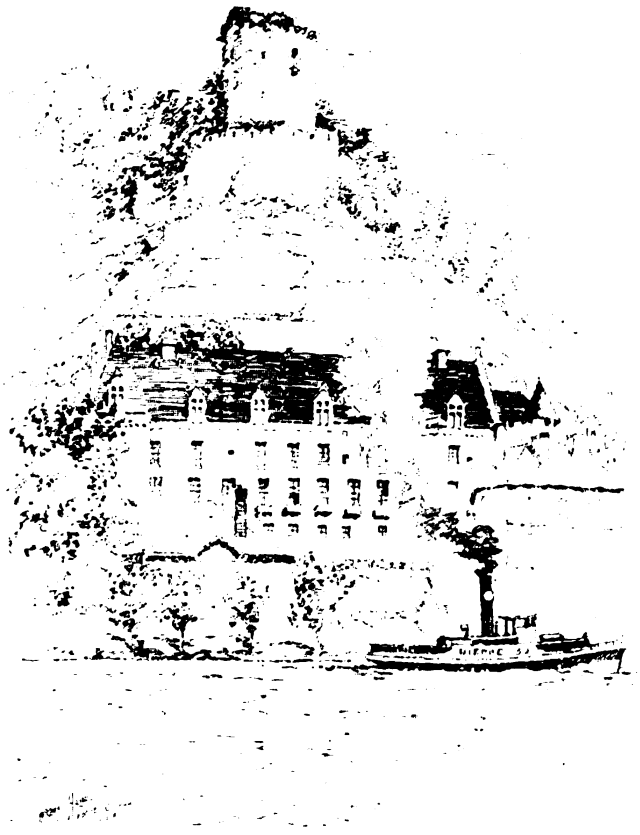
"HOTEL DES TROIS POISSONS," GISORS

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fantasy of its Renaissance church and the garden-hung fragments of its august castle. We should have missed the inn of "Les Trois Poissons," whose smiling and ample landlady had been a servant of Whistler's. (Never was cleaner nor kindlier tavern, nor homelier withal; and very glad we were each evening, dinner being done, to watch Monsieur in cap and apron playing checkers with a crony-guest, while Madame purred about the room with shining bottles in her hands!) Moreover, we should have missed La Roche Guyon and a most adventurous walk by night.

Now this walk in itself may serve as lesson for the traveller by rule and line.

Having discovered, as it did not take us long to do, that our canoe trip down the Epte was a delight merely fantastic, we determined nevertheless to see something of the Epte valley. So we packed two knapsacks and sent our bulkier hand-luggage on to Vernon. Then we mounted a little train that ambles down toward Vernon—and awaited the psychological moment. It was late afternoon, and at a certain unvisited village (whose name even escapes me) we, peering from the window, discovered a little tavern by the roadside with promise of dinner in its pleasant countenance. Quick! It needed but a silent interchange of glances, and there we were all four of us on the deserted station platform, while the little train whistled and almost insensibly proceeded on its leisured way. The dinner we had suspected was soon forthcoming, and, hardened sinners as we are, we blushed as we paid the trifling bill. But night was falling, and we had promised ourselves to sleep in La Roche Guyon ere dawn. The best foot must be put forward, for it was to be a night not of moon, but of stars, and we were a little hazy as to the turnings of the trail.

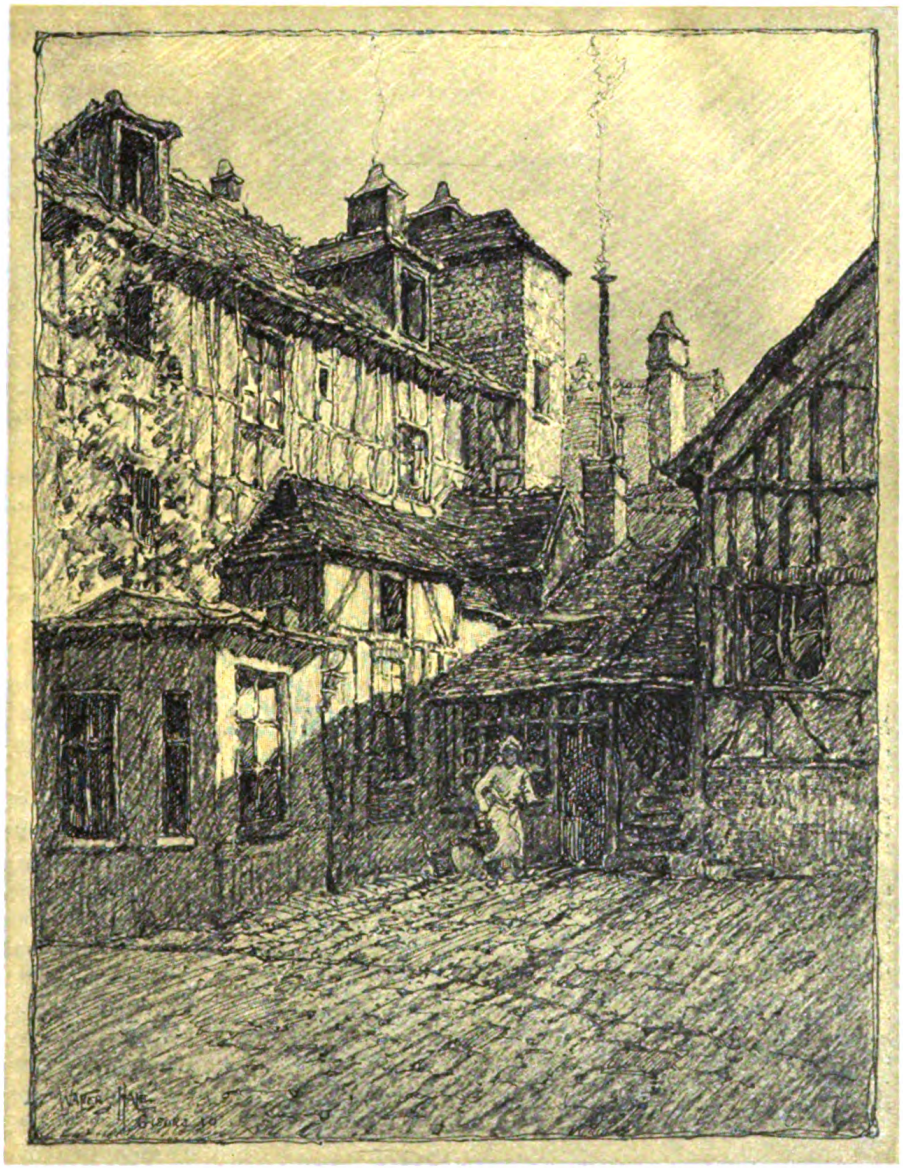


The broken Battlements of La Roche Guyon

Never shall I forget that roadside tramp in the gathering dusk and then in the great purple mystery of the night! The white road drew on before us, pale as the Milky Way; a wraith of mist veiled the river meadows; the weird finger of the poplars reached ghostily up toward the ghostly stars. We strode forward rapidly and lightly — creatures of silence and dream. Was it star-dust beneath our feet?

At length we came to a village—a village not of dreadful but of friendly night. Wholly dark it was and very still; we thought to pass through — leaving its sleeping folk unawares. Ah no! The turn of a corner has betrayed us. Here three or four

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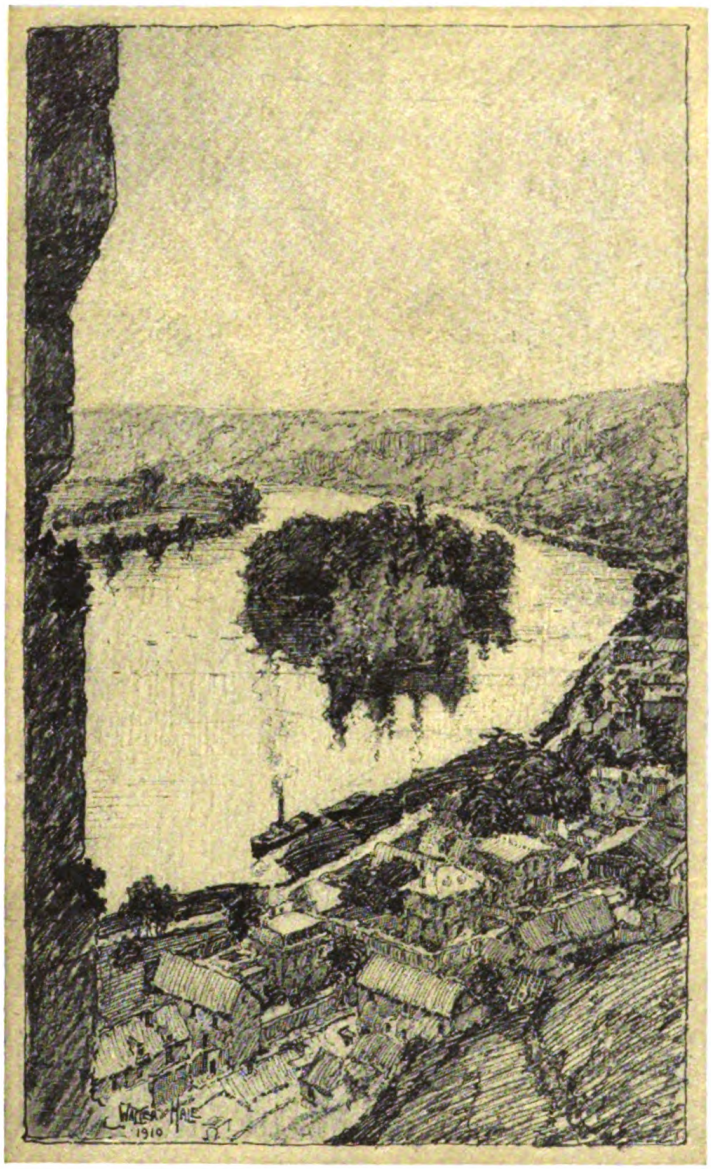


COURTYARD OF THE "TROIS POISSONS," GISORS

candles shone from as many cottage windows, and there were lovers walking up and down with intertwined arms. We spoke to them, asking our way; they answered us politely, and we strode on into the farther darkness—perhaps a little piqued that they had taken us so much as a matter of course. But lovers, you understand—lovers . . .

On we strode, lightly and swiftly. Félise had suddenly slipped her hand into mine, and I think I saw the Professor's wife—but no, I may have been mistaken, and in any case I must not tell. The milky way beneath our feet now crossed a little bridge, and so turned sharply upward as if to meet its sky-hung fellow. And then we heard voices, a door in blackness opened, and a red deep glow streamed across our path. Looking within this roadside cottage, our eyes were dazzled by firelight and the warm reflections from copper pots and pans. A fat old peasant woman in a white cap stood just within the door, shading her eyes, and peering out at us,

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PETIT-ANDELY FROM THE CHATEAU GAILLARD

while behind her skirts a small scrubby dog yapped his disapproval. Again we asked our way. She pointed upward. Was it far? She shook her head; the door closed—and with it the night closed round us ten times more blackly than before. We began to speak softly one to another, and to walk more closely each to each. The dim road mounted, mounted . . . and then . . . there it lay before us, the Seine valley! We could just make out the river by a twinkle of lights on some slow-moving barges. And La Roche Guyon dreamed at our feet.

For some reason we all began to talk at once and to laugh gayly. Then we plunged downward.

But on reaching La Roche Guyon we found a city of the dead. A long deserted street led past dwellings of impenetrable repose. For an instant our spirits failed us. We walked forward more slowly; the white dust about our feet no longer seemed the dust of stars. Our knees ached—but a distant light revived us. We pressed eagerly, if at last a little heavily, on.

The distant light, we found, was shining forth from a bake-shop. Within, the good baker, stripped to the waist, was shovelling tomorrow's loaves into a glowing oven. We called to him from the window. He turned and came toward us without embarrassment or surprise. The red gleams on his shining naked torso were superb. We greeted him with set phrases, and he leaned to us from his window-ledge and pointed our way with a firmly modelled arm. We thanked him: he bade us good-night and turned back to his task. Oh, France, France, thou true gentle land of democracy, when all is said! I know little of thy laws, but thy people are the pattern democrats of this earth—democrats without presumption; democrats who do not believe that courtesy and kindness are children of a servile mind.

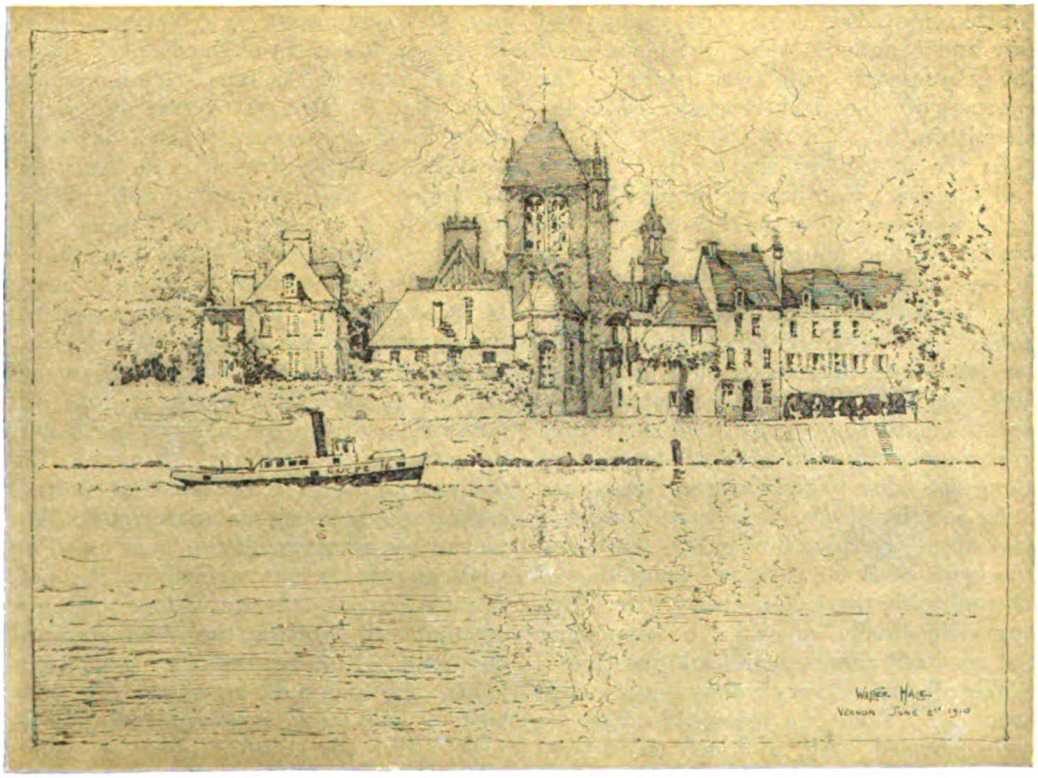
And so we have reached our pleasant inn at last. Good night! Good night!

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This was better than the best we had foreseen. A canoe trip down the Epte indeed! In comparison it must have been a tame affair. And to-morrow? Oh, sufficient unto the day is the *joy* thereof! To-morrow shall take us by the hand and lead us—*whither?*

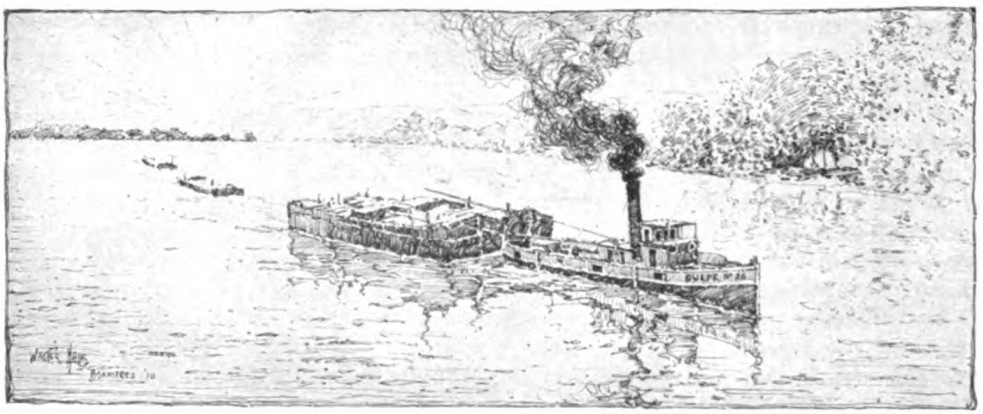
As a matter of fact, it led us in such goodly fashion that I think I must indulge myself in the memory of it. We woke to a morning of dissipating mist, with the blue sky and the sun above it. From the little terrace before our hotel, where our coffee and rolls were served us, we looked over our left shoulder to the Seine, and over our right up to the broken battlements of La Roche Guyon. It quite naturally at once occurred to us that a trip in a motor-boat down the Seine toward Rouen would be a thing of delight. But strict inquiries revealed the fact that there was no motor-boat to be had. Then our kindly host suggested that we might drive in half an hour to Bonnières, celebrated, said our *Guide Joanne,* for its *beets,* and where there were *canots* to be hired. We did so with alacrity, and in due season behold us in a *canot* with a blue-smocked youth tugging at the oars. We had bargained to be delivered safely at Vernon in time for lunch. But the whole affair, as we had suspected it would, turned out much better than that.

I will not stop to describe this portion of the Seine valley. Those who know it not have missed some of the quiet beauty of the earth. It is my purpose merely to illustrate how kindly a cicerone is Chance. In this instance Chance brought us to Lock No. — just at the moment when some ten mighty river barges were entering it on their course up to Paris. There was nothing for us to do but wait our turn, so we disembarked and sat us down by the lockside, perhaps for the moment just a little disconsolate. You see lunch-time was evidently going to coincide with tea-time, and the Professor's wife and Félise are nothing if not sticklers for punctuality at meals. So, as I say, we sat us down by the lockside a little glumly, and nibbled chocolate, and waited our turn.



VERNON FROM THE SEINE

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THE SEINE NEAR BONNIÈRES

Then Chance took by the hand and led up to us—the lock-keeper's wife!

Ah, fair sirs, who shall sing the physical ugliness of the lock-keeper's wife?

She was cut wide and low, like a river barge; she wore shortest skirts and thickest ankles—and carpet slippers—and Chinese spectacles—and a man's mustache. But the Professor's wife (who has a genius in such matters) at once discovered that her heart was young and fair and exactly in the right place—and the Professor's wife was right. The charms of the lock-keeper's wife lay all within.

In the first place she asked us if we had hunger. But had we hunger! The lock-keeper's wife sighed and shook her head. In her house there was nothing fit for "*ces dames.*" But if "*ces dames*" were fond of plums? "*Oh, la, la!*" "*Ces dames*" (with their humble slaves and servants) were already on their feet. The lock-keeper's wife grinned—an indescribable, wide, toothless grin; then she turned up-stream and waddled slowly before us along the bank to the favored tree.

As for the plums, they were excellent; and we all sat together on the bank and ate more of them than we counted, and chatted with the lock-keeper's wife. But our chat chiefly consisted of answering the good old dame's searching questions.

We all looked very young—mere children. . . . Were we married? Yes, we were married. Ah, so much the better! One never knew nowadays—there were so many artists about. . . . Had we been married long? She believed not indeed! But yes, several years. Incredible! At our age! But one supposes that in England . . . We are not English, however; we are Americans. (The Chinese spectacles were removed, wiped, and replaced.) Americans! Ah, that then explained our *patois*. It was difficult to follow our *patois*. . . . But the good God gave to each his own manner of speaking, and complaints were useless. (The Professor blushed.) Americans! Then we had crossed the seas? Undoubtedly. But what had led us to risk our young lives in that manner? The desire to visit France . . . France is so beautiful, we added. She believed it well. There was no land so beautiful as France (It was now our turn to ask questions.) She had voyaged, then? *Dame!*—never. It was not her *métier*. Here was her home, and here she remained—contentedly enough. But had she never stepped on one of the great barges? Had she never been drawn up to Paris, or floated down to Rouen? Paris! Rouen! But did we figure to ourselves that it took several days in either direction? And meanwhile what would the "old one" do, with no one to put a fowl in the pot? It wasn't so easy, she would have us know, opening and shutting the great gates all day long. And besides (her eyes twinkled), she was not an American, she! with a gold-mine at every turn of the road. (We all laughed together, and I drew a cigarette from its case and felt for a match, but the match was lacking.)

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Madame—I asked—will you have the kindness to give me a match? A *bougie*? *Dame!* Did I think she smoked, for example? But why not? I replied. In Paris . . . Ah! (She nodded her head vigorously) in Paris. . . . There were fine hussies in Paris! What didn't they do, the jades! *Mais enfin*—a *bougie* I should have!—and she rose to serve me.

The Professor at once protested and tossed me over a match. Meanwhile the upper gates had opened and the great barges were stringing out into the stream. It was time to go. We all got to our feet.

"One minute," said I—"let me take your photographs, all of you together." I was somewhat doubtful as to whether the lock-keeper's wife would approve of handing down her effigy to strangers. But I might have saved my fears. As I took up my camera the wide, toothless grin spread across her features; she hastily smoothed her hair, patted her scanty skirts, and then—as I levelled the instrument—assumed an expression of set and terrifying solemnity. The shutter clicked. . . . A thousand thanks. . . . But, on the contrary, it is I who am grateful. Good-by—good-by! The good God look after you, my children. . . . And so we descended the bank and entered our *canot* once more.

Now while we had been chatting with the lock-keeper's wife a line of barges had gathered at the lockside waiting for a free course down-stream. They swung through the great gates ahead of us, and we—quite lost beneath their mighty bulk—crept in at the rear. But as they drew out into the stream again our blue-smocked boy had a flash of genius. With a bit of rope he quickly attached our *canot* to the last of the barges—the *Guy de Maupassant*—and thus proudly we proceeded on our way to Vernon at a good pace and without fatigue to the blue-smocked boy. *His* delight was touching to witness. But our own delight was well-nigh equal to his. A motor-boat indeed! When one could "hitch a ride" down-stream in such gallant fashion!

No, no, no—I say again and again that Chance is the cicerone for all true travellers! . . .

The Rich Young Man

BY MARGARET DELAND

WITH sweat and toil Love bought him meat,
That he might know nor toil nor sweat;
God filled his idle hands with joy;
Men gave him gold their tears had wet.

The world was his,—by gift, not gain;
And his,—without the race, the goal!
Yet neither gold, nor Love, nor God—
But only he could save his soul!

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The Impossible. A Mystery Play

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE FOUNTAIN

MRS. FOUNTAIN, sweeping into the drawing-room of her apartment in complete dinner toilette, her head held illustratively erect on a body bowed a little forward; while her left hand presses a lace handkerchief to her belt, and her right just lifts her skirt from the floor, freeing her feet for their gliding movement over the carpet, she advances with conscious challenge toward her husband: "Well?"

Fountain: "Well, what?" He sits with his feet stretched as far out in front of him as they will reach, showing the soles of his patent-leather shoes, and as he speaks he lifts his sunken head from the expanse of his shirt-front, and stares absently at his wife.

Mrs. Fountain: "Nothing. How do I look?" She presses her gown inward a little and glances down at it on either side, with graceful curves and turns, as if at a rehearsal of deportment.

Fountain: "Don't you always look well?"

Mrs. Fountain: "Sometimes I like to be told I do. Why *will* you sit on the small of your back? You are perfectly ruining your coat-skirts."

Fountain: "But I'm keeping my trousers from kneeing. It's the only way."

Mrs. Fountain: "You could stand up. I'm sure *I* should like to fling myself down and never rise again. I thought I never could get away from the children. Jim and Sue insisted on seeing me in my dinner dress, and they kept me so long that they couldn't remember whether they had said their prayers, and I had to say them all over again with them to make sure; and then poor little Benny clung to me so, and wanted me to stay till he went to sleep, and he started awake every time I moved."

Fountain: "Where was the nurse?"

Mrs. Fountain, disdainfully: "Oh, the nurse!" She looks at the softly ticking clock on the mantel. "It's still a quarter of eight, though. Do you think it's going?"

Fountain: "It was, just before you came in. I haven't listened since. I wish *I* could have said Jim's and Susy's prayers with them, instead of spending this awful quarter of an hour here alone. My feelings have been worse than Christmas Eve. Who hooked you up?"

Mrs. Fountain: "The nurse, of course. I knew you wouldn't remember it, and I must say that she wasn't to blame for not saying the children's prayers with them. But if you are going to have those Christmas Eve feelings all through the dinner!"

Fountain: "I'm not. I'm as gay as a lark, now you've come."

Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, yes. You depend upon *me* for everything. What if *I* should expect *you* to keep *my* spirits up?"

Fountain: "You'd be awfully disappointed, my love. Give me a kiss for luck. You look as pretty as a pink. I don't wonder Benny wanted to hang on to you."

Mrs. Fountain: "I shall not. Well, there, then!" She kisses him. "But don't be silly. What made you so gloomy, I should like to know? Don't you think it's going to go off well?"

Fountain: "It's going to go off like—"

Mrs. Fountain: "Don't! Unless you knock on wood. What makes you think it's going to go off so well?"

Fountain: "It's been so perfectly planned."

Mrs. Fountain: "We fought long enough over it. And if you'd had *your* way!"

Fountain: "Don't go back to that. It's perfect because it's a compromise of tastes and ideals. The ideals were mine and the tastes were yours. But we had wonderful material to work with. Fate seemed to play right into our hands."

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Mrs. Fountain: "Yes, it certainly did. And now I don't suppose there was ever a dinner that combined the two elements like it, and just in that way that neither of the elements can object to the other. The *chic* and the *smart,* it will be unprecedented, if anything ever was. Twelve is just the right number. It's large enough to break up into several talks, and it isn't so dangerously near thirteen as fourteen is if one drops out."

Fountain: "Yes, but you can always get some fellow in, or ask him not to come; but if one drops out of ten, and you fail for a substitute, you can't come down to eight without—"

Mrs. Fountain: "What makes you think anybody's going to drop out?"

Fountain: "Did I say I did? All I ask is that nobody will drop in."

Mrs. Fountain: "Don't give me a start, then. Let's go and look at the table. You be Mr. Reverdy, and I'll be me, and we'll go out together."

Fountain: "I'd rather not be old Reverdy, even for the pleasure of going out with the beautiful Mrs. Fountain."

Mrs. Fountain: "Silly! Well, then, I'll be Mrs. Trail, and you will be you. You mustn't forget you're to take her out, and when you get her out, don't keep joking with Mrs. Warbeck. Don't joke at all; it's undignified; and just smile; don't laugh."

Fountain: "I won't laugh at Mrs. Trail's jokes, anyway; I'm not sure I shall smile. If I don't cry it's all you can ask."

Mrs. Fountain, ignoring his buffoonery: "Remember that you're to talk with Mrs. Trail about her portrait; that will let you bring the Graces in; but don't *lug* them in, and don't put Mrs. Grace *at* her. I shall be on pins and needles to see how Mrs. Trail takes her, anyway. She may choose to be very snubbing, and poor Nelly has never met a real society leader before. I don't see how I ever had the courage to bring it about, but I'm glad I was perfectly honest about it. I said Mr. *and Mrs.* Grace distinctly in my note to Mrs. Trail; so I've nothing on my conscience, though of course Mrs. Trail comes solely on *his* account. I'm putting Mr. Brown next to Mrs. Nevil, and he'll be nice to her because Mr. Nevil has just taken his story. I think I've balanced it very nicely between the arts and the fashions. There is old Reverdy, who is pure worldly, though he's as harmless as a dove; there is Mrs. Trail, who's worldly to the tips of her toes; there is Mrs. Warbeck, who's betwixt and between, because she's both fashionable and artistic; there's Mr. Brown, who goes everywhere, and yet thinks he can write novels; there are the Graces, who are beginning to tack on through his portraits and her cleverness; and there are the Nevils, who are pure literature and undefiled. How many does that make?" (She counts them up on her fingers.) "Eight, and we are ten. Oh, good gracious, I forgot the Murrays. That's just twelve. Now, let's look at the table." She pulls her husband toward the dining-room doors, but withdraws her hand from his arm in order to circle more freely round the table set for twelve persons, and delicately glimmering with glass, silver, and china in the subdued light from the drawing-room. She changes the position of some slim vases of flowers, and then restores them to their first places. "No, they're all right as they are. It's simply perfect." Fountain stands looking at the table, with an air of mental reservation. His wife challenges him sharply: "Well?"

Fountain: "Oh, nothing."

Mrs. Fountain: "Yes, you were thinking something—something provoking."

Fountain: "I don't believe a few girls would have hurt."

Mrs. Fountain: "There! I knew it. And whenever I suggested a girl, you vetoed it, because you said their innocence would be a blight on conversation."

Fountain: "Am I never to be allowed the least irony in my own house? That's what I said, but I don't know of anything girls don't talk of nowadays; they're always putting me to the blush. What I really meant was that if I agreed to any of your girls, you'd think I wanted to talk to them; and I supposed if I vetoed them, you would have the magnanimity to insist on them. Of course poor Brown will talk to Mrs. Nevil because Nevil is his editor; but I know old Reverdy would have liked a débutante or two; he's just the age for them, with his perennial youth! I suppose you can

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call Miss Murray a girl; she's at least not married. And her brother's rather sissyish. Come, it's not so bad."

Mrs. Fountain, without heeding him: "The two Walkers would have given their eyes to come! Well, you've spoiled my pleasure in the dinner. Now, try to think up something else agreeable." She returns to the drawing-room, and closes the doors of the dining-room; then she moves restively about. "We could have had the Walkers just as well as not."

Fountain: "Whom would you have left out? You know you couldn't have had them. You were bound to have the very people you've asked. Why don't you sit down and be comfortable?" He is himself again stretched out in the informal attitude which he had taken at first, and looks up at her with his hands clasped behind his head.

Mrs. Fountain: "Because they'll be here in a moment, now. Why do you want to rumple your back hair?"

Fountain: "Nobody 'll look at my back hair. You've still got the most beautiful hair I ever saw, Lucy. Don't you think you have? But why prowl? You have such a

> 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
> In the forest of the night'

effect. But your prowling won't bring them. Even if they were hungry, they wouldn't come an instant under the fifteen-minutes-past-the-time limit. But they're not hungry, not a soul of them. They're every one loathing the very thought of the expensive food I've bought them; perhaps old Reverdy's wondering if we've got a trick-dish to pique his jaded appetite—something wild and strange—but no one else cares. I wish you'd sit down and share in a little philosophical reflection with me. I've just thought of something very curious. How is it we always ask people to dinner who don't want any dinner, and would pay anything to get out of it, and never ask people who do want dinner and really need it? I suppose there are lots of people in New York to-night who haven't had any breakfast, let alone luncheon. Why didn't we think to have ten of *them?* It would have been very interesting, my dear."

Mrs. Fountain, scornfully: "Do you know ten people who haven't had breakfast and luncheon to-day?"

Fountain: "Well, not personally. But they could be found—with the aid of the police. Or, we might send round the block to the Bread Line at the Vienna bakery, where a lot of our fellow creatures get a handout of rolls and coffee after midnight. It's only four hours now to midnight, and the line must be beginning to form. You have got to step lively, lady, if you want to get a place in it. To be sure, they're all men. I wonder why there are no ladies in the Bread Line. Now the *grandes dames* are going in for the suffrage, why don't some of them join the Bread Line?"

Mrs. Fountain: "Go on. You're certainly surpassing yourself. One would think it was the night before Christmas. Ha, ha, ha!" She laughs bitterly.

Fountain: "Well, not so bad as that, quite. Is friend Jules on deck?"

Mrs. Fountain, with quiet scorn: "He's been here since six o'clock."

Fountain: "Of course. That's one comfort with Martello. His people are always so prompt, and they all have French names, no matter what their nationality is. Jules is certainly an ideal waiter, and he does the old family butler so perfectly that I always feel as if he had been in my service for generations; the grease from his dress suit has come down from the remotest antiquity. I bathe in his delicious respect, so perfectly tempered to my merit. He certainly earns his five-dollar tip. And how beautifully those things are arranged by Providence! If I had to give Jules his tip before dinner I should certainly cut him down to two dollars, but after the last gun of gratitude has been fired by the parting guest, and I go out in the glow of my surfeit, and thank Jules for the nice way he's managed, it's all I can do to keep from giving him ten. Hark? Is that the muffled roar, the dying groan of a taxicab at our door? It is, by all that's— Who do you bet it is? Don't hesitate! You know I'll have to pay whichever loses." He runs toward the window, but is intercepted by Mrs. Fountain, who detains him by his lapels.

Mrs. Fountain: "Clarence! They'll see you at the window. Do you want to disgrace yourself?"

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Fountain: "Is it any disgrace to be seen at the window? When it's pitch-dark, and we're twelve stories up? Very well, you can go and look yourself, then." He returns to his attitude of extreme leisure, and Mrs. Fountain goes to the window and peers out through a slightly lifted curtain.

Mrs. Fountain: "I shall know how to manage, *at least.* Yes, it's certainly somebody for this house. But the Welbies are giving a dinner, too, to-night. Now, if it's somebody for the Welbies!"

Fountain: "The only way will be to cut the Welbies dead the next time you meet them in the elevator." They remain silently waiting. The telephone rings, and Fountain springs to his feet. "It's for us, Lucy, and I've won. Now, I shall have to pay myself your bet."

Mrs. Fountain, in a fine attitude of dramatic attention: "Listen! Is that telephone simpleton actually calling their names up, when I told her at least a thousand times to send everybody up to-night without calling their names? I shall certainly perish of the mismanagement of this house!" A confused colloquy at the telephone ensues, and then Jules, with a heavy Alsatian accent of his English, appears between the dining-room doors.

II

JULES AND MR. AND MRS. FOUNTAIN

Jules: "Zomebody ask for you at the vone, matame."

Mrs. Fountain: "Me? Horrors! I can't go. Who's wanting *me,* I should like to know? Go and see, Clarence. Don't tease, dearest!"

Fountain: "Oh, well, there's nothing I like better than telephoning." He follows Jules out through the dining-room, and is heard at the telephone: "Oh! Mrs. Grace! How do you do, Mrs. Grace. This is Mrs. Fountain's husband; she's sent me to the phone for her. Well, you might send Grace, you know, though I shouldn't like it so well. What? Beg pardon! I can't make out exactly— Oh, keep off! Who's that breaking in, Central? Can't you make them keep off? Oh, is that you, Mrs. Grace? Somebody broke in. Sick? Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it. And he can't— Oh, that's too bad! Oh, yes, we should! We want you both, but if he can't come, we want you, anyway. Oh, is it as bad as that? Well, well, we must submit, of course. Don't worry about us. We shall manage somehow with people in the house. Grippe has precedence, of course. We shall hope for some other time. Well, love to poor old Grace. Wish him well out of it from me. Good-by." As Fountain reappears with an agitated air, Mrs. Fountain takes the word from his mouth.

Mrs. Fountain: "Some other time, indeed! No, Mrs. Grace has missed the one chance of her life, I can tell her that much. Grippe! Why couldn't he have had the grippe earlier in the day? Here it is, five minutes of eight, and what are we to do?"

Fountain: "Have the Walker girls."

Mrs. Fountain: "Clarence, you *are* inspired! Call right down to them. Tell them exactly how it is. Tell them they're just a stop-gap, and that we are flinging ourselves on their generosity, but if they will come, we shall be so meekly grateful that butter won't melt in our mouths! Or no, you'll spoil it; you'll overdo it, you're so extravagant in your language. I shall have to do it myself; I have to do everything. You stay here, and if anybody comes— Oh, what shall I do?" She flies from the room, and then is heard at the telephone: "Yes, the Miss Walkers—at once—immediately—both—either of them! Oh! Is that you, Annie? No? Jenny? Well, it doesn't matter. It's all one. Will you take pity on an abject creature, and come help eat her dinner at the eleventh hour? Two people have just dropped by the way—the Graces; he's got the grippe. A very bad case indeed; we've just heard from them, and they're as broken-hearted as we are, but if you'll only come in their places, we won't care for them— What? Both of you? Oh, that's too bad! You couldn't give your tick— But of course! How absurd I am! Do forgive me! It's because I'm so sorry. Well, good-by! I know you'll enjoy it. What? I wouldn't have you on any account! Good-by, dear!" As she returns to her husband: "Selfish things! Nothing but the theatre."

Fountain: "But didn't I hear you urging them to go?"

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Mrs. Fountain: "Of course you did; their selfishness came out in saying they had tickets. I would have died before I said that. Did you suppose I could let them come after that?" The telephone rings, and she starts, and then arrests herself. "No, you may go, this time, and if she's still offering to give up the theatre, don't you let her. The idea, after telling me!" She walks excitedly to and fro, while Fountain goes to the telephone.

Fountain, without, and talking into the transmitter: "Who? I didn't quite catch the name?"

Mrs. Fountain: "It's Jenny Walker, of course. Don't let her come, now. Tell her we've just asked somebody else. I wouldn't for the world—"

Fountain: "It isn't Jenny Walker. Keep still, please, so I can make out—Oh, confound it! Oh, hello! It's you, is it? I thought I knew your voice."

Mrs. Fountain: "Who is it?"

Fountain, at the phone: "Yes, I know you all right, now. What's the trouble? Oh, you don't say so. Well, well. That *is* bad, but I hope—"

Mrs. Fountain, calling to him: "Tell her that we appreciate their consideration, and we're awfully sorry, and they mustn't think us rude, but there was so little time that we had to ask at once, and we've filled the places now. Tell her that we hope they'll enjoy it as much as we did; that we never laughed so much in our lives. Say—"

Fountain, replying to her, but speaking all the time into the transmitter: "Oh, good heaven! How often have I told you not to talk to me when I'm at the phone! Don't you know I can't make out a single word if you keep up your—Oh, I beg your pardon, old fellow! I was talking to somebody else. What were you saying? Oh, no, it wasn't Mrs. Fountain. Ha, ha, ha! It was the caterer's man, bothering me about the wine. Well? Oh, no, really! Don't say grippe! Is it, though? And so bad as that? Well, it's too bad. But couldn't you come, anyway?"

Mrs. Fountain, calling to him: "Who are you talking to, Clarence? If it's anybody else pretending they've got the grippe, I'll never forgive them, I don't care who it is. Who is it?"

Fountain, still talking into the transmitter: "Haven't I begged and implored you to be still. You've made him think that I've been trying to shut *you* up and he'll be taking us off to everybody. Oh, I don't mean you, Nevil. It's that confounded man of Martello's bothering the soul out of me. Well, if you can't come, I'm awfully sorry, and sorrier yet for the cause. Give Mrs. Nevil our sympathy. She mustn't worry about us. We can always pick up two people in a thickly settled house like this. Good-by, good-by." He returns to Mrs. Fountain. "Well, the Nevils are out of the story, this time. She's down with the grippe, and he won't come because he's afraid it will unbalance your table. As if we could rake in another couple at a minute's notice!"

Mrs. Fountain, with spirit: "I can manage a great deal more simply than that." She passes into the dining-room, where she dimly appears, talking to Jules. "No, take the chairs quite away, and rearrange the plates. Four people have dropped out, and there will only be eight of us. Try to make it look symmetrical, Jules. Take away four of those vases of flowers; and here, these glasses and napkins. There, that's all right." She returns to the drawing-room, where Fountain stands dismayed, and laughs mockingly. "More Christmas Eve musings? Well, don't be downcast! We've merely got rid of four false friends, and we shall be all the cozier at dinner. You've always said eight was an ideal dinner."

Fountain: "Yes, but if we fade away to seven or six—?"

Mrs. Fountain, boldly: "We *can't,* now. It's past eight o'clock already."

Fountain: "I don't see how that's to prevent—"

Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, yes, insist upon the logicality, do. So like a man! I suppose if I were at the point of death you wouldn't let me take my last breath till I had taken the next to the last. Can't you use a little imagination—all you've got!" A ring is heard. "There's the telephone again. Listen!"

Fountain: "It isn't the telephone. It's the door."

Mrs. Fountain: "It's the telephone!"

Fountain: "Door!"

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Mrs. Fountain: "Then somebody's coming. Sit down, and be waiting as if you were quietly talking with me. Quick! You look so red and excited. Smooth down your back hair." She goes and smooths it down for him, and then sinks into an attitude of smiling and hospitable expectance on the sofa. A muted colloquy takes place between Jules and some one at the door; there is a clumping of heavy shoes on the floor, and a sound of hard breathing; the door shuts and Jules appears.

III

JULES AND MR. AND MRS. FOUNTAIN

Jules, offering two notes on a tray: "Two mezzenger-boys. Dere is no anzwer. I rezeipted for dem."

Mrs. Fountain: "*Two* messenger-boys? Well, what in the world—" She seizes the notes convulsively, and tears them open. "Mrs. Trail, of course. She would be too well bred to telephone, and her note is dated at five o'clock, just before she was ordered to bed with the grippe." To Jules, very severely: "How does it happen that this note has been three hours coming?"

Jules: "I ton't know, matame. Der poy zaidt he pen to der wrhong attress."

Fountain, while Mrs. Fountain remains piercing Jules with an eye of inarticulate indignation: "Whom is the other note from? Did that boy go to the wrong address too?"

IV

MR. AND MRS. FOUNTAIN

Mrs. Fountain, running the note through: "Well, they *have* got to the East Side with a vengeance. They used to telephone from their West Side house."

Fountain: "Who did?"

Mrs. Fountain: "Who? The Murrays, of course. Now, from East Sixty-fourth Street, they send by letter, after having considerately waited till the last moment to see whether they wouldn't be well enough to come! Of all the impertinent, patronizing— Very well, Mrs. Murray, you will be an older if not a wiser woman before you will show me so much consideration again!"

Fountain: "That reduces us to five. A convenient number at an oblong table. Let's go and see where we shall sit. There will be old Reverdy, and young Brown and Mrs. Warbeck: three men to two women; a most unscriptural ratio, and against all experience in the Atlantic States. It will task my powers to the utmost, competing for your favor with old Reverdy, for of course we'll have to give young Brown to Mrs. Warbeck— Oh, don't cry, my dear! It *is* trying. But *you* can make it go off all right; I've never seen the box yet that you couldn't get out of! Don't, *don't* cry!" He takes Mrs. Fountain gingerly into his arms so as not to disarray her, but she flings herself sobbing on his neck.

Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, I don't care *how* I look, now! Oh, hu, hu, hu!"

Fountain: "There, there, my love! Don't mind it, confound them! Don't cry, hang them! Brace up, dearest, the deuce take them all! Would you like me to say something worse?"

Mrs. Fountain, lifting her head, and drying her tears while still in his arms: "It wouldn't do any good. But, Clarence, darling, do, *do* you think one of your sisters would come?"

Fountain, releasing her with a thrill of dismay: "Oh, my love!"

Mrs. Fountain: "If we really got down on our knees to them, and told them just how it was, and how I wanted to have them from the beginning, but had to yield to these wretched social obligations that have played us so false, and served us exactly right? I would telephone myself, and they would recognize that I had been crying, and was truly humbling myself before them."

Fountain, with unabated misgiving: "I—I don't know. You might try. But —which one?"

Mrs. Fountain, desolately: "No, it's useless. They're both as hard as nether millstones, and as unforgiving as—as—" A ring makes itself heard. "Well, is that the door or the telephone, this time?" After a moment Jules appears between the dining-room doors.

V

JULES AND MR. AND MRS. FOUNTAIN

Jules, indiscriminately: "Zomebody wandt you at the delephone."

Mrs. Fountain, very meekly, very weakly: "Me, Jules?"

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Jules: "I gouldn't mage oudt, matame."

Fountain: "Oh, I'll go, my dear; if it's you I'll excuse you, and do the talking for you."

Mrs. Fountain: "Thank you, darling. Jules! You'll have to make another change in the table— Or, wait a moment—"

Jules: "Yes, matame."

Fountain, making himself heard at the telephone: "Why, of course, we understand. We're only sorry for you. We can easily manage with somebody in the house. You mustn't worry about it; don't give it another thought. Yes, it seems to be a regular epidemic, this winter. Yes, yes, I'll explain to Mrs. Fountain. We shall miss you, of course, but she'll know how to make every allowance. Well, good-by." He returns to the drawing-room, rather pale, and with apprehension in his eye, but with an air of preparation for the worst. Jules has passed him in going into the dining-room.

VI

MR. AND MRS. FOUNTAIN

Mrs. Fountain: "Well?" Her tone is one of mixed challenge and imploring.

Fountain: "Well, the table will balance rather better, and you'll have three men to yourself instead of two. Mrs. Warbeck is out of the story, now."

Mrs. Fountain: "Don't tell me *Mrs. Warbeck* has the grippe?"

Fountain: "Well, I won't. It's merely a sneaking device of hers to get out of coming to your dinner. But she *says* she has the grippe."

Mrs. Fountain: "Of course it's a device; and I shall know how to treat Mrs. Warbeck the next time she asks me to one of her old lunches. *I* can have the grippe, too. Really, it seems as if there was a conspiracy. I never heard anything like it. You might suppose five or six people could have it, but when it comes to seven or eight, it passes a joke."

Fountain: "Unless that's the point where the joke begins."

Mrs. Fountain: "I don't see how you can take it so quietly. Are you doing it to vex me, or is it because it's Mrs. Warbeck? Well, one thing: now you can't keep talking to her all the time."

Fountain: "Not unless you have a telephonic attachment at the table." A bell rings. "I'll bet it's the door!"

Mrs. Fountain: "And I say it's the phone. I shall certainly have those bells changed so that you can know which from which. Why doesn't Jules go to the phone?"

Fountain: "Perhaps he's gone to the door."

Mrs. Fountain: "Well, you go to the phone, then."

Fountain, going: "That will certainly cover the ground." Then he is heard at the phone: "Mr. Reverdy? Oh, yes, yes. Well? The grippe? Oh, he mustn't think of it. We're sorry he can't come, of course, but he mustn't worry. We can fill up with some one in the house here. Give him our best regards, and tell him we're only sorry on his account. Call us up in the morning, and let us know how he is." He returns to Mrs. Fountain. "It's Reverdy's man, talking from the station at the apothecary's. Reverdy's down with grippe, and has a tremendous temperature. The old hero wanted to come, whether or no, but I said he mustn't think of it; we could easily fill up from the house here."

Mrs. Fountain: "Yes, I heard you saying it to all of them." With biting sarcasm: "And *whom* shall you fill up with?"

Fountain: "I haven't got as far as that yet. But if I can't think of anybody you won't have so many men to talk to. Perhaps you can think of a woman. That would make the table balance better." A bell rings. "Hello! They're at it again. This is getting a little monotonous. But we can have some variety by my going to the door, this time, and letting Jules go to the phone." He goes to the apartment door, and returns to Mrs. Fountain just as Jules appears from the dining-room. "Nobody at the door, anyway. What do you say, Jules?"

VII

JULES, MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

Jules: "The chentleman wishes to sbeak with you, sör."

Fountain: "Oh, all right, Jules; noth-

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ing I like better than talking with gentlemen over the phone." He goes out through the dining-room.

VIII

MRS. FOUNTAIN; JULES; FOUNTAIN, WITHOUT

Mrs. Fountain: "Who was the gentleman, Jules?"

Jules: "Well, I gouldn't mage oudt the name, egzactly, matame. Zounded zomething lige—"

Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, it doesn't make any difference! You will have to take away all the plates and chairs but three, now. Put mine at the head of the table, and one on each hand of me."

Jules: "All righdt, matame—"

Mrs. Fountain: "'Sh!"

Fountain, without, speaking at the phone: "No, I don't catch the name exactly, but— Oh, yes! Brown! Now I know you, but your voice sounded so hoarse— Oh, you don't say so! I'm awfully sorry. But you mustn't worry on our account; we can fill up, somehow, from the house, here. You oughtn't to have come out in this weather. We want a lot more novels from you, you know. It's awfully nice of you, but if you were laid up, or anything, Mrs. Fountain would never forgive me. Now, you get home as fast as you can, and put on a porous plaster, and take something soothing, and go to bed. Good-by." Returning to the drawing-room: "Poor old Brown had come out in the wet to telephone, so hoarse I didn't know who it was at first. Well, *he's* out of the story. And now what?" He resumes his easy full-length attitude in his chair, and looks up at Mrs. Fountain.

Mrs. Fountain: "Well, that's the end of the story, isn't it? Suppose *you* say what!"

Fountain, rising vigorously: "Then what I say is, let us go out to dinner, Mrs. Fountain. We won't stand upon ceremony. Jules, serve the dinner. I'm going to enjoy myself, which I shouldn't have done if any of those people had come, I'd be so anxious about *their* enjoyment. Come!" He offers his arm, and Mrs. Fountain puts forward her hand to take it, and then suddenly draws back.

Mrs. Fountain: "Listen! What strange voice is that?"

Fountain, after listening: "It *is* rather strange. Kind of gasping, struggling sound, as if the telephone were talking in the air. Why, it *is* the telephone! What in the world—"

Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, what's it saying? It sounds so dreadful—a telephone talking to itself, that way. Why, it's ghastly!"

Fountain: "Hush! Listen!"

Mrs. Fountain: "Can you make out what it's saying?"

Fountain: "I begin to. Hark!"

Mrs. Fountain: "It sounds like somebody reading a chapter of—"

Fountain: "'Sh!"

The Voice of the Telephone: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and maimed and blind and lame!" The voice is stilled: Fountain runs to the telephone.

Fountain: "Hello, hello! What's that?" The voice repeats its message. "Oh, come off! Who's working me? *Who?* What do you mean?" Again the voice repeats its message; Fountain runs back to his wife.

Mrs. Fountain, whimpering and clinging to her husband: "Oh, dearest, isn't it dreadful! What are you going to do?"

Fountain: "I'm going to do what it says. There doesn't seem any other way. Jules!"

Jules: "Yes, sör."

Fountain: "Do you suppose there's anybody in that Bread Line yet?"

Jules: "It begin to form since from eight o'glock."

Fountain: "Well, go, and knock down the first ten men you come to, and drag them in here to dinner."

Jules: "All rhighdt, sör."

IX

MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

Mrs. Fountain: "Do you think he ought to knock them down?"

Fountain: "When they understand it's for dinner they'll be glad of it. They're used to being kicked out instead of dragged in. If there'd been time to stand on ceremony, I might have told him to decimate them; that would have been a

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little more classic; but perhaps they wouldn't have appreciated it, and we'd have been delayed unnecessarily. The first ten will do. But come now, we must get ready for them."

Mrs. Fountain: "Do you mean them to come to the table?"

Fountain: "That's what the telephone seemed to imply."

Mrs. Fountain: "Well, but—"

Fountain: "They'll be hungry enough to eat their way through all the courses. It 'll give us an appetite to see them. They won't be stopped by the grippe, if they happen to have it."

Mrs. Fountain: "That's true." Then as if the idea had won upon her: "Well, let us do it, then. It will serve those horrid things right. I only wish they could see whom we're putting in their places. It would show them how much we despise them, with their flimsy excuses. Come, and let's put back all the chairs and plates, so they needn't be kept a moment from their dinner, poor things. Oh, how I shall like to look on! Don't you think it would be a good idea for us to wait on them?"

Fountain: "That might be overdoing it. They're probably more used to having just a footman serve them. Think how you'd feel yourself if your host and hostess were to wait on you."

Mrs. Fountain, thoughtfully: "That's true. We don't want to embarrass them. Well, come on, come on!" She seizes his hand, and they dance out into the dining-room together, where they are seen rearranging the table. "Every one of those individual vases of pinks shall go back, and here, we'll put that bowl of roses in the middle, again. Shall you serve the three kinds of wine?"

Fountain, restoring the glasses from the sideboard to the table: "Why, certainly. I'm sorry the champagne's rather sweet; I know they'd prefer dry. Or perhaps they're dry enough themselves. But the Sauterne's all right, and the Bordeaux—" Feeling the bottles: "Yes, Jules has got the temperature just right. They'd have hated to have their claret cold. They're pretty particular about their claret, I've noticed."

Mrs. Fountain: "If there are any old men among them, don't you think it would be more graceful if we put them at the head and foot of the table and took corner seats ourselves?"

Fountain: "Yes, it would, rather. And what a pity there are never any ladies in the Bread Line. But no matter. When we get votes for women, they'll have every other place in the Bread Line. Now, they feel that woman's sphere is in the home, especially if there's no fire in it." They retire a little way from the table, and with arms interlocked, regard it approvingly.

Mrs. Fountain: "Perfect! Now let's go and be ready to receive them." In the drawing-room, where they find Jules, just arriving: "Why, Jules! Didn't you get them?"

X

JULES, MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

Jules: "Yes, matame, I got dem all rhighdt. Boat—"

Mrs. Fountain: "But what? But what?"

Jules: "Dey wouldn't let dem gome up the front ellewator, here."

Mrs. Fountain: "Wouldn't let my guests come up the front el—"

Fountain: "Then why didn't you bring them up the back elevator?"

Jules: "That is what I tidt, sör. They are all in the kitchen now, sör."

Fountain: "Very well; serve the dinner at once, then. Tell them to come out into the dining-room. Or, no. Bring them here, Jules. We'll receive them properly, my dear." He turns to Mrs. Fountain. "And go out in due form."

Mrs. Fountain: "Wait; stop a moment, Jules! Clarence, we must draw the line! I shouldn't have minded going out to dinner with them, and even waiting upon them with my own hands—you heard me say it—if they had come up the front elevator. But, dearest, don't you see? We must distinguish! We couldn't sit down with people who had come up the back elevator, now, could we? You see yourself we couldn't. It would be impossible."

Fountain, with a sigh, after a moment of reflection: "Yes, it would be impossible. You are right, darling. I see it all. It is impossible. But what shall we do? Jules, what shall we do?"

Jules: "Well, sör, as they are all in the kitchen—"

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Fountain: "Why, let them eat there, of course!"

Mrs. Fountain: "Yes, let them eat in the kitchen, Jules. They won't mind."

Jules, with polite hesitation: "No, matame, *they* won't mind. But the servants—the gook and the maits—"

Mrs. Fountain: "You are right, Jules. It would be impossible."

Jules: "Qvite imbossiple, matame."

Fountain: "But what *is* possible, then? Everything isn't impossible, in the case of ten starving men, is it?"

Jules: "Well, sör, if you will egscuse my sogchesting somet'ing: I could but dem up a nize lonch, and let dem dake it out, and eat it vhere they lige, ton'dt you know—vhere they usually eat—in the street."

Mrs. Fountain: "The very thing! And, Jules!" She calls after him, as he goes out of the dining-room: "Be sure you give them something of every dish."

Jules: "Vhy, the soup, matame—"

Mrs. Fountain: "Of course not the soup, Jules. That would be impossible."

XI

MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

Mrs. Fountain: "You must certainly make his tip five dollars for getting us out of it so nicely, my dear. And now let's have him serve our dinner first. I'm fairly starving." She puts her hand through his arm, and pulls him toward the dining-room.

Fountain, musingly: "It seems to be the only solution. But—I wonder what the voice of the telephone would say?"

Blue Hills of Bethlehem

BY ANTOINETTE A. BASSETT

BEYOND thy walls, Jerusalem,
On the blue hills of Bethlehem,
Of Mary, whom God loveth well,
Is born the King of Israel.
(O little baby head that rests
In the white shelter of her breasts,
Far off is dark Gethsemane,
Far off the garden's agony.)

Now thou in heaven—Lord Michael,
And thou his brother—Uriel,
Command thy burning hosts to sing
To Mary, Mother of our King.
(O baby breath that comes and goes
Soft as the stirring of a rose,
Far off the thorns with blood drops wet,
Far off the slopes of Olivet.)

Ye princes of Jerusalem,
On the blue hills of Bethlehem,
Last night they heard the angels sing
Their song of welcome to your King.
(O sleepy baby mouth that clings
While Mary Mother softly sings,
Far off—far off—the crosses three,
Far off the steeps of Calvary.)

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Youngsters of the Seven Seas

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

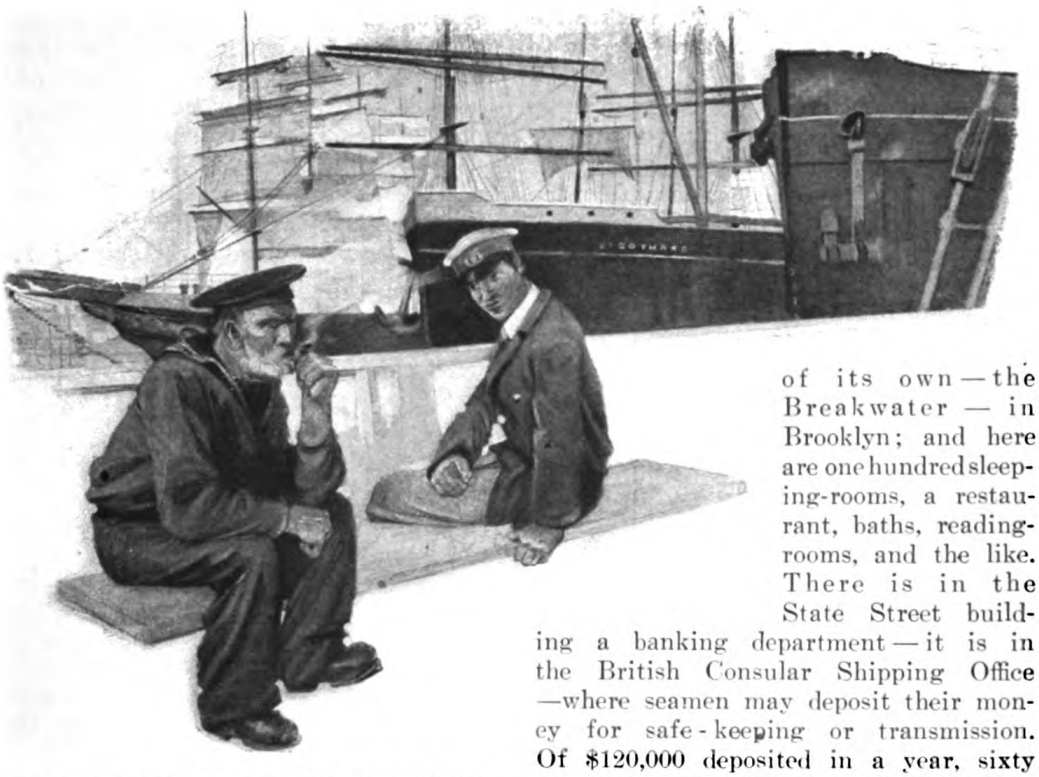
HOWARD O. WOOD, now of the Seamen's Church Institute of the Port of New York, grabbed a bag, packed enough for a week-end, continuing out of temper, and made for New York to decline the job. It was to be a flat declaration, he fancied; he would make an end of all this pother. The Seamen's Church Institute? No, thank you! Nothing evangelical for *him!* It was incautious: one never can tell. It turned out that the job was not precisely an evangelical job. Far from it, indeed. In respect to the immediate evangelical salvation of the rascally young objects of the Institute's solicitude, the soil of the undertaking was a sandy desert. The youngsters who go down to the sea in ships—to the seven seas in tramps bound out to the ends of the earth—are not knowingly in need of evangelical attention. They are indubitably not in search of it. A laugh, a lark ashore, a night at the Hippodrome, an afternoon at the Zoological Gardens, a party on Thursday, a cup of tea and a slice of cake with some jolly chaps of a Sunday evening, a blushing hour with some other chap's sister, a pipe and a yarn late at night, with no confounded women about: these employments are more to the taste of their years. And church, of course, at seemly times: one goes to church, you know. The youngster's elder brother at home takes it that the "young 'un" can look out for his own soul, that he'll have the decency to do so, that he'll shout for evangelical assistance when he needs it; but if the little devil fancies that he may with impunity shame the family by making a cad and a bounder of himself—! For seven years, now, Mr. Wood, acting elder brother, has been informing the English-speaking cadets of the half-deck concerning the things "a fellow can't do" and the things that "any fellow would do, you know." Whatsoever things are of good report—truth, justice, decency, temperance, reverence, honor.

"Why," he says, "I—I—*couldn't* give this up!"

There is a profession of doing good: Mr. Wood—like a certain distinguished practitioner of the North Coast—finds it jolly good fun.

It seems the sea is still a career. It continues to be an honorable one—yet a harsh and unprofitable profession: aspects, however, which only the first voyage can disclose. It is not a career at all on this side, of course; the American youngster, face to face at last with the bothersome problem of what to do, does not, after anxious consultation with the *pater* and a sea-captain friend of the family in the P. & O. service—and despite the *mater's* tears (who must yet against her will admire the flash of manhood)—lift his head and determine: "Well, let St. John take orders. That's his style. *I'll* go to sea!" Nor does anybody in these days run away to sea from the Port of New York: the fashion of boys' reading has changed with the lapse of a merchant marine. The British merchantmen, however, must be officered: indenture to a line comes thus as reasonably into an English boy's consideration of what to do as the profession of law or of the Church. In England, too, the books of W. H. G. Kingston and of "Ballantyne the brave" of Stevenson's verse still circulate in boyish hands: the spirit of far-off romance has not departed from boyish hearts; nor has the lust of adventure in strange places lost its ancient power upon boyish imaginations. The grandfathers' tales are still of the way of the sea: the looked-for letters are fresh from the rosy ports of romance. Moreover, the impecunious gentry continue to have younger sons, the clergy to have large families, the polite tradesman an aspiring progeny; and *de trop* sons must be got rid of, and incorrigible ones despatched, and imaginative, wilful ones indulged.

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FOR ENGLISH YOUNGSTERS IT IS STILL A WORLD OF SHIPS

In consequence of all this, three thousand brass-buttoned English youngsters come sailing into the port of New York every year, most of them desperately homesick beneath a swashbuckling exterior; and not one of them escapes the acquaintance and elder-brotherly ministrations of Mr. Howard O. Wood of the Seamen's Church Institute.

A mischievous pack!

"I've two young rascals aboard my ship, sir," exclaimed a wrothy skipper; "and I'd give the devil one, sir, to fly away with the other!"

The Seamen's Church Institute is in an old red building at No. 1 State Street. It has been in existence for sixty-five years. Mr. Wood's work is not by any means its chief activity. Its superintendent is the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield—a strong, active, fearless champion of sailors ashore. It was he who broke the backs of the crimps and boarding-masters; it was he who first effectively opposed them—a gigantic and more or less perilous undertaking, truly! The Institute has now a boarding-house of its own—the Breakwater — in Brooklyn; and here are one hundred sleeping-rooms, a restaurant, baths, reading-rooms, and the like. There is in the State Street building a banking department—it is in the British Consular Shipping Office—where seamen may deposit their money for safe-keeping or transmission. Of $120,000 deposited in a year, sixty per cent. is sent to dependent relatives abroad. The Institute maintains the Floating Church near Brooklyn Bridge. There is a seaman's branch of the Legal Aid Society, which protects sailors from abuses against the law. There is an Institute shipping-office. It had a hard time of it at first, to be sure, but now, being agent for some prominent lines, is in a flourishing way. This is a free-employment bureau, needing police protection at times, which strikes at the root of such abuses as shanghaing. Annually it sends to sea in all fairness four thousand men and provides temporary work on shipboard for fifteen hundred. There is an Institute post-office; there are baggage-rooms—there is, in short, every sort of help which a man may receive in self-respect. In addition to this there is the little *Sentinel;* and it is by means of the *Sentinel*—in service as a messenger and transport—that the various branches of the work are united into one smoothly working machine. The Institute now plans a great building at South Street and Coenties Slip—the best home for seamen on all the coasts of the Seven Seas. This, indeed, is a very inadequate summary of the Institute's general activity in behalf of 400,000 sea-

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men, of which Mr. Wood's work with the youngsters is only a part.

Adventures come to these youngsters —veritable adventures—but not in the radiant garments of one's dreams. Adventures are singularly associated with discomfort and intimately fearsome peril. There are thrills, to be sure, as if straightway from Mr. Ballantyne's pages; but if a lad is to come pleasantly close to death it must be in romantic prospect—or in careless retrospect. A youngster of the S.S. *King Arthur,* then placidly achieving ten knots in Mediterranean weather, writes back to the Elder Brother: "That was a rotten day when we said good-by to you in New York. We ran right into that rotten weather. For thirty-six hours we were drifting, with hand and steam steering-gears carried away. The best of it was, though, when, through a gap in the railing, I just slipped nicely over the side. Of course it was pitch dark, but luckily I managed to get hold of a wire and climb aboard. We had a jolly good time at Gib." Mr. Ballantyne himself could not have devised for his hero a more thrilling experience in the midwinter North Atlantic. One reads between the lines of boyish scrawling something of that quality which is the breeding of the Seven Seas. A modest, manly brood of young sons: by whom every personal display of strength and courage, measuring beyond their tale of years, is blushingly condoned:

"Luckily, you know, I . . ."

The issue of the adventure is unhappily not always so fortunate.

"I am sorry to say," a skipper reports from Melbourne, "that we lost one of the boys overboard in a gale off the Horn."

They said that night in the Elder Brother's rooms at the Institute:

"Poor old Cluny!"

"An awfully jolly chap, wasn't he, fellows?"

"I say, do you remember the night in Hong-Kong when good old Cluny . . ."

An exuberant young gentleman of the S.S. *Dale,* then discharging in a South-American port, records in an unpunctuated epistle: "About six hundred miles north of Montevideo fire broke out among the calcium carbide kegs and we got the hose in use but of course the more water we put on it the fiercer it burned and things began to look so jolly bad and it looked such a bally mess for us that the captain had the boats made ready but luckily we did not require them having meantime got a spar rigged and the kegs hove up and thrown overboard and we then had the pleasure of seeing them float blazing away astern and my heart went wallopy—bang—thump for days afterward." The youngster of the *Dale* has more news—more vital news—and must make haste with the yarn, which he concludes in a rush on shipboard at Malta: "You know of course the Old Man has a dog and he thought it would look better with its tail off so he put it under chloroform and Doctor McCarthy carved its tail off in a most scientific manner I wanted to bite it off



"I'VE TWO YOUNG RASCALS ABOARD MY SHIP"

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"WE'RE ORDERED—HOME!"

but the Old Man said it was too old for that and needless to say we had some splendid soup next day You know the kittens well we drowned one and that left two and the cat went out one night and accidently got locked in one of the rooms and the next morning one of the kittens was dead but the other one is getting along famously now my elder brother has just got engaged to a ripping girl."

"We had not had sail on her sixteen hours from New York," writes a lad of the good ship *Hope,* disabled in a West-Indian harbor, "when the main upper topsail halyard tie carried away. The upper topsail-yard came down with a run, breaking the starboard yard-arm and carrying away the topmast cap. It struck the lower yard and caused that to come down, carrying away the main-stay and the main-yard. They made a *slight* noise when they fell on deck, I can tell you! We had to dump the main-yard overboard, as the yard was sprung in several places, and the starboard yard-arm broke off short. Just after this happened we had two gales, one after the other. The ship was under water the whole time. Luckily nobody was washed overboard. We had to lighten her by dumping 2,000 cases of oil overboard. We did not need any elevators then, as we had only to sit on the deck and get washed along, using your sense of feeling as to when to stop. And if there happened to be any plumb-lines handy, why, you just only had to grab one and hang on. Luckily we got the oil over without accident."

Such incidents as these indulge the adventurous spirit and fashion the type.

You are indentured according to law. The P. & O. friend of the family has been called in; you have selected a line according to his wisdom. The requirements are punctiliously observed: the signatures are gravely affixed, the *pater* deposits sixty guineas in guarantee of your good behavior—which he forfeits if you "bunk" the ship, as you may reasonably be moved to do, the captain being a beast, you know, in Sydney or Hong-Kong—your duty is pointed out, your small hand is shaken, and you are presently in possession of a brass-buttoned blue uniform, a gold-laced nautical cap, a slim sea-chest, a multiplying store of trepidation, and a shilling a month. The great transatlantic lines have their own training-ships: you are not, however, of a transatlantic line, nor of any regular trade, but apprenticed for four years to a line of splendid tramps, steam and sail; and you are

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A LESSON WITH THE SEXTANT

forthwith ordered to sea. The P. & O. skipper profoundly advises you how to attain his eminence, the *pater* admonishes with more than a suspicion of pride and hope, the little mother beseeches, the countryside calls with congratulations, a bottle of wine is opened in celebration of your departure to the wide world, there is a confusion of tears, good-byes, kisses, claps on the back, hugs, and hysterical injunctions; and before you know it—before you have fairly mastered your snuffles and dried your wilful eyes—hang it, you know! you're *fourteen*, and this won't do—you are at sea, bound out to the ports of romance, with no prospect of treading familiar paths for years to come, but with a reasonable certainty, D. V., of clapping eyes on the remotest shores of the great round globe.

"I won't see home until 1913," a lad wails from Pisagua, Chile.

From the waters of the Black Sea:

"Mr. Wood, I have sad news. Mother died a month ago. I had not seen her for three years."

"We've been shunted into the Gold Coast trade"—from Delagoa Bay, South Africa. "My word, old chap, I feel as though I'd never see England again. How I do *love* the sea!"

Kobé, Japan:

"We're not going home, after all. Hong-Kong first, then San Francisco, and back to the East. This is from headquarters. Young Tiddie—you remember the cheeky little redhead—happened accidentally on purpose to get a squint at a letter from the Company. Rotten luck, wasn't it? The *mater* says she wants to see me, but I guess she'll have to wait a year or two. Poor little mother!"

A yell of jubilation from the romantic China Seas:

"We're loading in Tal Tal for Antwerp, whence we go home. Home, Mr. Wood! Can you hear me shout? Home—*home*—HOME—to dear old England!"

"Ordered home, you dear old fellow"—an epistle from the Calcutta wharves. "Ye gods—at last!"

"I arrived home on Thursday," an ingenuous little chap confides to the Elder Brother, after his first voyage, of eight months, to New York and South-American ports, "and I dident find Mother looking as much older as I fancyed she would, Realy if anything she looks a bit younger—and I am haveing a famous time with my sisters of which I have seven. please excuse writing. My sister has been useing this pen you know what that means. she's spoilt it."

Eight months from home—and mother not a day older! What an amazing woman mother is!

There are, however, the lands of romance to divert one's attention; and there is shore leave, to be sure, and larks in queer ports, and bands and dances in colonial cities. The palms, the typhoons, the cocoanuts, the brown faces, the gibber-

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ish, the outlandish manners, the jolly strange garb, the language of signs, the harem lattices, the parrots, the breadfruit, and head-hunters, all come true. "This place," a cadet writes from the Lang-kat River, Sumatra, "is the most outlandish place you ever saw. We are ten miles up the river and right in the middle of the jungle. There are all sorts of snakes and wild animals in the jungle. They make a beastly row at night. The river is full of alligators and crocodiles. I shouldn't care to go for a swim, should you? It is not safe to go inland on account of the natives. You remember young Hubert, who used to be one of the *Ocean King* boys? He got a knock on the head in town, but it was a glancing blow, and luckily he managed to bowl the chap over and do a scoot for the ship." From the land of the Dutch and Malays: "The Malays are finely built fellows, although they are looked down upon by the Dutch, who rule them with an iron hand. Johnson, Wooly, Scottie, and I made friends with two nice native boys. We made them understand pretty well by signs. They took us up to their father's plantation, and we ate as many cocoanuts, pineapples, prickly-pears, and bananas as we could possibly stand. They often bring as much fruit aboard as they possibly can carry, for us boys to eat, and you can guess how we are enjoying ourselves."

Tribulations of a youngster in the Red Sea:

"The Old Man bought twelve dog-faced apes at Singapore, and they bark just like a dog, and kick up a deuce of a row just when a fellow wants to get to sleep. Two or three of them have snuffed it, and I hope the whole bally lot peg out before long."

"Before going to Manila," writes a larking cadet, "we were at Cebu, a small island of the Philippines, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. The weather was beautiful, and as the water was quite warm one could bathe all day long. There was a fine piece of ground near the pier, and we boys played cricket. At Manila the mate put one of the gigs out, and we boys had plenty of rowing around the harbor. One night us two boys got round the mate to let us have the gig. We went to see the *Neptune* fellows—you know that rowdy lot—and we didn't get back until near morning, and when we did arrive the mate gave us the very dickens. Dickie Floyd turns out to be another Windy Jones—he has a jolly lot more to say than to eat."

A cheerful young soul, At Sea, in the Indian Ocean, protests: "My accident was a regular old-fashioned blessing in disguise. Fancy *me* lying nearly a month in the cabin, eating cabin fodder! Oh, Lor'—it was very good for little Mary! When I was able to hop about, the carpenter made me a crutch. By Jove! you should have seen it. It was a regular work of art, bless you!—something like a derrick."

Ten days out from New York, the boys of the barque *Cashmere,* then bound for South-African ports, ran "bang" into a big gale of wind. "The morning of the second day," writes a denizen of the half-deck, "I was lying in my bunk, when she shipped a big sea, which came jump-



THERE IS SHORE LEAVE AND LARKS IN QUEER PORTS

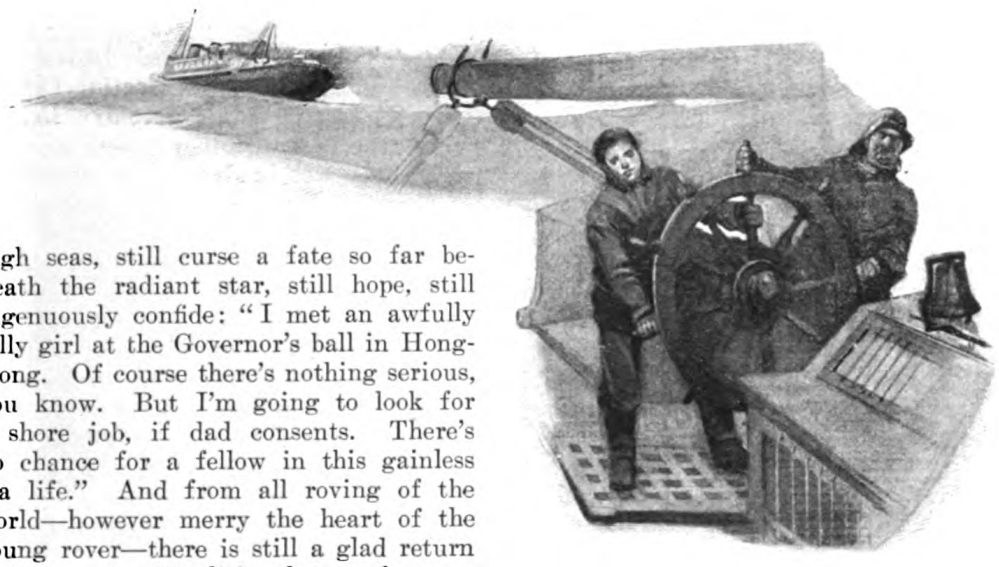
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ing amidships into my room and washed me clean out of my bunk. Lucky, aren't I? It filled my room right up. My chest was full up. All my books got washed to pulp. I had to *brush* them out of my clothes." Proceeding down the East-African coast, a senior of the half-deck: "Taylor is still alive and kicking. The 'little boy in gray' is a perfect little rotter. Behaves just like an overgrown baby. I have to chastise him occasionally. Regards to our friend P. Smith. Shall we include him in our list of joint property—*our* tobacco, etc.?" A gale in the South Seas: "The decks were four feet deep in water. No joke slushing around there. Just my luck, *it was my watch below.* Needless to say, I didn't *get* below!" The ancient ceremonies are performed when crossing the line: "Didn't we have some sport crossing the line, though? Poor Alphonse! That's Maplebrook. He *did* get it rough, and jolly well deserved it for his cheek. We applied the usual mixture, and as luckily he struggled in good style he was plastered from the chest upward. His eyes were full, and he says they *did* smart. Of course, he had a good ducking to polish off with." The contents of a lad's sea-chest: "I don't think there is anything valuable in my box. There's a suit of clothes, a sponge, and a hair-brush, and I'm blowed if I know what else."

"We arrived at our South-American port after a twenty-three days' voyage," writes a lad of the S.S. *Afghan Prince,* in behalf of "Four Afghans, R. N. R." —the letter is dated Colombo, Ceylon. "It was a hot and uneventful passage. Our cargo was unloaded in a fortnight, and we then shifted to the cattle-pens to await 1,000 mules which we were to carry to Calcutta for the British Government. Of course, our First said that that made one thousand and *four* mules we had aboard. However, after a six weeks' stay at Buenos Ayres we were on the war-path to India. There were forty cattlemen to look after the real mules. The First looked after us boys. We had another hot passage of five weeks, during which time sixteen mules died (Jimmie kept perfectly well); so you see we did very well. The *Welsh Prince* arrived in Buenos Ayres just before we left, so we had a jolly time with the apprentices. She is carrying mules to Bombay, so we aren't far off one another. When Xmas day came, we were close to the Mauritius, so we had our festival at sea. The captain kindly invited us into the saloon, so you can guess what followed. That was the only break in the monotonous passage. We arrived at Calcutta on Dec. 31, so we were working on New-Year's Day—a truly *happy* New-Year's! We soon ran the mules down large gangways, and then we had coolies aboard to take the cattle-pens away and clean up generally. Everybody was glad to see the decks looking respectable, and we welcomed the news that we were not going back for more quadrupeds. Our First said that four was enough for him, anyhow. All's well that ends well. Well, we left Calcutta after a three weeks' stay, and we called at this port (Colombo) for bunkers, which carry us to Port Saïd, where we coal again. We expect to arrive in Antwerp the beginning of March, so by the time we get across to New York April will be almost over."

Mr. Midshipman Easy is not dead; and Mr. Peter Simple, Master Ralph Rover, and Peter the Whaler still breathe the breath of life. At your service, sir, for a rescue or a lark—from sea to sea and in all the ports of the world! It is still a world of ships—of foreign parts and gales and nights ashore: "We fell foul of a rough crowd in Melbourne, and if it hadn't been for the *Castle* fellows, who luckily happened along just at the time, it might have gone hard with us." Brutal captains still strut the deck and oppress virtuous youth: "The Old Man is trying to ruin my career at sea; he never misses a chance to abuse me"—which is probably quite true. Heroic hearts still beat beneath the blue pea-jackets of English lads at sea: "One of the crew (the ship's carpenter) came aboard dead drunk and jumped over the side, and if it hadn't been for Scottie, who jumped after him, and fought the silly ass, and held him up until we got a noose around him, he would have gone to Davy." English lads, sprouting toward a "ticket" and a young command, are still susceptible to girlish charms in far ports, still indulge melancholy on the

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THE SEA HAS BRED INTO THEM STRENGTH AND SELF-DEPENDENCE

high seas, still curse a fate so far beneath the radiant star, still hope, still ingenuously confide: "I met an awfully jolly girl at the Governor's ball in Hong-Kong. Of course there's nothing serious, you know. But I'm going to look for a shore job, if dad consents. There's no chance for a fellow in this gainless sea life." And from all roving of the world—however merry the heart of the young rover—there is still a glad return to the quiet English places of many homesick visions.

"I walked in on them on Christmas Eve, but mother wasn't much surprised, for she said she knew I would try to surprise her, and she was always looking for me."

"Home at last—after four years of it! They were all up to meet me at Paddington Station, and you can just imagine my excitement as the train was nearing the station. . . . Honestly, I think my dear mother looks younger. . . . Helen is so very much grown, and although it may be a bit conceited on my part to say it, being her brother, she is an awfully pretty girl, and so jolly. I can tell you it is lovely to have such a nice sister. . . ."

You have survived your four years at sea; and in all that time you have seen England but once—or you have not clapped eyes on the old land at all. But you have seen the world—all the waters and shores thereof. And you have had a shilling a month—£2 a year—£4 a year—£8 a year. You have squandered this munificent income, of course: being the son of an apothecary, you have lived within it; being the son of a bishop, or a baronet, or a nabob on 'change, you have had so much money from home—and you have run so lavishly and so wildly in port with a crew of scapegraces like yourself—that the captain has wrathfully impounded your remittances and denied you shore leave. You haven't been allowed to run away; the Old Man has an objection to fines, red tape, and awkward questions from the family at home. To the underworld of apprenticeship you are known in the four quarters of the globe: you are a jolly chap in all the ports of the Seven Seas—you are a wit at dinner, you are adventurous in strange streets, you are a deviser of larks, you are ingenious in predicaments, and as a hoodwinker of the Old Man you are a celebrity. The whole earth is your stamping-ground: you dine with a chap in Yokohama and engage him for dinner in Bombay. They tell tales of your exploits from Sydney to Suez; your health is pledged at roaring tables on the other side of the world: you are not fourteen any longer—you have had your eye-teeth cut—but still you may honestly call yourself a gentleman. In the mean time you have boned navigation, trig., and the calculus—you have whipped your messmates and been thrashed by your First—you have acquired a masterful acquaintance with your brave and bounding tramp—and you are bound home, at last, an oldster, to sit for your mate's ticket. You cram at a school of navigation—you go up for examination—and you are passed with flying colors.

Then you write a jubilant epistle to the tried old friend of your homesick and impoverished young apprenticeship.

"What ho! my jolly Wood. *I have*

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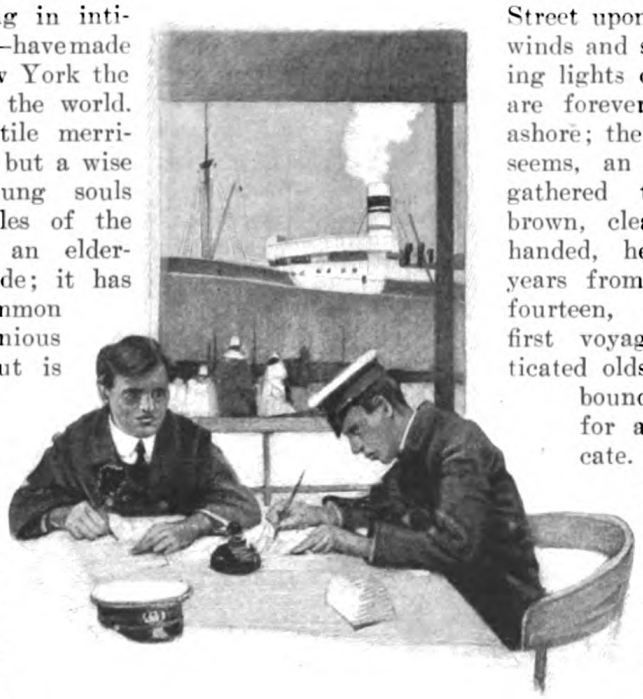
passed! Mirabile dictu! The *pater* is delighted."

"Really, my dear fellow, how can I bring myself to the level of writing to *you!*"

You have the prospect now of a second mate's berth at £6 10 a month—of a first mate's berth at £8 10—ultimately of a captain's cabin at from £18 20 to Lord knows what! And when, at last, you are established in command, you confide to your old friend in New York, who will be delighted, you are sure:

"It isn't so bad, when you get to the top."

Mr. Wood is gravely engaged with the happiness and welfare of these youngsters of the Seven Seas; and his perceiving and infinitely skilful ministrations—proceeding in intimate friendship—have made the Port of New York the jolliest port in the world. Here is no futile merriment, however: but a wise arming of young souls against the wiles of the world. It is an elder-brotherly attitude; it has nothing in common with sanctimonious conversation—but is yet a devoutly spiritual labor, to which the man who does it has gladly given these years of his life. There are theatre-parties, to be sure, for young eyes and ears fresh from a droning waste of sea; there are picnics in summer weather, expeditions, teas, parties, concerts, and goodly church-going. Of a Thursday evening, a party at the Institute; of a Saturday night, games and a concert; and of a Sunday afternoon the Institute's little launch, the *Sentinel*, noses into all the docks of the harbor, twenty miles of them, from high in the East River to Bayonne, gathering youngsters for a jolly tea at the Institute—which some devoted ladies provide—and service at the Floating Church near the great pier of Brooklyn Bridge. In all, the Elder Brother strives to establish these well-bred lads in discerning and helpful friendships ashore—to open the door of kindly and godly homes to them—to provide good ports of call for their cruises by land—to continue to them the fashioning influences of love and refinement. The theatre, of course—a little party of congenial chaps—when a good friend displays the good taste of a subscription; but, after all, a good friend is of more worth than a good friend's subscription.



LETTERS FRESH FROM THE ROSY PORTS OF ROMANCE

The Elder Brother's rooms—they look out from the upper windows of the Institute at No. 1 State Street upon the mists and winds and steam and moving lights of the harbor—are forever open to lads ashore; there is forever, it seems, an amazing crew gathered there — sturdy, brown, clear-eyed, horny-handed, hearty boys, in years from youngsters of fourteen, making their first voyages, to sophisticated oldsters of twenty, bound home to sit for a mate's certificate. Their talk is of the ports of the wide world—of all the seas of the earth—of great wanderings — of life at its largest—and of the parts they play in life like the men they are. Their lives have no horizon: they have chased the horizon around the world—have proved it a myth of the stay-ashore. Hong-Kong is next door to Algiers; and Calcutta is across the street from Buenos Ayres; and Cape Town is around the corner from Tacoma. The sea has bred into them strength, self-dependence, courage, faith. It has preserved them in merriment—in the wish

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THE "SENTINEL" MOVES INTO ALL THE DOCKS, GATHERING YOUNGSTERS

for joy—and in an infinite capacity for blushing. Presently, when the ladies serve tea, a troop of bashful young gentlemen in brass buttons will cross the threshold of the great room below and become painfully aware of themselves. It's jolly, though; it's really awfully jolly! And before long the blushes will vanish—and the self-conscious hands will cease to be uneasy—and the tied tongues will break free of their bonds—and a noisy chatter of salt-water yarns and English slang will express to the four grim walls the delight of being ashore in the Port of New York—once more in company with "dear old, jolly old Wood, you know! And you girls, too—Jove! how jolly it is to see you all again!"

There is later a resumption of the astonishing chatter of the sea.

"He's a cad and a liar, and I'll punch his head in Bombay!"

"Beastly cold in Japan this time."

"Awfully good of you, old man, to crack us up to the *Worcester* fellows. We had some jolly dinners with them in Hong-Kong."

"The First is up to his mean tricks again. A cad and a rotter!"

"The *Crown of Germany* made it nine months from New York to Shanghai."

"We did poorly from the line to the latitude of the Cape, but when we ran the easterly down we did 1,800 in a week. Pretty good for the old windjammer!"

"Biddie St. Hubert flunked."

"Yes. Ten months from Borneo to Hong-Kong — a thousand miles. An American barque."

"Just like an American ship—sure to fire, founder, or run aground."

"A ripping passage. The Old Man's awfully bucked up over it."

"I say, Wood! That German four-masted barque we saw lying off Stapleton beat us to Japan by just sixty days. Fourteen days together. Passed us in the Ombai Passage. A clean sixty!"

"Sixty days?" in a drawl. "That's not much—if you say it quickly."

"The Old Man shaved his mustache in Port Saïd to show his gold teeth. Quite a fright, I do assure you!"

"Three hundred miles off the Irish coast. Blew away every rag. Three lower tops'ls set, and if they hadn't blown away we'd have foundered. Smashed the life-boats—carried away the binnacle and bridge-rail—and the cargo shifted. Fore,

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main, and cross-jack yards flying around in all directions."

"A little talk with the governor about chucking the sea."

"'Pemberton-Pemberton—Oliver Pemberton-Pemberton. *And* don't forget the first Pemberton.' Young ass said he had blue blood, you know. Grandfather was a lord. All rot! Father's a pawnbroker in Liverpool. One of the *Clan* fellows looked him up. Anyhow, the young ass broke out with some beastly eruption in the Red Sea. 'Give yourself no alarm, Mr. Pemberton-Pemberton,' says the Old Man. 'Quite the usual thing, really. Merely the blue blood asserting itself.' Eh—what! Ha, ha!"

"I'll bet those chaps in the old *Queen's Favor* were glad when *she* went down!"

"Companies fairly crawling for junior officers."

"Fell down the hatch in Calcutta. You should have heard him say, 'Bloody!'"

"Almost frozen to death in Dalny."

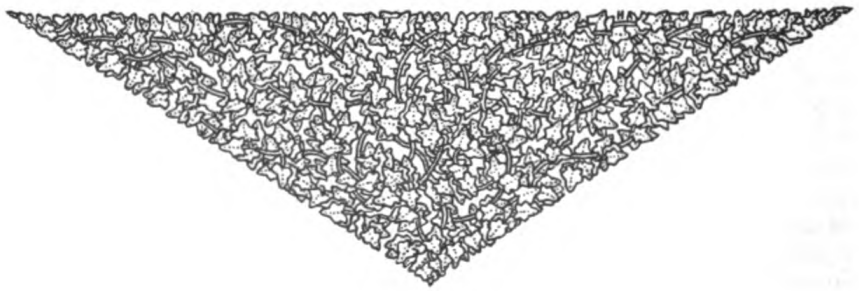
"Fernandina, loading phosphate for Riga."

"That beastly hole called Wampoa."

There are no American youngsters like these. The sea has nothing to do with American lads. It has no longer even a place in their dreams.

Lads in port are sailors in port: fourteen or forty—what odds to the fowler? —the same snares are set with the same ancient cunning. Fourteen or forty—wondering child or staggering graybeard—money is money, and wreck is only the ruin of outbound souls. The youngsters of the Seven Seas have an elder brother in New York—no sissy and no fool—but wise and kind, having convictions concerning right conduct and the duty of a lad to himself, and tolerating no compromise with conscience and the honor of a gentleman. They need an elder brother in New York: they know it—and are grateful. From everywhere —from the last outlandish ports—from lonely seas—from the boredom of far places—their letters come, in precisely the way that letters go home; and in proof of their affection they bring gifts, extraordinary, boyish gifts, of shark's backbone, of walking-sticks, of carved gourds, which litter the grateful Elder Brother's rooms. In mischief—it is a joke of long standing—they threaten a parrot and a monkey: for which the gentle spirit and cultured ways of the Elder Brother would not be grateful at all. Homesick letters, these. The man has a remarkable place in this wide-scattered affection. "You good old chap! How kind you were to us in New York!" "I was awfully sorry to say good-by to you yesterday. It was just like leaving home—only there was no mother to say good-by to." And youngsters die, of course: the roving of the Seven Seas leads to farther wandering in more mysterious places; and the Elder Brother has a green little place, ashore, where dead youngsters may be stowed decently and in order away. *I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.* To the Elder Brother, presently—himself confounded and sad—there comes from another desolated English home a wail of protest against the decrees of Almighty God.

"He was my only son. . . ."



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Pagans

BY BELLE RADCLIFFE LAVERACK

IT was a dear old house that Robin and Uncle Beverly lived in. Besides being old, it was gray and rambling and gabled—everything, in fact, that a house should be. It was also vine-covered, and wide borders of flowers surrounded it like a moat, and these, changing as the seasons changed, made the old house seem like a living thing, sympathizing with and sharing in the life about it.

All around the place ran a low stone wall, and beyond the wall stretched miles and miles of meadows and woods and hills, and beyond the hills, so far beyond that you couldn't tell sometimes whether they belonged to the earth or to the sky, lay the dim blue mountains, and beyond the mountains Robin didn't know and had never even asked, being all too occupied with matters nearer at hand. Within the walls the grounds were wide and rambling like the house, and the whole place, inside and out, had a delightful character of unexpectedness.

To Robin it was vast, and for all he yet knew interminable. Indoors, in the course of rainy-day wanderings, or when storm-bound in winter, he would often come upon places he never remembered having seen before—odd little stairways or dim passages leading to rooms, linen-draped and musty, into which he would sometimes fearfully penetrate and from which again he would more fearfully flee back to the fire-lit nursery and the reassuring presence of Miss Guthrie.

But out-of-doors he was never frightened, spirit-haunted, shadowy, wonder-filled as it was. He knew that he had never begun to see all that lay within its walls; not because he didn't want to—he did intensely. On many a morning he planned expeditions to visit promising but hitherto but dimly apprehended localities. Yet, somehow he never seemed to get very far with these expeditions. Sometimes it would happen that suggestions of shy woodland presences, rustlings in the thicket, the glint of sunny hair among the leaves, or glimpses of little vanishing feet, would lure him from his purposed path down far green glades in glad pursuit. Or, again, it might be that, charmed by the first place to which he came, he would linger there, forgetful of high emprise.

Perhaps it was in the dark circle of the cedars, where the slender line of the fountain rose from its round pool, that Robin was most apt to linger. He had always loved the fountain. Of all his world she alone (the gender of the fountain was very clear to him) seemed to be the only thing as joyous, as tireless as he. All day she danced, in sunshine and in shadow, and Robin knew that if he ever woke up in the night—which he never could do—he would still hear the tinkle of her little feet as she danced alone in the darkness.

There had been a time when he felt very sorry for her, when she had seemed to him to be a captive creature, leaping always toward a freedom never attained, a freedom that lay beyond the tops of the cedars, and Uncle Beverly had found him one day crying bitterly by the side of the pool, overcome by the tragedy of her fate. But that was long ago, when he was only five. He was six and a half now and understood things better. Her appearance in the spring, her disappearance in the autumn, were wholly mysterious. As lightly, as noiselessly, as unexpectedly as the birds, she would alight in the garden, and with the birds and the summer she would vanish.

This year her coming was unusually late and Robin began to be troubled. Perhaps a certain doubtful and still unatoned-for deed of his own might be in some way responsible for her delay. Perhaps the Nymph, the guardian of the fountain, was offended and peace-offerings would have to be made her—such things had happened before.

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He wandered into the garden one afternoon and sat down beside Uncle Beverly, who was working among the flower-beds. "I don't like it without her, do you?" he said.

Uncle Beverly didn't look up, but continued putting little plants into the ground and tucking in the earth around their eager young roots. "No," he said, "it *isn't* as nice."

"The birds don't like it, either," said Robin. "They go and sit by the side of the empty pool and look in—just the way I do."

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly.

"I put my thrush's nest—the one I found last summer—the one the mother didn't come back to—by the side of the pool," continued Robin. "I thought perhaps the Nymph might like it, but it's still there; and the fountain hasn't come, so I'm going to offer her my fox's skin—the one James gave me. If she doesn't like that, I don't know what I *can* do." His voice was full of tears.

Uncle Beverly paused in his planting and glanced at his nephew. "The Nymph must be very angry," he said. "Something has happened that has offended her. Have you any idea what it can be?"

Robin hesitated. "Perhaps," he suggested, "she heard me screaming last night and didn't like it—screaming always sounds louder at night."

"I think that's quite possible," assented Uncle Beverly, tapping the earth thoughtfully with his trowel. "I heard you, and I didn't like it. What was the matter?"

"Soap," returned Robin, "in my eyes. Don't you suppose she screams when she gets soap in her eyes?"

"I don't suppose she ever has to use any soap at all," replied Uncle Beverly. "None of the woodland people have to use soap, you know. No, that can't be the reason. She has heard you scream before and it hasn't seemed to matter. There must be something else."

There was a pause, during which Uncle Beverly went back to his planting and Robin twisted blades of grass in and out through the holes in his sandals.

"I don't see," he said at last, "how the Nymph knows what I do. Who is there to tell her?"

Uncle Beverly stood up and thrust his hands, all brown with the earth, into the pockets of his old gardening clothes. "Who is there to tell her?" he said. "Why, there are countless creatures to tell her. You know that as well as I do. Think of the birds, what talebearers they are. And think of the leaves, always talking, talking. Nothing escapes the leaves."

"They can't talk much yet," interrupted Robin. "They're too little to talk yet."

Uncle Beverly laughed. "That's so," he said. "Well, there are the cedars, anyway. They aren't too little or too young. They haven't been young for years. I have an idea the Nymph talks over everything with the cedars, because they're the sentinels of the fountain. Yes, it must have been the cedars who told her."

Robin gazed up at his uncle, who looked tremendously tall and all-knowing. "You mean about the ink?" he asked.

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly, "I mean about the ink. How did you happen to upset it. Did you do it on purpose?"

"I don't know," replied Robin. "It was very near the edge, and I kept pushing it to see how much nearer it would go without falling, and then it went over."

Uncle Beverly surveyed his nephew. "Of course you realize that you ruined Miss Guthrie's dress," he said.

"Yes," murmured Robin.

"That's quite serious, you know," continued Uncle Beverly. "It's a new dress, I hear. Sacrifices to the Nymph won't help Miss Guthrie any."

Robin deliberated. "Do you think she would like my fox's skin?" he asked. "I would give it to her instead of to the Nymph."

"She might," assented Uncle Beverly. "You might offer it to her, anyway—although I hardly think Miss Guthrie would wear the skin—and how about apologizing and saying you're sorry?"

Robin thought again. "But I'm not sorry," he said at last, slowly. "It was an ugly dress—all mustard-color and with big buttons on it. I'm glad I'm never going to see it any more."

This time it was Uncle Beverly who deliberated. "We've got to talk this over, Robin," he said. And so they did, while pacing up and down the garden path, where the daffodils were blowing.

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It was a long talk, and at the end of it Robin, convinced of guilt, bounded away to carry out the expiatory programme.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was dipping behind the mountain, they met on the terrace.

"Well?" inquired Uncle Beverly.

"It's all done," said Robin. "I told Miss Guthrie I was sorry I did it, but that I was glad I was never going to see the dress any more; and then I said, would she please, the next time she bought a new dress, ask you and me what color to get, because we didn't like ugly colors."

Uncle Beverly groaned. "But that isn't a bit what we planned," he said.

"Oh, but it's all right," broke in Robin, talking very fast. "And Miss Guthrie thinks she doesn't want the fox's skin, and so I've put it by the pool for the Nymph. I showed it to the cedars first and they liked it. Miss Guthrie doesn't like my giving things to the Nymph—she says I'm a young pagan. What is a pagan? Am I one?"

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly, "you are. We're both pagans, 'suckled in a creed outworn.' Miss Guthrie was quite right."

The next morning the fountain was there, but the little skin and the thrush's nest had disappeared. Clearly the Nymph was appeased.

But Robin's rejoicing at her coming was not quite complete. He missed the fox's skin. He missed the little nest. He wanted them back very much. He didn't feel so badly about the nest—you didn't take that to bed with you. But the furry little skin—he had loved it dearly. What was the Nymph doing with it, he wondered.

One morning he suggested to Uncle Beverly that word be sent to the Nymph in some way—by one of the cedars perhaps—that he would like it if she would return the peace-offerings when she was tired of playing with them. Uncle Beverly, however, was so shocked at the suggestion, and spoke so seriously of the etiquette to be observed in such matters, that Robin said nothing more, but he continued to miss them.

June came and with it the roses and the honeysuckle, the long tapering twilights, when the thrushes sang, and the soft, swift nights. Every morning Uncle Beverly was up with the sun to work in the garden, but on this particular morning he didn't work. Instead he left his tools and strode across the meadow, over the wall, and down the hillside, for there was a summons in the day, a call to far-away things. It made one full of unrest, full of desire.

Robin felt it as soon as he opened his eyes—this call of the day. You couldn't tell what it was. Was it the sky, full of pleasure-seeking clouds, all moving leisurely through blue spaces, all going—where were they going?

Was it the wind that, straying in from somewhere else, spoke to you of places you had never seen? Or was it perhaps many things—the birds and the flowers and the fountain—all telling you a little of what they knew and making you want to know so much more.

Even Miss Guthrie came under the spell of it and, gazing out of the window at the dim blue mountains, buttoned things all wrong. When he was at last free, Robin danced down the stairs and into the garden and ran round and round the flower-beds, because that was the way he felt.

As they were at breakfast on the terrace Uncle Beverly suddenly put his hands up, back of his head, and leaned back in his chair—they did those things sometimes when unhampered by feminine presence.

"Robin," he said, "this is the sort of day when you want something to happen. This is a day for adventure — perhaps, though, we ought to consider it adventure enough just to be alive on such a day. What do you think?"

Robin knew just what he thought. "I'm alive every day," he said. "Let's have a real adventure—the kind you go out and look for." He jumped up and down at the thought of it.

"All right," said Uncle Beverly. "Let's go in quest of adventure. Let's go different ways. You take the high-road—no, I'll take the highroad, on Elgar, and you take the low road—you go by the brook—and then we'll meet at the Round Table and tell each other about it."

It was an enchanting idea; but before starting they decided that there would

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better be school, because all the rest of the day would be so much nicer if you were only a little uncomfortable first. So it was mid-morning before they set out.

Robin saw Uncle Beverly mount Elgar, who, feeling too the spirit of the day, sprang like any courser down the driveway. He thought his uncle looked very like a hero as he rode off, so straight in the saddle, his bare head with the thick hair waving back held so high. He wished that he might have gone dashing off down the highroad—afoot by the brookside seemed to be a very humble way to come upon a big adventure. But then he remembered that the brook was a wonderful thing—it never disappointed. If you but followed it faithfully, a silver thread, it always led you straight into the heart of an enchantment.

So Robin skipped over the warm-scented meadow and overtook the brook, as it was hurrying along in its shy furtive way toward the shelter of the woods. There was a sharp incline just where the meadow joined the wood, and down this incline the brook boldly leaped, Robin climbing after. That leap was an important moment in the life of the brook. From a slender slip of a stream it seemed to grow up all at once into quite a masterful torrent. And then it went its way over a path always stony, over difficulties innumerable, troubled, but undaunted.

In a few minutes the brook and Robin reached the stone wall that marked the limits of their land. Just beyond that was the little wooden bridge that spanned the stream and which joined together the wood and the road that ran by the wall.

The brook went under these obstacles, Robin over, and now all about them stretched the great wood. If Robin had understood the comparison he would have said it was like a vast cathedral, but being only six and a half and a pagan he felt that it was merely deeply, invitingly mysterious. Quickly he became sensitive and alert all over, for it was in places like this, shadowy places, that adventures lurked.

High over his head, through the wide branches, he could see the blue sky and the pleasure-seeking clouds. The sunlight slanted through the trees. It lay in warm patches on the brook, on the carpeted earth, on the slender trees and bushes, whose leaves, outstretched and eager, were like little hands, reaching out to seize the golden life that came so sparingly to them. And how quiet it was—the quiet of the midsummer noon. The call of a passing crow, the scolding of a squirrel, the murmur of the brook, that was all—when, without any warning, in the midst of this dreaming silence, a voice rang out through the woods—singing—some one singing.

Robin stood breathless—he had never heard anything like it in his life before. He had never imagined anything so lovely as those clear ringing notes. And what a song she was singing, for it was a woman's voice—no, not a woman's. He had heard women sing before, Miss Guthrie and Jane, and it wasn't in the least like this. The song, although he couldn't understand the words, told him of things that he knew all about, and yet, strangely enough, had never thought of before. It made him strangely happy, unlike any happiness he had ever felt before, and then it suddenly ceased, and Robin, with a little start, came back. It was as if he had been away somewhere for a long time.

Who—what could it be that could sing like that? What *could* it be but one of those sirens, those enchantresses, who always beset the path of just such wanderers as he? Perilous creatures they were, past whom you either hurried, all sail set, with muffled ears, or to whose magic, if you were less cautious, you were sure to yield, and in yielding forget all things save only the wonder of their singing.

For a moment Robin hesitated, and then he did just what any right-hearted adventurer would have done—he set straight out in the direction from which had come the voice. He had to find out, that was all, but he would be wary. Following always the brook, his mystic guide, peering into every bush, tense and expectant, he crept along, his little sandalled feet making scarcely more sound than the dropping of the pine-needles about him.

He was coming now to one of the loveliest places in the wood. To a little pool, clear and still. Some big rocks, jutting out into the stream, formed it. Young birches and shrubs, that here grew closely along the bank, quite protected it. Robin

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knew the place very well. Here he had sometimes come with Uncle Beverly and bathed. Here — but what was that! The birches by the edge of the pool were quivering. Some one was moving about among them—some one who was singing a quiet little song all to herself. Or was it to lure him nearer! Robin plunged into the thicket and, crouching there, looked out between the leaves. At first he saw nothing except the moving of the low branches, and then he saw a white hand reach up and take hold of one of the higher branches and the slender tree bending under the weight. That was all he saw, just the hand and a bit of the wrist and the bending tree.

The low song continued, but sometimes she of the voice and of the white hand would pause in her singing and begin to talk, whether to herself or to some one with her, who never replied, there was no knowing. Presently the bushes stopped quivering, the song ceased, then came a splash of the water, and a little shuddering "Oh" reached Robin, for the water was always cold in the pool.

In a few moments the moving among the branches began again, and again the low talking, and once or twice she laughed. Then once more it was still. Robin waited, but nothing happened to break the stillness. Whoever she was she must have slipped away by the farther end of the leafy screen; or perhaps she had just vanished, as he knew They had a way of doing. He came forth from his hiding-place, with the caution appropriate to one who had been long in ambush, and looked about him. Yes, she had vanished—there was no sight or sound of her. Oh, but it was disappointing! How his heart sank! So there was nothing for it but to go home, with his tale for the Round Table, his thrilling and promising tale, all unfinished. He didn't know yet that the best tales are those that have no ending.

Before going, though, he thought he would explore the bushes and the borders of the pool. Still cautiously, for there was magic in the place, he entered the thicket. No, there was nothing there—only a bent branch or two and leaves still shining with the water sprinkled on them. But as he came, after diligent search, to the edge of the trees and looked down at the pool for the first time, he stopped, transfixed, for there on one of the big rocks that jutted out into the stream She sat. She didn't see Robin at all—he on the bank was a little above her. All about her flowed her long hair, and the sun, shining full upon it, turned it into wonderful gold. He couldn't see what it was she was dressed in, excepting that it was white and left the lower part of her arms bare; and he saw that the one foot that came out from beneath the white had on it a sandal such as he himself wore. Even more bewildering, though, than she herself was that which lay beside her and upon which one of her hands rested—his fox's skin! Marvellous to relate, it was no longer a mere skin; it covered now a well-rounded little body; it was living and breathing. Robin knew that, because, as he gazed, wide-eyed, he saw it give a sigh and a comfortable yawn. It was larger than when he last saw it, which was entirely natural, and the nose was longer, but there was no mistaking the soft, tawny fur, and there were the same little black-tipped ears. He couldn't see the tail, which hung down behind somewhere, and the eyes were closed, those glassy eyes which never used to be closed at all.

To Robin the presence of this, his fox's skin, established beyond the shadow of a doubt the identity of the dreamy golden maiden upon the rock. She was the Nymph of the Fountain, of course. By some mysterious art she had filled again with life his fox's skin, perhaps even had found the little fox wandering uncovered in the wood and had reclothed him.

And yet, in the face of such compelling power, Robin lost all his dread of her. He had heard her and now he saw her, and he knew quite well that she would never do harm to any one. He decided, however, not to speak, for fear that at the sound of his voice she would vanish. So he continued standing there, making no sound, and she continued looking into the rushing water.

Presently a kingfisher, with its harsh cry, rose from the opposite bank. She looked up, and her eyes, following its low flight as it crossed the stream and disappeared among the trees, fell upon Robin. She started at the sight of him, a quaint little figure against the green; and then,

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as she realized that he wore a white sailor suit and that his legs were bare, save for the socks that had fallen down over his sandals, that his eyes were very blue and wide opened and his hair very tumbled and his cheeks rosy-red, she smiled at him and Robin smiled back.

"How do you do, Nymph?" he said. It was nice to be able to talk again.

"How do you do, boy," said the Nymph.

"My name is Robin," he corrected, gently.

"Oh!" said the Nymph. "I like that name. Is it Robin Red Breast, or Robin Hood, or Robin Adair, or is it just plain Robin?"

"Not any of those," again corrected Robin, "but it is quite like the last. It's Robin Kildare."

Now the Nymph's eyes opened wide. "Oh!" she said. "I'm glad to know you, Robin Kildare."

"Do you live in the greenwood?" inquired Robin.

The Nymph hesitated a second, and then, "Yes," she said, "in the greenwood."

Here they were interrupted by the fox, who, aroused from his sleep, had at the sight of Robin begun to growl 'way down in his throat, and the growls had developed into disapproving barks. He had raised himself and was standing upon the rock. He now looked and sounded amazingly like a dog, although Robin had never seen one like him before. Quieted by the Nymph, he sank at her side, his glittering eyes—they were just as Robin remembered them—remaining fixed upon the boy on the bank. Robin sat down, too. Countless questions arose to his lips, but remembering what Uncle Beverly had said as to the etiquette to be observed in regard to peace-offerings, and being, above all things, anxious not to anger the gracious Nymph, he made up his mind to be very careful.

So, "That's a nice fox you have," he remarked, tentatively.

"He isn't a fox," replied the Nymph; "he's a dog. But he looks just like a fox, doesn't he? I'm sure he was one once, so I've named him Brer Fox."

Robin looked at her in awe. Fearful indeed was her power. He felt his old dread of her returning. Into what, he wondered, might she change him if the mood seized her? But he was an adventurer, remember, so he went a bit further.

"I had a fox's skin that looked almost like that once," he said.

"Had you?" said the Nymph. "So had I."

She said it rather shortly, Robin thought. Very well, if she ignored his late ownership of the late fox, why, so would he. Besides, there were lots of other things to talk about.

The Nymph was sitting now with her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at him. Her eyes, he saw, were very blue like the sky, and like the sky they seemed to have little golden suns shining in them. The light wind lifted her hair — it reminded him of the spray of the fountain. His confidence returned.

"You've been bathing," he said.

"Yes," she replied. "And the water's very cold. My hair is all wet. That is why I am drying it here in the sun."

"I saw you," he said, unguardedly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Nymph, "you didn't?"

He hastened to explain. "I didn't see *you*," he said; "just the leaves shaking—and one hand I saw. I know that you should never watch a Nymph bathe, because you may be turned into a tree or something you don't want to be."

She laughed. It was like the laughter of the brook.

"Did you use any soap in your bath?" was his next question.

"No," she said, "I didn't use any soap."

"Uncle Beverly said you never used any," he went on. "Uncle Beverly knows a great deal about the woodland people."

Now it was her turn to ask a question. "Do you live with Uncle Beverly?" she inquired.

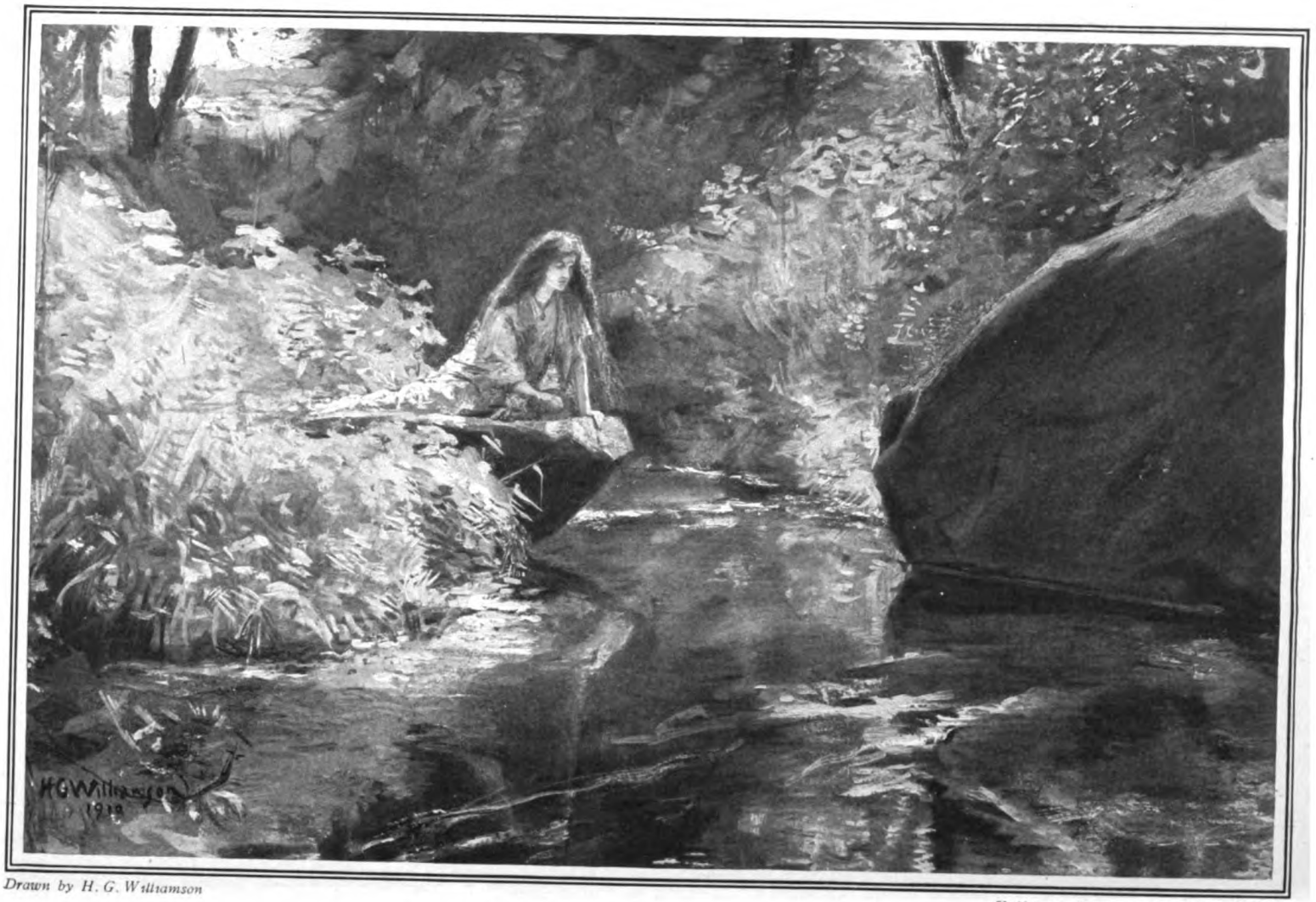
"Yes," Robin returned. "Uncle Beverly and I live all alone. We're pagans. Miss Guthrie lives with us too, but she isn't a pagan. Uncle Beverly is a poet—he writes books."

"Yes," said the Nymph, "I know he does."

"Have you books in the woodland?" he asked in surprise. Uncle Beverly had told him otherwise.

The Nymph looked down at the running water and paused a moment before answering. "Oh yes," she then said,

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

A DREAMY GOLDEN MAIDEN UPON THE ROCK

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smiling up at him. "There are books in running brooks, you know, and there are sermons in stones, too. Uncle Beverly must have forgotten."

Robin's eyes opened their widest. "What kind of books?" he asked.

"Well," replied the Nymph, "there are no arithmetics and no grammars and no geographies. They are all poetry books in the brook language. Some of Uncle Beverly's translate very beautifully into the brook language. I was reading one when I first saw you this morning."

So that was what she had been doing when he came upon her looking so intently into the stream.

"You are too little to understand the books yet," she continued. "Some day you will, though. There are people who never understand them—never—but you will."

There was a little pause. Robin was thinking. Then the Nymph asked, "Have you any one to play with?"

"Oh yes," said Robin, promptly. "I play—I play with myself; and sometimes there are other people. I knew a Faun very well last year. First I chased him and then he chased me, and he took me to see an old Satyr who lives down in an old tree. And sometimes I play with the Dryads among the trees. And sometimes I've chased you — haven't I? — but I've never seen you before. Uncle Beverly thinks it's nicer to chase Nymphs than it is to find them, but I don't believe he ever found one."

He was growing very bold, but she did not seem to take offence; neither, however, did she reply to him, but went on to another question of her own.

"Have you no little boys or girls to play with?" was what she asked. "Just plain little boys and girls."

"Sometimes," said Robin, "but not very near together times. They come driving over to see us with their fathers and their mothers, and once there was a boy named Sam who stayed all night, but I was glad when he went home."

"Why were you glad?" she queried.

"He laughed at me," said Robin. Tears came to his eyes at the thought. "I took him out to see the Faun, and he laughed and said there wasn't any Faun. Uncle Beverly said that it wasn't his fault. He said he didn't believe a boy named Sam could see a faun. He said that people's eyes were very different, and that Sam's kind of eyes couldn't see some things."

She was silent for a moment, looking at him. "Are you never lonely?" she said.

"What is lonely?" asked Robin.

"What is lonely?" she exclaimed. "What is lonely? Why—it's being all alone; or no—it's worse than that. It's having no one around who understands. Yes, that's what it means. I'm glad you don't know what it means—yet."

She rose to her feet as she finished speaking. She was tall and very slender. Brer Fox rose, too, and stood looking at her, wagging expectantly. Robin felt an awful sinking of the heart, worse than anything he had ever felt before. She was going! Very slowly he too stood up.

"Must you go?" he said.

"Yes," she replied gently, for she understood the quiver in his voice, "and you should go home, shouldn't you? It's long past noon."

"Shall I ever see you any more?" he asked. Complete happiness or complete disaster hung upon her answer. Her blue eyes rested upon him. Standing as she now was, her eyes were much nearer the level of his own. No one, he felt, had ever looked at him in just that way before. Of course he didn't know it, but she was conquering an impulse to go to him and take him in her arms, such was the appeal in his voice.

"I shall be here to-morrow," she said, "and every day when the sun shines I shall be here and will watch for you to come."

The joy in his face made it even harder not to go to him.

"Will you sing again?" he asked.

"Yes, I will sing to you and sing to you," she answered, "and I will sing to you now while you are going home. Only you mustn't stop once and you mustn't look back once, but go straight and swift."

So he went straight and swift, and as he went her voice followed him, but growing always fainter and fainter, until it no longer reached him. But he never stopped and never looked back once.

Uncle Beverly hadn't come home when Robin returned, and after his dinner, a labored occasion, during which he sat in a trance-like state, looking out of the

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window, while Miss Guthrie tried despairingly to make him either eat or talk, he went forth into the garden. What had happened to the day—what had happened to everything, he wondered. The clouds, his comrades of the morning, had all moved onward. The sky was dull without them. The insinuating wind had also passed on, the garden was mute. For the first time the flowers had no word for him, for the first time the trees did not beckon to him. The fountain had lost her charm for him, monotonous her voice. It wasn't a voice at all. It was only a pattering sound. He knelt beside her—no, not her; it was just a fountain—just water in a stone basin. He gazed into the clear depths. But here there were no blue eyes that, resting upon him, seemed to enfold and protect him, as the blue sky enfolds and protects the little clouds committed to its care. Here was only his own round troubled face, with the sailor collar falling about it.

Just one thing appealed to him. To wander to and fro among the silent roses and wonder which color she would like the best.

Then he took to the stone wall to watch for Uncle Beverly, weary with the insipidity of the world. What was it that she had said? "Lonely means being all alone." Why, that was what he must be! He was all alone—for the first time. So, while the long afternoon wore itself out, he sat on the wall and watched the shadows creep out from their hiding-places under the trees and gather in mysterious groups about the grass. And, oh! at last the sound of Elgar's hoofs far down the road and at last the Round Table, upon the terrace, and they, the two adventurers, gathered about it with their beakers of foaming milk beside them and the cool of the evening round about them!

Uncle Beverly was a trained, a perfect listener. Robin's style, being picturesque but extremely involved, required a practised ear to attend him. But what other effort of concentration, Uncle Beverly thought, ever paid half so well? Robin was always better than you expected he could be.

"And so," chanted Robin in closing, "I'm going to see her to-morrow and every day when the sun shines, and she will sing to me."

"Tell me once more about her singing," said Uncle Beverly. He wanted again to see that look in Robin's eyes. Robin didn't answer for a moment. For what dim reminiscent song was he listening? Where led the far-distant ways down which he was gazing? From the woods came the note of a hermit-thrush. Like a falling star it slipped through the still evening air.

"Was it as beautiful as that?" asked Uncle Beverly.

"It wasn't like that," said Robin, slowly. "The thrush sings about all-alone places, and she calls to the stars and tells them that it's time to come and light the day to bed, and she calls the dew down to cool the grass; but the Nymph's song was just like this morning. The sun was in it and the wind was in it, and there was something else in it that I think I used to know about. But I can't quite remember now."

Uncle Beverly sighed. The vision drifted away from Robin's eyes. He looked at Uncle Beverly. Why, Uncle Beverly's face was sad!

"Didn't you have as nice an adventure as that?" he asked, troubled. "It's your turn to tell now."

"Oh, mine was just the wraith of an adventure, Robin," said Uncle Beverly. His voice was sad, too. "It isn't worth telling about, but I will because we made a compact. Elgar and I started out down the road, but we found the road was in the hands of the enemy. The automobiles commanded it—every point of it."

"What were they doing?" inquired Robin.

"Oh, they seemed to be bound on dreary quests of their own," said Uncle Beverly. "They were rushing through the radiant morning as if it were a tunnel and their only object was to come out at the other end. We left them as soon as we could and turned off into the wood paths, and by and by, near a little brook, we stopped. And I turned Elgar loose under the trees, and then I had my lunch and read my book; and after a while we started again, and we rode and rode over the hills and through the valleys and across the streams. But nothing happened — nothing — until late in the afternoon as we were nearing home. We were in the woods and the path was very

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narrow and all about us the dusk was gathering. Then suddenly we came upon a place where the sun had cut a pathway through the trees, and the pathway led right across our road. As we drew near the pathway Elgar was startled by something and started to run, and as he ran I thought I saw standing in the golden light on one side of our road—a figure."

"What was it?" whispered Robin.

"I don't know," said Uncle Beverly. "A Dryad perhaps. She was very lovely. When I stopped Elgar at last and rode back the golden way was gone and the Dryad had vanished with it."

Robin drew a deep breath. "Did she have blue eyes?" he asked.

Uncle Beverly shook his head. "I couldn't see," he answered.

"And was that all?" said Robin. This was certainly disappointing. Why, the story was only just beginning!

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly. "I told you it was just the wraith of an adventure. But when you get to be grown up, the way I am, you have to be grateful, I suppose, for just a flashing glimpse of a Dryad, for the passing shimmer of light on her hair. You have to be contented to know that they are somewhere, and that little lads like you can find them even if you cannot find them any more yourself."

Robin slipped down from his chair and came around to his uncle and leaned against him. "Never mind," he said; "I will take you to see my Nymph. I will take you to-morrow. Will you come?" he asked.

Uncle Beverly looked down at him. How black Uncle Beverly's eyes were!

"It would be no use, little lad," he said. "The Nymph would disappear when she heard me coming. I know she would. Don't you remember how you never used to meet the Faun when you and I were walking together, even though we went to his most favorite places. I suppose they don't like me because I'm grown up; or perhaps I'm getting to be like Sam. Anyway, I cannot see them clearly any more, the woodland people. I'm growing into a middle-aged, didactic, visionless poet."

In the doorway appeared Miss Guthrie, their symbol of the actual.

"Run along, Robin," whispered Uncle Beverly. "What will Miss Guthrie say to me? You're the only young thing in the garden that hasn't been put to bed yet."

Robin started and then stopped. "She said, 'Oh!' when she felt the water," he said. "Just the way I do. She's just like a person."

What days followed! The sun shone on all of them excepting one, a wrathful day, the gray hours of which Robin spent in profitless searchings of the sky and in drawing pictures of her in colored crayons. Also in driving Uncle Beverly to despair by making him listen to his renderings of the songs she sang. Uncle Beverly, thus goaded, became flippant.

"If she is a water Nymph," he said, "I can't see why she minds being out in the rain. She certainly can't mind getting wet."

To which Robin with dignity: "She doesn't want *me* to get wet," he said. "She likes it. She has a new rain-coat and they don't make her wear rubbers."

"Where does she live in winter?" asked Uncle Beverly.

"I don't know," said Robin, briefly, but it started him thinking. He couldn't think of anything else all the rest of the day. It was a characteristic of his, dear to Uncle Beverly, soul-trying to Miss Guthrie, his inability to think of but one thing at a time. Where did she live in winter? There was a foreboding in the question. It hadn't occurred to him that the summer would end.

If it rained the next day—but it didn't. The morning was glistening when he awoke, and Uncle Beverly, from his study, saw him, when school was over, dance across the lawn toward the trysting rock. Then Miss Guthrie knocked and they had an argument.

"But, Miss Guthrie," Uncle Beverly said in the course of it, "I assure you I imagined just as hard as Robin does when I was his age. I had quite as passionate experiences with dream people as he is having. Robin is doing just what I want him to do. He may be a poet one of these days if we keep him among lovely things and away from the world."

Miss Guthrie stood unconvinced. "It's rather pitiful, it seems to me," she said. "He takes out all his favorite things and

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shows them to this make-believe of his. His mother's picture, and his books, and his silk socks with the Roman stripes, and yesterday I heard him down in the cellar with James getting out his sled to show her. It doesn't seem right, his not knowing what is real from what isn't."

"Miss Guthrie," asked Uncle Beverly, abruptly, "what is reality, anyway? Can you tell me?"

Miss Guthrie retreated. She always retreated when Uncle Beverly led the way to metaphysical heights or depths, whichever they were. "What is reality?" she said to herself as she went up-stairs. "It's flesh and blood, it seems to me, that the good Lord makes and that you can see and take hold of; not creatures that you make yourself and that aren't there at all."

And while all this talk about ideality and reality was going forward Robin, utterly happy, was sitting on the rock—he had been promoted, you see. He was paddling his toes in the water, on one side of him the Nymph drying her hair, on the other Brer Fox sleeping. Brer Fox liked him very much by this time. They had come to an understanding long ago, the Nymph and Robin, about the peace-offerings, and she had offered to return to him the thrush's nest. Brer Fox, she said, she couldn't give up; not yet. But Robin had heroically refused to take the nest, and had told Uncle Beverly of his refusal, with a pardonable pride.

Now Robin asked his question. He very often came to her with questions, which she sometimes answered and sometimes didn't.

"Where do you live in winter?" he asked, and fixed upon her round, anxious eyes.

She became thoughtful and didn't answer for some moments. Then, hesitatingly, "I dwell in a fountain in winter," she said.

"Isn't it very cold?" asked Robin.

"No," she said. "It is warmed through and through by a beautiful spirit. It is in the midst of a great wilderness of a city far from here."

"Is it like this where the fountain is?" he asked.

She looked about her and above her. "It is so unlike this," she said, "that I can hardly believe it is in the same world. Instead of high trees there are the high buildings, and instead of the gracious shade there is the glare of the stones, and instead of the ripple of the water there is the rattle of the pavements, and there are no birds and no flowers and no sunsets; only what some one has called 'the tattered rag of a sunset.' And the air is heavy all day and night with the dust from many chimneys."

He looked quite frightened. "It sounds ugly," he said. "Why is the fountain there where it is ugly?"

"That is just why it is there," she answered, quickly. "You can have no idea, little Robin, of what the fountain is in that dreary wilderness. To the fountain here in your beautiful garden the birds come and bathe, and you play about it, and Uncle Beverly dreams beside it, and the clouds and the moon and the stars smile into it as they pass. But to the fountain in the city little children come, and the sick and the weary and the old all come to it and drink from it and sit beside it and go away refreshed."

She was not speaking to him now. Her eyes were looking past him up the dappled stream, but not seeing it, Robin felt. She suddenly seemed far away from him. He drew his feet out of the water and put them upon the rock in front of him. Its friendly warmth comforted him.

"Where is the city?" he asked. He wished that she would come back to him.

"Beyond the mountains," she said in a far-away voice. "Away beyond the mountains in the big world."

"What else is there in the world besides the city and the fountain?" he questioned, forlornly. It made him feel unhappy, this sudden enlargement of his universe, but he was an adventurer still and bound to know its limits.

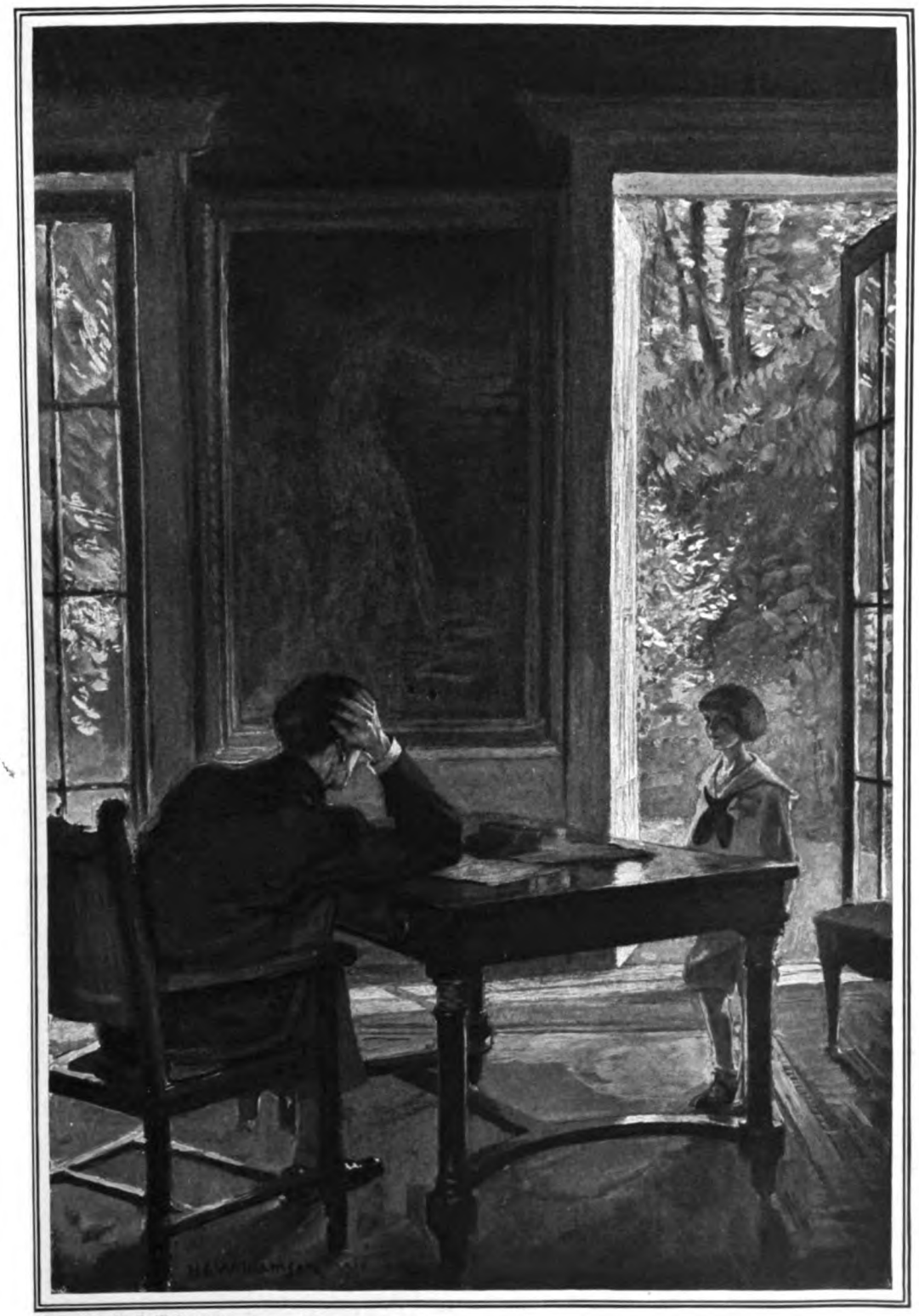
"Oh," she said, "misery is there and pain is there and cruelty is there, but loyalty is there too, and honor and courage — such courage — and unselfishness, and"—here she laughed—"babies are there. Lots and lots of babies."

Robin laughed, too. "Water babies?" he asked, brightly.

Here he was on home ground again.

She had to tell him that they weren't water babies—not exactly. And then they

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

"WHAT LIES BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS?" HE ASKED

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talked of many other things and the glad morning flew by. Oh, how fast it went!

She fastened his sandals when it came time for him to go and rolled up his socks, which had slipped off the rock and nearly been drowned. And then she kissed the top of his curly head.

"Good-by, little Robin," she said.

Robin clambered up on to the bank. "Good-by," he called back. "Good-by. I'll come early to-morrow."

Tears were in her eyes as she watched him go.

Arrived at home, Robin sought out Uncle Beverly and found him still writing. The study windows—long French windows they were—opened on the terrace, and as it was a law that Uncle Beverly was not to be disturbed while he was writing, Robin didn't go in to him, but stood very still on the threshold, looking into the cool dark room and waiting his time. Uncle Beverly, from where he sat, became aware of the watchful little presence, but for some minutes gave no sign of his awareness. And then, as Robin still stood motionless but purposeful, he looked up.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter? Didn't you have a good time?" Robin appeared very grave, he thought.

Robin came into the room and walked up to the writing-table.

"What lies beyond the mountains?" he asked.

Uncle Beverly was surprised—very surprised. Robin had never asked that question before. He leaned forward, his elbows on the table, facing his nephew. "The sunset," he replied.

"Yes," said Robin, "but there is something else, something better than that."

"What?" inquired Uncle Beverly.

"The world," said Robin, his eyes as big as they could be.

"Oh yes," said Uncle Beverly. "I've heard of the world."

"Do you know what is in it?" his examiner went on.

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly, "I can answer that." His face became quite grim. "Ugliness is there, and envy and hatred, and an endless striving and struggling of men, one with another, for the possession of gold, and—"

Here Robin interrupted. "No," he said, "that isn't right. Courage is there and honor is there and loyalty is there" (that was a big word, but he handled it well) "and unselfishness is there." He had made the Nymph pronounce again those things that were to be found in the world. He liked the sound of them and had said them over to himself as he came home.

"Who told you that?" asked Uncle Beverly a little sharply. It had most likely been Miss Guthrie.

"Why, the Nymph," said Robin. "She lives in a fountain in winter in the world—a warmed-up fountain—and little boys and girls are there and lots of babies—not water babies—land babies with toes instead of finny tails."

Uncle Beverly, looking hard at his nephew, pondered these sayings. He continued pondering them during the afternoon, and when evening came and they were walking up and down the garden paths together he said, "Robin, I think I will go with you to the woods to-morrow—that is, if you are sure you can persuade the Nymph not to run away when she hears me coming."

"Oh!" exclaimed Robin. "Are your eyes better? Can you see the woodland people again?"

"That's what I want to find out, little lad," said Uncle Beverly. "I think they are better. I think perhaps you are making them better."

It was bedtime — both knew it — and Robin didn't want to go at all.

"The day doesn't want to go, either," he said. "See how she stays over there by the hills watching the moon. And the baby clouds—they are all running round the sky. I think the moon wants to catch them. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Uncle Beverly. "To catch them and to tuck them all up with that great comfortable mother cloud, who is waiting for them back of the mountain. But the wind is on the side of the clouds, isn't he? He is helping them to get away."

"Yes," said Robin, softly. "Yes."

Then, as his uncle stooped to kiss him good night (you had to stoop 'way down to kiss Robin), "She'll be s'prised to see you," he said. "I told her you had grown so old you couldn't see the woodland people any more."

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"And what did *she* say?" laughed Uncle Beverly.

"She laughed too," replied Robin. "She laughs just like a little girl."

When Robin was gone Uncle Beverly went back to the work that had been interrupted in the morning, but it didn't go well. He could hear the little lad's voice, "Courage is there and loyalty is there, and unselfishness is there." He could hear the wind moving about the garden. The whole night, he felt, was softly stirring. He put out his lamp and stepped out on the terrace. The moon and the clouds were silently, ceaselessly, weaving wonderful patterns across the dark sky. Between the clouds, down far sky spaces, he could see faint stars. The garden quivered and swayed under the shifting lights and under the swift touch of the wind. "On such a night," he thought, "did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew." How lovely it all was! "But courage was there and loyalty was there, and—" What was that sound that mingled so strangely with the familiar sounds of the garden? It came from the direction of the fountain, a tremulous wail. He turned quickly and walked toward the wide steps that led to the circle of the cedars. When he reached them he paused and looked down. It was quite dark for the moment, for the moon was moving slowly through a tangle of clouds. He could only see the fine line of the fountain and the dim gleam of the pool. He started to go down the steps, and as he did so the moonlight again swept over the garden and it all lay clear before him. On the stone rim of the pool lay a fox-like creature; its whole attitude spoke of obedience, of loyal waiting. It raised its head and Uncle Beverly heard again the tremulous wail, a forsaken sound. On the opposite side of the pool lay a little nest. It held three eggs. The peace-offerings had been returned.

He descended the steps. She evidently hadn't trusted to Brer Fox's keeping of his lonely vigil. She had secured him by a slender chain to one of the old cedars. Tied to the same old cedar were two little folded notes. Robin's was fastened with a late wild rose. The other was addressed to the Master of the Garden. This is what the master read in it:

"Master of the Garden, here are the peace-offerings, once offered to me, an angry deity, now returned by me, a penitent mortal, to Robin and to you. Master of the Garden, indeed I did not mean to deceive him; it all began quite naturally, it all grew quite naturally, I was just what Robin made me and wanted me to be. We have to try to be what those who care for us want us to be, do we not, even though it impels us to try to be like the gods themselves? And now the time has come, all unlooked-for, when I must leave him and go away beyond the mountains. And of the sorrow and the hurt to him I cannot think, nor could I tell him this morning that there would be no to-morrow for him and for me. What will you give him in my place, Master of the Garden, to play with, to talk with, to laugh with? A fountain? Master of the Garden, it hurts you, does it not, to know that I am just a mortal, just reality? Believe me, it is better to be a mortal than it is to be a Nymph, even a Nymph that Robin has created. It is better to be a mortal, seen in the woods at dusk, in the golden path of the sun, than it is to be a Dryad, even a Dryad that a poet has created. Oh, Master of the Garden, remember that the hills and the sky, the fields and the forests, are very large and very silent and that Robin is very small and full of questionings. For them and for you the sun and the rain, the changing seasons, the day and the night, may suffice, but Robin has need of other things. Farewell, Master of the Garden."

She couldn't have been gone long. The grass where she had knelt by the side of the pool was still bending. Away in the woods he seemed to hear her singing. He started to go toward the path through the cedars, the path by which she must have come and gone, Thisbe fearfully o'ertripping the dew. And then he hesitated. "No," he said, "Robin must lead the way."

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Editor's Easy Chair

NO sooner had the Easy Chair found itself homeward bound from a summer in England, with its feet firmly riveted to the gently reeling floor of the steamer's "lounge," than it began, with the help of one of its oldest separable selves, to dream backward in a fashion befitting a Christmas number. Its retrospective vision was of an early passage of the Atlantic, on the good one-screw steamship *City of Palmyra,* which sailed on a dark day of the darkest November of the Civil War, with a heavy-hearted young man going out to be Consul for the Adriatic port of Torcello. Although his Commission from the President expressed the peculiar confidence of Abraham Lincoln in his qualifications for his office, and specially recommended him to the favor of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, the young man was not so secure of his future but he had caught eagerly at the hope of having the company of the outgoing Vice-Consul for Rome on the voyage, and had cherished it with homesick fondness up to the very moment of departure. This Vice-Consul was afterward described by his Consular chief as of the nature of a pendulum that wagged back and forth but seldom ticked, and that was one of the many times when he did not tick. A half-mile of very gloomy water had widened between the shore and the ship when the Consul for Torcello saw the Vice-Consul for Rome setting out in pursuit of her in a small rowboat, and standing up in an attitude of appeal. The expression of his lonely figure, and the longing for his company, so wrought with the Consul that he implored the first officer to stop the ship, and the first officer referred him to the captain on the bridge. To him the Consul recited the qualities and dignities of the vain pursuer, and got for answer from the peppery Scot commanding, "I wuddn't stope ma ship for the Keeng!" So the Vice-Consul faded back into the distance, and long after the incident was forgotten and ought to have been forgiven, the *City of Palmyra* was burned in her dock at Liverpool.

By that time she was so waterlogged that it was wonderful she should have burned anywhere; and she was of such a constant habit of revolving in the water that it was yet more wonderful she did not roll over and put the fire out. "Rolling timber, *I* call her," the head-and-only-stewardess said, a graphic woman of singular discernment; and in the gangway there was a soul-sickening apparatus to attest her theory. This was a cruel needle that swung upward as the ship threatened to capsize, and then downward as she thought better of it; and if you noted the degrees of her oscillation you ran to the bulwark while you had yet strength.

So the Consul for Torcello remembered in reminiscent communion with the Easy Chair. He remembered also that he felt himself to have been snubbed by the captain and had decided to ignore the commander throughout the voyage; he was only twenty-four, and young, even for a Consul; and he found his resolve the more practicable because the captain never took the least notice of him, so that they continued to meet as perfect strangers during the ensuing fortnight. Such was the fleetness of the *City of Palmyra* that she needed only two weeks for crossing the ocean. The situation was further simplified by the Consul's seclusion for the first three days in his cabin. By differing friends he had been advised, on the one hand, to eat nothing for twenty-four hours before sailing; and on the other hand to dine heartily as soon as he could after going on board. He acted upon the last advice because it seemed to him wisest and best, and because he preferred feasting to fasting at any time. For the forgotten reasons of that day dinner was at four o'clock on the Atlantic steamers,

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and the Consul sat down with his fellow passengers to a vast turkey, which the first officer carved at the head of a table stretching the whole length of the saloon. The turkey was flanked by attractive side-dishes of several sorts, such as squash, turnips, and potatoes, and was followed by such substantial sweets as mince pie, plum pudding, and cranberry tart. Of all these the Consul for Torcello partook lavishly, in his belief that he was doing the right and wise thing, and when he rose from the table and climbed the reeling stairs of the gangway to the flush deck, he felt the calm of duty done. He was not surprised that the distant lights of the city seemed to join in a dance of approval, and it would be difficult to say just why and when his heart misgave him concerning the wisdom of eating that dinner as a prophylactic against seasickness. However this may be, he stumbled down the gangway back to the saloon, and shut himself into his cabin with all despatch.

The cabins of the *City of Palmyra* were admirably arranged just back of the chairs of the dining-table, so that you could instantly bolt to the one from the other at the first signal from nature. The Consul found the lower berth in his room already taken by a young man who, when his utterances became vocal, said he was going out to put a sewing-machine on the London market, and who, when he rose on the last day of the voyage, showed himself so wan and weak and wasted that it seemed as if his sewing-machine might first be illustratively employed in running up the seams of the poor young agent's shroud. Probably it was not, though what really became of him the Consul knew even less than he knew the fate of his other fellow passengers. Most of them were Americans, and these were divided from the English by their opinions of the Civil War, though English enmity to the North was not so emphatic then as afterward; and they were never so much united by anything as by the sight of an iceberg which everybody seemed to see at once. They were all glad to see it, and to see it a mile off; even at that comfortable remove it was of such a mighty bulk that it chilled both sea and air. The sailors drew up a bucket of the brine and found it freezing cold, though perhaps the sea would have been cold off the Banks at that season without an iceberg. This one, certainly, was huge enough for the purpose; it was terrifying rather than beautiful, as it swelled up an irregular mountain shape of a dull, dirty yellow against the gray sky, on the gray sea, with a sort of slouching air, as if it were an untidy tramp from the arctic world which it had so belatedly loafed out of; and so long as it remained in sight all the beholders rejoiced that the ship had not passed it in the night, for then they might have missed it, or not missed it, which would have been worse.

The Easy Chair would willingly have made more of this iceberg in the interest of a Christmas number; but the ex-consul would not suffer it. He said there were no young ladies on board, at least, to save from it if it had misbehaved. There were indeed two ladies, but not of the heroinable age; the American Girl, who has since so swarmed abroad to play such a prominent part in international fiction, was not then discovered. The *City of Palmyra,* though she was of only fifteen hundred tons burden, would have offered this Girl some opportunities to prepare for the fray, if she had been imagined; with a flush deck quite clear of impediments the ship afforded ampler space for walking and talking than the largest modern steamers. But here, except that she had no band, the *City of Palmyra's* advantages ended. At the stern a "house," as a house is understood at sea, formed the smoking-room, and when the deck was not swept by "whooping billows," the hardy smoker could stagger out to this edifice, and take his chance of staggering back: there were strong waters as well as cigars served in the house. For the enjoyment of more innocent pleasures, the dining-saloon formed the only place; it was at once the dining-saloon, drawing-room, music-room, lounge, and library, which are separately supplied to the luxury of the travelling public on steamers like that where the Easy Chair and the ex-consul now met. From the roof of this sole apartment some doleful lamps swung by night, and by day the pale November light stole in through the low windows

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under the eaves. The cabins were cheered by yet smaller lamps set behind ground-glass panes between each two, and inflexibly put out at ten o'clock. Four years later the ex-consul found on an up-to-date Cunarder candles between such panes; or perhaps it was the other way about.

The saloon was too dim for reading, and he remembered no card-playing. He declared that there were not even any stories told there to while away the interminable afternoons or evenings. There may have been gaming in the smoking-room, with drinking and even swearing; he was never present to deny it, or the fact of disputing between the American and English members of the Anglo-Saxon race, about the North and South in the war then raging on bloodier fields. He contended that life is rarely equal to its opportunities except in those rare instances in which it chooses to exceed them so lavishly and spectacularly. Nothing, he contended, happened.

The Easy Chair took leave to think he forgot. It could not bear to have a Christmas number so defeated of its hopes in a scene so fitted for their fruition. It held that all sorts of things happened, especially incredible things. For instance, it saw no reason for doubting that there was a murderer or so, fleeing from the scene of his crime, and haunted, to the perception of his fellow passengers, by the ghost of his victim. But the ex-consul rejected these hypotheses as too gross and palpable even for the readers of a Christmas number.

"Then at least," the Easy Chair pursued him, "there was something to interest our youngest readers. Were there no whales, no porpoises, or Confederate privateers hull down in the offing?"

"There was a whale," the ex-consul gloomily assented, "quite at the horizon-line, but recognizably wet, even there; it was blowing, not the sturdy arc of water which I remembered from my school-geography picture, but a cloud of steam, if not of cotton-wool. However, the whale was almost as popular as the iceberg with the passengers. There were no porpoises or privateers because it was too cold for them."

The Easy Chair sighed in disappointment; then it took courage. "But come! You had a cow on board. Steamers used to carry cows for their milk in the days before refrigeration. What did *your* cow do?"

"Gave milk, I suppose," was the ex-consul's saturnine answer. "You were hoping it was a sea-cow?"

"Nothing quite so Jules Verneish. But it might have been something more than a mere cow. You had hens in a coop; were you roused from dreams of your country home by their crowing in the mornings?"

"Hens don't crow."

"'How positive the knave is!' What *do* you remember of that memorable voyage of yours?"

"Nothing. Once it seemed crowded with events. Now it is a blank."

"But be a little subjective! What were your emotions, your reflections on first catching sight of the Old World?"

"I dare say I had some, but I don't remember them. Or, stop! I woke one morning and found the Irish coast so near that I thought I could touch it. I made the reflection that it looked muddy."

"Well, that's something. And Liverpool?"

"I remember no Liverpool."

"Not the hotel you stopped at?"

"I don't believe I stopped at any. I must have gone straight up to London."

"Ah!" the Easy Chair breathed hopefully. "And what were your primal associations with the capital of our race?"

"A Jewish clothier on Ludgate Hill sold me a pair of spring-bottom trousers when all the world was wearing peg-tops."

"But Westminster Abbey?"

"I must have seen it. But those spring-bottom trousers have blotted out the vision of it."

The Easy Chair began to be frank with the ex-consul. "It seems to us that you have lived, or travelled, to very little purpose. Or, wait a minute! Can't we have a psychological inquiry, which will interest the average Christmas reader, into the phenomena of memory, what it will hold and what it will loose, and whether in another world you will remember as little of this as you now remember of that first voyage of yours?"

The ex-consul brightened; then he faded. "Not in this number. Perhaps some other number!"

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Editor's Study

CHRISTMAS is called the "holy" season and, with the same intuitive sense that translates holy days into holidays, all Christendom associates the season with bounty, goodwill, and with the mystery of Nativity. We think then of things that are born and grow, of what is divine as something which "shall increase." We exchange work for play and seem borne on the tide into a new world of surprises, where things come to us, not as they do usually, in response to effort, but as an unearned increment, windfalls of fortune. Thus, in gifts, the unexpected is aimed at—an expression of wayward humor rather than of considerate benevolence. The revels are a defiance of reason, as their antecedents in the Roman Saturnalia were a kind of misrule or a realization of fantastic anarchy—as when servants and masters exchanged places. Chimes and carols are sprung upon us, like Ariel's songs to those shipwrecked by Prosper's magic, out of the invisible.

It is as if we were children again, or at least thought only about those who are children and sought to make for them a world which should seem natural to them—that is, wholly wonderful. We take pains to disguise our benefactions and make it seem that they come in strange ways—out of the frosty air and down the chimney—distributed by a nondescript saint who has no vestige of sanctity. It is the oddity rather than the picturesqueness that counts in this masquerade, and there are no "cash values" for the Pragmatist's computation. We betray, for the time, our heritage from the races that fashioned gargoyles and grotesquely broidered their sacred mysteries. Goodness, beauty, and truth deny their wonted attributes with reckless obliquity, asymmetry, and refraction, as if courting fellowship with sinners and inviting rogues to Paradise. Whatever so different we adults have become by virtue of our formed characters and our education on more exquisite patterns, we by a wise instinct let the illusions and romance of Christmas come to the children Gothic-wise, as they might have come to simple souls in medieval western Europe, not in white raiment but in garments all awry, with quaintly odd and antique accompaniments, and along with old folk-lore figments, like that of Jack and the Bean-stalk. We ourselves, though the illusion cannot for us be complete, because of finer illusions we have courted, enjoy the reversion.

But we moderns are conscious of our reversion in sharing Christmas with the children. We are distinctly adult, and the western Europeans of medieval times were like children and spontaneous in their participation with them in the old ritual. Even the beasts of the field had their part in the grotesque play, thus helping to make it seem elemental, as if it were of a piece with the old Naturalism associated with the worship of Pan.

In our adult management of Christmas we have done much to denaturalize it and, to a considerable extent, have imposed our ulterior refinements upon the children. We have somehow contrived to make it expensive and tiresome, dispensing with its levities and burdening the little ones with grave considerations—showing an aversion from its grotesque oddities like that of the sophisticated Athenians from the old goat-limbed god of the rustics.

We should be going too far afield were we to inquire why the medieval imagination tricked out its solemnities with so much of quaintness and almost defiant drollery—why Satan and his imps should have been so fantastically portrayed, or why the Dance of Death should have been a favorite theme with painters. What is most important for us to take note of is the fact that every new generation, in its immature stage, recapitulates the earlier and cruder traits of the race. We see cropping out in children, notably

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in boys, certain gross and wayward humors that flout decorum and that, allowed room for development, would become arrantly Gothic, after the early pattern, even to the point of unabashed impropriety, or rather the recrudescence of a natural decency. These traits, in that older time when the Goth and Frank had taken Christianity and Roman civilization in their own way, would have moulded every illusion of faith and romance in just the shapes they took in medieval mystery plays and popular legends. They undoubtedly served as an antidote to medieval scholasticism; but they did not owe their existence to that or to any other conscious purpose; they were native and inalienable traits, never wholly to disappear from Western life and art, though destined, in the maturer development of these, to lose their coarser characteristics.

But to return to our boys, who have, as we have said, a heritage from Northern races of wayward dispositions and humors. Our girls have it too, but in a gentler and daintier fashion of wildness. In them it is Gothic romance, in the boys it is Gothic barbarianism. In the making of medieval western Christendom the triumph of Christianity was also the triumph of the Barbarians. Our Christmas, in so far as we have retained its native guise and accompaniments, is an attestation of both. It could not be so much the children's season if it were not chromatic and distempered—if it shone in the white light of our ultimate ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness. Even we elders eagerly seize the rare chance for delight in its disguises and make-believes and travesties—how much more the children! The girl is not, at this season, transfixed by the glare of truth, nor the boy shamed by the reflex of absolute beauty or goodness; both are permitted to cherish illusion, undismayed by conscious reflection.

Thus Christmas becomes a season of incarnate good-will rather than of abstract goodness, of companionableness without invidious classification, of a frank but unconscious acceptance of our limitations and fallibilities. Our mortal existence is even Immanuelable, comforted by the most intimate realization of divine companionableness manifest in the Nativity, with no mental formulation on our part of anything beyond the sense of that reality. We hold fast to this reality, absolving it from all logical premises or conclusions, delighting in its naïve implication that humanity was so divinely interesting that to be born human was a divine longing. What could appeal more aptly than that to the hearts of children, who remember also that, having experienced childhood, this Son of Man made childhood the very exemplar of heavenliness? Think what we may at other times, reasoning out the plan of a divine-human drama, beginning in Original Sin and ending in the Judgment, we, at this season, forego all our adult expertness and join the light-hearted children, who know no fears or vanities, and in whom conscience lies asleep, while they watch and listen for strange sights and sounds out of the simple, natural, unsanct heaven that lies about them.

Yes, we "know good and evil." Ours is not an innocent world. The benignancy of Nature does not preclude biting, snarling, venomous, and stinging species; and Nature in us discloses like malignances which, as conscious beings, we have exacerbated and multiplied, producing monstrous variations which Nature would not own to and which are reflected only in the human conscience, begetting in that field a sad crop of shames, regrets, and, haply, repentances.

It is well, therefore, that we cherish Christmas, which curtains us off from all this knowledge of good and evil and folds us within the Magic Island of childhood, over which the Divine Babe rules. Everything in His life—so different from its natal day, when as yet Herod has not begun his hounding and the High Priests and other official persecutors are as oblivious of Him as Cæsar is—is hidden from our view. We are shut in with the Child, immune to all alarms.

"Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold." But the magic is more potent in positive suggestion than the vision of the Golden Age—even as Flaxman depicted it, illustrating Hesiod. Our thoughts are transformed, as if we looked upon a new creation—our thoughts of God and of humanity. No pagan conceit ever reached so far as to take in this Christian moment, when children are

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boldly companionable with deity. The familiar story comes back to us of Bishop Brooks's niece, who, when asked if she had prayed God to forgive her for her wrong-doing, replied, "Yes, and He said, 'Pray don't even mention it, Miss Brooks!'" There is just a touch of sophistication in the polite phraseology of the divine response, but the innocent daring is not the less manifest or less agreeably surprising. The idea of God in Miss Brooks's mind, as in William Blake's intuitions, is in perfect accord with the Christmas mood; and it helps us to see how easily and naturally at that season the medieval world slipped its cogs and became a world of wonder and of a charity which thinketh no evil.

That old blend of Christianity and Barbarianism saved Europe from the debilities of a too pagan Renaissance. It preserved the vernacular speech against Latinity and laid deep the foundations of our modern nationalities. It had its representative in Dante rather than in Petrarch. In French literature it found expression in Villon and Rabelais; in the English it was embodied in Chaucer. The mention of these names—of Dante and Rabelais especially—suggests the value of the Renaissance, without which neither nationalism nor individualism would have had a so speedy awakening; without which, indeed, medieval western Europe would not so easily have broken from its chrysalis into the full and buoyant expression of its native racial qualities and humors. The virility of the Northern races had been sufficiently evident in feudal Europe; and alongside with this had been developed monasticism—in part a social and economic necessity, but also a nursery of mysticism. The Renaissance brought to the Western mind a disclosure of the beautiful in the definite forms characteristic of classic art and literature. It was an inspiration, but the response to it implied at the same time more or less of revolt. The descendants of the Barbarians were as wayward and refractory as their ancestors had been. The new sense of life awakened in them—of a more finely and exquisitely moulded life—was so fused with their native romance and humor and with the sentiment of naïve wonder to which the gospel of the Incarnation so impressively appealed, and which, especially in women, an access of Eastern mysticism had ecstatically exalted, that they could not accept the purely classic moulds for their imaginative embodiments—least of all for their faith. Even in France, where there was, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the readiest assimilation of classic canons and traditions, the Gallic genius has always persisted.

But for the bold maintenance of the Barbarian heritage Shakespeare and Cervantes would have been impossible. There have been times when this heritage has been held in contempt, as in the eighteenth-century literature of England and France under the tutelage of Pope, Doctor Johnson, and Voltaire, when Dante was forgotten and the field of wonder seemed fallow. But always the old Gothic spirit has revived, and, following the *Essay on Man* and *Rasselas,* we have had Scott's Ballads, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel,* Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes,* and William Blake's poems.

The sense of the mystery of life, which has been deepened by Christianity, appeals to the imagination, eluding mental definition or analysis. There are no profound intimations of it in the pre-Christian literature or art of Greece and Rome. The ancient idea of Fate was a facile evasion of the mystery, the feeling of which had a more natural and human investment in the imagination of the Northern races. In the maturer development of these races, though it has been divested of its droll and grotesque habiliments, it has not lost its naïvely romantic character. Dragons and witches and ghosts have vanished, but the spiritual romance remains, and we can trace its lineage from Spenser to Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and Hawthorne.

Christmas more than any other season reminds us of this Barbarian heritage. In giving the children their full share of it, let us not impose upon them our ultimate refinements. They will grow into a better modernism—as the race has grown—after their free and congenial revellings in the antique. Every new generation should have its Gothic along with its Christian baptism.

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Editor's Drawer

An Easy Errand

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"OH, John," said pretty little Mrs. Hampton, as she sat at the breakfast table, "it's the cook's birthday to-day, and I haven't any present ready for her. Whatever shall I do?"

"Huh?" responded Mr. Hampton, entirely unconscious of her remark, as he was immersed in the stock reports.

"John, please do lay down that paper a minute, and listen to me, your own and only wife? It's a crisis! It's a domestic tragedy! It's a condition, not a theory! I tell you it's the cook's birthday, and if we don't give her a present, she'll leave!"

"Yes, my dear, yes; yes, give her a present by all means. Here's the money—how much do you want?"

"Oh, it isn't that, John; I mean that isn't the point of the trouble. But you see I have a dressmaker coming to-day, and I can't go down-town to buy anything, so I want you to stop and get something and have it sent up right away. Do, Johnsie, won't you?"

The cajolling smile of Mrs. Hampton would have persuaded her John to a more difficult task than this, and, under the influence of the said smile, he responded heartily: "Why, yes; of course I'll do that for you, For *you*, understand, and not for the cook. She has no business to have a birthday in a well-regulated family; but if you want a cook's present, that's what you'll get. What shall I buy?"

"Oh, that's just it. I can't think of a thing; I've tried and tried. Can't you think of something?"

"Of course! Why, it's too easy! There never was but one present for a cook since Eve kept house. It would be false to all tradition to offer her anything else."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Hampton, looking puzzled.

"Why, a dress pattern, to be sure. Mother never used to think of giving the servants anything but a dress pattern, all folded up, don't you know, in a box."

"Oh yes; with narrow slimpsy blue ribbons crossing it like an 'X.' I remember mother used to give those to our maids. That will be lovely, John; just drop in to Mason's and pick one out, and tell them to send it right up. It won't be a bit of trouble, will it?"

"Oh no; not a bit! I'm glad of a chance to get into a department store! I love their cheerful atmosphere and waves of warm air!"

"I know you hate it, but you're a dear duck of a man to go so good-naturedly. Run along now, and don't dawdle."

"Hold on, milady; what color do you want this robe to be?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter; just pick out something pretty. Remember she's short



SEEING A STAIRCASE IN THE DISTANCE, MR. HAMPTON MADE FOR IT, AND LABORIOUSLY CLIMBED THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

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and fat and blond, so blue ought to be becoming. In fact, John, she's just about your size and coloring. You can remember by that."

"Yes, so I can! You're a genius for detecting likenesses!"

On reaching the department store, Mr. Hampton walked boldly in. His very soul was imbued with the masculine determination of doing up his errand in short order.

"Dress patterns," he said, sternly, to the young woman at the first counter he encountered.

"Third floor," she responded, with a haughty waggle of her pompadoured head.

Seeing a staircase in the distance, Mr. Hampton made for it, and laboriously climbed three flights of stairs. As his wife had implied, he did resemble the cook in the matter of avoidupois, and the three flights were by no means flights of fancy.

"Dress patterns," he said again, but his lack of available lung-power made his tone supplicatory rather than dignified.

"Floor below," remarked the person addressed.

"She told me the third floor," declared Mr. Hampton, irately.

"Quite right; but this is the fourth floor. You came up three flights, didn't you?"

It was hard after climbing an unnecessary flight to have the fact thus rubbed in, but Mr. Hampton said nothing, as he had no breath to waste in futile speech, and, turning, he started down-stairs again.

"Why don't you use the elevator, sir?" he heard murmured respectfully over his shoulder. But a further realization of his own stupidity roused his ire and his mendacity.

"I prefer this," he flung back, and tramped on down the long flight.

Now he was really on the third floor; and, though he could see only counters piled with blankets and comfortables, he inquired of a dapper young man behind one of the counters where he might find dress patterns.

"I don't know, really," was the answer; "you should ask the floor-walker."

Now Mr. Hampton had known this well enough; what he didn't know was, why he hadn't acted upon his own knowledge.

He began to stalk the floor-walker, and to his surprise found that animal more elusive than a deer. As he would approach one, it would whip around into another aisle and out of sight; or it would begin a conversation with some ladies, which Mr. Hampton was not rude enough to interrupt; or, in many aisles, it wouldn't be there at all.

But at last, by some rather clever manœuvring, Mr. Hampton corralled one, and said, meekly, in spite of himself, "Please tell me where to find dress patterns."

"Certainly, sir; six aisles over and four aisles down on the avenue side." The floor-walker turned away, as one who considers the incident closed, and Mr. Hampton started. Useless to detail his devious wanderings, his repeated inquiries, his variegated answers, his growing bewilderment and his rising temper.

At last, when he had almost reached the point of desperation, a mild-voiced floor-walker said, a little impatiently, "Why, there are the dress patterns, sir; right in front of you!"

But Mr. Hampton could see only an upright lot of pigeonholes, something like a village post-office, with a very citified-looking postmistress in charge.

"Certainly, sir," she said, having heard the floor-walker's speech; "the dress patterns are right here. All our patterns are right here. We keep all makes, all styles, and all sizes. Have you the number? You want a pattern for a street dress or a house dress? What size is the lady? How tall? How old? That is—I mean—is it your wife, or—"

"Or my grandmother!" broke in John Hampton. "I don't want a pattern at all, if you'll kindly give me a chance to say so. That is, I want a dress pattern—not a pattern of a dress!"



"CERTAINLY, SIR," SHE SAID, HAVING HEARD THE FLOOR-WALKER'S SPEECH; "THE DRESS PATTERNS ARE RIGHT HERE"

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The lady looked at him as if she doubted his sanity; but this was no trouble for her, as she usually looked at people that way.

"All our patterns are here," she began again; "dress patterns, coat patterns, skirt patterns, waist patterns, petticoat patterns, under—"

But Mr. Hampton had walked away, with a determined though undefined intention of doing something desperate to that floor-walker.

"Look here," he said, "when I say a dress pattern, I don't mean those foolish tissue-paper things—I don't mean a pattern to cut out by—I mean a dress pattern, enough stuff to make a dress for a woman—a woman short and fat and blond."



"OH, THOSE," SAID THE MAN, AS, WITH A BORED LOOK, HE TURNED BACK TO HIS DESK; "WE ONLY KEEP THOSE DRESS PATTERNS AT CHRISTMAS-TIME"

"Oh, enough material for a dress! Why, my dear sir, we can sell you a dress pattern of any material in the house. What you want is the dry-goods counter."

"Of course I want the dry-goods counter! Do you suppose I want a dress pattern of linoleum—or wall-paper? Where is your dry-goods counter?"

"First floor; the elevator is directly opposite."

With a curt bow of acknowledgment, John Hampton strolled across the floor to the elevator.

"Going up," said the boy; but, unaccustomed to departmental regulations, Mr. Hampton stepped in. As a result he went up to the fifteenth story, and down again, pausing at nearly every floor. His temper rose by regular instalments on the upward trip; but, descending, it calmed down again, for he had time to realize that no one had been to blame but himself.

"I suppose I ought to have said dress patterns made of dry-goods, in the first place," he admitted to himself, which proved what a wise and just man John Hampton was.

It was not entirely a path of roses that led to the dry-goods counter, nor was it without difficulty that he finally brought up at the particular division where cotton goods were sold. The array was bewildering. Here were patterns blue enough to suit any short, fat, and blond person. His spirits rose; and it was with something of his original hauteur that he said, "A dress pattern, please," secure in the conviction that he would not here be offered tissue-paper.

"We can sell you a dress pattern of any of these materials," was the polite response. "How many yards do you require?"

"But I don't want it that way; I want it in a box—tied up, you know."

"Well, we can put it in a box, if you wish, and we can tie it up. How many yards?"

"But you don't understand. I mean the kind that's all ready in a box; and you have to take the whole thing, no matter how many yards there are. It's in the box before you see it."

"Oh, you mean a pattern dress—a robe dress."

"Well, I've always said dress pattern, but as everything is reversed nowadays, I suppose I must say pattern dress. All right, where are your pattern dresses?"

"Six aisles over and three aisles back, on the street side."

Buoyed up by hope, and not daring to look at his watch, John Hampton started on what he fondly hoped was his last tack.

He neared, as he followed instructions, counters piled with rich and handsome materials, and he wondered if the low-priced stuff he was in search of would be forthcoming.

"Dress patterns—in boxes?" he asked of a specially dapper floor-walker.

"Certainly, sir; right here, sir," and a grandiloquent wave of the hand indicated Mr. Hampton's haven at last.

A good-looking young man said pleasantly, "What material, and what color?"

"Blue," said Mr. Hampton, sure of one detail, at least; "for a lady—short, fat, and blond."

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The obliging clerk took down several large, flat boxes. With a flourish he threw off the covers, and exposed to view daintily folded and exquisitely embroidered fabrics in varying shades of pale blue.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned John Hampton, "not that kind! I want calico, man, for the cook!"

"You want an embroidered dress pattern for your cook?"

The man's attitude was only slightly surprised, for he well knew to what lengths fashionable people must go to retain their cooks' services.

"I didn't say embroidered! and I don't want silk or satin! I want a dress pattern of blue calico for a cook in a box!"

"Is that the only way you can keep your cook—to box her?" inquired the young man, interestedly.

But John Hampton had once more sought the floor-walker.

"Will you kindly conduct me to the head of this department?" he said, in tones of deadly desperation.

"He's—he's in his office," stammered the floor-walker, who had little liking for this distracted customer.

"I don't care if he's in his office, or in his bath, or in bed; I'm going to see him, and I'm going to see him now!"

With real determination, it is not difficult to see heads of departments, and soon John Hampton was face to face with the object of his quest.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the object, kindly.

"I want a dress pattern," said Mr. Hampton. "Now wait a minute; by a dress pattern I mean a sufficient number of yards of cotton material to make a dress for an average-sized woman. I mean that this material, previous to my view of it, shall have been cut off, neatly folded, placed in a box that exactly fits it; the box being perhaps twelve by fifteen inches, and the whole affair to be either with or without the mere technical detail of two narrow slimpsy blue ribbons, crossed diagonally over the material. I have no hope that you will understand this description, but that is the article that I am in search of, and I wish to know where to find it in this magnificent, but so far unsatisfactory, emporium of yours."

"Oh, those," said the man, as, with a bored look, he turned back to his desk; "we only keep those dress patterns at Christmas-time."

A Moving Incident

BY ANDREW LANG

I WENT to visit Mr. Bain
  At 14 Charles Street, Haymarket;
A book to buy, a chat to gain,
But instantly I saw how vain
  Was that on which my heart was set.

Between his counter and his door
  That gentleman hath scanty space;
A comely nurse-maid held the floor,
With babe in arm; and three or four
  Small children frolicked round the place.

A lady fair in garments plain,
  In black (she wore it for her King),
Had got the ear of Mr. Bain;
That ear I could not hope to gain,—
  I watched her children gambolling.

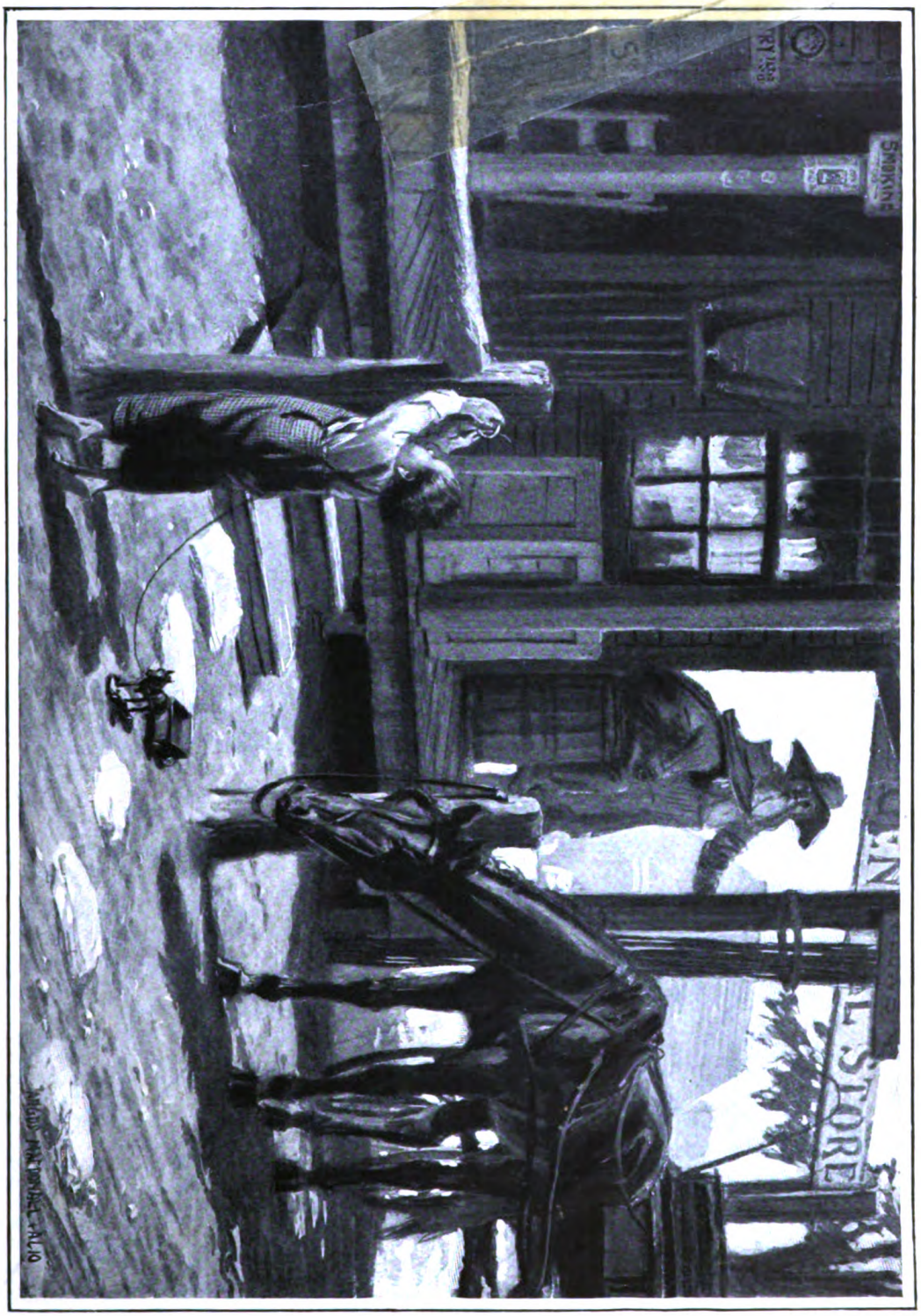
The infants at their artless play
  I watched; the baby and the nurse;
I did not see why they should stay,—
Perhaps I wished they'd go away,—
  Nor thought to hitch them into verse.

They went: and that kind bookseller,
  Thinking me fretted by their stay
(Perhaps he did not greatly err),
Explained who these fair infants were,
  "Great grandchildren of Thackeray!"

"Dear Mr. Bain!" I said, and sighed,
  "My chance has fled beyond recall,
For, had I known, I might have cried!
But with sincere emotion I'd
  Have liked to kiss them one and all!"

I *may* lose love of ball and bat
  (It is not likely, but I *may*);
I *am* quite old, and stale, and flat,
But one thing Time can't steal, and that
  Is my regard for Thackeray.

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A Precautionary Measure

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Always the Orator

THE following is told of a Federal official, formerly a Senator of the United States from Kentucky.

In the days of his youth the Kentuckian was asked by a friend to second him in a duel. He consented, and at sunrise the parties met at the appointed place.

Now it was this Kentuckian's duty to say the last words touching the terms of the duel. But, although he faithfully performed this duty, the duel never took place.

A murmur of "Why not?" invariably goes round whenever this story is told, whereupon the answer is as follows:

"For a very simple reason. When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel."



Christmas is Coming

Another case of the watched pot

All Right Otherwise

A MISSOURI darky was endeavoring to sell a mule to a Jefferson City man, who, however, was in doubt as to the animal's age.

"If," said he, "this mule is as young as you claim, why is it that he bends so at the knees?"

"Oh, don't let dat little fact worry you, boss," the negro hastened to say. "Dat mule bend at de laigs, but it ain't due to no age dat he does. De hones' truth, boss, is dat I ain't had de money to look after dat mule de way he oughter been. My stable is kinder low an' dat mule he been 'bliged to stoop a little, dat's all."

Spoken Better Than He Knew

THE seventh grade was having an oral "test" in "Stories from English History," and William Hume was called upon to tell the story of King John and the Magna Charta.

"They made him come to Runnymede, an' he was awful mad, an' he looked around at the barons an' he said, 'Am I your prisoner?' An' they didn't want to make him any madder, for fear he wouldn't sign it after all, so they all shouted out, real loud, 'No, you are not our prisoner, you are our souvenir!'"

Not Buying Wholesale

A MAN went to the store to select some goods for a dress as a present to his wife. He caused the fat lady behind the counter no little trouble, but she finally persuaded him to decide upon a certain piece of goods.

"Now, I don't exactly know how much I want," said the man.

"Well," interposed the fat saleswoman, suavely, "let's see. Now, *I* should need about—"

"Madam," brusquely rejoined the husband, "I don't want this for an awning; I want it for a dress."

An Indelicate Remark

"ONE cannot be too careful in his remarks on some occasions," said a young clergyman, in speaking of a tour of inspection which he, in company with certain older divines, made of a certain penal institution.

"The leader of our little expedition, a truly good man, was so impressed by what he learned from the story of one young man, imprisoned for burglary, that he felt that he should offer him some encouragement, of what kind he hardly knew. So, after many 'hems' and 'haws,' he delivered himself of the following:

"'Ah, my friend, we must not lose sight of the fact that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'

"'You may be, sir,' rejoined the burglar, 'but I ain't.'"

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ELOPING BRIDE: "*Jack, dearest, don't you wish father would hurry up and find us?*"

Seeing the Remains

A NEW ENGLAND teacher had put in a busy afternoon taking ten of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been?" asked the mother of two of the party, when they came home for dinner.

"We've been to a dead circus," was the response of one of the lads.

How, Indeed?

THE little girl from the city had been questioning the old farmer touching many things about his place.

"And now," said she, in conclusion, "I'd like to ask you just one thing more."

"Fire away," said the farmer, good-naturedly.

"What I want to know," said the untiring little questioner, "is, when you have finished milking a cow, how do you turn it off?"

An Eye-Opener

A CHILD of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer-meeting, was taken by its nurse to the circus for the first time. When he came home he explained: "Oh, mamma, if you once went to the circus you'd never, never go to prayer-meeting again in all your life."

Had Other Business

"IN one benighted region of a certain State in the Southwest," says a Chicago lawyer, "they cherish some peculiar notions touching the duties of a juror.

"One day a case was being tried, when suddenly the justice exclaimed:

"How is this? There are only eleven jurymen in the box. Where is the twelfth?"

The foreman rose and addressed the court respectfully as follows:

"May it please your Honor, the twelfth juror had to go away on important business, but he has left his verdict with me."

Her Treat

LITTLE Nina went to church with her grandmother and, for the first time, put two pennies in the contribution plate. Leaning over, she whispered, audibly:

"That's all right grandma, I paid for two."

A Definition

MABELLA. "Father says Dickie Van Zant is what you might call a financial pessimist."

BETTINA. "Why, what is a financial pessimist?"

MABELLA. "A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will touch him for a loan."

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It's wonderful how warm a new watch and chain will keep one.

Wanted Politics

ONE of the bright young men attached to our Embassy at Paris tells of a friend, a noted writer on one of the Parisian dailies, who has a strong objection to the note-book so dear to most of his associates.

He wears large white cuffs, and on these he jots down such events as appeal to him, with suggestions for his subsequent articles. At first his laundress was much puzzled by these hieroglyphics, but as time went on she became able to read them, and apparently derived much benefit and pleasure from them.

One day the young man received with his laundered garments a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your last washing was very interesting, but we should be glad to have you give us more political news."

Justice

A LAWYER once asked a man who had at various times been on several juries, "Who influenced you most, the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a juryman. This was the man's reply: "I'll tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say nor by what the witnesses say; no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the docks, and I says, 'If he ain't done nothin', why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."

It Wouldn't Take Long

"I'VE heard a great many stories illustrative of the hobo's aversion to bodily exertion," says a well-known Chicago man, "but none of these are comparable to an actual experience of a friend of mine who conducts a model farm in southern Illinois.

"Now, my friend, who vouches for the absolute truth of the tale, was one day approached, just as he was leaving a door in the rear of his house, by a tramp of an unusually disreputable appearance, but of an extreme suavity of manner.

"'Pardon me, sir,' said the polite hobo, 'but could you spare a poor devil a drink of water?'

"'Certainly,' responded my friend, who is always courteous to every one. 'Here's a cup and there's the pump.'

"'Thank you very kindly, sir,' said the polite hobo. 'And now, sir, if you'll just work the handle, we sha'n't be long.'"



"Mother, will you please loosen my belt?"

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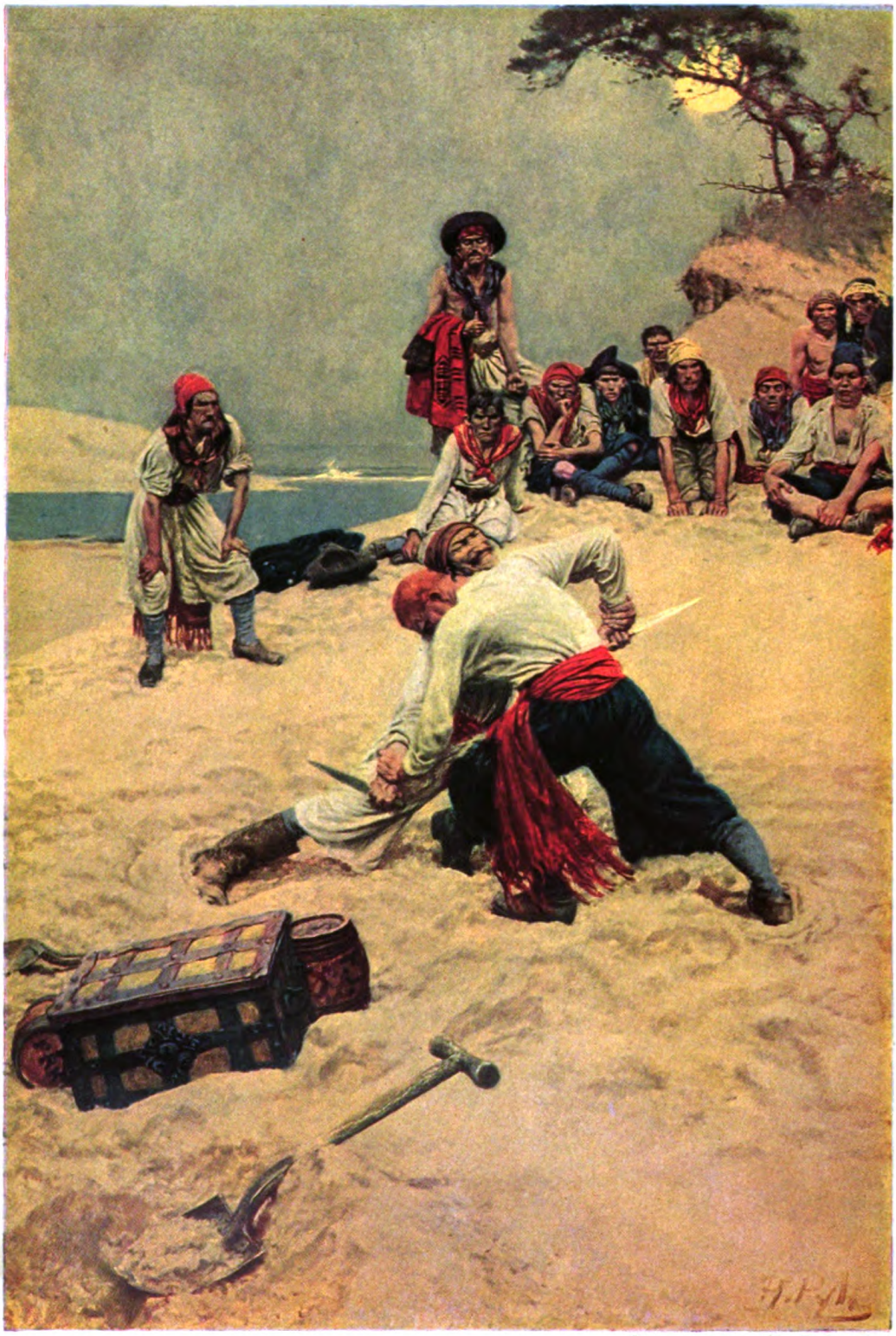


Illustration for "The Buccaneers"

WHICH SHALL BE CAPTAIN?

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXII JANUARY, 1911 No. DCCXXVIII

An Unpublished Talk with Napoleon

BY THOMAS BINGHAM RICHARDS

Thomas Bingham Richards, whose remarkable account of his interview with Napoleon is here presented for the first time, was an English merchant of well-known family. He was born in 1780 and was actively engaged in business in London until 1826, when he retired to his estate near Tunbridge Wells, where he died in 1857. The original diary is in the possession of the author's nephew, Mr. Henry Richards, of Hythe, Kent, from whom this manuscript was secured.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was the topic of conversation at Leghorn with every stranger who arrived there in November, 1814. I found the distance from Porto Ferrajo was only sixty miles. We considered ourselves good sailors and did not shrink from the passage. Every one assured us he was affable and of easy access. Those who had seen him expressed the greatest satisfaction. We thought seriously of it. We met a Mr. Douglas, son of Lord Glenbervie, and a Mr. Fazakerly, member for Lincoln, at Mrs. Fraser's one morning. They had just returned from the island. The former had an audience for an hour; the latter, with a Mr. Vernon, was several hours with Napoleon in his garden of San Martino. They strongly advised us to go. Napoleon conversed about the Scotch nobility with Mr. Douglas, apparently much interested, and well acquainted with the subject. Douglas having a red face and looking much older than he was, Napoleon said to him, "You are forty years old?" "Excuse me, I am only twenty-three." "Then you drink?" "Oh no; wine costs too much with us on account of the taxes." "Well, Monsieur, you are in a country where you can drink as much of it as you please, for it is very cheap."

Fazakerly said he conversed freely with him upon the subject of his expedition to Egypt in 1793, and his views in undertaking it. He spoke of his battles as "des beaux spectacles," alluded to his change of fortune with the most perfect indifference, and talked like a historian, except that he used the first instead of the third person.

One of these gentlemen remarked to him that the fire of Moscow had spoiled his campaign in Russia. "Yes; but has history ever told of such a fire? I could not have expected it." He spoke of the Emperor Alexander of Russia as "faux et fou"; said that he, Napoleon, was pledged to the Poles, and therefore he engaged in the last war. One of the gentlemen asked him why he had not made peace at Dresden. "I was still strong enough to hope to do better." "Why not on the Rhine?" "I was then too weak. I should have had to sacrifice France: she could make peace, not I."

Speaking of the affair of Vandamme's defeat, he remarked: "How could I expect that a born soldier would fight in

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the plains, when I had ordered him to hold the heights?" This reproach was severe.

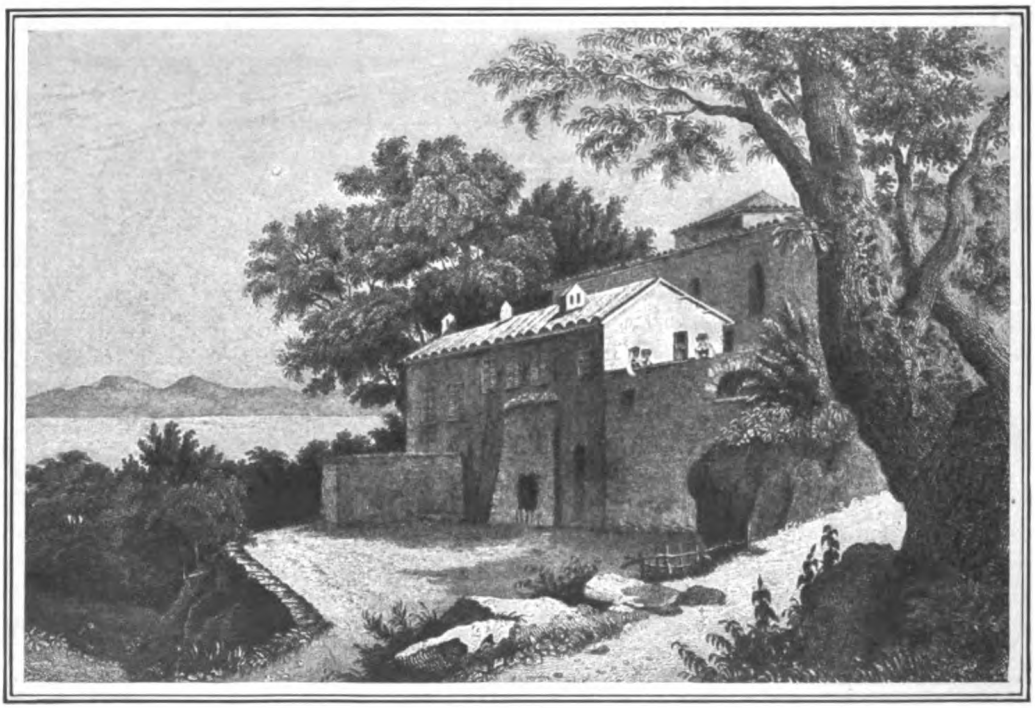
They all described his manner as very pleasing. He appeared to prefer listening to talking and enjoyed the conversation of travellers, particularly of those who had been in the Levant and Egypt.

Thus the anecdotes we heard, the facilities before us, and the hopes of being able to go and return in three or four days induced us to hire a Lerici felucca and get our passport countersigned by my old friend Lieutenant-General Spannochi, the Governor of Leghorn, who much approved of our curiosity.

A friend gave us a letter for General Bertrand and procured one from Madame Fillipi to her sister, Madame Vantini, the lady of the Emperor's chamberlain. The friendly reception Napoleon gave to the Englishmen seemed accounted for by the manner in which one of our officers, Colonel Campbell, had assisted in protecting him from insult during his journey from Fontainebleau, and the handsome behavior of Captain Usher and his officers and crew during the passage to Elba.

In the course of the summer, too, his mother arrived at Leghorn to embark for Porto Ferrajo. She was insulted by the populace and much puzzled to get away in safety. In this dilemma a friend of mine asked her if she would object to embarking on an English vessel of war, then in the Roads, provided he could procure a passage for her. So far from having any objection, she was much pleased with the proposal. My friend applied to the English consul, who saw the captain of the vessel, telling him who it was that required his protection and a passage to Elba. The captain, whose name I do not recollect, offered both, and she was conveyed to her son in a style worthy a person of the highest rank. The deck of the vessel was covered with an awning made of the colors, and the entertainment on board was such as might be expected from the liberality of a British officer.

It must be observed that this was a voluntary mark of attention, proceeding entirely from the captain's own feelings,



HOME OF NAPOLEON ON THE ISLAND OF ELBA
From an Old Print

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and surely it had its due influence over those of Napoleon.

I do not exactly remember to whom he used those extraordinary words, "They thought I would kill myself—blow my brains out—I had no such intention; my career is not ended." They must strike the person who heard them, for truly *his race was not run.*

We sailed on the 25th of November, 1814, and arrived at Porto Ferrajo after a tedious passage of twenty-six hours.



EMPEROR NAPOLEON

Drawn by Vigneux, engraved by Henry. Print belonging to the Count Primoli, of Rome, and bearing the following interesting testimony written by the Prince Gabrielli himself, a relative of the Emperor: "Only portrait of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte that resembles him; bought in Paris by the Prince, Don Pietro Gabrielli, in December, 1809."

General Count Bertrand's secretary, M. Sannonier, said that Napoleon was generally in better humor with those around him than he used to be in Paris: the Count's words were, that he did not give way so much to moods, and he added: "You will see none, be sure. He is very gracious to strangers, and especially to Englishmen. His own secretary says that he is sometimes very angry and speaks crossly, and like an absent man forgets himself. He walks up and down the room, dictating quickly. The scribe writes after him as fast as he can, supplying such words as he does not hear distinctly. He never makes an observation upon this, taking it for granted, apparently at least, that the words are written as he uttered them. He dips his pen to the bottom of the inkstand, be it full or empty, and blots the table very much in bringing it to the paper. When he is indisposed, his remedy is a warm bath, in which he will stay for hours, and close confinement to his room, admitting no one.

"He indulges much, enjoys his bed like a child, covering himself up almost entirely."

Just before our arrival he had been watching the progress of a stage, building within the walls of a church. He remarked that the arch over the proscenium was not quite correct. The architect could not see any fault. Napoleon maintained that something was defective. In a few days after, it gave way and fell down.

Madame Vantini told us that he called his own residence "mon Tuileries," and his country house "mon Fontainebleau," with great naïveté. She said he took no care of himself, going frequently about his grounds without hat in the rain, standing in the cold half dressed,

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regardless of currents of air. They upbraid him for such carelessness, but he does not pay the least attention to them. She said that in August last she went to his hermitage near Marciana with other ladies to spend the day with him. In the course of it, the weather being very hot, he stepped into a stream of limpid water above his knees, and leaning forward, he amused himself for some time in opposing the current with his hands and beating the water about. He seemed absorbed in thought, laid himself on the bank and slept for two hours. When he awoke he seemed dull and uneasy in his mind, noticing no one. They urged him to change his dress, but he refused. At six o'clock the evening air was cool and induced him to put on a dry suit.

Madame Vantini spoke of him as being very affable and desirous to see his visitors amused. He prevailed upon them to dance one evening at the Princess Pauline's, which greatly delighted him.

He dined with his mother every Thursday. He called on General Bertrand daily, and was desirous to condole with him and his lady on the loss of a child which died just before we arrived; Napoleon was the only person admitted for some days.

Some young Englishmen from Leghorn had one day placed themselves in a passage by General Bertrand's door, waiting to see Bonaparte. The guards drove them out: they persisted. He came by and expressed great displeasure at the guards, telling them the English might place themselves anywhere.

He frequently conversed with Englishmen whom he met in his morning rides, and asked them to see what was doing in his garden. If they had travelled much, he contrived to detain them a long time in conversation. He always enjoyed the society of those who had been in Egypt. He did not take wholesome exercise voluntarily while I was in Elba. His friends complained of it. The carriage went for him every day at noon, and he usually drove out for four or five hours. I never saw him on horseback; he was not fond of riding. It was thought the exertion was too great for his comfort; he required some one to assist him to mount, from weakness in the loins. His walk was heavy and labored, almost a waddle. Horses were placed in his way to tempt him to ride, but without success.

He frequently forgot or neglected to sign papers left with him for that purpose, and had sometimes fits of apparent indifference to all around him. He occasionally stopped short in dictating upon a particular subject, and never returned to it. His secretary said that in such cases he did not attempt to recall his memory so that he might continue the subject.

It was said that he wrote and read a great deal in the summer at his country residence. He did not appear to have any particular pursuit while I was in Elba.

He breakfasted at nine, sat some time at it, transacted business relating to the island, drove out at noon, dined at five, and had a party at home in the evening, or went to his mother's or the Princess Pauline's. He generally retired to rest at eleven. I never saw him among his soldiers or at the reviews. He did not appear to enjoy such matters on a small scale. I expected he would, and General Druot said that he used every possible means to attract him by placing the band, at the relief of the guard, near his window to remind him of Paris and the Place de Carousel, but it had not the desired result.

He would sometimes walk from his palace to the Lodge and converse with the sentinel, continuing to walk to and fro with his hands behind him. I never saw a frown on his countenance; often a pleasing smile. For an Italian, his countenance appeared open; an Englishman might not think it so.

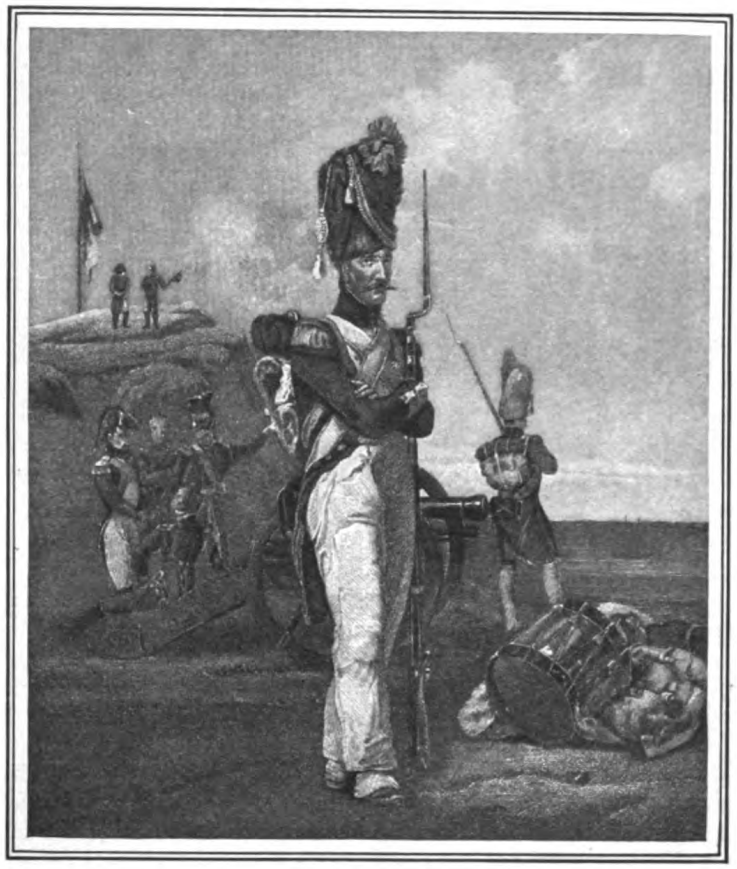
Marshal Bertrand sent a letter for me to take to Paris—another was sent by the Princess Pauline. As the latter was a thick one, I remarked to M. Sannonier that I supposed there were letters enclosed in it from the Emperor. "I know nothing about that, I received it from the Princess's physician; the seal bears her cipher and the crown."

The conduct of the Princess Pauline in visiting her brother was applauded, while that of the Princess Elise (La Bacciocchi) was blamed. She had been

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expected in Elba—great preparations were made at Rio by M. Pons, director of the mines, to receive her. She did not come. When urged to perform the promise she had made, she said: "No; since he has learned to fall let him rest where he is."

I had imagined it was easier to obtain an interview with this specimen of fallen greatness than I found it to be in reality; chiefly for want of knowing the form of application. Having a letter of introduction to Marshal Count Bertrand, I thought it sufficient to mention my wish to him and that he would do the needful. As, however, I did not see any result, I spoke to Signor Vantini, for whom I also had a letter. He promised to do his utmost for me, assuring me that I should certainly be introduced to the Emperor, one way or another. He also supposed my application to Bertrand was sufficient for the purpose.



NAPOLEON AT ELBA

From an engraving after Horace Vernet. Napoleon is shown in the background with one of his officers looking out to sea

In order to serve me more promptly he applied to General Druot, the governor. I was then told that I must address a letter to this general expressing my desire, but not to mention any name in it.

I wrote accordingly in a polite style, giving the Emperor his title, requesting the honor of an interview for my sister and myself. I took my letter to General Druot, who received me kindly. We conversed together for half an hour, chiefly upon commerce and the effects of the peace upon it. He said he would lay my letter before his Majesty and send me an answer.

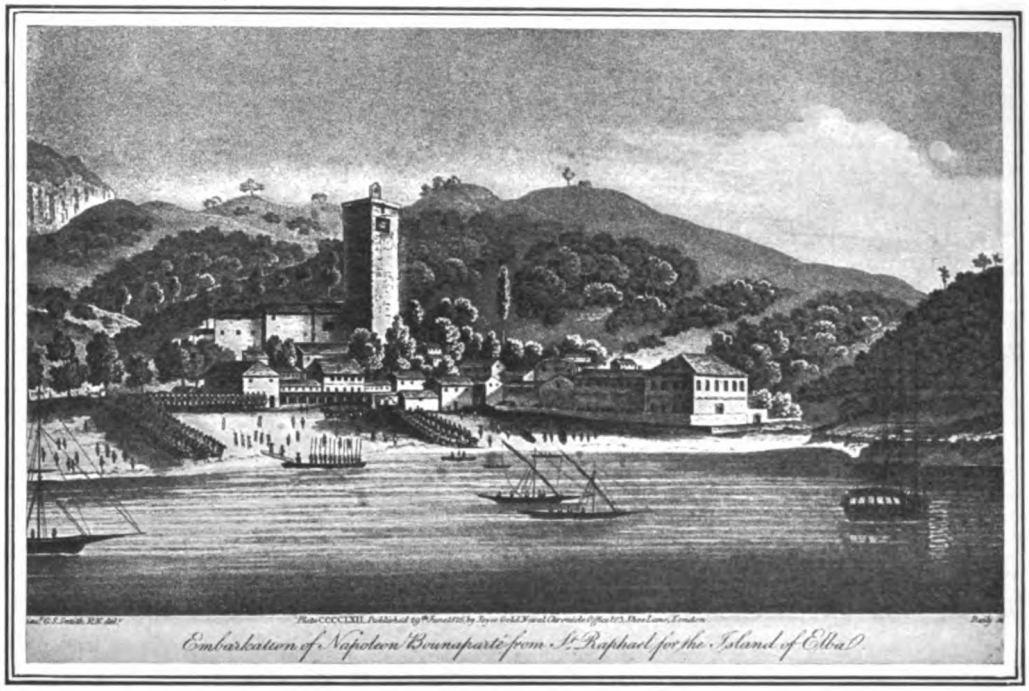
I learned afterward that he did so, and the Emperor said, "I will see them." Druot, however, did not give me that answer at the time, waiting for his Majesty to fix the day and hour.

I expressed surprise to every one that I had not heard from General Druot. Our patience was nearly exhausted. We therefore called upon the general, who assured us that the Emperor had been very unwell for several days, and saw no one, but that we should be the first he would see.

Several days passed; we were asked by every one whether we had seen the Emperor. Our friends were surprised we had not, as the Princess Pauline had actually named the time when we were to be received.

The 3d of December was the day Napoleon had fixed, but General Druot

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EMBARKATION OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. RAPHAEL FOR THE ISLAND OF ELBA
From a Contemporary Print

was absent at Porto Longone, which was assigned as the reason why we had not been admitted on that day.

On Sunday, the 4th of December, soon after we had breakfasted, the governor called to say that his Majesty would receive *me* at eight o'clock in the evening of that day.

"And my sister?" said I. "He has not named her," was the reply. "My application was for both; can I take her?" "He could not say more than he thought it was an omission of the Emperor's, owing to his having forgotten her." I then asked him about dress. He said, "If you *have* buckles, you may as well wear them; if not, you need not be particular." My sister determined to accompany me at all events, and General Bertrand's secretary gave an opinion which confirmed her resolution, for he was certain his Majesty uttered the words, "Je les verrai," meaning both.

We agreed that she should go up to the palace with me, remaining in the anteroom, when I might mention her in the course of conversation, leaving Napoleon to do as he liked. The governor said he should be at the palace and I must ask for him. We dressed as for a full-dress party; my sister wore everything English; I mention this because he complimented her upon her dress. At eight o'clock we walked up to the great gate of the palace. We had some trouble to find the door, as it was merely a window in the right wing, cut down.

There were several servants in a small hall. We were shown into an anteroom, hung with good prints of Morghens in plain neat frames. There was a rush-bottomed sofa and some chairs. The governor came to us: I apologized for having brought my sister. He said: "You have done well; I will sit with her while you are with his Majesty."

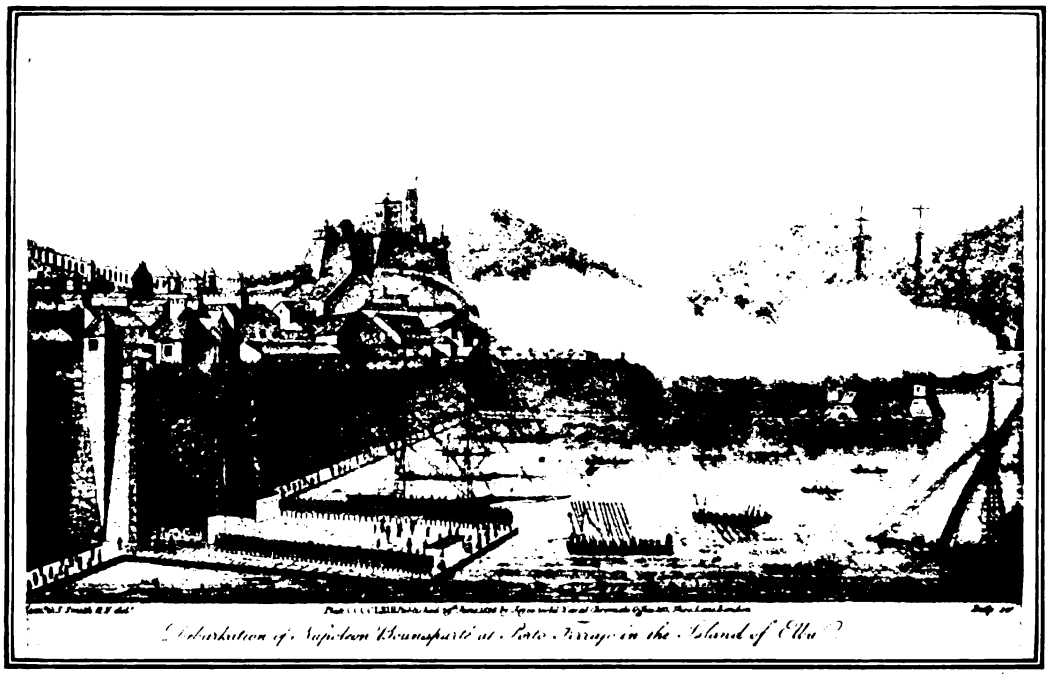
He left us, and in an instant returned to take me into an adjoining room, in the middle of which Bonaparte was standing. The door was shut behind us: we were alone. I bowed on approaching: he looked toward me in a most friendly manner, saying:

"Is this Mr. Richards?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"From what part of England do you come?"

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DEBARKATION OF NAPOLEON AT PORTO FERRAJO
From a Contemporary Print

"From Warwickshire."

"I do not recall the name of that province."

"It is in the centre of England."

"Do they make hardware there?"

"Yes, at Birmingham."

"What is your business?"

"I carry on the London business on my own account, and that of Birmingham on my father's."

"The Italians complain that you do not give them credit as formerly."

"Pardon me, we give them some credit, but not so extensively as we used to, certainly. The reason is that the old-established houses no longer have their former reputation; their names remain, it is true, but neither the foundation nor the capital of former times."

"Did I do your commerce much harm?"

"Not so much as you were told. It has found other very satisfactory outlets."

"Ah, the Spanish affair opened up the Indies to you?"

"Yes; they had been jealously closed against us until fate procured for us relations with that country, where we have entered into transactions of some magnitude."

"But you did badly at Buenos Ayres?"

"Yes, at the beginning, because we did not know the needs of the country, so as to adapt our exports to them, but the goods that we have given them gratuitously, in order to create new wants in that country, are coming back to us now in the form of established trade. Several London firms have established branches there, and they are so absorbed in their extra-European relationships that they could not re-engage in European commerce without much preparation."

"The peace has done you no good, then?"

"I see no reason to rejoice in it so far. In a little while the products of the French islands will create much competition in the Mediterranean ports."

"But should you look for such a competition in time of peace?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that, in the circumstances under which peace was concluded, we yielded more to the Bourbons than we would have yielded to you if you had remained on the throne of France."

"And why?"

"It was our belief that you would have

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been content with your Continental system, and we should not have thought of giving up to you an unlimited number of islands, as we have just done."

"Your licensing system was bad?"

"Yes, and we changed it."

"There was plenty of spurious paper in circulation?"

"Yes, but for one of ours there were ten of yours. There were some very clever counterfeiters."

"Were you in Paris while the Treaty of Amiens was in force?"

"Yes."

"Did you find it definitely changed for the better?"

"You had had some splendid buildings constructed, with bridges and several other very useful things. I must particularly praise the Simplon route, which I passed through in a single day, while thirteen years before I traversed it in an English carriage, and it took me four days and cost me twenty-five louis for transportation."

"You found it pleasant, then. And how about the Mont Cenis route?"

"I have not traversed it; I shall return that way."

"Good; you will find that pleasant also. Were you received favorably in France?"

"Very favorably and amicably. It was enough to be an Englishman to pass anywhere."

"How about the soldiers?"

"At first we thought that they looked upon us with disdain and coldness, but we found that this was only the military air, which gave them an aspect of unsociability."

"I have always been well satisfied with them. And did the people seem to you dejected after the recent episodes?"

"Not at all; I found them lively and animated."

"And the Bourbons—are they popular?"

"I think so—at least I heard no remarks against them. They try to please everybody."

"You think, then, that that is the case because nobody says any evil of them. But do you believe that affairs will actually remain in this condition?"

There was much of interest in this question. We had moved toward a cabinet, he holding my button. I was rather puzzled, and said:

"Yes, I think so. They are trying to retain as far as possible the military spirit that you left in the country, and the goodness of the Duchess of Angoulême will contribute much."

He asked news from the Congress at Vienna. At this time I was somewhat tired of so much questioning, and in hopes to produce a change I mentioned my sister. He continued, however, to converse respecting his iron-mines, wishing to establish furnaces for melting the ore, for which purpose he would require coal. He asked me whether it would pay to bring coal in ballast and exchange it for iron ore. He said our iron was not so apt to convert into steel as that made from the Elba ore; and he gave ready remedies for the difficulties I stated relative to the landing of coal and the shipment of the ore, adding that if it could not be managed well on his own coast, he would send the ore to Leghorn and take back the coal in the same lighters.

He said repeatedly the ore must not go to France. He conversed much about the extent and produce of his mines. I mentioned my sister again, who was waiting in the anteroom.

He said, "Very well, let her come in."

I went to the door and brought her in. She has made a memorandum of his conversation with her, which was upon the subjects of books, theatres, music, dresses, travelling, and such like. She was much delighted with his courtesy and attention.

When the interview was over, we were shown out by the governor most politely.

It was upon my return to the Continent that I became aware of the consequence which my interview with Napoleon had given me. I was sought out and invited by many persons and questioned with interest by all classes. All wished to hear a correct account of the great man's health, manner of living, etc. At Florence many anecdotes about him were related. Among them was that of his conversation relative to the Due d'Enghien.

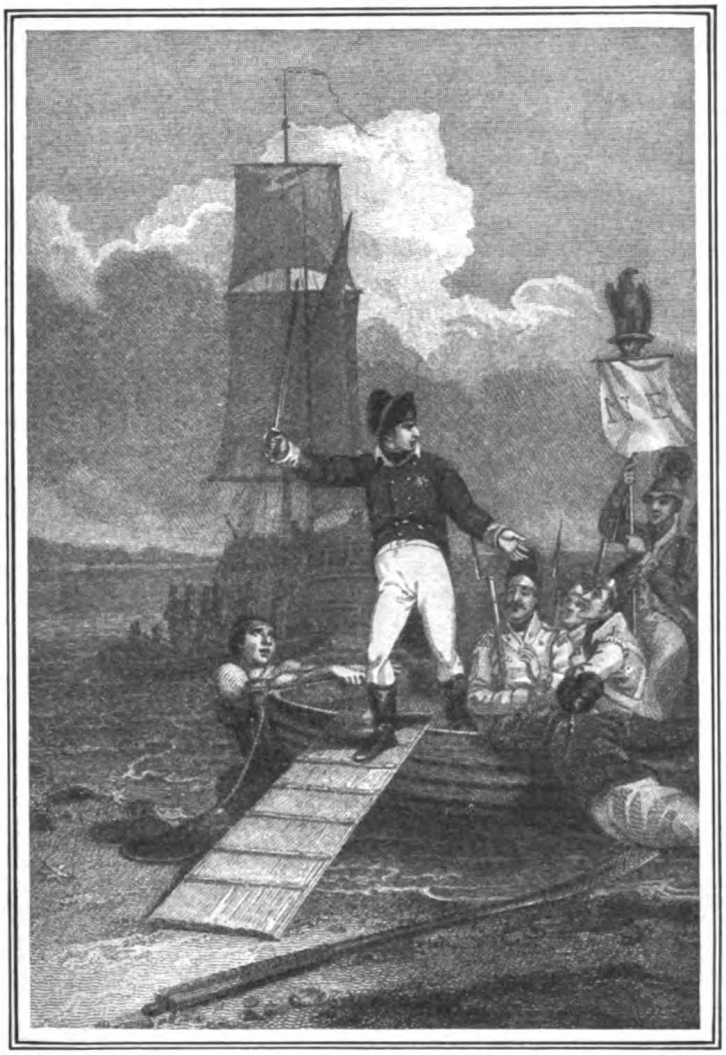
Bonaparte said: "This young man appealed to my feelings; I wanted to save

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him, but it was too late. Talleyrand had formed the plan of making away with all the Bourbons—he was the only one of them to fall into his hands. I did not wish for his death."

I did not hear that he said more upon this subject, and the way it was introduced was by himself putting the question to some one of our travelling gentry, what was the greatest possible prejudice against him in England. The answer was, "The death of the Duc d'Enghien."

On the 16th of December I met Colonel Campbell at a concert at Florence, in which city he usually resided. I inserted in my journal these words: "Either this gentleman fancies Napoleon does not need watching, or that if left to himself he can do no harm. I hope the Colonel is not neglecting his duty."



NAPOLEON LANDING IN FRANCE AFTER HIS EXILE
From a Contemporary Print

It was commonly observed the Colonel was a very easy guardian, but at the same time all were of opinion that his office was superfluous, for Napoleon's career was run, and he would not find friends to support him even if he did feel inclined to try his luck once more on the political stage. At Milan I found so many enthusiastic admirers of him that I was convinced he would be well received there. On entering France, near Chambéry, I was most politely treated by the *douaniers*, because I gave them several details respecting him. Not a package of my baggage was opened.

At Lyons all spoke well of him. At one party a lady rose from her seat and crossed the room to embrace my sister, directly she heard that she had conversed with Napoleon. This was done in presence of an assemblage of respectable people, not one of whom disapproved of such a manifest token of attachment to him.

I thought it strange that people should say so much in favor of Bonaparte and never mention the Bourbons; when, indeed, these latter were the subject of conversation no one seemed disposed to continue it.

Thus were my eyes opened before I reached Paris. I must have been truly

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blind not to have seen there the embers ready to burst into flame. Complaints were general that the Bourbons withheld the stipend agreed upon for Napoleon. Inquiries about him were frequent and anxious. Those who had seen him since his exile were invited to parties, and also those who had resisted the Bourbons the longest; such men were the most in vogue in society. Sentences in praise of Bonaparte were written on the walls of coffee-rooms. Portraits of him hung in many apartments, and where they did not think it right to show them so openly, they brought them to me to give an opinion on them and show that they possessed them. In short, I became literally annoyed with the press of questions which even strangers sought me out to put, so that I said, "Buonaparte, Buonaparte, et toujours Buonaparte." Not one word could I screw out of a Frenchman in praise of his king. I remarked this to friends, who merely observed, "He is as good a fellow, no doubt, as we could find in his government." It seemed to be the glory of a Frenchman to talk of Napoleon and his works. The utmost they said against him was that he pushed the matter too far in attempting to conquer Russia, which was a pity, for, had it not been for that, he would have been the greatest monarch in the world.

I was introduced to Admiral Verhuel, General Lauriston, and other persons high in office, in order that I might give them an account of Napoleon. I found invariably that a favorable one was most agreeable to them. I made so sure of it that I did not think of giving any other. I made the most of his situation in Elba, painting his life there in glowing colors, for I knew this was most gratifying to their feelings.

The Comte de Sémonville, Grande Référendaire of the House of Peers, was invited to meet me at a banker's. He was an able politician and a very clever man. He told me that Augereau met Bonaparte at Valence on his way to Elba, and went to him immediately. Napoleon said to him as he approached: "And you, Augereau, you betrayed me." "Sire, conditions forced me to take the side I took." "Do not speak of it; I carry your proclamation here," putting his hand on the left breast. "Go; I have nothing to say to you."

I met at one party a Genoese of distinction who had been called to Paris by Napoleon to occupy some place in the government, and who still retained it under Louis XVIII. He told me that a young protégé of his was sent to Fontainebleau with some papers for Napoleon's signature. He arrived there about an hour after the abdication was signed. Napoleon was walking in the gallery of the palace, he saw the young man approaching, and knew what he wanted. "You have come too late; take back those papers; I cannot sign them. But you are Genoese; go to the Emperor of Austria and do all that is possible to serve the interests of your country; take care that no one sacrifices it." The youth mentioned this conversation, and I was told it was acted upon; not, however, as the event has shown, with much effect.

The Comte de Sémonville told us that his lady was staying at the Baths of Aix in Savoy with Bonaparte's mother about two years and a half ago. The city of Chambéry had one day presented a complimentary address to Madame Mère upon some birthday or other family event of rejoicing, setting forth in most glowing colors the prosperity and happiness of all her children. The old lady did not seem to appreciate this flattering unction to a mother's soul, for she said: "They call me Madame the Joyous Mother. I assure you, Countess, that I am no more happy in my children than others. You are behind the curtain —one can talk freely with you. There is my poor Pauline, for example; she suffers from a malady [cancer] from which she will never recover: I am very unhappy on her account." She mentioned things relative to the inattentive husbands of her other daughters, Caroline and Eliza, which were bars to their happiness. Then she spoke of Jerome and Lirus as being like fish out of water when they attempted to govern kingdoms, feeling convinced they would have been happier men as "simple individuals."

Of Lucien she said: "He is in England. He has quarrelled with his brother. I never see him. I am not happy on his account. Joseph is King of Spain, but

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such a king that if he wants to go hunting he is surrounded by soldiers, and when he fires in front of him somebody else fires behind him. Really, Madame la Comtesse, I am not the happy mother that they make out." The Countess then named Napoleon. "Ah, yes, yes, so far as Napoleon is concerned I should be happy; he is a good son and loves me, but he keeps my life in constant suspense, for he has the desire to lie on a bed of straw and to stuff a candle into the midst of it. As for me, I do not know how long I shall be allowed to wear the lacquer that I now have."

This dialogue was much improved by the provincialisms of the lady, which savored strongly of Marseilles.

Bonaparte's escape from Elba in March, 1815, reconvulsed the Continent and upset my plans. The peace which ensued after the battle of Waterloo opened a channel to me which led to good results, in the Agency for Noblemen and Gentlemen who travelled on the Continent, more particularly to Italy, where they purchased objects of art, antiques, and curiosities of every description. These were sent to me in London to pay the duties and all charges upon them, and to deliver them to their owners for a fair remuneration in the shape of a commission.

The prospects before me encouraged me to marry at the close of 1816. I took a good house near the Foundling Hospital, where I resided about twenty years. Having a prosperous business and being without children, I spent my gains liberally and hospitably among my relations and friends, my chief object being to give them pleasure and to be of use to them after the manner of such as reside in large cities whose relations and friends live in the country.

The Resurrection

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE dead arose. How they had dreamed,
Deep in the grass of the still grave,
Of meeting their beloved once more!
They knocked at each familiar door—
They waited eagerly to see
The old loved faces at the door;
They waited for a voice to say
The same old words it said before—
They knocked at each familiar door.

But no one answered to the dead,
No voice of welcome, no kind word—
Only a little flower came out,
And one small elegiac bird.

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"Parisienne"

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

"AT least," said the Comtesse, still staring at the brisk fire in the steel grate—"at least he saw them with his own eyes."

She was thinking aloud, and Elsie Gray, her distant relative and close companion, only looked up without reply. The Comtesse's face stood in profile against the bright appointments of the fireplace, delicate and serene; the tall salon, with its white panels gleaming discreetly in the light of the candles, made a chaste frame for her fragile presence. The window-curtains had been drawn to shut out the evening which shed its damp melancholy over the Faubourg, and to the girl the great, still room seemed like a stage set for a drama. She sat on a stool beside the Comtesse's chair, her fingers busy with many-colored skeins of silk, and the soft stir of the fire and the tick of a little clock worked themselves into her patient thoughts.

"He was to come at nine, I think," said the Comtesse at last, without turning her head.

"Yes," said Elsie, leaning forward to look at the little clock. "It still wants twenty minutes."

The Comtesse nodded slowly; all her gestures had the gentle deliberation of things done ceremonially.

"It is not much longer to wait, is it?" she said. "After twenty years, one should be patient. But to think! To-night, for the first time, I hear of Jeanne from one who saw her at the end. Not a lawyer who has sought out the tale and rearranged it, but one who knew. You see, Elsie?"

Elsie put a hand on her arm, and her little thrill of excitement died out at once.

"Yes," said the girl: "I see, but you must be tranquil."

"I will be tranquil," promised the Comtesse. "I will have consideration for my heart. It is only the waiting which tries me."

"And that is nearly at an end." Elsie released her arm, and the Comtesse turned again to the fire. The tick of the clock renewed its tiny insistence; the great room again enveloped them in the austerity of its splendid silence. The girl returned to the silk strings in her lap. She knew the occasion of the Comtesse's sudden emotion; it was a familiar tale, and not the less familiar for being told in whispers. She had heard it first when she came from her English home to be the Comtesse's companion. It had been told to her officially, as it were, to guide her in her dealings with the Comtesse. A florid French uncle, with a manner of confidential discretion that made her blush, had been the mouthpiece of the family, and from him she had learned how Jeanne, the Comtesse's half-sister, had run away with a rogue, a man who got his deserts, an officer in a regiment stationed in Algeria.

"Eventually he committed suicide, but before that there were passages," the French uncle had said. The dreadful word "passages" seemed to contain the story, and he gave it an accent of unspeakable significance. "The Comtesse has suffered," he told her further. "It was a sad affair, and she had much tenderness for Jeanne." And that, at first, seemed to be the whole of it, though once or twice the uncle checked himself on the brink of details. But on this evening the tale was to be told afresh. There had arrived from Africa one, Colonel Saval, who had served with the sorry hero of poor Jeanne's romance; he had known him and dealt with him; and he was appointed to come to the Comtesse in the quality of eye-witness.

He was punctual, at all events; the little clock was yet striking when the gaunt footman opened the door and spoke his name. The Comtesse looked up, and Elsie Gray rose to receive him; he advanced and made his bow.

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"Madame la Comtesse?" he said, with a faint note of inquiry. The Comtesse's inclination answered him. "Madame la Comtesse honors me. I am happy to be of service."

He bowed to Elsie, who gave him "good evening"; the footman set forward a chair for him and withdrew. His white hair stood about his head like a delicate haze; under it, the narrow, wise face was brick-red, giving news of his long service under the sun of North Africa. He was short and slight, a tiny vivacious man, full of charming formalities, and there was about him something gentle and suave, that did not quite hide a trenchant quality of spirit. He stood before them, smiling in a moment of hesitation, half paternal, wholly gallant.

"Madame la Comtesse is suffering," said Elsie, in the spacious French idiom. "There is little that she can say. But she thanks Monsieur most sincerely for giving himself this trouble. But please be seated."

He was active in condolences at once. "I am most sympathetic," he said seriously. "And for the *trouble*"—he flicked it from him—"there is no trouble. I am honored."

The Comtesse bowed to him. "Monsieur is very amiable," she murmured.

He hitched up his chair and sat down, facing the pair of them. His shrewd eye took the measure of the Comtesse and her infirmity, without relinquishing a suggestion of admiration. He was a man panoplied with the civil arts; his long career in camps and garrisons had subtracted nothing of social dexterity. There was even a kind of grace in his attitude as he sat, his cane and hat in one hand, with one knee crossed upon the other. He spent a moment in consideration.

"It is of the Capitaine Bertin that I am to speak? Yes?" he asked, suddenly.

The Comtesse stirred a little in her chair. "Yes," she answered, in a voice like a sigh—a sigh of relief, perhaps.

"Ah!" He made a little gesture of acknowledgment. "Le Capitaine Bertin! Then Madame will compose herself to hear little that is agreeable, for it is a tale of tragedy." His eyes wandered for a moment; he seemed to be renewing and testing again the flavor of memories. Under his trim mustache the mouth set and grew harder. Then, without further preamble, he began to speak.

"Bertin and I were of the same rank," he said, "and of much the same age. There was never a time when we were friends; there stood between us too pronounced a difference—a difference, Madame, of spirit, of aim and even of physique. Bertin was large, sanguine, with the face of a bold lover, of a man noticeably gallant. I recall him most vividly as he sat in a café behind a little round table. It was thus one saw him most frequently, with his hard, swarthy face and mustaches that curled like a ram's horns. In such places he seemed most at home, with men about him and cards ready to his hand, and yet—has Madame seen the kind of man who is never wholly at his ease, who stands forever on his guard, as it were? Bertin was such a one; there were many occasions when I remarked it. He would be in the centre of a company of his friends, assured, genial, dominant; and yet, at each fresh arrival in the room, he would look up with something furtive and defensive in his expression. I have seen deserters like that, but in Bertin it lacked an explanation.

"And there was a further matter yet. He was my fellow officer; I saw him on parade and at mess; but his life, the life of his own choice, was lived among those who were not our equals. How shall I make that clear to you, Madame? In those days, Europe drained into Algiers; it had its little world of men who gambled and drank much and understood one another with a complete mistrust; it was with such as these that Bertin occupied his leisure. It was with them that his harshness and power were most efficacious. Naturally, it was not pleasant for us, his colleagues, to behold him forever with such companions; the most of them seemed to be men connected with one sport or another, with billiards, or racing, or the like; but there was nothing to be done."

The Comtesse shifted slightly in her chair. "He *had* power," she said, thoughtfully.

The little Colonel nodded twice. "He *had* power, as Madame observes. He had many good qualities—not quite enough,

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it is true, but many. There were even those that loved him, dogs, horses, waiters, croupiers, and the poor women who made up the background of his life. I have thought, sometimes, that it is easy for a man to be loved, Madame, if he will take that responsibility. But what befell Bertin was not commonplace. He returned to France on leave, for six months, and it was then, I believe, that he first met the lady who became Madame Bertin?"

He gave the words the tone of a question, and the Comtesse answered with a slow gesture of assent.

"Yes, I have heard that it was so," said the Colonel. "Of what took place at that time I can tell nothing, naturally, and Madame is no doubt sufficiently informed. But I saw him—I saw them both—within a week of their return. Upon that occasion I dined at a hotel with two friends, Captain Vaucher and Lieutenant de Sailles. Bertin, with some friends and his wife, was at a table near by. She was the only lady of the party; her place was between an Englishman, a lean, twisted man with the thin legs of a groom, and a Belgian who passed for an artist. It was de Sailles who pointed them out; and, in effect, it was a group to see with emotion. The lady—she was known to you, Madame? Then the position will be clear. She was of that complete and perfect type we honor as the Parisienne, a product of the most complex life in the world. She was slender and straight—ah! straight as a lance, with youth and spirit and buoyancy in the carriage of her head, the poise of her body, the color upon her cheeks. But it was not that—the beauty and the courage—that caused her to stand out among those men as a climbing rose stands out from an old wall; it was the schooled and perfected quality of her, the fineness and delicacy of her manner and expression, the—in short, the note of breeding, Madame, the unmistakable ensign of caste. The Englishman fidgeted and lounged beside her; the fat Belgian drank much and was boisterous; Bertin was harsh and rudely jovial and loud. It was as though she were enveloped in a miasma.

"'So that is what Bertin has brought back,' said Vaucher, slowly, as his custom was.

"'It is a crime,' said de Sailles.

"'I wonder,' said Vaucher, and drank his wine. He was much my friend, a man with the courage and innocence of a good child; but his thought was not easy to follow. He gave Bertin's group another look under puckered brows, and then turned his back on it and began to talk of other matters. I might have known then that—but I must tell my tale in order.

"Bertin was not wise—if it were nothing more—to bring such a wife to Algiers. It turned eyes upon him. Those who had been aware of him merely as a man of low tastes now began to notice his particular actions. He had a house in a certain *impasse*, and one night there was a brawl there—an affair of a man drunk and angry, of a knife drawn and some one stabbed. Before it might have passed; our discipline was indulgent; but now it took on the shape of a scandal. It was brief and ugly, but it marked a stage passed in Bertin's career. And it was only two days later that Vaucher came to me in my quarters with a manner at once deprecating and defiant. He sat in my armchair and laughed quietly before he spoke.

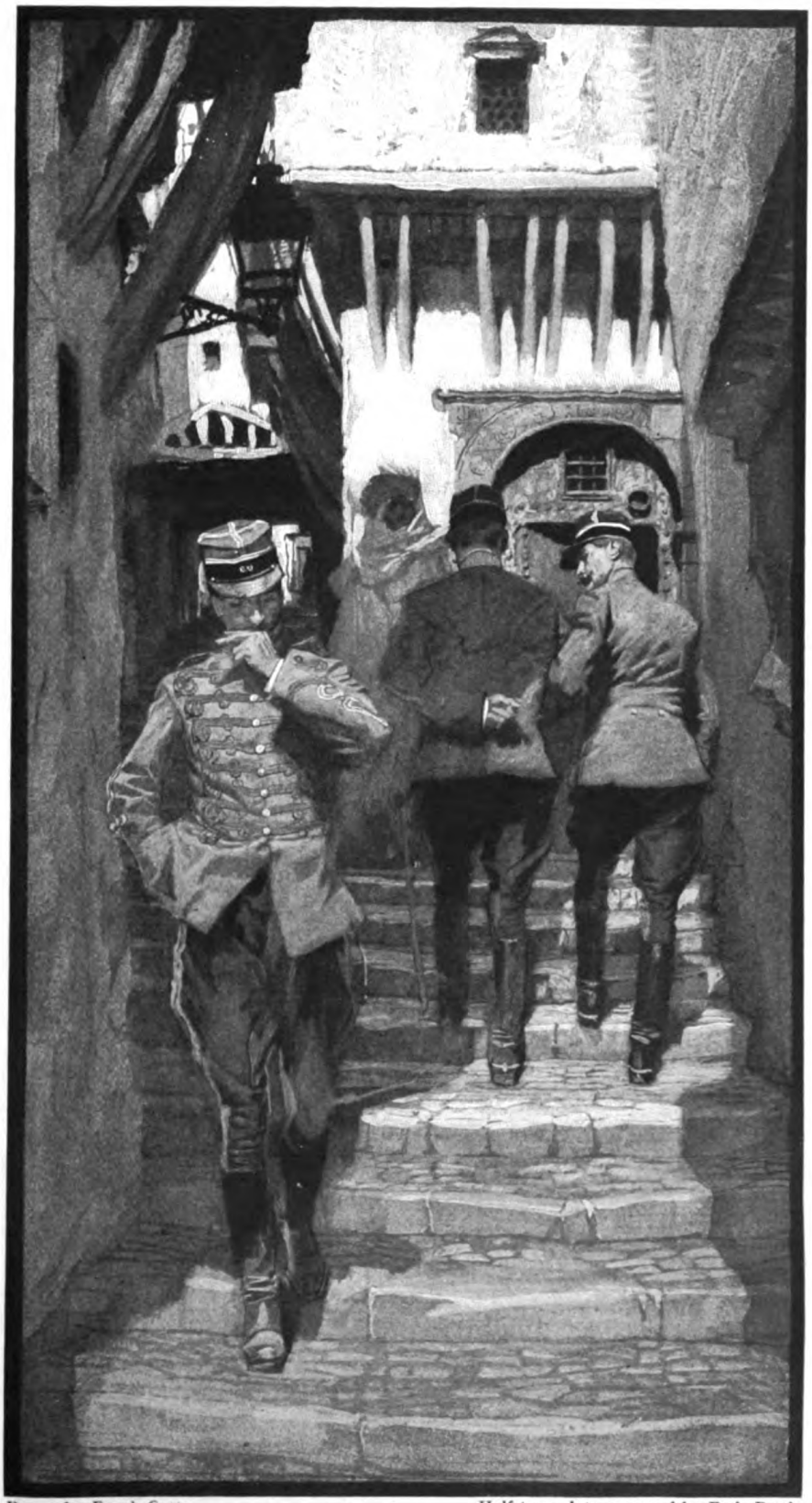
"'I am looking for friends,' he said: 'for a pair of friends.'

"Then, of course, I understood. I bade him count on me. 'And there is also de Sailles,' I reminded him. 'He has a very just taste in these affairs. But who is our opponent?'

"'It is Bertin,' he answered.

"I was astonished, and he told me all. It was an episode of quixotry, a thing entirely imprudent and altogether lovable in him. It chanced that on the evening of Bertin's little—er—fracas, Vaucher had passed by the *impasse* in which Bertin lived. He had heard the scream of the man with the knife in him and paused. It was a dark night, and in the *impasse* there was but one lamp, which stood near Bertin's door. There was a babble of many voices after that scream—shouts of fury, the whining of the would-be assassin, and so on; he was about to pass on, when Bertin's door opened and a woman slipped out and stood listening on the pavement. Her attitude was that of one ready to flee, terrified but uncertain. As the noises

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Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

MOST OF US WERE PASSING HIM WITHOUT RECOGNITION

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within died down, she relapsed from her tense pose and showed her face to Vaucher in the light of the lamp. It was Madame Bertin. She did not see him where he waited, and all of a sudden her self-possession snapped like a twig you break in your fingers. She was weeping, leaning against the wall, weeping desolately, in an abandonment of humiliation and impotence. But Vaucher was not moved when he told me of it.

"'*That* I could have endured,' he said. 'I held my peace and did not intrude upon her. But presently they brought the wounded man down-stairs, and Bertin came forth to seek a *fiacre* to take him away. She heard him ere he came out and gained thus the grace of an instant. There was never anything in life so pitiful, so moving, as the woman's strength that strangled down her sobs, dried the tears at their source, and showed to her husband a face as calm as it was cold. He spoke to her and she gave him a word in answer. But'—and he leaned forward in my chair and struck his fist on the arm of it—'but that poor victory is sore in my memory like a scar.'

"All that was comprehensible. Vaucher was a man of heart. 'But what is the quarrel?' I demanded.

"'The quarrel!' he repeated. 'Let me see; what was it, now?' He had actually forgotten. 'Oh yes. He spoke to me. That was it. He spoke to me and I desired him not to speak to me for the future, of course.'

"Madame, up to the time when I went with Vaucher to the ground, I had not given a thought to the issue of the affair. I had taken it for granted that Bertin would go down; at such seasons, one is blinded by one's sense of right. It lasted not two minutes. They fought with the small-sword—our custom at that time. Though it was early in the morning, there was a strong sun; it made a flame on the blades as they saluted before engaging. Bertin was very sober and serious, but one had only to glance at him to perceive a very heat of wrath masked under his heavy countenance. Vaucher was intent, wary, full of careful purpose. Their blades touched. 'Allez!' There were a couple of moments of fencing, of almost formal *escrime,* and then Vaucher lengthened his arm and attacked. Bertin stepped back a pace, and, as Vaucher advanced, he slashed with a high open cut, and it was over. Vaucher threw up both hands and came to his knees. I remember that I stood, unable to move, staring aghast at this end to the affair; while Bertin threw down his sword, turned his back, and went to where his clothes lay. At that moment he seemed as vast against the morning sky as a monument, as a sphinx carved out of a mountain. He had spoken no word.

"We took Vaucher back to the city. It was a cut in the head. Madame shall be spared the particulars. I think he is living yet, but it was the end of him, none the less."

The little Colonel's voice dropped on the last words. He did not take the sympathy and friendship that waited for him in Elsie's gray eyes; he looked with a sombre gaze at the Comtesse. She still held her favorite attitude, leaning a little to one side in her great chair, so that she could watch the shifting shapes in the fire. She was smiling slightly, but her smile vanished as the Colonel paused.

"He was a gallant gentleman," she said, softly. Elsie turned her head to look at her, surprised, for the thing was said perfunctorily, in the manner of a commonplace of politeness.

Colonel Saval bowed. "Madame la Comtesse is only just," he said. But he glanced sharply at her serene, preoccupied face with a manner of some dissatisfaction.

He resumed his tale with a sigh. "After all," he said, "there is not much to tell. I was not fortunate enough to meet Madame Bertin frequently during the two years that followed. From time to time I saw her, always with some wonder, for she preserved to the end that delicate and superb quality which so distinguished her. The scandal of the brawl was the small thing that was needed to turn Bertin's course down-hill; almost from that day one could mark his decline. It was not a matter of incidents; it was simply that within a year most of us were passing him without recognition, and there was talk of debts that troubled him. He had deteriorated, too; whereas of old he was florid, now he was inflamed and gross; where he had been merely

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loud, he was now coarse. Within eighteen months the Colonel had made him a scene, had told him sour truths, and shaken his finger at him. That power of his, Madame, was not the power that enables a man to hold his level. Even with the companions of his leisure, his ascendency faded. I recollect seeing him once, at the corner of the Place du Gouvernement, in the centre of a group of them, raging almost tearfully, while they laughed at him. The horrible laughter of those outcasts, edged like a saw, cruel and vile! And he was purple with fury, shaking like a man in an ague, and helpless against them. I was young in those days and not incapable of generous impulses; I recollect that as I passed I jostled one of those creatures out of the path, and then turned and waited for the remonstrance which he decided not to make."

The Comtesse nodded at the fire, like one well pleased. The little Colonel gave her another of his shrewd glances, and went on.

"As you see, Madame, it is not possible to describe to you the steps by which Bertin sank. The end came within two years of the duel. One knew—somehow—that it was at hand. There were things dropped in talk, things overheard and pieced together—a whole atmosphere of scandal, in which there came and went little items of plain fact. The trouble was with regimental funds; again I will spare Madame the details; but certain of them which should have passed through Bertin's hands had not arrived at their destination. Clerks from a bank came to work upon the accounts; strange, cool young men, who hunted figures through ledgers as a ferret traces a rat under a floor. You must understand that for the regiment it was a monstrous matter, an affair to hide sedulously; it touched our intimate honor. There was a meeting of the rest of us to consider the thing; finally, it was I that was deputed to go forthwith to Bertin and persuade him to leave the city, to vanish, to do his part to save our credit. And that evening, as soon as it was dark enough to be convenient, I went.

"There was still that light in the *impasse* by which my poor friend Vaucher had seen Madame Bertin weeping; but from the windows of the house there came none. It was shuttered like a fort. It was not till I had knocked many times upon the door that there came any response. At last I heard bolts being withdrawn—bolt after bolt, as if the place had been a prison or a treasury; and Madame Bertin herself stood in the entry. The one lamp in the *impasse* showed her my uniform, and she breathed like one who had been running.

"I saluted her and inquired for Bertin.

"'Captain Bertin?' she repeated after me. 'I do not know—I fear—'

"'My business with him is urgent,' I told her, and at that she whitened. 'And unofficial,' I added, therefore.

"At that she stood aside for me to enter. I aided her to fasten the door again, and she led me up the stairs to a small room, divided by large doors from an inner chamber.

"'If you will please be seated,' she said, 'I will send Captain Bertin to you.'

"She was thinner, I thought, and perhaps a trifle less assured; but that was to be understood. For the rest, she had the deliberate tones of the *salon*, the little smile of a convention that is not irksome. Her voice, her posture, had that grace one knows and defers to at sight. It was all very wonderful to come upon in that house. As she left the room, her profile shone against the wall like a cameo, so splendid in its pallor and the fineness of its outline.

"She must have gone from the passage by another entrance to the room beyond the double doors, for I heard her voice there—and his. They spoke together for some minutes, she at length, but he shortly; and then the doors slid apart a foot or so, and he came through sideways. He gave me a desperate look, and pulled at the doors to close them behind him. They stuck and resisted him, and he ceased his efforts at once.

"'You wanted to speak to me?' he asked. He seemed to be frowning as a child will frown to keep from bursting into tears. 'But not officially, I believe? It is not official, is it?'

"'No,' I answered. 'It is a message—quite private.'

"He ceased to frown at that, staring at me heavily, and chewing his mustache.

"'Sit down,' he said, suddenly, and

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came nearer, glancing over his shoulder at the aperture of the doors. Something in that movement gave me the suggestion that he was accustomed to guard against eavesdroppers; all those poor forlorn gamesters and wastrels are full of secrets and privacies. One sees them forever in corners, with furtive eyes for listeners, guiding their business like conspirators.

"I gave him my message at once. There was a need upon me for plain speech with the man, like that need for cold steel which came upon poor Vaucher.

"'There is time for you to make your packages and be gone,' I said. 'Time for that and no more, and I recommend you to let the packages be few. If you go, you will not be sought for. That is what I have to say to you.'

"He glanced over his shoulder again and came a step nearer. 'You mean—' he said, and hesitated.

"'The money? Yes,' I answered. 'That is what I mean. You will go?'

"He stared at me a moment in silence. I felt as if I had struck him and spat in his face. But he had no such thought.

"'How long have I?' he asked, suddenly.

"'You have to-night,' I answered.

"It seemed as if he were going to ask further questions, but at that moment Madame Bertin appeared in the doorway behind him. I knew she had heard our talk.

"'Your business is finished?' she asked, carelessly, coming forward into the room.

"'It is quite finished,' I replied.

"She nodded, smiling. 'Captain Bertin has to catch a train,' she said, 'and if I did not watch the time for him, he would surely lose it. He has no idea of punctuality.'

"'I hope he has not much packing to do,' I said.

"'I have seen to that,' she replied.

"'Then I will not intrude upon your adieux,' I said, preparing to depart. *Ma foi,* I was ready to weep, as Vaucher had wept, at the gay courage of her. But she stopped me.

"'Oh, the adieux are complete like the packing,' she said. 'And if you should have anything further to say to Captain Bertin, you can drive with him to the station.'

"I could see her meaning in that; my company would guard him till he left. So I bowed.

"'I shall be very happy,' I said.

"'Then if you will send for a *fiacre,*' she suggested to her husband. He was standing between us, wordless and dull. He gave her a look of inquiry; she returned it with a clear, high gaze, and he went at once.

"'It is a good season for travelling, I believe?' she said, when the door had closed behind him.

"'Captain Bertin could not have chosen a better,' I assured her.

"Her composure was more than wonderful; by no sign, no hint of weakness or ill ease, did she make any appeal to me. To my sympathy, my admiration, my devotion, she offered only that bright surface of her schooled manner and disciplined emotions. While her house crumbled about her ears, while her world failed her, she deviated not a hair's-breadth from the line of social amenity.

"'But he is hardly likely to have company?' she asked again.

"As for me, I had visions of the kind of company that was due to him—a formal *sous-officier* with a warrant of arrest, a file of stolid soldiers, with rigid faces and curious eyes.

"But I answered her in her own manner.

"'There is certainly that drawback,' I said, and I thought—I hoped—I saw gratitude in her answering look.

"Then Bertin returned, with the hat of a civilian and a cloak that covered him to the ears. I saw their farewell—his look of appeal at her, the smile of amusement which answered it. And next I was seated beside him in the *fiacre* and she was framed in the door, looking after us, slender and erect, pale and subtle, smiling still with a manner as of weariness. It is thus that I remember her best.

"It was not till we were out of her sight that Bertin spoke. He lit a cigarette and stared up at the great white stars.

"'She spoilt my luck from the first,' he said.

"I don't know why, but I laughed. At the moment, it seemed to me a very droll saying. And at the sound of my

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laughter he grinned in sympathy. He was a wonderful man. When he was established in the train, he held out his hand to me.

"'Adieu,' he said. 'You have been kind in your way. You didn't do it for me, you know—so adieu!'

"I took his hand. It was a small thing to grant him, and I had no other answer. As the train moved away, I saw his face at the window of the carriage, full of a kind of sly humor—gross, amiable, and tragic! He waved me a good-by."

The Colonel paused, staring at his trimly booted toe. Madame la Comtesse looked at him thoughtfully.

"You saw him again?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "But possibly the tale becomes too painful."

The Comtesse passed a hand over her eyes. "I must hear the rest," she said. "You saw her, too, again?"

"Yes," said the Colonel.

"She was very hard," said the Comtesse, thoughtfully. "Very hard always. As a girl I remember—"

The Colonel was looking at her intently, but as though some thought had suddenly brought him enlightenment. Both he and the Comtesse seemed quite to have forgotten Elsie, listening on her stool in bewilderment and compassion. She saw them now exchange guarded glances, as though measuring each other's penetration.

The Comtesse leaned back. "I beg you to proceed," she said, with a sigh. Elsie reached over the arm of the chair and took her hand and held it.

The little Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

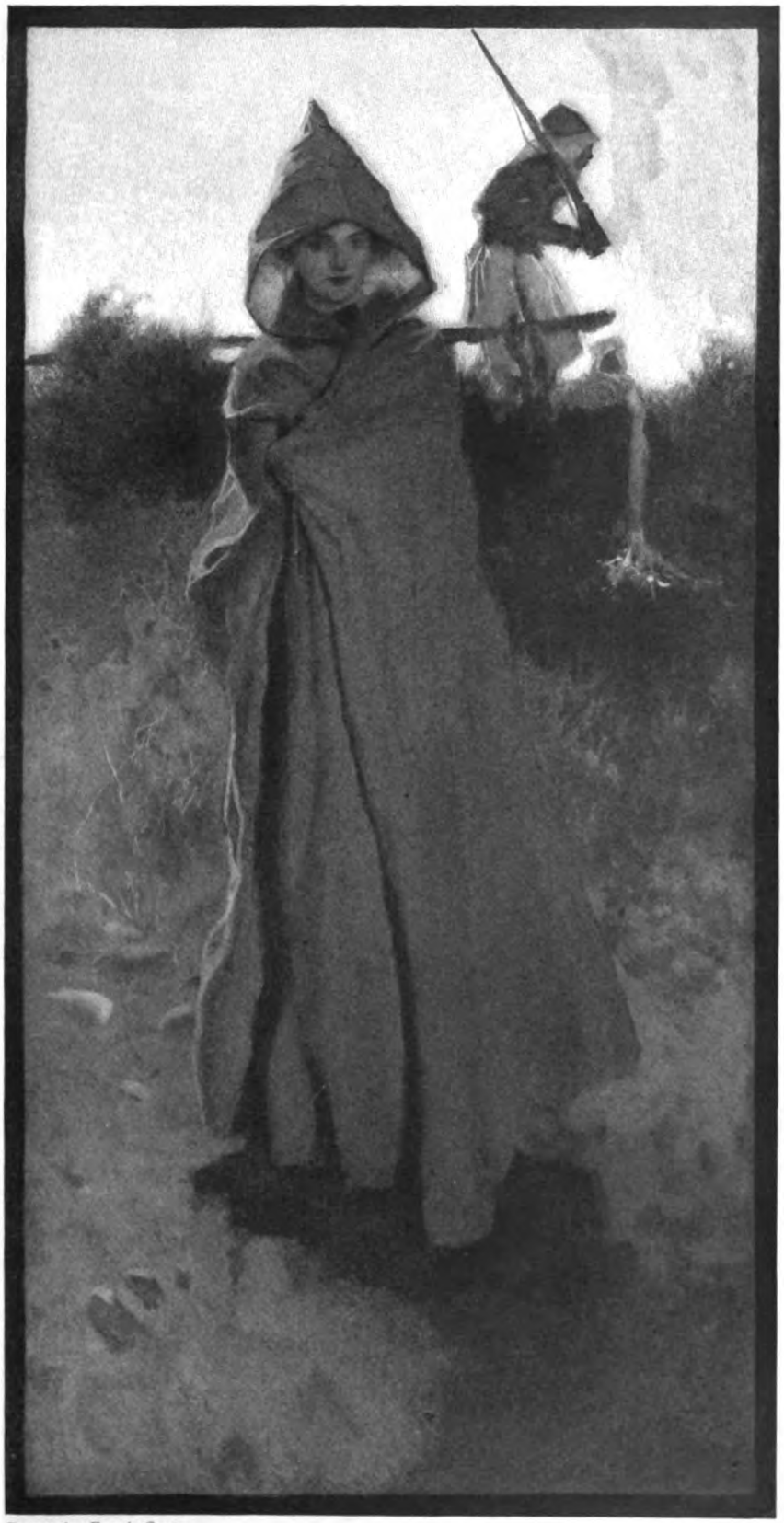
"Since Madame la Comtesse wishes it," he said. "But some years elapsed before I saw either of them again. Madame Bertin had said nothing which could encourage me to call at the house in the *impasse,* and there was no message from him to carry thither. I heard—it was said—that she, too, left the city; Bertin's exit from the service was arranged, and thus the matter seemed to close. I preserved certain memories, which I still preserve; I was the richer by them. Then came active service, expeditions to the interior, some fighting and much occupation. It chanced that I was fortunate; I gained certain credit and promotion; and by degrees the affair of Bertin sank to rest in the background of my life. It was a closed incident, and I was reconciled never to have it reopened. But it seems one can never be sure that a thing is ended; possibly Bertin in his hiding-place thought as I did—and made the same mistake. I heard the news when I visited Algiers on my way to a post up-country at the edge of the desert. New powers had taken charge of our business; there was a new General, an austere, mirthless man, who knew of Bertin's existence, and resented it. He had been concerned here and there in more than one enterprise of an unpleasant flavor, and it was the General's intention to put a period to him. My friends in barracks told me of it, perfunctorily; and my chief sense was of disgust that Bertin should continue to be noticeable. And then I went away up-country, in a train that carried me beyond the borders of civilization, and set me down at last one dawn at a point where a military line trickled out into the vast yellow distance, against a saw-edged horizon of sand-hills. It was in the chill hour of the morning; a few sentries walked their beats, and beyond them there was a plot of silent tents. The station was no more than planks laid on the ground beside some locked iron sheds, a tank for the engine, and a flagstaff. It was infinitely forlorn and empty, with an air of staleness and discomfort. At some distance, a single muffled figure sat apart on a seat; I thought it was some Arab waiting for the day. Be judge, then, of my amazement when it rose, as I would have passed it, and spoke.

"'This, also, is a good season for travelling?' it said, and I spun on my heel to face it. From the hood of a *bernouse* there looked out at me, pale and delicate still, the face of Madame Bertin.

"In my bewilderment and my—my joy, I caught at both her hands and held them for a moment. She smiled and freed herself gently and her eyes mocked me. She was the same as ever, impregnably the same; stress of mind, sorrow, exile, loneliness—they could not avail to stir her from her pedestal of composure. That manner—it is the armor of the woman of the world.

"'I came here on a camel,' she told me, in answer to my inquiries. 'On a camel

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Drawn by Frank Craig

THERE LOOKED OUT AT ME THE FACE OF MADAME BERTIN

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from my home. I understand now why *chameau* is a word of abuse.'

"'I am not very sure that the season is good for travelling,' I said.

"She shrugged her shoulders. 'When one is acclimatized, seasons are no longer important.'

"'And you are acclimatized, Madame?' I asked her.

"'She showed me the *bernouse*. 'Even to this,' she said.

"Across the slopes of sand, one could hear the engine of the little military train grunting and wheezing as it collected its cars, and the strident voice of a man cursing Arab laborers.

"'You go by that train?' she asked me.

"'To Torah,' I answered.

"'I also,' she said, looking at me inquiringly.

"I said I was fortunate to have her company, and it was plain that she was relieved. For I guessed forthwith that it was at Torah that Bertin was, and she knew that if my going thither were to arrest him, I would spare her. I am sure she knew that.

"It was a journey of a day and a night, while that little train rolled at leisure through a world of parched sand, beyond the sand-hills to the eye-wearying monotony of the desert. Sometimes it would halt beside a tank and a tent, while a sore-eyed man ran along the train to beg for newspapers. Over us, the sky rose in an arch from horizon to horizon, blue and blinding; the heat was like a hand laid on one's mouth. I had with me my soldier-servant and a provision of food; there was something of both ecstasy and anguish in serving her needs, in establishing her comfort. She talked little, and always so that I stood at a distance from her, fenced apart by little graceful formalities, groping hopelessly and vainly toward her through the clever mesh of her adroit speech and skilful remoteness. I was already fifteen years in the country, and fifteen years her inferior in those civilized dexterities. But she thanked me very sweetly for my aid.

"Another dawn, and we were at Torah. A half-circle of dusty palms leaned away to one side of the place, the common ensign of a well on a caravan route. The post was but a few structures of wood and mud, and, a little way off, the tents of the camp. In the east, the sky was red with the foreknowledge of the sun; its light already lay pale over the meanness of all the village. I helped her from the train, and demanded to know whither I should conduct her.

"'I will not give you further trouble,' she said, and though I protested, she was firm. And at last she walked away, alone, to the huddle of little buildings, and I saw her pass among them and out of my sight. Then I turned and went over to the camp, where my duty lay.

"That was a sorrowful place, that Torah. The troops were chiefly men of the Foreign Legion, of whom three in every four expressed in their eyes only patience and the bitterness of men whose lives are hidden things. With them were some elderly officers, whose only enthusiasms showed themselves in a crazy bravery in action, the callous courage of men who have already died once. From some of these I heard of Bertin. It was a brown, sun-dried man who told me.

"'Yes, we know him,' he said. 'He passes under various names, but we know him. A man wasted, thrown away, my friend! He should have joined us.'

"'You would have accepted him?' I asked.

"'Why not?' was the answer. 'It is not honest men we ask for, nor true men, nor even brave men—only fighting men. And any man can be that.'

"It made me wonder if it were yet too late for Bertin, and whether he might not still find a destiny in the ranks of that regiment where so many do penance. But when I saw him, a week later, I knew that the chance had gone by, with his other chances. It was in a café in the village, a shed open at one side to the little street of sand and furnished only with tables and chairs. A great Spahi, in the splendid uniform of his corps, lounged in one corner; a shrouded Arab tended the coffee apparatus in another; in the middle, with a glass before him, sat Bertin. The sun beat in at the open front of the building and spread the shadows in a tangle on its floor; he was leaning with both elbows on the table, gazing before him with the eyes of a dead man. He had always promised to be stout, but he was already fat — a flabby, blue-jowled heap of a

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man, all thick creases and bulges; and his face had patches of blue and purple in its hollows. He was ponderous, he was huge: and with it there was an aspect of horror, as though all that flesh were diseased.

"I paused by his table and slowly he looked up to me. His features labored with thought, and he recognized me.

"'Saval!' he ejaculated, hoarsely. 'You—you want me?'

"I sat down at his table. 'I haven't come to arrest you,' I told him. 'But you had better know that the authorities have decided to arrest you.'

"He gasped. 'For—for—'

"'I don't know what for,' I told him. 'For whatever you have been doing.'

"He had to blink and swallow and wipe his brow before he mastered the fact. His mind, like his body, was a shameful ruin. But the fact that he was not to be arrested at the moment seemed to comfort him. He leaned over the table to me.

"'My wife's here,' he said, in a raucous whisper.

"'Yes; she knows,' I answered.

"He frowned, and seemed perplexed. 'She'll make me shoot myself,' he went on. 'I know what she means. I warn you, she'll make me do it. Have a drink?'

"He was horrible, an offence to the daylight. He bawled an order to the Arab, and turned to me again.

"'That's what it 'll come to,' he said. 'I warn you.'

"He repeated the last phrase in whispers, staring at me heavily: 'I warn you; I warn you.'

"'Have you a pistol?' I asked him. Yes, Madame; I asked him that.

"He smiled at me. 'No, I haven't,' he said, still confidentially. 'You see how it is? I haven't even a pistol. But I know what she means.'

"I was in field uniform, and I unbuttoned my holster and laid the revolver on the table before him. He looked at it with an empty smile.

"'It is loaded,' I said, and left him.

"But I wondered. It seemed to me that there was a tension in the affairs of Bertin and his wife which could not endure, that the moment was at hand when the breaking-point would be reached. And it was this idea that carried me the same evening to visit Madame Bertin. The night about me was still, yet overhead there was wind, for great clouds marched in procession across the moon, trailing their shadows over the sand. Bertin inhabited a little house at the fringe of the village; it looked out at the emptiness of the desert. I was yet ten paces from the door when it opened and Madame Bertin came forth. She was wrapped in her *bernouse*, and she closed the door behind her quickly and stepped forward to meet me. She gave me greeting in her cool, even tones, the pallor of her face shining forth from the hood of her garment.

"'Since you are so good as to come and see me,' she said, 'let us walk here for a while. Captain Bertin is occupied; and we can watch the clouds on the sand.'

"We walked to and fro before the house. 'I saw your husband to-day,' I told her.

"'He said so,' she answered. 'It was pleasant for him to talk with an old comrade.'

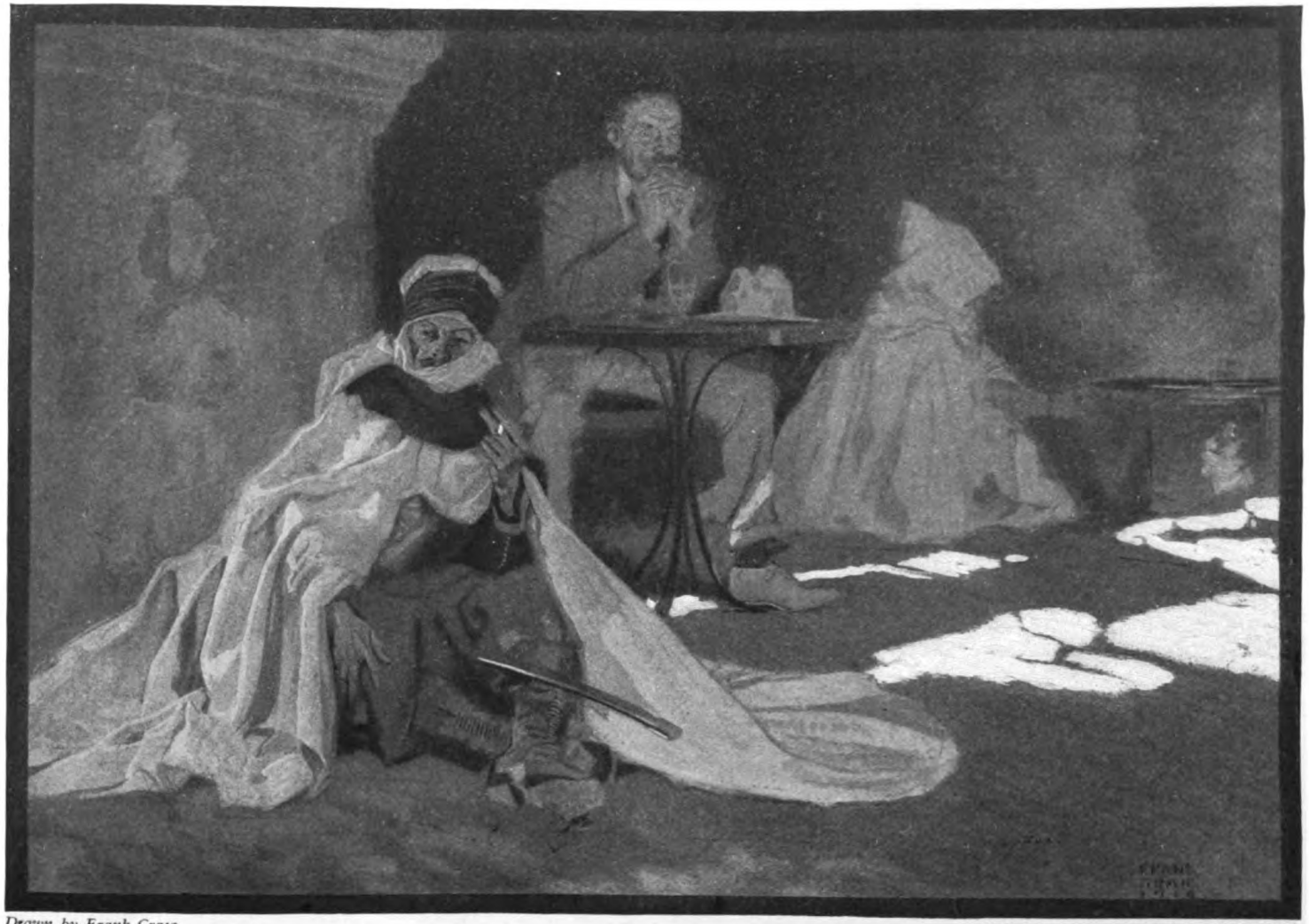
"One window in the house was lighted, with a curtain drawn across it. As we paused, I saw the shadow of a man on the curtain—a man who lurched and pressed both hands to his head. I could not tell whether Madame Bertin saw it also; she continued to walk, looking straight before her; her face was calm.

"'Doubtless he has his occupations here?' I ventured, presently. 'There are matters in which he interests himself—*non*?'

"'That is so,' she replied. 'And this evening he tells me he has a letter to write, concerning some matters of importance. I have promised him that for an hour he shall not be interrupted. What wonderful color there is yonder!'

"The shadow of a great cloud, blue-black like a moonlit sea, was racing past us; it seemed to break like surf on a line of sand-hills. But while I watched it, awe was creeping upon me. She was erect and grave, with lips a little parted, staring before her; the heavy folds of the *bernouse* were like the marble robe of a statue. I glanced behind me at the lighted window, and the shadow of an arm moved upon it, an arm that gesticulated and conveyed to me a sense of agony, of appeal. I remembered the revolver; I felt a weakness overcome me.

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Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE WAS LEANING ON THE TABLE, GAZING BEFORE HIM WITH THE EYES OF A DEAD MAN

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"'Madame!' I cried. 'I fear—I doubt that it is safe to leave him for an hour to-night.'

"She turned to me with a faint movement of surprise. The moon showed her to me clearly. Before the deliberate strength of her eyes, my gaze faltered.

"'But I assure you,' she answered; 'nothing can be safer.'

"I made one more effort. 'But if I might see him for an instant,' I pleaded.

"She smiled and shook her head. I might have been an importunate child. 'I promised him an hour,' she said. Her voice was indulgent, friendly, commonplace; it made me powerless. I had it on my lips to cry out, 'He is in there alone, working himself up to the point of suicide!' But I could not utter it. I could no more say it than I could have smitten her in the face. She was impregnable behind that barrier of manners which she upheld so skilfully. She continued to look at me for some seconds and to smile—so gently, so mildly. I think I groaned.

"She began to talk again of the clouds, but I could not follow what she said. That was my hour of impotence. Madame, I have seen battles and slaughter, and found no meaning in them. But that isolated tragedy, boxed up in the little house between the squalid town and the lugubrious desert—it sucked the strength from my bones. She continued to speak; the cultivated sweetness of her voice came and went in my ears like a maddening distraction from some grave matter in hand. I think I was on the point of breaking in, violently, hysterically, when I cast a look at the lighted window again. I cried out to her.

"'Look! Look!' I cried.

"She did not turn. 'I have seen the sea like that at Naples,' she was saying, gazing out to the desert, with her back to the house. 'With the moon shining over Capri—'

"'For the love of God!' I said, and made one step toward the house. But it was too late. The shadowed hand—and what it held—rose; the shadowed head bent to meet it.

"Even at the sound of the shot she did not turn. 'What was that?' she said, tranquilly.

"For the moment I could not speak. I had to gulp and breathe to recover myself.

"'Let us go and see,' I said then. 'The hour is past, and the letter of importance is finished.'

"She nodded. 'By all means,' she agreed, carelessly, and I followed her into the house.

"Once again I will spare Madame la Comtesse the details. Bertin had evaded arrest. At the end of all his laborings and groanings, the instant of resolution had come to him and he had made use of it. On the table were paper and writing-things; one note was finished.

"'It is not for me,' said Madame Bertin, as she leaned upon the table and read it. I was laying a sheet upon the body; when I rose she handed it to me. It bore neither name nor address; the poor futile life had blundered out without even this thing completed. It was short, and to some woman. '*Très-chère amie,*' it said; 'once I made a mistake. I have paid for it. You laughed at me once; you would not laugh now. If you could see—'"

The Colonel stopped; the Comtesse was holding out both hands as though supplicating him. Elsie Gray rose and bent over her. The Comtesse put her gently aside.

"You have that letter?" she asked.

The little Colonel passed a hand into a breast pocket and extracted a dainty Russian-leather letter-case. From it he drew a faded writing and handed it to the Comtesse.

"Madame la Comtesse is welcome to the letter," he said. "Pray keep it."

The Comtesse did not read it. She folded it in her thin smooth hands and sighed.

"And then?" she asked.

"This is the end of my tale," said the Colonel. "I took the letter and placed it in my pocket. Madame Bertin watched me imperturbably.

"'I may leave the formalities to you?' she asked me, suddenly; 'the notification of death and so on?'

"I bowed; I had still a difficulty in speaking.

"'Then I will thank you for all your friendship,' she said.

"I put up my hand. 'At least do not

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thank me,' I cried. I could not face her serene eyes, and that little lifting of the brows with which she answered my words. Awe, dread, passion—these were at war within me, and the dead man lay on the floor at my feet. I pushed the door open and fled."

Colonel Saval sat up in his chair and uncrossed his legs.

"I saw her no more," he said. "Madame la Comtesse knows how she returned to Algiers and presently died there? Yes."

The Comtesse bowed. "I thank you, Monsieur," she said. "You have done me a great service."

"I am honored," he replied, as he rose. "I wish you a good night. Mademoiselle, good night."

He was gone. The white doors closed behind him. The Comtesse raised her face and kissed the tall, gentle girl.

"Leave me now," she said. "I must read my letter alone."

And Elsie went. The story was finished at last.

Evidence

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

COME, you invisible things, you mighty invisible masters,
Come to my help when I call in the weight of the gathering years,
From depths and from darks hid with boding and lurking disasters,
Come with assurance to faith, with defiance to fears!

You that asleep in the amber that plashed from primeval branches,
Sleep also, forever unseen, in the vast where is pulsing nor breath,
That, rending the heavens, come down on the rain's avalanches,
Father and mother of being, whose recession is death.

You that steal out of old gardens from rose and from rue in the darkness,
Bringing far bell-tones o'er water to melt on the heart like a sigh,
That sweeping from deep to deep lift the seas in terrible starkness—
O thing of great singing, great sorrow, who hath seen you go by!

You—soul of the sun and the spheres, strong spirit of splendor,
How laden with life are your wings, how sure is your infinite flight,
Lord of the circling worlds, of the spark the mined jewels surrender,
Who traverse the ether in blackness to touch us with light.

And known, but undreamed, unimagined, strange colors beyond the clear seven,
Colors more sacred than purple, it may be, more royal than red,
With your gleams of some glory that builds the new earth, the new heaven,
Into the secrets of shadow show me the way I tread.

Come, then, you viewless as life is, viewless as love to the lover,
As song to the singer, as fragrance escaping the leaf that is crushed,
Rear the towers, with your high intimations that over us hover,
Whose banners none see, whose trumpets are muffled and hushed!

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The Solving of an Ancient Riddle

IONIC GREEK BEFORE HOMER

BY GEORGE HEMPL, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Germanic Philology, Stanford University

THIS is not a tale of the Golden Age, when Prometheus first brought down fire from heaven and taught men the elements of civilization. It is not a narrative of wild hunts in the jungle, or of adventures among the Indians of the plains. It is not a detective story, to keep you intent, while the hours slip by and the fire goes out. And yet I shall be disappointed if those of my readers who now and then dream of the days of old and still have in their blood a taste for the chase—I shall be sorry, I say, if they do not find, in what I am going to tell, something that will set them to dreaming again their school-day dreams of ancient Greece, and make them feel the sense of creeping tenseness that comes over one when he is earnestly on the track of anything—be it a lost child, a deer, a problem in mathematics, or what it will—and the thrill that pervades him when he realizes that he "is getting warm," and that at any moment his eyes may light on the coveted object. But before I begin my story, I must say a few introductory words concerning an ancient country and its people.

The island of Crete, lying midway between Greece, Asia Minor, and the northern coast of Africa, occupies a unique position, not only geographically but also historically. To the student of Greek history it forms a shadowy background to peoples, things, and events. One is conscious that there were on this mysterious island great men and great occurrences, but he is given no definite information as to them, and gradually comes to regard the island and its people as more than half mythical. So it was with even the wisest until a few years ago. The partial removal of the power of the Turkish Sultan made it possible for archæologists to go upon Crete and work to advantage, and during the decade just past they have worked with such success as seldom crowns the labors of the spade. Englishmen, Italians, and Americans have toiled in friendly rivalry at Cnossos and Phæstos and on the eastern end of the island. The scholarly world owes much to each and all of them, but most to the distinguished British archæologist, Arthur J. Evans. Together they have brought to light the remains of a marvellous prehistoric civilization, a civilization surpassing any that had yet blossomed in the Ægean and far more advanced than any that Greece was to know for hundreds of years to come. The story has recently been well told by Mr. and Mrs. Hawes in a delightful and illuminating little volume, *Crete the Forerunner of Greece*. It is a story of intense interest to the lover of art and to every student of human progress.

We see the ancient Cretans—or Minoans, as scholars now call them, in honor of their great King Minos—in their shops and markets, at their sports, and in their palaces and humbler dwellings. They were a wonderfully modern people, pursuing the arts of peace in large unfortified towns, secure in the consciousness of the mastery of the sea—much like the people of another famous island in our own day. The traces that still remain of the attainments of Minoan artisan, architect, and artist alike excite our interest and admiration. The palace at Cnossos was a town in itself, with quarters for guests and servants and craftsmen of all kinds, and was fitted out with sanitary plumbing such as the world was not to see again until the nineteenth century. The walls were decorated with paintings and mosaics that tell us much of the life of the time. The dress of Minoan ladies was modern, close-fitting

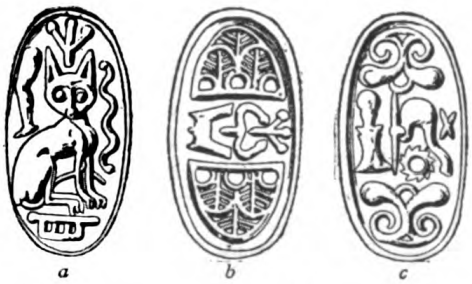
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about tight-laced waists, with low necks and puffed sleeves, and with flounces about the skirts. We feel strangely at home among these people.

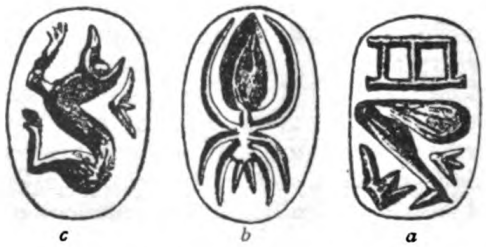
But there haunts us all the time a feeling of uncertainty, a questioning as to who these moderns of the ancient world really were—of what origin, race, and language. Written records are not lacking, for Evans and his co-workers have brought to light thousands of tablets and seals evidently recording the commercial and official life of the Minoans. But they are written in a strange and unknown script, consisting of pictures or of characters evidently derived from pictures. Like the Sphinx of old, these have challenged the wonder and the ingenuity of scholars ever since Evans began to publish them at the turning of the centuries. He is now engaged upon a definitive treatment of all the inscriptions, and has already published the first volume of his most important work, *Scripta Minoa*. It was a copy of this that fell into my hands at the close of the college year and stimulated my curiosity to such an extent that I temporarily postponed the completion of my reports on Venetic and Etruscan, in my desire to outwit, if possible, the Cretan sphinx.



THE THREE IMPRESSIONS OF A ROYAL PRISM-SEAL
The text runs from left to right

I was attracted chiefly by the Phæstos Disk, which is written in characters differing from those employed in all the other Minoan writings. This unique monument of ancient civilization was brought to light two years ago by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission. He discovered it in a part of the palace at Phæstos, under conditions that lead scholars to agree in dating it not later than 1600 B.C. It is a disk of refined clay, about three-quarters of an inch thick and six and a half inches in diameter. It is not inscribed; but when the clay was still soft, characters were impressed upon it by means of engraved stamps, not unlike our rubber stamps. Each individual character, or picture, was thus made with one stamp and is consequently always exactly the same. We have here, in fact, a remarkable anticipation of the sort of printing that is done to-day in stores and shops, when signs and placards are produced by the use of rubber stamps containing a single letter each.

Both faces of the Disk are covered with characters. These run in a continuous spiral from the edge to the centre. Groups of characters are separated from one another by vertical lines that meet the spiral above and below, so that each group is enclosed in a little frame. Dr. Evans believes that the writing started from the centre, running from left to right until it reached the circumference at a line of four or five puncts. He has discovered various peculiarities about the pictographs, which lead him to believe that the Disk is not Cretan at all, but originated somewhere to the northeast of Crete, in southwestern Asia Minor or on one of the intervening islands. This theory is strengthened by the decision of his able colleague, Dr. Mackenzie, that the clay is not Cretan. After much study of the Disk, Dr. Evans came to the conclusion that the text was probably that of a religious chant, but he was unable to decipher any of it.

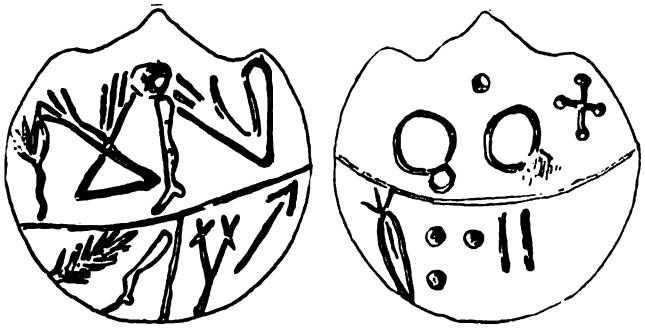


THE THREE IMPRESSIONS OF THE PRISM-SEAL OF A CHIEF
The text runs from right to left

Here, then, was a unique text that presented several remarkable aspects of an

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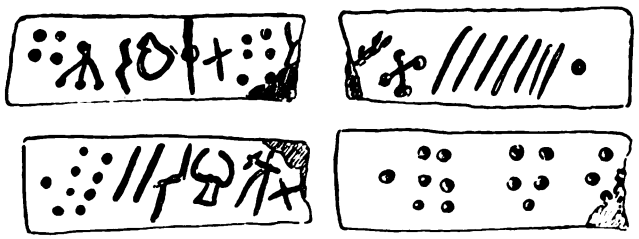
unusually tempting character. To be sure, there was nothing to indicate what language it was written in. Every symbol employed was an unknown quantity. The very direction of the writing was problematic. In fact, it was an open question whether the writing was hieroglyphic, syllabic, or alphabetic; and those who had thought most about the matter made it still more tantalizing by concluding that we probably had to do with a mixture of two or more divergent systems of writing. Still, there were several encouraging features about the problem. The text was not too short, the characters were perfectly distinct, and there were division-marks, apparently separating the words from one another. I determined, therefore, to try and see what could be done. It was clear that if any progress was to be made, it would be by such a study of the text as would force it to reveal the nature of the writing. It was also evident that in various doubtful matters it would be necessary to weigh the probabilities, form tentative theories, and then rigorously test them—in other words, to do some judicious guessing and see if it worked.



THE TWO SIDES OF A CLAY LABEL HUNG BY A STRING ABOUT THE NECK OF AN "AMPHORA OF NATIVE WINE"

The legends read from right to left

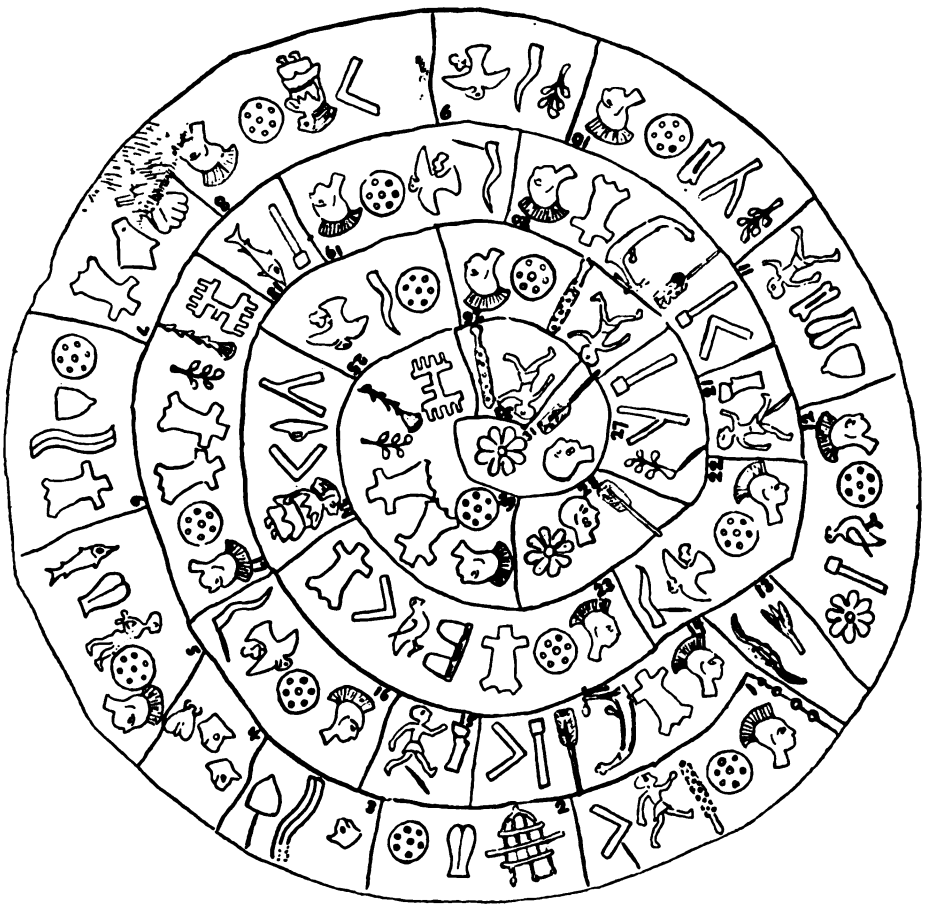
On first examining the Disk, I was struck by an oblique scratch under some of the characters. This reminded me of the virama of Sanskrit, Venetic, and early Runic writing, being in form and position identical with that found in Sanskrit. As the virama stands under a final consonant but not under an initial one, and as the virama-like mark on the Phæstos Disk is found under the left-hand end of a word, I inferred that the writing probably ran from right to left, and not from left to right, as Evans thought. A closer examination of the spiral in which the text runs made it clear that this was true; for it is obvious that the scribe, or rather impresser, began at the line of four or five puncts at the circumference and jogged up when he had completed the first ring of the spiral. What misled Evans was, I fancy, the fact that the figures face toward the right. This was, however, to be expected. For, while the designs were carved on the stamps from right to left, they of course appear reversed when stamped.



THE FOUR SIDES OF BROKEN CLAY INVOICE-BAR, RECORDING A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEEHIVES AND OTHER THINGS

I also observed that when the stamp did not come down squarely on the surface, it usually pressed down a little too heavily on the left. This is not shown on the engraving, but may be observed on the photographs given by Evans. Testing the matter with a rubber stamp, I found that when one uses the right hand the impression is likely to be more distinct at the right, and that the use of the left hand induces deeper impressions on the left. I thus saw that our impresser had used his left hand when he made this disk some three or four thousand years ago. But this is just what we should have expected him to do. As he was working from right to left, the right hand would have covered up what he had already done and have made it impossible

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THE PHAESTOS DISK. FACE A.

for him to gauge with precision the place for each new character. In other words, his use of the left hand in stamping from right to left corresponds exactly to our use of the right hand in stamping and writing from left to right.

There are a few cases of errors corrected. In group 5 and in group 29, one sign had been omitted by mistake; in order to get it in afterward, it was necessary to erase a neighboring letter and crowd two into the place of one. In group 8, one character is obliterated. At first I thought this was due to some injury to the Disk; but I found out that the letter had been impressed by mistake and later erased.

I found forty-five different characters in all—too many for alphabetic writing and not enough for hieroglyphic writing, but just about the right number for syllabic writing. A good example of syllabic writing is furnished us by the Greek texts found on the island of Cyprus. In writing of this sort, there were letters for the vowels, just as in alphabetic writing. But a consonant-sign stood, not for the consonant alone, but for the consonant plus a vowel. Thus there was a sign for *a*, a sign for *pa*, one for *ta*, another for *ka*, and so on. Similarly, there was a sign for *u*, one for *pu*, another for *tu*, etc. When it was necessary to write a final consonant, that is, a consonant without a following vowel, the consonant-sign was used that implied the vowel *e*, and the silence of the *e* was left to be inferred, as in *love*, etc.; or the consonant-sign was used that implied the vowel *a*, and the silence of the *a* was indicated by the scratch called the virama. The first of two adjoining consonants is written with a consonant-sign implying the vowel of an adjoining syllable, its silence being left to be inferred. Thus the number of the letters employed on the Disk, as also

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THE PHAESTOS DISK. FACE B.

the use of what appeared to be the virama, made me feel pretty sure that we had to deal with syllabic writing.

But the use of the virama helped me a step further. As it was employed to cancel an implied *a*, I concluded that a character that sometimes had the virama must imply *a* when it did *not* have the virama. I therefore went in search of characters that sometimes had the virama; and I found eight of them, just about the right number. I consequently felt reasonably certain that I had in these eight characters the symbols for eight consonants, each followed by *a*. Of course, this was only partial knowledge, for I had no idea which one stood for *ka*, which for *ta*, which for *sa*, etc. Still, I felt that I should probably soon find use for the information, such as it was.

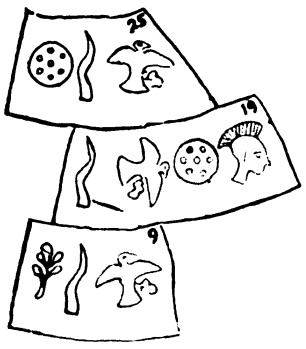
In syllabic writing, vowels can, of course, be implied in a preceding consonant only when there *is* a preceding consonant. Initially and after another vowel it is necessary to employ the special vowel-signs. I reasoned that if a character was used only or mostly in initial positions, the chances were that it represented a vowel. In searching for characters so situated, I found the crested *man's head* (1, 5, 8, 10, etc.) and the *cat's head* (3, 4, 44, 46, 49, etc.) both in frequent use. It seemed reasonable to me to assume that these characters represented the two vowels that were most likely to appear initially in the language of the text. As I did not know what that language was, I made a study of the occurrence of vowels at the beginning of words in Greek and Latin. From this I learned that, in general, *a* and *e* were thus situated oftener than other vowels.

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I decided, therefore, to assume tentatively that the *man's head* stood for *a* and the *cat's head* for *e*.

Starting, then, with the provisional assignment of the value *consonant+a* to the eight characters that were sometimes used with the virama-mark and of *a* and *e* to the *man's head* and the *cat's head*, I proceeded to try to read the text. I had no chance of succeeding unless the language was Indo-European, as I am familiar with no other languages. An Indo-European language in Crete was most likely to be Greek, so I decided to test the text first for Greek.

There are two birds on the Disk. The one (12, 23, etc.) that is standing appears to be a dove; the other (9, 16, etc.), which is represented as flying and carrying something in its talons, seemed to be intended for a hawk, or some other bird of prey. My attention was attracted by the following groups, standing directly above one another on Face A.

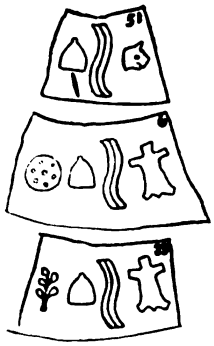


HAWK—HORN—*shield* (25),
man's head—*shield*—HAWK—HORN with virama (19)
HAWK—HORN—*sprig* (9)

I suspected that these groups contained a word spelled *hawk-horn*, with some sort of prefix or suffix. In (19) there is no suffix and the *horn* has the virama. From this I inferred that my hawk-horn word ended in a consonant. But in (25) the *horn* has no virama and is followed by a *shield*, a character that never has the virama, and therefore implies a vowel other than *a*. This led me to believe that in this case my hawk-horn word was followed by a suffix or post-positive preposition that began with the *a* implied in the preceding *horn*, followed by a consonant and a vowel other than *a*. I now looked for a Greek preposition that answered this description. There was one and only one, namely, **ἀπό**, "off, from, of." The finding of this preposition gave me encouragement to believe that I was on the right track. I also saw that if this was the correct interpretation of the end of this group, the *shield* must stand for *po*. By *po* I mean **πο**, **πω**, **βο**, **βω**, **φο**, or **φω**; for in early scripts, for example Cyprian syllabic writing, no attempt was made to differentiate graphically surd, sonant, and aspirated consonants, not to mention open **ω** and **η** as distinguished from close **ο** and **ε**.

But in (19) my hawk-horn word was preceded by a prefix or preposition spelled *man's head—shield*. As I had assumed that the *man's head* stood for *a*, I thus got **ἀπό** before the hawk-horn word, just as I had got it after the same word in (25). I thought of German *gegenüber dem Hause—dem Hause gegenüber*, and of *die Nacht durch* by the side of the verb *durchnachten*. I felt, too, that I had, in this coincidence of prefixed and suffixed **ἀπό**, a sort of confirmation of my assumption that the *man's head* stood for *a* and that the scratch was a virama.

Furthermore, I observed that our hawk-horn word, as will be seen above, might also be followed by a suffix or post-positive preposition spelled with a *sprig* (9). As the *sprig* was one of the signs that ended in *-a*, and as the preceding *horn* ended in *a*, I conjectured that my second suffix or post-positive preposition consisted of *a+consonant+a*. The only Greek preposition that answered to this was **ἀνά**, "on, up, back." I therefore concluded that the *sprig* probably spelled *na*. The finding of **ἀνά** as well as **ἀπό** made me still more confident that my assumptions as to the value of the *man's head* and of the signs used with the virama were correct.



cat's head—STREAM—BREAST with virama (51)
hide—STREAM—BREAST—*shield* (6)
hide—STREAM—BREAST—*sprig* (33)

Three other apparently related sign-groups next attracted my attention.

The *breast* is one of the consonants that sometimes have the virama, and therefore

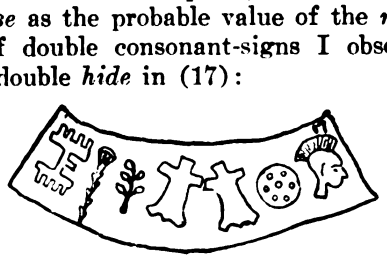
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ends in *a*. This, with the final *shield* and *sprig*, gave me the prepositions *ἀπό* and *ἀνά* as in the former groups. I therefore inferred that I had to do with a noun *stream-breast*, which could be governed by the post-positive prepositions *ἀπό* and *ἀνά*. The noun was preceded in these two cases by a *hide;* but when not governed by a preposition, it was preceded by the *cat's head*. As I had already come to the conclusion that the *cat's head* probably represented the vowel *e*, I suspected that it here stood for the article *ἡ*, "the," and that the *hide* represented some oblique form of *ἡ*, most likely *τῇ* or *τήν*. Testing this theory in other places, I found that it worked.

I now had identified the signs for the vowels *a* and *e* and those for the syllables *po*, *na*, and *te*, and had read the words *ἀπό*, *ἀνά*, *ἡ*, and *τῇ*. It was a small beginning, but I felt sure of my results and realized that I had before me a Greek text a thousand years older than any Greek inscription hitherto read. The recognition of the nature of the treasure that lay in my hands made me redouble my efforts to remove the crust of uncertainty that encumbered it.

I observed that symbols were seldom doubled. This was not strange, as the doubling of long vowels and consonants is not the usual practice in primitive writing. The double *cat's head* in (4) clearly meant *ee*, two vowels which were likely to contract and thus to appear as *ει* in the Greek that we know. The two *cat's heads* were followed by but one sign (the *moth*), and that not one of the *a*-consonants. All this looked suspiciously like the third person singular of a verb with syllabic augment before a vowel; *ἔθεσε*, the aorist of *τίθημι* "to set, establish, dedicate," suggested itself at once. The meaning "dedicate" seemed to fit nicely into such an inscription, and *ἔθεσε* gave me *se* as the probable value of the *moth*.

Of double consonant-signs I observed the double *hide* in (17):



As the characters are syllabic, I inferred that a double consonant-sign probably meant the repeating of a syllable—in other words, reduplication. As the reduplicated syllable of a Greek verb contains *e*, I here got a partial confirmation of my earlier deduction that the hide stood for *te*. I could now read the larger part of the word, namely, *a-po-te-t(e)-na*, or *ἀποτεθνα*, and I saw that I had to do with some perfect form of *ἀποθνήσκω* "be put to death," probably with the third person plural, *ἀποτεθνᾶσι* "they have been put to death." The *e* after the second *t* (=*θ*) was silent, as explained above in speaking of the method of writing adjacent consonants in syllabic writing.

I thus had *ἀποτεθνα* + *consonant and vowel* (other than *α*) + *another consonant and vowel* (other than *α*). If the form was *ἀποτεθνᾶσι*, the last consonant-sign must stand for *si* or *s̄i* (from older *ti*). I still had to account for the preceding consonant-sign. Scholars have determined that there must once have been an *n* before the *si*, thus *-ανσι*, whence the *-ᾶσι* found in classical Greek. This *n* between *a* and *si* would, in syllabic writing, as explained above, be spelled either *na* or *ni*, that is, with the vowel of one of the adjoining syllables. As the preceding *sprig* spells *na*, it is obvious that  could not spell *na;* so it must spell  *ni*. I thus got *ἀποτεθ(ε)νανι(ι)σι*, a correct prehistoric form of *ἀποτεθνᾶσι*; and at the same time I had found the character for *ni* and the character for *si* or *s̄i*. I afterward discovered that the regular spelling for *si* was  , which occurs half a dozen times on the two sides of the Disk, and I thus saw that must spell *s̄i* (something like *ts*), the phonetic stage intermediate between the original *ti* and the *si* found in classical Greek.

In these and similar ways I worked on until I had determined with more or less certainty the values of some seventeen characters. These sufficed to reveal a number of words and to put beyond all question the fact that the text was Greek. Furthermore, as the article *ἡ* and various other words showed *e* where Doric Greek has *α*, the Ionic-Attic character of the dialect was obvious.

At this stage of the investigation, it occurred to me that the syllable represented by a pictograph might stand in

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some relation to the name of the object depicted, either in Greek or in the language of some people that might have taught the Greeks the art of writing. On testing the matter, I was delighted to find that the syllable which a pictograph stood for was the first syllable of the Greek name for the object represented. I may here cite a few examples, including some that I did not identify until later.

crested man's head	ἀνήρ	*a*
branded criminal	κιξάλλης	*ki*
captive	λητδιος	*le*
boy	παῖς	*pa*
woman	γυνή	*ku*
tunny-fish	θύννος	*tu*
sheep's head	ὄις	*o*
hog's head	ὗς	*u*
horse's foot	πούς	*pu*
moth	σής	*se*
hide	δέρμα	*te*
short curved sword	μάξαιρα	*ma*
bow	τόξον	*to*
shield	βοάγριον	*po*
yoke	ζεύγλη	*ze*
tiara	τιήρης	*ti*
ship	νηῦς	*ne*
lily	σοῦσον	*so*
water-lily	νυμφαία	*nu*
stream	πηγή	*pe*

It will be observed that such syllabic writing still betrays its origin in hieroglyphic writing in that the pictographs are real representations of objects. But they are not intended (as in hieroglyphic writing) to suggest to the mind of the reader the *idea* of the object depicted, but its *name*, or rather only the first syllable of its name. Pictographic syllabic writing had the advantage that it could be read even by those who had never learned to read, or who usually followed some other system. Furthermore, as soon as I had discovered the nature of the system, it enabled me to find out the phonetic values of certain characters that had up to that time eluded my efforts to unmask them. I thus added a few more to my store of known signs. But the possibilities in this direction were soon exhausted. A picture might be perfectly clear and still the identification of the Greek word be very difficult. For example, Evans correctly recognized in  (58) the "head of a horned sheep or  perhaps a moufflon," but there are nine or ten Greek words for 'sheep,' 'ram,' etc., each of which had to be tested in turn. Then,  was clearly a dove. There are plenty of Greek words for 'dove,' but no one of them would work, try as I would. It was only when I thought of Latin *columba*, 'dove,' that I got hold of Greek κόλυμβος, 'diver,' which turned out to be just what I wanted. In this way I also learned that κόλυμβος once meant 'dove,' and that scholars are wrong in supposing that Latin *columba* and Greek κόλυμβος are not related. The  was evidently a horn, but κέρας,  the Greek word for 'horn,' would not fit into any of the groups in which the character occurred. From Prellwitz's dictionary I learned that κάρη, 'head, top,' was originally a doublet of κέρας, 'horn,' the differentiation having taken place later. Thus I stumbled upon *ka*, which was just what I needed. But  was an enigma to me at first. But  when I chanced upon  among the true Cretan pictographs  and had already observed that in these pictographs dots implied water or other liquids, I decided to try *stream*. After testing nineteen other Greek words for 'stream,' I found that πηγή was what I was after. Later I discovered that Pernier had suggested that the sign in question might perhaps "be a conventional representation of water." Even so clear a pictograph as  which evidently represents a man or boy in the act of walking rapidly, succeeded in evading identification with remarkable agility. I tried all the Greek words for 'walker,' 'runner,' 'courier,' 'messenger,' 'herald,' 'racer,' and the like, to no purpose. Not until I found some reason to suspect that the pictograph was used to spell *la*, was I able to discover λαβροπόδης, 'walking rapidly.'

Such objects as



were veritable puzzles. I was not much better off with the various plants. A native Cretan could probably recognize them on sight; but it was a very different matter for an American in California. I soon found that it was wise to ignore the form of a sign, and to strive to get

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at its value as I had done at the outset. That is, I looked for words beginning with signs already identified, and then I examined every word in the dictionary that began with the sounds represented by the known characters. If the word contained but two or three unknown characters, I usually succeeded in the course of time, occasionally very quickly. It was a process of hemming an elusive symbol in on all sides, so that it simply *had* to reveal its identity. As soon as I thus got a tentative value for a character, I tested it in every other place where it occurred. If it wouldn't work in these, too, I saw that I had been deceived; and so I went at it again in a different way, or I gave it up until the identification of some other character should put me in a better position to attack it. In a large number of cases I succeeded in determining the phonetic value of a sign, but even then could not identify the object intended. When I had cleared up about twenty-five characters, further progress was slow and difficult, and I had to fight for every step that I made in advance. But when I had thirty-five, the tide turned. The number of unknowns was now so reduced that the phonetic possibilities were small; one recalcitrant symbol after another yielded in quick succession, and only two held out. After a struggle of three days, these also succumbed. And so at last I had solved all of the forty-five symbols. How different they now appeared, these pictographs that but a short time before had tantalized me by their wise air of mystery. Now that I knew what sounds they stood for, and thought of them only in terms of phonetic values, they appeared like entirely different things; and if I succeeded in reviving my former feeling toward them, it seemed like something of long ago.

But the battle was not won with the identification of the symbols. Etruscan and Venetic were written in Greek letters, almost every one of which was perfectly clear; and yet these languages lay unread until the twentieth century was well on its way, in spite of the fact that they are close sisters to Latin. One has to look at even so simple a group as *mepin* (27) twice before it blossoms out as *μὴ πίν'* "drink not," and more than twice at *mikinu* (28, 31) before he will realize that it is *μίγνυ*, "mix."

Naturally, the greatest difficulty was experienced in cases involving a symbol that could stand for any one of various similar sounds. For example, the *cat's head* could stand for *ε*, *ει*, or *η*. The *stream* could spell *βε*, *βει*, *βη*, *πε*, *πει*, *πη*, *φε*, *φει*, or *φη*. It is obvious that in the case of a word that contains such a sign as this and also one like the *hide* (*τε*, *τει*, etc., etc.), the number of possible permutations is almost countless. To try to depend on one's memory of Greek words is useless. Even a Greek couldn't do it. The right word is as likely as not an obsolete one or a technical term that no one could be expected to know. I found it a saving of time to face the task from the start; that is, to take the dictionary and examine every word beginning, say, with *βε*, *βει*, *βη*, *πε*, *πει*, etc. until I got one that answered the requirements. I frequently found it best not to be sure that this was right, but to go on and see if there might not be others that answered better. One can readily imagine the amount of time and patience required. But all the drudgery was quickly forgotten when it led to results. An extreme illustration of material of this kind is *tepetapo* (6), with its four ambiguous consonant-signs and its three ambiguous vowels. I doubt whether I should ever have identified it, had I not noticed that there were other groups with the same two medial characters *(stream—breast)* as I have explained above.

Not infrequently, as already shown, it was quite impossible to make a word coincide with a classical Greek form. This was because Minoan Greek is so much older. Sometimes the beginning was different, sometimes the medial vowel, more often the ending showed an unfamiliar form. I had to train myself to recognize an old acquaintance in strange dress, with a hat, or a coat, or shoes that seemed outlandish and disguised him.

This is not the place for me to go into details as to the Greek to be found on our Disk; I have done that in my forthcoming book on the subject. Still, I may here furnish such data as will make clear the nature of the text and determine with considerable probability the very dialect in which it is written.

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A - po - sū - la - r ke - si - pō ē - pē - t e - e - se a - po - lē - is - tū tē - pē - ta - po.
× × — | — × × | — — | — × × | — — | — — | × × ⏑
'Αποσῦλ' ἆρ Ξ ι φ ώ ἠ φῆτ' εισε ἀπὸ ληιστοῦ τῇ φήτ' ἄπο.
Lo, Xipho the prophetess dedicates spoils from a spoiler of the prophetess.



Te - u - s, a - po - ku - ra. Vī-ka-na a-po-rī-pi-na lā-ri-si-ta a-pō-ko-me-nū sō-tō.
— × × | × × — | × × × × | — × × | — × × | × × — | × × — | — —
Ζεύς, 'αποχύρου. Σίγ' ἀνὰ 'απόρριπτε λάριστα ἀφώκτου ζῴου τοῦ.
Zeus guard us. In silence put aside the most dainty portions of the still unroasted animal.



Ā-tē-nē-Mī-me-ra, pū - l. A - po - vī - k. A-po-te-te-nā-ni-ši tū-mē. A - po - vī - k.
— — | — — | × × — | × × — | × × × × | — × × | — — — | × × —
'Αθήνη Μέρμηρα, βοῦλ'. 'Αποσίγ'. 'Αποτεθηάσι θύματα. 'Αποσιγ
Athene Minerva, be gracious. Silence! The victims have been put to death. Silence!

THE OPENING LINES OF THE PHAESTOS DISK TRANSLATED

From the document we learn that a pirate had plundered the shrine of the prophetess Xipho and had afterward given reprisals. Furthermore, that these reprisals, which consisted of cattle, were now to be sacrificed to the gods with due ceremony and with many injunctions to the bystanders to maintain religious silence. There are a few words in the latter part of the text which I have not fully cleared up. A sample from the beginning will suffice for the present. The text starts at the circumference of Face A, and reads as shown above. I give it in the original, but reversed, so as to read from left to right, also in syllabic transcription, classical Greek transcription, and English translation. The invocations to the gods I have printed in Italics.

The Greek scholar will at once observe remarkable agreement with the Greek that he is familiar with, but he will also find numerous deviations from the usage of classical times. These are almost all due to the fact that we here have Greek that is far older than any hitherto known, Greek in fact that was written down more than a thousand years before Æschylus and Euripides were born, and hundreds of years before the Homeric age. These new old forms are not only interesting in themselves, but they also throw a flood of light on the early history of Greek sounds, inflections, and syntax. I may call attention to the original *-η* of the neuter plural *(tume)* and to the primitive forms of verbs ending in *-οω* (*ἀποχυρόω*) and in *–πτω* (*ἀπορρίπτω*). It will be observed that the article could follow its noun (*ζῴου τοῦ*), as in Old Norse. The demonstrative adjective often does the same in Venetic. The form *τοῦ* was still used in the feminine as well as in the masculine and neuter, for example, *kunakos(o) tū = γυναικὸς τοῦ* (47). The second element of a diphthong was generally ignored, as in *kunakos = γυναικός*. The words *aposula* (1, 26) and *sula* (30, 39) are used in the sense of cattle taken in reprisal or given in requital. Compare the use of *ληίς*, also *σῦλον*, *σκῦλον*, *ἀποσυλάω*, etc.

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One of the most interesting points is the union in *Atene Mimera* of what we have been wont to regard as the Greek and Latin names of the goddess of thought. It now appears that the much-disputed name *Minerva* is nothing more or less than one of numerous variants of the Greek word *μέρμηρα*, later *μέριμνα*, "thought."

It will be observed that the text falls into tetrameters, such as are usually called anapæstic, though any four-time foot may be used in them. The only unindicated elision is that at the cæsura of the first line. Such feet as the second of the first line, the fifth of the second line, and the sixth of the third line show that glides, or epenthetic vowels, are recognized metrically, if implied in a preceding consonant-sign. The length of the first syllable of *Atene* betrays the recent loss of the digamma after the first consonant. It is obvious that the order of the words in the first verse is poetic.

Of course, the metrical form that is revealed by our text has nothing to do with Evans's theory that the Phæstos Disk contained a religious chant; for this theory was based on the mistaken idea that the virama-marks were metrical signs.

Evans has made a careful study of the pictographs from an archæological point of view and, as stated above, has shown that the civilization that they reflect is not that of Crete but rather that of southwestern Asia Minor. He calls attention to the tight-laced waists of men as well as of women in Crete, and compares them with the very different representations found in the pictographs on the Phæstos Disk (47, 46, 34). The clothes and the manner of dressing the hair also differ essentially. Evans points out the resemblance that the round shields and the crest on the man's head bear to those seen in Egyptian records of the invaders that came down from the north and ravaged the Delta from the eighteenth to the twenty-first dynasty. The style of architecture displayed in the *κειμηλιάρχιον*, or storehouse (2, 44, etc.), also points to Asia Minor as the home of the Disk.

Now, the philological evidence supports the contention of Dr. Evans and makes the theory even more definite. We have seen that our text has *η*, not *α*, in such words as *ἡ* (3 etc.), *τῇ* (6 etc.), *σεμνῇ* (53), *Ἀθήνη* (14, 20), *θύμη* (18). This proves the dialect to belong to the Ionic-Attic group. But we also find *η* after *ρ* in *e-ke-k(e)-re-na* (44) = *ἐκέκρηνα* (Epic *ἔκρηνα* but Attic *ἔκρανα*), which shows that the dialect is Ionic and not Attic. The use of the *ship* (Ionic *νηῦς*, Attic *ναῦς*) to spell *ne*, rather than *na*, likewise proves that we have to do with Ionic speech. The *α* rather than *η*, in words like *peta* (61), = *φῆτα* "prophetess," and *Mimera* (14), is short, just as it is in the corresponding *μέρμηρᾰ*, *μέριμνᾰ*, and so is not involved in the question. The form *teus* = *Δεύς* (7) for *Ζεύς*, by the side of *so* = *ζῴου* (13), betrays a certain Æolic admixture, such as we know to have existed in the Ionic speech of the Homeric poems. Finally, among the thousands of seals and inscriptions found in Crete, there is no other that shows the characters that appear on the Phæstos Disk or the system there employed. Compare the seals and clay labels reproduced above. Taking all these things into account, we are justified in believing with Evans that the Disk originated somewhere on the southwest coast lands of Asia Minor.

Here, not in Crete, we must look for further examples of this script, or, more correctly, this printing. As Evans says, the careful preparation of such dies implies an extensive use of the script. And, while porcelain disks may be broken, they are not hurt by fire or water or rust. Somewhere in Ionian lands the earth is surely harboring more of these treasures for us.

But we may now ask ourselves: How did the Disk come to Crete? I fancy it was in some such way as this: Privateers from Phæstos plundered the shrine of "the august prophetess." Subsequent misfortunes among the people of Phæstos were attributed to divine displeasure at the deed of sacrilege. A sacred embassy was despatched to Ionia to inquire what could be done to appease the wrath of the gods. The priestly wisdom perceived an opportunity to establish an affiliated shrine at Phæstos and thus to extend the sphere of influence of the Ionic cult. It was therefore decided to require reprisals in the form of cattle that were to be consecrated and sacrificed

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to the offended gods. The sacerdotal reply was made to include instructions as to the ceremony of sacrifice, and thus the cult was established on Cretan soil. Similar wisdom was displayed many hundred years after in the propagation of other cults.

I have said that the writing on the Phæstos Disk is unique and differs from that found on the many seals and labels and tablets that Evans and others have brought to light in Crete. I may add that the language, too, differs. For, though it is Greek in both cases, the Cretan dialect turns out to be Attic. But how I learned this is another story, which I shall tell at another time. At present I will only say that some of the pictographs employed in the Cretan inscriptions proper are the prototypes of the so-called Greco-Phœnician letters; and that not only is Evans right in identifying certain of the Minoan pictographs with Egyptian hieroglyphs, but the same is true of the Minoan pictographs and the most primitive Chinese characters. For example, the old Chinese sign for "stream" or "river" is identical with the three-line character found on the Phæstos Disk. The world is large, but the streams of learning early flowed to the uttermost parts thereof.

Immortal

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HOW living are the dead!
Enshrined, but not apart,
How safe within the heart
We hold them still—our dead,
Whatever else be fled!

Our constancy is deep
Toward those who lie asleep,
Forgetful of the strain and mortal strife
That are so large a part of this our earthly life.

They are our very own:
From them—from them alone,
Nothing can us estrange,—
Nor blight autumnal, no; nor wintry change!

The midnight moments keep
A place for them; and though we wake to weep,
They are beside us: still, in joy, in pain,—
In every crucial hour, they come again,
Angelic from above—
Bearing the gifts of blessing and of love—
Until the shadowy path they lonely trod
Becomes for us a bridge that upward leads to God.

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The Surgeon of the Sea

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

WHEN Scott Parsons, the big president of the big Transcontinental system, suddenly made up his mind that he would run over to London the next day, and McCotter, his secretary, reported that he was unable to get accommodations on one of the crack new liners, he swore roundly, as was his way. For once the Parsons' pull failed. The captains and the pursers had already given up their accommodations; there was simply no room left. McCotter stammered apologies. In the end Scott Parsons made a wry face and said that he would go on the *Valambria*—McCotter's suggestion.

After all, the *Valambria* was a good ship and she sailed for a good line. Scott Parsons knew that she bore a good name. Her crew rarely changed. In fact, Fenelon, her captain, and Renwick, the chief engineer, had been with her since her maiden trip, twenty years before. On that maiden trip the *Valambria* had been hailed as the mistress of the sea. She was the first steamship ever built in excess of 10,000 tons. On her maiden trip she made the run from the Mersey to the Hook in six days flat, and since then Fenelon had brought her a thousand times in safety through the dangerous lanes of the North Atlantic, among the clustered icebergs, through the mantling fogs.

But the day did come when there was a bigger and a faster ship on the route—ocean liners, like prima-donnas, have their day. The new ships had twin screws, and the keen-memoried reporters at Ships News almost forgot how the great thrust-shaft of the *Valambria* had broken in mid-sea, and had been repaired in four days by Renwick and his men while the ship tossed in the rolling ocean. They strung the antennæ of the wireless, and no longer remembered how Fenelon had lain in the trough of the sea those four fearful days with the broken thrust-shaft, unable to signal for aid, and all the while stiffening the courage of his men.

Still, the *Valambria* was a good ship, and Scott Parsons was going to sail across for the voyage. So, after his first explosion, he cooled down and sent McCotter hurrying off to Bowling Green for the passage ticket.

Scott Parsons stood at the stern of the stout old *Valambria* as she pulled out from her pier and gazed down at the crowd that gathered there. The band was playing quite gayly, handkerchiefs by the hundreds waved breezily; a young man who stood beside him was giving buoyant farewell to a girl down there in the crowd. Scott Parsons could see the girl clearly, with two older women. She was a pretty girl of the trim, trig New York type, and when Scott Parsons looked at her he began to wish that he had some one down at that pier to see *him* off. He grew a bit jealous that moment of the tall young man. It seemed as if that young man was getting something more out of life than the Parsons' millions had ever bought from it.

Late that evening Scott Parsons found the young man alone in the smoke-room, and, uninvited, he dropped into a seat beside him. He handed a cigar—there was none finer in New York than the Parsons' private brand—and launched into conversation. Scott Parsons liked young men; he believed implicitly in them. This chap held his attention. He was an engineer—a caisson specialist—who talked so modestly of his own work and so enthusiastically of his profession that Parsons felt sure that he must be a good engineer. He listened attentively while John Tyler—the engineer—talked. Scott Parsons, when he left the smoke-room to go to his stateroom, felt that the evening had not been wasted, and he had been in there more than four hours.

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And as for John Tyler, a man he once had met somewhere touched him on the arm as he started for his stateroom and asked, "How long have you known Scott Parsons?" "Scott Parsons?" John replied. "Yes; that is the big Parsons of the Transcontinental. He values his time at about a hundred dollars a minute. You must have used twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of it." But John only chuckled and shook his head wisely. "My own time is worth something," was his confident reply; "or it will be sometime," he added, softly.

Yes, sometime; that was it. It had been a long time. John Tyler had been a rich man's son. He had been educated for that post, and a part of that education had been a miserable flunk at college. Right after that had come the smash—the unanticipated death of his father; the estate swamped and scattering to the four winds; his dear, helpless mother on his hands to be supported. Life had turned right-about face upon him. The smiling side was gone. John Tyler knew that he must fight for existence.

If it is hard for a poor boy to make a success out of his life, it is doubly hard for a rich man made poor. So what success John Tyler won was a double success. At first he was mad, fighting mad. He went to work for a contractor, and he had plenty of use for the fighting part of his anger. The contractor made him timekeeper, and that meant a pitched battle nearly every week with some workman. They worked him like a galley-slave. The first week of such work made him long for death, and by the end of the second he became fighting mad.

After a few weeks every workman in the job respected and feared John Tyler. Then the contractors, who, after the manner of contractors, saw everything, made him a foreman. He might have continued a foreman right along, with enough pay to support his mother and himself in a degree of comfort—but that was not enough for a man who was fighting mad at himself seven days out of the week. He decided to become a mechanical engineer, and he became one. Ambition prodded him—and Natalie.

Natalie, that was it. Natalie had gray eyes and soft chestnut hair that waved delicately—Natalie was the trim, trig girl who had waved farewell to him from the pier end. She was the great inspiration of his life. He had known her from the days when they had gone to a kindergarten over in Madison Avenue, and, by the strange coincidences that run so often in real life, Fate had struck hard at Natalie. Her father had also died, and her mother and herself were alone, slipping along on a meagre inheritance, sliding a little nearer the pit all the while. For her, too, he had battled forward toward that magical "M.E.," only to find after he got it that the field was full of young engineers.

Once Natalie had planned to go to work, and John's sky clouded. The Tylers were not used to having their women work, and thought of the thing made him desperate. And yet he understood. But even though he understood, it was hard to see the girlishness die out of the gray eyes. He worked the harder that he might put himself in position to support the three women.

Then there came light out of the darkness. A big concern was being formed to drive sky-scraper foundations in lower Manhattan, and John Tyler was to be its chief engineer. He told Natalie in vague fashion to think no more of going to work, and went down to Maiden Lane to buy a ring. The night that he was to go to her house to ask her if she would wear it for him through the long years, they telegraphed him the news that the biggest man of the new concern had failed. The deal had fallen through. After that he put the ring away and kept his silence.

Still again Natalie talked of going to work; they were close to the pit, and John Tyler swore inwardly. She wanted to be a social secretary, she said—lots of nice girls were, but that made no difference to John. . . . Then he had heard of a concern that was starting to erect steel-framed buildings in London, and he was bound on the *Valambria* to see what they could offer him. . . . It had been temptation at that farewell moment on the pier, but still John Tyler kept his silence, the ring hidden. He would ask no woman to marry him until he was able to support her and hers. And all the while there weighed upon him the prospect of Natalie—dainty, girlish Natalie—

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going out into the world and working for her existence.

The ship gave a lurch, and John Tyler went to the foot of his berth in a heap. There was a great crash in the night, and after that a great silence. The silence was short-lived. It was broken by the noise of men running along the decks, doors being opened into passageways, the crying of women—just a few—and children. The engines were stilled, and the ship remained listed just as she had turned when John went bumping down to the foot of his berth.

They were ashore; no doubt of that. He dressed quickly and slipped into the passageway. To reach the cabin where the passengers were gathering was like mountain climbing. They were barred from the decks, and a petty officer was telling them that they were ashore; they might try to get off when the tide changed. There was not much use trying in an ebb-tide. John had read of steamship panics, and it seemed hard for him to realize that he was that moment on a ship in peril of her life. The men and the women were gathered about the long centre-table of the cabin—a constantly increasing company.

Some men were trying to whistle; a woman prayed in a low voice; another, with the solitaire habit, had already spread her cards upon the floor. Some children were already playing; a few hung to their mothers' skirts and wondered why they had been tumbled out of bed at so weird an hour. The women who cried, cried softly; other women gathered about them and comforted them. Scott Parsons, with his pajamas thrust down into his trousers, nodded to John Tyler. Parsons also sat on the floor, a half-dressed child upon his knee. He was a great comfort to the child, and John remembered that he had the reputation of being the harshest man in the Street.

They came no nearer panic on the wrecked *Valambria*. Once or twice the penned passengers in the cabin heard angry voices outside, once the sound of a revolver. But the children continued their play, the woman who sat tailor fashion on the floor could not draw herself away from her solitaire.

After a time the ship righted herself a bit, but John felt that it boded no good. In a few minutes the electric lights in the cabin blinked out, and they were all in the dark together. There was a little gasp, a deep-drawn breath, and then the cabin was still. There were real men and real women aboard that ship.

John poked his way down a passage until his foot quashed on wet carpet. He reached down. There was standing water in the place, and he climbed upslant once more into the cabin. They had brought some lanterns—the solitaire woman had already found a place by one—and they were beginning to take the women out to the boats.

A woman clutched John Tyler by the arm. "They won't let me go back to my room," she whispered. "I don't care about the jewels—those things. But there's Lettie's picture, the las' I can ever get. I should 'a' brought it with me."

"I understand," said John. "You will get it yet."

She had trusting eyes like those of a child, and she believed him.

When they came to the men, Scott Parsons pushed himself to the head of the file. The ship's officer, emotionless as stone, saw it and ordered him back.

"I'm Parsons, president of the Transcontinental."

The ship's officer wasted no words.

"If you don't obey orders, you'll be ex-president within two minutes."

And Parsons went to the rear of the file like a whipped schoolboy. John Tyler saw that and smiled grimly. They were shuffling along the deck. It was gray dawn. The whole thing painted itself vaguely to John—the pounding of the sea upon its prey, a burning flare forward somewhere, the dim lights of a coaster lying off in the misty distance, the melting snow falling upon them. It was all vague because John's mind was away from it—winging its way toward the stars in the ecstasy of a great idea that fixed itself within his soul and would not be shaken. He found himself dreaming within its possibilities—and Natalie came with him in that dream.

"Never saw such a fog in all my days," he overheard a sailor say. "Jus' like a blanket, an' we at half-speed, when up comes Bug Light out o' th' fog like a

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man stickin' a lantern in your face, and she shivered jus' once and lay on th' reef."

That was all that there was of it. The squat lighthouse set on spindly legs was within stone-throw of where they lay listed on the reef. The keeper was helping, but there was not much for him to do. The *Valambria* would not sink farther; Fenelon's judgment in landing his passengers by daylight had saved a death roll and the unsullied reputation of his line. Already the newspapers in the cities were printing their extras about the wreck; its details were known across the land all the way to San Francisco.

They came up from New York and down from Portland, out from Boston, big scientific divers, each of them. They went deep into the hold of the *Valambria*, and they all told the same story to Fenelon. The rock had pierced a great hole in the ship's bottom, so big a gash that temporary patching would be an impossibility out there upon the reef. The wreckers shook their heads and said that they would not risk men or ships upon the job. Fenelon cursed all of them. With tears in his eyes he sent all the way down the coast to Norfolk to a man who was past master in his profession and who had picked up a hundred ships that other wreckers had abandoned. This man came north with enthusiasm. It vanished when he saw the *Valambria*, and he, too, shook his head and went home.

John Tyler went back to New York, and for a week he hung in the anteroom of Scott Parsons's office, snubbed by under-secretaries and office-boys and kicking his heels with a line of other schemers on a bench—a row of imaginative brains they were—each leaping over barriers of reality and dreaming of overwhelming success close at hand. The end of such dreams was a very practical underling who took the precious dreams of months and years and cast them into the waste-basket. Scott Parsons's time was too well filled with dollar-chasing to study dreams.

John Tyler never saw the underling. His card carried him straight into Parson's office when the big man returned to town. Parsons bent his head low to John Tyler's scheme. His secretary knew that each nod of Parson's head proclaimed the scheme accepted at headquarters. When John Tyler went out of the place the line on the bench knew from his expression that he had been successful.

So it came to pass that within the fortnight John Tyler was in command at the *Valambria*. He kept the captain and the chief—two loyal men who might prove invaluable. Then, too, the old captain—sticking to his stanch ship the long years through while the line offered him the bigger and better boats—came close to John Tyler's heart. He began to see the pathos of an old sea-dog patiently listening to the fool suggestions of a landlubber who took what the best wreckers in the country had passed by and swore that he would accomplish the impossible—and by an untried scheme.

"She can't be patched from underneath," John told Fenelon. "We'll tackle her decks and work from the inside. I'm going to make the decks tight—so tight that you can't blow a bubble through them—and then we are going to patch the hole, fill her with air, and float her in big tide."

They laughed at him when he told his plan, but within three days he had enough air in her sealed hold to enable him to pass through a crude air-lock rigged in a hatch and go below. Double atmosphere there, but it was telling, and the cabins were beginning to dry. He smiled as he saw the cards on the floor where the solitaire woman had left them. In a stateroom he found a photograph. On its back was written "Lettie," and John put it in his pocket, for he remembered the woman who had lost it.

Forty-eight hours before the big tide of the month, when John was ready to clear the *Valambria* of the ledge, a nor'easter, the thing he most dreaded in their position, hit them. He had been smiling at his success, the air had accomplished everything that he had promised for it, but he ceased smiling when the gray December clouds began to blanket the sea. He got his night shift out and put his steam-pumps to work. Those pumps had gone in for a purpose. John had planned to keep some of the compartments filled with water, others with air—he spoke learnedly of the "trim of the

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ship," which meant that he must keep her keel fairly even. If he should permit bow or stern to thrust itself into the air, that might mean that she would break her back. If it came to that, they would have to dynamite her apart and carry her in sections to the dry dock—an all but impossible thing. It was all delicate work handling the air-pumps and the water-pumps, and it took a sight of planning to adjust the air pressures and the water ballasts so that at the crest of the tide the ship would rise gently and evenly from her rude berthing-place.

Now there was double work for the pumps—double work for the men. Fenelon and Renwick had gone ashore to get the tug that was to haul them to dry dock, and John was alone on the ship with the choice lot of roustabouts that he had picked up along the water-fronts of Boston and New York to do his work. The men grumbled at their work, and John went over and told them that there was double pay that night for all. He could not risk a stoppage of the pumps. The *Valambria* hung that night on a delicate thread; John fancied that a sharp breath would undo his work, and here was the nor'easter beginning to whip down from Newfoundland.

Throughout that night, throughout the day that followed, John kept his men steadily at it. It was not an easy task, they were grumbling more and more, but he threatened and he cajoled, and he had his satisfaction in the readings of his gauges. When night came he kept the day gang at it. The wind freshened, and he went down and himself took a position with the men on the hatch combing. They feared him and respected him, and when he came among them they nodded their heads and whispered that the boss wasn't a bad sort, after all.

Before midnight they came to him from the forward hatch.

"Water's gaining on us," they told him. "One of our pumps 's down an' out."

He went the length of the ship and climbed down the forward hatch. Two of the workmen held a lantern, and John dismantled the pump. It was quick work, and he was no expert on centrifugals. As he worked at the pump his foreman gave him the readings. The water was gaining on them, his hand thrust well into the pump was a slow and clumsy thing, the life of the *Valambria* was still in a delicate balance. The foreman watched him quizzically. He was ready to order all hands to the deck—he was sure that their chance was gone, and once told John Tyler that. John Tyler gave no answer that moment. A moment later he spoke—and laughed for the first time that night. He drew his grease-covered arm from within the pump and brought in its palm a battered chisel.

"I'd give a dollar to know the chump who dropped that toy in there," he said. "Pumps aren't catch-alls."

But he laughed as he said it. He was gaining confidence. And throughout that night he held to confidence. He was forward and back, cheering his men, standing beside them, taking hold with them; his hands were not too proud for actual labor. He realized that he ought to be tired—he had been hard at it for two nights and a day, with only a snatch of half-sleep now and then upon the deck. But he was too busy to think of being tired. That last night moved itself in an endless clatter that made him forget all save two things—the ship and Natalie.

When the crowd below him grew unusually unruly, John Tyler let the muzzle of his revolver gleam in the light of a lantern that hung above him. The rest of the time he kept his gaze swinging out over the blackness of the sea. Each time he caught a light his hopes raised. They fell as the lights rolled past him—coasters bound up-shore to Portland or to Bath; a big liner, such as the *Valambria* had been, bearing her fate well in mind and giving wide berth to Bug Light.

Before it was yet dawn—a little after eight bells of the winter's morn—John gave a little thrill of joy. The deck was righting; for the first time in five long weeks it was level again. He gave a shout for joy—the *Valambria* was afloat and drifting clear of the reef. His joy knew no bounds.

After the night, the day!

In the pink of early dawn there steamed up from the south the *Little Duke,* the stanchest tug all the way from New Bedford to Halifax, and aboard her Renwick and Fenelon rubbing their eyes

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at sight of the *Valambria* again tossing in the sea. They helped John fasten the tug's towing-hawser to the liner's nose. Then John went aboard the tug and saw that she had wireless.

"Take a message for me?" he asked the operator.

"I guess if you wanted the wire all the way back to Boston, you could have it, Mr. Tyler," laughed the operator. John bent low and whispered his message to Natalie into the operator's ear.

"How long will it take to get the answer?" he demanded. The operator grinned. He had a girl of his own down in Connecticut.

"Inside of an hour or two—if your lady frien's at home."

He had more to say, but it was taken from him. A shot—cannon-like—stopped him. The *Little Duke* careened wildly for a minute. In the next her screw was lifted clear of the sea.

"That damned towin'-hawser!" swore the operator. "Rotten cotton for a craft in salvage business! My old woman wouldn't have her wash on't."

Streeter, the captain of the *Little Duke,* lost little time in damning hawsers. John Tyler told him that there were half a dozen others on the *Valambria,* and so he put back for a new line. The fair west wind was freshening again—no wonder that rotten old hawser had snapped at the splice—and it was not an easy trick getting back to the liner.

"Take it easy," shouted Fenelon from the bow of his ship, where he was fastening another towing-line. "We're rolling heavy."

Streeter did not trust himself to give the answer discourteous to that blamed Britisher. The *Little Duke* was less than five hundred tons in all the books, but Streeter had never put *her* ashore on Bug Light Reef. He danced her on the very surface of the rolling sea. Her tearing screw was clear of the water half the time and roaring like an in-country threshing-machine, but Streeter would show them.

He did show them. A big comber caught the tug with a terrific twist and sent it spinning. It took Streeter unawares and sent his engineer reeling. The *Little Duke* swung helpless and lay in the trough of the sea. Streeter stood to his telegraph, but the engineer lay unconscious in his room. The black bulk of the *Valambria* loomed high above them. The sea drew them back. They were helpless—their engines unmanned. . . . John Tyler ran from the wireless to the engine-room. The chief still lay unconscious on the floor. The telegraph needle was making wild circles about the dial. John knew a little more about marine engines that he had known before he tackled the *Valambria.* He jumped to the levers and gave attention to the telegraph.

Too late! The sea lifted the stout little tug and bore her hard against the side of the crippled liner. There was an instant of impact—then the crash of glass. . . . They had poked their nose through one of the *Valambria's* water-line ports. . . . The next three minutes were uncertain. The water splashed down upon them, and John wondered if they would be caught under the liner—for an instant they hovered on the lip of eternity. In the next the stout tug asserted herself, and Tyler found himself taking orders from the telegraph. The *Little Duke* was again master of herself.

"Bully boy!" whispered her engineer from the floor.

"Badly hurt?" asked John Tyler.

"Broken arm. It's a bum arm. I smashed it first time when I was working for the Canadian Pacific up in the Crow's Nest."

He rambled on incoherently, but John's head was out of the window, his eyes scanning the *Valambria.* She was listing badly. Men were beginning to drop over her side and swim toward the tug. He shouted to Streeter.

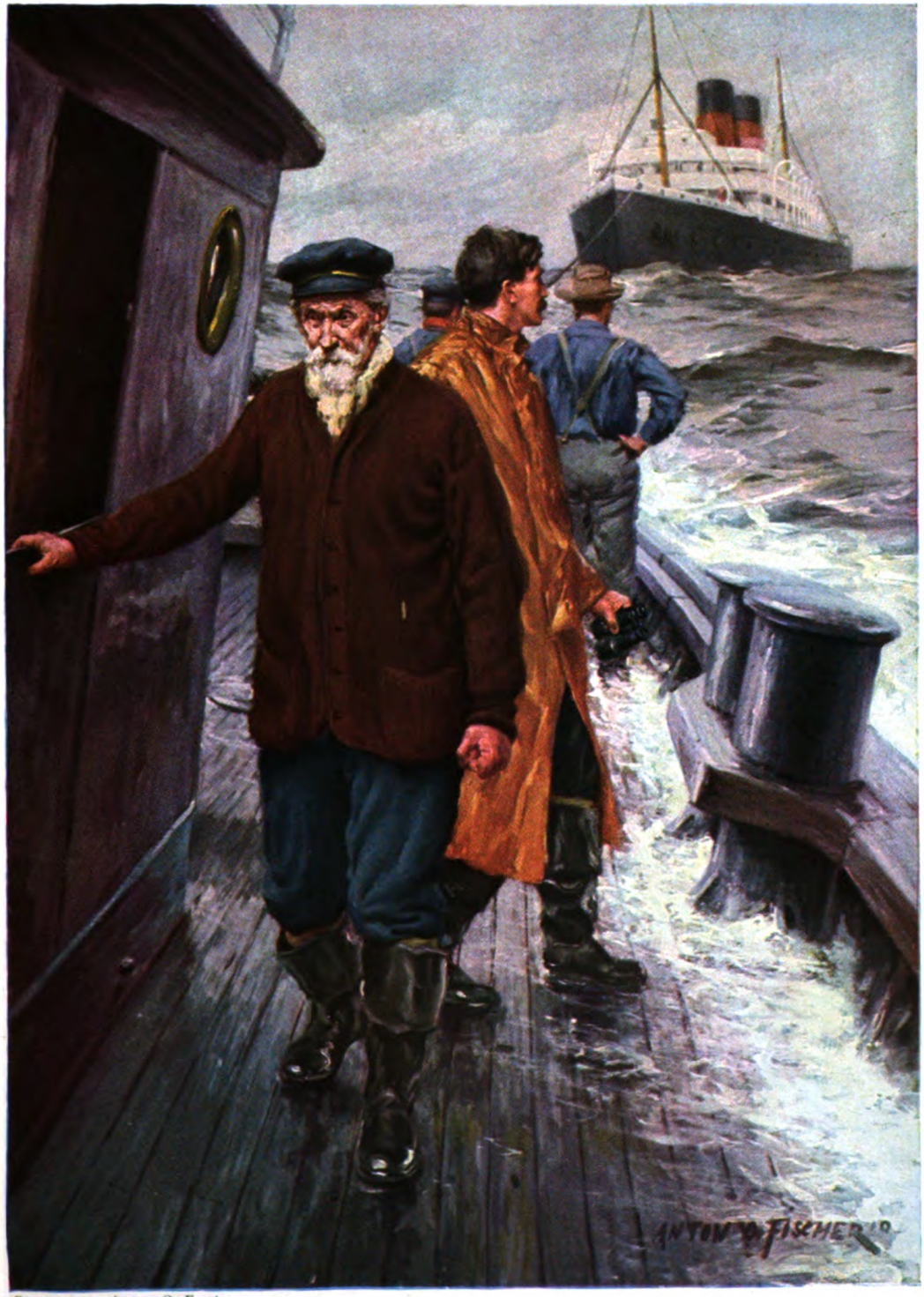
"Is she going to sink?" he yelled.

"That damned port!" said Streeter. It was his way of saying yes. Old Renwick was in the water, and when Renwick gave up there must be little hope. Fenelon was the last to leave. When he came, sputtering through the icy waters, he brought a line to another towing-hawser. He found John Tyler in the engine-room and Renwick at the levers of the tug's mechanism.

"What can we do now, Mr. Tyler?" he demanded.

John Tyler's courage never failed him. He understood what the loss of his ship

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Painting by Anton O. Fischer

EACH MOMENT HE EXPECTED TO SEE THE "VALAMBRIA GO TO HER GRAVE

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must mean to the old North Atlantic captain, and he held himself cool by effort.

"What's the depth here, Captain?" he demanded.

"It's channel and forty fathoms. If she goes down here, all the contraptions on earth can't ever get her up again."

"Then it's up to us to get her out of the channel and beach her," said John Tyler, coolly. He knew what that meant—the labor of long weeks again to pump the air into her hull—the risks, the uncertainties. And here was the *Valambria,* sinking on their hands and a growing drag on the little tug. Their progress grew slower and slower. Renwick, in the engine-room, knew what was expected, and he took no care to read the government certificates. He did not want to know the limit of those boilers. He saw that they were new and he crowded them—crowded them to a point that would have brought heart-failure and a round government fine to the owners of the *Little Duke.*

John Tyler, standing with Fenelon, expected each moment to see the *Valambria* turn her bow toward heaven and go to her grave. Each moment saw the inevitable approach, and Fenelon turned his back. He could not bear to see the tragedy. John Tyler saw the tears course down the old captain's face, and, with a little grasp of his hand, he sped away to the wheel-house.

"She's holding well," he said to Streeter.

"I ain't often had the likes of him," he was speaking of Renwick, "at the engines o' th' *Duke.*" Which was high praise from a Yankee skipper who had an inborn hatred of the English. They went another three minutes — five — ten —twelve. Streeter caught a familiar shore range.

"We're striking shoal," he told John Tyler.

As he said it, they cut the hawser. The *Valambria* was ashore, the *Little Duke* could not do more for her. . . . John Tyler went into the cabin and found Fenelon sitting at a table.

"I ain't a-going to look on any unmarked graves," stammered the old commander. His head was buried in his arms. His grief was overwhelming. John lowered his voice to a whisper.

"You're a-going to see your *Val* again. We've beached her."

Fenelon let his glance go out of the cabin port. A low-lying hull, two spars, two funnels—red and black of the company's familiar standard—showed above the sea. He dropped back into his chair.

"We'll try again," said John Tyler. "We'll never give up."

It was a narrow chance—but still a chance. It was forlorn hope—with the next nor'easter whipping down to break her into a thousand parts—but it was a hope. And such a hope. The young man who operated the wireless caught John Tyler's arm.

"Chipper up, Mr. Tyler," he said. "Your lady frien' says it's a go."

The operator knew why John Tyler did not, why he left the written form of the message unopened.

Poor Natalie! And this was to have been the happiest moment of John Tyler's life.

Fenelon and Renwick found a boarding-place in a little cottage on the shore from which they could see all that remained of their *Valambria,* and John Tyler hurried back to New York. At parting he gave a new courage to old Fenelon.

"Don't you care, Captain. Scott Parsons will do the right thing by us."

John had conceived a real affection for the stanch old seaman—he understood what the loss of his ship must have meant to him. This second loss had meant something to John Tyler. Fenelon had told him of a man who kept a little coffee-house on a side street not far from the Liverpool landing-stage, and how that man had been the master of a ship lost in a howling storm in the Bay of Biscay. That loss had not been the master's fault, but apologies do not go from the men who follow the lanes of the sea. He was dropped. Fenelon need not have told that story, for John Tyler understood.

"I'll make Scott Parsons do the right thing by us," was his parting word.

In the morning he went down to Wall Street to see Scott Parsons. Hope and enthusiasm set high within him—he had spent the preceding evening with Na-

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talie—and the inspiration of her girlish affection was a great spur to him. He found a seat on the outer bench with the line of imaginative brains—but only for an instant. McCotter was a man who remembered, and he took John's card in to the big man without delay. John caught up his hat and met the secretary coming back from that inner world behind the green baize door. There was a smile on John's face. There was no smile upon the secretary's face.

"Mr. Parsons is busy to-day. He cannot see you," he began.

The smile faded. John Tyler became deadly earnest.

"Perhaps to-morrow?"

"Mr. Parsons is off for Mexico in the morning. You did not get his letter?"

John shook his head.

"Mr. Parsons says that the matter is closed. He is busy to-day—"

John Tyler caught his breath. And after all those long, hard days—this! He understood now. The secretary began backing toward the outer door. John Tyler ceased backing. He took McCotter by the shoulders and sent him spinning over into the corner. Then he strode straight into Parsons's office.

The railroad president colored.

"I thought I said—" he began. John interrupted him.

"That you wanted to see me, to get a report. Well, here I am."

"The matter is—"

"Not a closed incident, Mr. Parsons. If you had followed my requests and sent me three tugs—not one—we would not have dropped the *Valambria*. Now we are in good position to start at her again—only there is no time to lose. That is our biggest foe now—time."

The secretary made his appearance at the door, but Scott Parsons told him to keep out. He waved John Tyler into a chair. Then he began:

"I always give the man with the Idea a chance. Some of the best men I have with me to-day came that way. I gave you your chance and you failed to make good."

John Tyler started to protest, but Parsons interrupted him.

"But I like you; I like your style and I like your grit. I am not going to kick you loose. I am striking our new line down in Mexico next month. There are bridges by the dozen to be built, and I want you to build some of them. There'll be lots of caisson work for you."

Scott Parsons stopped. He was sure he had done the decent thing. John Tyler hesitated. A good job on the Transcontinental. That might mean Natalie and an easy streak.... Then there confronted him the picture of two seafaring men who stood on a New England cliff gazing across to a wrecked ship—all that remained of theirs. He recalled the story about the old man who ran the coffee-house not far from the Liverpool landing-stage.

"I'll stick by the *Valambria*, Mr. Parsons," said he.

Annoyance crossed the big man's face.

"I like stickers," he said, "to a certain point. Read that."

He pushed a newspaper clipping over the desk. It was a Boston despatch saying that the *Valambria* would go to pieces within the fortnight.

"They don't know and I do," said John. "I'll stick."

Scott Parsons's heavy hand came down upon the desk.

"I won't," he thundered. "You can go to Mexico or get out."

He reached for his correspondence basket. John Tyler thought—thought quickly. Then he reached out and pushed the correspondence basket away from Parsons's outstretched hand. He smiled—a smile of quick confidence.

"I'll make a gamble with you on it," he said, in a low voice.

"I don't gamble," laughed Parsons, "that is, not often. Occasionally I play a little poker, and I used to have a string of horses. I couldn't afford the stable, and so I've quit gambling."

John Tyler contradicted him.

"You do gamble," he said, slowly. "You gamble every day of your life. You buy a railroad because you think it will make money for you—you gamble on the investment. If you go to a play, you gamble on an interesting evening; if you build a new country place, you are gambling on your judgment. You cannot get away from your gambling, Mr. Parsons."

The big man laughed—a bit awkwardly. "And this bet?"

"You are going to back me—to the

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limit—to get the *Valambria* up again. If I ask for three tugs, you are going to send me three—not one. For my part I'll agree to have the ship in dry dock in thirty days. But you are to go the limit all that time."

Scott Parsons closed his keen eyes so that he might think the more clearly, and John gazed steadfastly at him. Thirty days! This was Wednesday, the 20th of January, and the clock on the office mantel pointed both hands to twelve. Thirty days. On Friday, the 19th of February, the *Valambria* would have to be docked. It was a big contract. Parsons opened his eyes.

"There are two sides to a bet," he began. "If you don't dock the ship in thirty days?"

John Tyler choked. Then he collected himself and started in:

"If I lose I'll give you the next ten years of my life at just a living wage —say twenty dollars a week. I will design your bridges and build them, too. I will give myself to you. I'll be a good investment."

He stopped. Scott Parsons looked at him intently. He *was* a gambler, and he knew it. He shot his big hand across the table.

"It's a go," he said. "I hope to God I lose."

When John Tyler again trod the rusty deck of the *Valambria* there was new triumph in his soul. He whistled gayly as he cleaned out his engines and his pumps and set once more at the monotonous labor of pumping air and plugging leaks. The concrete coffer-dams had held well, and John knew that there was little patching to be done. He came to his work with enthusiasm — away back in New York there was a girl who cared. It was not every man who had a girl that cared, and John Tyler felt that with such an incentive he might easily conquer even the gray wastes of the sea.

On the twenty-seventh day after he left New York he calculated that he had ninety per cent. of the necessary air again in the sealed hold of the *Valambria*. The weather had been their stanch aid—the winter days had been surprisingly fine. The machinery ran better than before — the men stood to their work like veterans.

Now the big tide was twenty-four hours away again, and John Tyler, setting his lights at the close of the short February day, felt that his worries were ending. He had margin upon his contract with Scott Parsons, and Natalie—dear little Natalie—would be waiting for him next week in New York.

He set his pumps to work—it was necessary to adjust that "trim of the ship" of which he could speak so learnedly—so that she would rise from the sand-bar in the morning. The pumps were the crucial period of the work. It took something like courage to stand in the black hold of a badly listed ship, with the fear all the while that the water might be gaining on the pumps, and toil till muscles ached and hands burned. John Tyler knew it. He respected the workmen the more for it.

Fenelon and Renwick had gone for the tugs again, and once more he was in sole command upon the ship. Before midnight he was sorry that he had not kept one or the other of the *Valambria's* chiefs. The men began rebelling—a little at first, then more and more openly. He had a new lot at the pumps —Italians—the older men would take the trick at dawn. John Tyler, standing above the hatch, could hear the muttered Calabrian profanity as it came up to him from the black womb of the ship. He could hear the orders of the Italian foremen silencing them. They scolded more and more. Finally there was no more scolding—neither were the men at the pumps.

They were quitting, coming up the ladder in the hatch of the main-deck, where John Tyler stood—his white face whiter still under the glare of a lantern near by. He was in for it again. The Italians were shouting. "Strike" was the one word he could distinguish. That settled it. It was time to act. He laughed as he knelt on the dirty deck and fumbled at the lashings of the ladder. They were at its foot; it was quivering in the grasp of an angry hand. The stout knots held true. There was foot pressure upon the ladder. John Tyler whipped out his knife as coolly as if he were going to cut a cigar-end.

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He hacked at the cords. The first of the Italians came higher upon the ladder.

Then John Tyler stood erect and shouted. The ladder, loosed, went crashing down into the blackness of that hatch-hole. He heard cries and yells, but he laughed, for he knew they were prisoners. He felt no regrets for the man who had fallen with the ladder. The law of the sea has long been the law of self-preservation.

The pumps!

The laugh died away when he thought of them and remembered the big tide close at hand. Then his thoughts were carried in a new direction. His day-foremen had heard his call—they were piling out upon the deck. The first of the tried sailormen were finding their way once again down into the hatch.

Long before the *Little Duke* with two consort tugs—Scott Parsons was keeping his contract to the letter—came in sight, John Tyler had his pumps hard at work again. The Italians were quick to see that they had been whipped—they took their orders sullenly—but they took them. The day gang went to work—the night gang relieved it at intervals—all the while the pumps kept their monotonous chug-chug-chug—clear melody in John Tyler's ears.

When they were afloat once again and ready to start toward Boston the fogs closed in upon them and held them prisoners. One night and a day the tugs and their crippled charge lay huddled there in the thickness of the fogs, and John Tyler remembered that his was a time contract. High noon on the 19th of February was high noon of day after to-morrow. High noon day after to-morrow—and after that . . . his own personally conducted deluge!

He found his way to Streeter's cabin. The fog lay so thick about them that you could hardly see the *Little Duke's* bow-staff from her stern.

"Captain, we've got to move," he told Streeter.

"We're in comfortable anchorage an' we don't want to take no reesks," he said, refilling his pipe. John kept his compact with Scott Parsons no longer secret. He bent over and whispered to Streeter. The pipe fell from the captain's hand and scattered its ashes on the clean floor of the tidy cabin.

"Why didn't ye say so?" he sputtered. Then, after a while, this: "He won't hold ye to that thirty-day clause as long as ye get yer ship safe."

"I won't take risks on that," said John, slowly. "He has the reputation in Wall Street of taking his pound of flesh every time. Can you make way again?"

Streeter bent over and picked up his pipe.

"To-day?" urged John Tyler.

The captain saluted.

"We'll weigh anchor in ten minutes, sir."

The screws of the tugs were churning again, and John Tyler stood beside Streeter in the wheel-house of the *Little Duke*. They were making way through the mystery sea, the very portrayal of eternity. Gray mist hung over them. From the unknown, queer voices called. Stern horns told of near-by rocks, queer cow-calls trumpeted alarm in their very faces, once they were close enough to mainland to hear a locomotive whistle and the roar of its train. Monotonous bells, droning the chorus of the high seas, slipped past them in the fog, a gray shape showed itself above their bows to starboard. There was a din of whistles, then the sharp commands of engine bells, renewed splashings of the screws; then the gray bulk shaped itself into a coaster that went slipping past them, so near that you could see the passengers on her decks, despite the fog.

"That's what I call taking reesks," said Streeter.

John Tyler said nothing. He kept his eye upon the wheel-house clock and began to pray for success.

A woman's voice called to them from out of the unknown. There was no woman among all of the little fleet. The woman's voice called once again. Then John Tyler saw them bring something over the bow of the *Little Duke*. It *was* a woman; a woman lost on the glassy surface of the fog-buried sea, and with her in the tiny dory two men, faint and silent. The woman still had her courage. The men had lost theirs. One of the Italian workmen established communication with her.

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Painting by Anton O. Fischer

THE WOMAN STILL HAD HER COURAGE. THE MEN HAD LOST THEIRS

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The story was short. A sailing-ship out of Gloucester, returning to Sicily with the load of fish that she had taken aboard for her salt, had been cut down amidships by a steamer in the night. She carried two dories, one forward, the other aft, and they had made for the nearest. In this way the girl—she was the captain's sweetheart, it seemed—had been carried off with the two sailors.

It was a simple tragedy, but there was something about the girl that came close to John Tyler's heart. He knew. She had the same wonderful silver-gray eyes as Natalie, and he wondered if the same look would come into Natalie's eyes if he were drifting in the ocean sea. Streeter came to him.

"She wants us to put out for the other dory. I tol' her how they'd be sure to be picked up. All the Gloucester 'Bankers' come through here. . . . We ain't got time to lose monkeying here. I wouldn't stop now for the choicest bit of salvage I ever see."

He turned toward his wheel-house, but John Tyler stopped him, with hand upon elbow. Streeter almost exploded.

"You can't take the reesk, Mr. Tyler," he sputtered. "S'pose somethin' happens agin to this ole log and we hav' to lay to for five or six hours?"

John Tyler struggled with himself for an instant. Then he walked over to where the girl sat and caught her hand. He spoke to the Italian workman by her side.

"Tell her we will put a boat out for her sweetheart," he said.

Night came upon him, but John Tyler's watch stayed within his pocket. Sometimes they would hear the calls of the men in the small boat, and then they would send answering calls. The search held for some hours.

Some time before midnight they brought the Italian master and his men aboard the *Little Duke*. Then the engine bells rang sharply, and the screws of the tugs began churning once again. John was heavy for sleep and dozed stoutly in the captain's chair. They were at the beginning of the end. The engines of the tugs throbbed throughout the night and into the tardy coming of the dawn. He slept soundly—a tired mind and body were seeking their natural rest.

Streeter touched him upon the arm.

"Look at that, Mr. Tyler," he said.

John looked. A tall lighthouse, rising almost from the sea itself, was gleaming in clear sunshine. Streeter let out a mighty yell and slapped John Tyler on the back.

"Yell," he said; "that's Boston light."

So they put the *Valambria* in dry dock just before the clock hands joined at their little zenith. John Tyler had won his gamble with Scott Parsons, and no one was more glad of that than the big railroad president himself. He saw to it that the ship was put in good shape for another quarter of a century. John Tyler made him see to it that Fenelon was to rank as owning captain. She was to go into "tramp" service, and Fenelon came into the great opportunity of his life.

So when the warm gay spring came again the big *Valambria*—cargo-carrier—sailed out again past the aged lightship at the Hook. She was bound for New Zealand. There were but two passengers aboard, and these two enough for Fenelon. The two were one, and theirs a wedding-trip more than half-way round this globe.

Natalie stood beside John as they sailed down through the Narrows. He was telling her of his plans for the future.

"Scott Parsons wants me to go into the wrecking business. He says that there are a hundred wrecks up and down the coast that we will pull up with the air." He was silent for a moment. "It all seems so strange," he said, slowly. "How different it has come about—those long years since the pater left us! Do you know that he wanted me to be a professional man—a surgeon—and here I am a wrecker! It's a far call. It's—"

She silenced him with a little cry of pleasure.

"Don't you see, John dear," she laughed. "You are a surgeon, after all—you are the surgeon of the sea."

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The Death of Jean

BY MARK TWAIN

The death of Jean Clemens occurred early in the morning of December 24, 1909. Mr. Clemens was in great stress of mind when I first saw him, but a few hours later I found him writing steadily.

"I am setting it down," he said, "everything. It is a relief to me to write it. It furnishes me an excuse for thinking." At intervals during that day and the next I looked in, and usually found him writing. Then on the evening of the 26th, when he knew that Jean had been laid to rest in Elmira, he came to my room with the manuscript in his hand.

"I have finished it," he said; "read it. I can form no opinion of it myself. If you think it worthy, some day—at the proper time—it can end my autobiography. It is the final chapter."

Four months later—almost to the day—(April 21st) he was with Jean. It would seem, now, that the world may, with propriety, read these closing words.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

STORMFIELD, CHRISTMAS EVE, 11 A. M., 1909.

JEAN is dead!

Has any one ever tried to put upon paper all the little happenings connected with a dear one—happenings of the twenty-four hours preceding the sudden and unexpected death of that dear one? Would a book contain them? would two books contain them? I think not. They pour into the mind in a flood. They are little things that have been always happening every day, and were always so unimportant and easily forgettable before—but now! Now, how different! how precious they are, how dear, how unforgettable, how pathetic, how sacred, how clothed with dignity!

Last night Jean, all flushed with splendid health, and I the same, from the wholesome effects of my Bermuda holiday, strolled hand in hand from the dinner table and sat down in the library and chatted, and planned, and discussed, cheerily and happily (and how unsuspectingly!) until nine—which is late for us—then went up-stairs, Jean's friendly German dog following. At my door Jean said, "I can't kiss you good night, father: I have a cold, and you could catch it." I bent and kissed her hand. She was moved—I saw it in her eyes—and she impulsively kissed my hand in return. Then with the usual gay "Sleep well, dear!" from both, we parted.

At half past seven this morning I woke, and heard voices outside my door. I said to myself, "Jean is starting on her usual horseback flight to the station for the mail." Then Katy* entered, stood quaking and gasping at my bedside a moment, then found her tongue:

"Miss Jean is dead!"

Possibly I know now what the soldier feels when a bullet crashes through his heart.

In her bath-room there she lay, the fair young creature, stretched upon the floor and covered with a sheet. And looking so placid, so natural, and as if asleep. We knew what had happened. She was an epileptic: she had been seized with a convulsion and heart failure in her bath. The doctor had to come several miles. His efforts, like our previous ones, failed to bring her back to life.

It is noon, now. How lovable she looks, how sweet and how tranquil! It is a noble face, and full of dignity; and that was a good heart that lies there so still.

In England, thirteen years ago, my wife and I were stabbed to the heart with a cablegram which said, "Susy was mercifully released to-day." I had to send a like shock to Clara, in Berlin, this morning. With the peremptory addition, "You must not come home." Clara and her husband sailed from here on the 11th of this month. How will Clara bear it? Jean, from her babyhood, was a worshipper of Clara.

* Katy Leary, who had been in the service of the Clemens family for twenty-nine years.

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Four days ago I came back from a month's holiday in Bermuda in perfected health; but by some accident the reporters failed to perceive this. Day before yesterday, letters and telegrams began to arrive from friends and strangers which indicated that I was supposed to be dangerously ill. Yesterday Jean begged me to explain my case through the Associated Press. I said it was not important enough; but she was distressed and said I must think of Clara. Clara would see the report in the German papers, and as she had been nursing her husband day and night for four months* and was worn out and feeble, the shock might be disastrous. There was reason in that; so I sent a humorous paragraph by telephone to the Associated Press denying the "charge" that I was "dying," and saying "I would not do such a thing at my time of life."

Jean was a little troubled, and did not like to see me treat the matter so lightly; but I said it was best to treat it so, for there was nothing serious about it. This morning I sent the sorrowful facts of this day's irremediable disaster to the Associated Press. Will both appear in this evening's papers?—the one so blithe, the other so tragic.

I lost Susy thirteen years ago; I lost her mother—her incomparable mother!—five and a half years ago; Clara has gone away to live in Europe; and now I have lost Jean. How poor I am, who was once so rich! Seven months ago Mr. Rogers died—one of the best friends I ever had, and the nearest perfect, as man and gentleman, I have yet met among my race; within the last six weeks Gilder has passed away, and Laffan—old, old friends of mine. Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands goodby at this door last night—and it was forever, we never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here—writing, busying myself, to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.

Seventy-four years old, twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yesterday. Who can estimate my age to-day?

I have looked upon her again. I wonder I can bear it. She looks just as her mother looked when she lay dead in that Florentine villa so long ago. The sweet placidity of death! it is more beautiful than sleep.

I saw her mother buried. I said I would never endure that horror again; that I would never again look into the grave of any one dear to me. I have kept to that. They will take Jean from this house to-morrow, and bear her to Elmira, New York, where lie those of us that have been released, but I shall not follow.

Jean was on the dock when the ship came in, only four days ago. She was at the door, beaming a welcome, when I reached this house the next evening. We played cards, and she tried to teach me a new game called "Mark Twain." We sat chatting cheerily in the library last night, and she wouldn't let me look into the loggia, where she was making Christmas preparations. She said she would finish them in the morning, and then her little French friend would arrive from New York—the surprise would follow; the surprise she had been working over for days. While she was out for a moment I disloyally stole a look. The loggia floor was clothed with rugs and furnished with chairs and sofas; and the uncompleted surprise was there: in the form of a Christmas tree that was drenched with silver film in a most wonderful way; and on a table was a prodigal profusion of bright things which she was going to hang upon it to-day. What desecrating hand will ever banish that eloquent unfinished surprise from that place? Not mine, surely. All these little matters have happened in the last four days. "Little." Yes—*then*. But not now. Nothing she said or thought or did is little now. And all the lavish humor!—what is become of it? It is pathos, now. Pathos, and the thought of it brings tears.

All these little things happened such a few hours ago—and now she lies yonder. Lies yonder, and cares for nothing any more. Strange—marvellous—incredible! I have had this experience before; but it would still be incredible if I had had it a thousand times.

* Mr. Gabrilowitsch had been operated on for appendicitis.

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"Miss Jean is dead!"

That is what Katy said. When I heard the door open behind the bed's head without a preliminary knock, I supposed it was Jean coming to kiss me good morning, she being the only person who was used to entering without formalities.

And so—

I have been to Jean's parlor. Such a turmoil of Christmas presents for servants and friends! They are everywhere; tables, chairs, sofas, the floor—everything is occupied, and over-occupied. It is many and many a year since I have seen the like. In that ancient day Mrs. Clemens and I used to slip softly into the nursery at midnight on Christmas Eve and look the array of presents over. The children were little then. And now here is Jean's parlor looking just as that nursery used to look. The presents are not labelled—the hands are forever idle that would have labelled them to-day. Jean's mother always worked herself down with her Christmas preparations. Jean did the same yesterday and the preceding days, and the fatigue has cost her her life. The fatigue caused the convulsion that attacked her this morning. She had had no attack for months.

Jean was so full of life and energy that she was constantly in danger of overtaxing her strength. Every morning she was in the saddle by half past seven, and off to the station for her mail. She examined the letters and I distributed them: some to her, some to Mr. Paine, the others to the stenographer and myself. She despatched her share and then mounted her horse again and went around superintending her farm and her poultry the rest of the day. Sometimes she played billiards with me after dinner, but she was usually too tired to play, and went early to bed.

Yesterday afternoon I told her about some plans I had been devising while absent in Bermuda, to lighten her burdens. We would get a housekeeper; also we would put her share of the secretary-work into Mr. Paine's hands.

No—she wasn't willing. She had been making plans herself. The matter ended in a compromise. I submitted. I always did. She wouldn't audit the bills and let Paine fill out the checks—she would continue to attend to that herself. Also, she would continue to be housekeeper, and let Katy assist. Also, she would continue to answer the letters of personal friends for me Such was the compromise. Both of us called it by that name, though I was not able to see where any formidable change had been made.

However, Jean was pleased, and that was sufficient for me. She was proud of being my secretary, and I was never able to persuade her to give up any part of her share in that unlovely work.

In the talk last night I said I found everything going so smoothly that if she were willing I would go back to Bermuda in February and get blessedly out of the clash and turmoil again for another month. She was urgent that I should do it, and said that if I would put off the trip until March she would take Katy and go with me. We struck hands upon that, and said it was settled. I had a mind to write to Bermuda by to-morrow's ship and secure a furnished house and servants. I meant to write the letter this morning. But it will never be written, now.

For she lies yonder, and before her is another journey than that.

Night is closing down; the rim of the sun barely shows above the sky-line of the hills.

I have been looking at that face again that was growing dearer and dearer to me every day. I was getting acquainted with Jean in these last nine months. She had been long an exile from home when she came to us three-quarters of a year ago. She had been shut up in sanitariums, many miles from us. How eloquently glad and grateful she was to cross her father's threshold again!

Would I bring her back to life if I could do it? I would not. If a word would do it, I would beg for strength to withhold the word. And I would have the strength; I am sure of it. In her loss I am almost bankrupt, and my life is a bitterness, but I am content: for she has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts—that gift which makes all other gifts mean and poor—death. I have never wanted any released friend of mine restored to life since I reached manhood. I felt in this way when Susy

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passed away; and later my wife, and later Mr. Rogers. When Clara met me at the station in New York and told me Mr. Rogers had died suddenly that morning, my thought was, Oh, favorite of fortune—fortunate all his long and lovely life—fortunate to his latest moment! The reporters said there were tears of sorrow in my eyes. True—but they were for *me*, not for him. He had suffered no loss. All the fortunes he had ever made before were poverty compared with this one.

Why did I build this house, two years ago? To shelter this vast emptiness? How foolish I was! But I shall stay in it. The spirits of the dead hallow a house, for me. It was not so with other members of my family. Susy died in the house we built in Hartford. Mrs. Clemens would never enter it again. But it made the house dearer to me. I have entered it once since, when it was tenantless and silent and forlorn, but to me it was a holy place and beautiful. It seemed to me that the spirits of the dead were all about me, and would speak to me and welcome me if they could: Livy, and Susy, and George, and Henry Robinson, and Charles Dudley Warner. How good and kind they were, and how lovable their lives! In fancy I could see them all again, I could call the children back and hear them romp again with George—that peerless black ex-slave and children's idol who came one day—a flitting stranger—to wash windows, and stayed eighteen years. Until he died. Clara and Jean would never enter again the New York hotel which their mother had frequented in earlier days. They could not bear it. But I shall stay in this house. It is dearer to me to-night than ever it was before. Jean's spirit will make it beautiful for me always. Her lonely and tragic death —but I will not think of that now.

Jean's mother always devoted two or three weeks to Christmas shopping, and was always physically exhausted when Christmas Eve came. Jean was her very own child—she wore herself out present-hunting in New York these latter days. Paine has just found on her desk a long list of names—fifty, he thinks—people to whom she sent presents last night. Apparently she forgot no one. And Katy found there a roll of bank-notes, for the servants.

Her dog has been wandering about the grounds to-day, comradeless and forlorn. I have seen him from the windows. She got him from Germany. He has tall ears and looks exactly like a wolf. He was educated in Germany, and knows no language but the German. Jean gave him no orders save in that tongue. And so, when the burglar-alarm made a fierce clamor at midnight a fortnight ago, the butler, who is French and knows no German, tried in vain to interest the dog in the supposed burglar. Jean wrote me, to Bermuda, about the incident. It was the last letter I was ever to receive from her bright head and her competent hand. The dog will not be neglected.

There was never a kinder heart than Jean's. From her childhood up she always spent the most of her allowance on charities of one kind and another. After she became secretary and had her income doubled she spent her money upon these things with a free hand. Mine too, I am glad and grateful to say.

She was a loyal friend to all animals, and she loved them all, birds, beasts, and everything—even snakes—an inheritance from me. She knew all the birds: she was high up in that lore. She became a member of various humane societies when she was still a little girl—both here and abroad—and she remained an active member to the last. She founded two or three societies for the protection of animals, here and in Europe.

She was an embarrassing secretary, for she fished my correspondence out of the waste-basket and answered the letters. She thought all letters deserved the courtesy of an answer. Her mother brought her up in that kindly error.

She could write a good letter, and was swift with her pen. She had but an indifferent ear for music, but her tongue took to languages with an easy facility. She never allowed her Italian, French, and German to get rusty through neglect.

The telegrams of sympathy are flowing in, from far and wide, now, just as they did in Italy five years and a half ago, when this child's mother laid down her

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blameless life. They cannot heal the hurt, but they take away some of the pain. When Jean and I kissed hands and parted at my door last, how little did we imagine that in twenty-two hours the telegraph would be bringing words like these:

"From the bottom of our hearts we send our sympathy, dearest of friends."

For many and many a day to come, wherever I go in this house, remembrancers of Jean will mutely speak to me of her. Who can count the number of them?

She was in exile two years with the hope of healing her malady—epilepsy. There are no words to express how grateful I am that she did not meet her fate in the hands of strangers, but in the loving shelter of her own home.

"*Miss Jean is dead!*"

It is true. Jean is dead.

A month ago I was writing bubbling and hilarious articles for magazines yet to appear, and now I am writing—this.

Christmas Day. Noon.—Last night I went to Jean's room at intervals, and turned back the sheet and looked at the peaceful face, and kissed the cold brow, and remembered that heart-breaking night in Florence so long ago, in that cavernous and silent vast villa, when I crept down-stairs so many times, and turned back a sheet and looked at a face just like this one—Jean's mother's face—and kissed a brow that was just like this one. And last night I saw again what I had seen then—that strange and lovely miracle—the sweet soft contours of early maidenhood restored by the gracious hand of death! When Jean's mother lay dead, all trace of care, and trouble, and suffering, and the corroding years had vanished out of the face, and I was looking again upon it as I had known and worshipped it in its young bloom and beauty a whole generation before.

About three in the morning, while wandering about the house in the deep silences, as one does in times like these, when there is a dumb sense that something has been lost that will never be found again, yet must be sought, if only for the employment the useless seeking gives, I came upon Jean's dog in the hall down-stairs, and noted that he did not spring to greet me, according to his hospitable habit, but came slow and sorrowfully; also I remembered that he had not visited Jean's apartment since the tragedy. Poor fellow, did he know? I think so. Always when Jean was abroad in the open he was with her; always when she was in the house he was with her, in the night as well as in the day. Her parlor was his bedroom. Whenever I happened upon him on the ground floor he always followed me about, and when I went up-stairs he went too—in a tumultuous gallop. But now it was different: after patting him a little I went to the library—he remained behind; when I went up-stairs he did not follow me, save with his wistful eyes. He has wonderful eyes—big, and kind, and eloquent. He can talk with them. He is a beautiful creature, and is of the breed of the New York police-dogs. I do not like dogs, because they bark when there is no occasion for it; but I have liked this one from the beginning, because he belonged to Jean, and because he never barks except when there is occasion—which is not oftener than twice a week.

In my wanderings I visited Jean's parlor. On a shelf I found a pile of my books, and I knew what it meant. She was waiting for me to come home from Bermuda and autograph them, then she would send them away. If I only knew whom she intended them for! But I shall never know. I will keep them. Her hand has touched them—it is an accolade—they are noble, now.

And in a closet she had hidden a surprise for me—a thing I have often wished I owned: a noble big globe. I couldn't see it for the tears. She will never know the pride I take in it, and the pleasure. To-day the mails are full of loving remembrances for her: full of those old, old kind words she loved so well, "Merry Christmas to Jean!" If she could only have lived one day longer!

At last she ran out of money, and would not use mine. So she sent to one of those New York homes for poor girls all the clothes she could spare—and more, most likely.

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Christmas Night.—This afternoon they took her away from her room. As soon as I might, I went down to the library, and there she lay, in her coffin, dressed in exactly the same clothes she wore when she stood at the other end of the same room on the 6th of October last, as Clara's chief bridesmaid. Her face was radiant with happy excitement then; it was the same face now, with the dignity of death and the peace of God upon it.

They told me the first mourner to come was the dog. He came uninvited, and stood up on his hind legs and rested his fore paws upon the trestle, and took a last long look at the face that was so dear to him, then went his way as silently as he had come. *He knows.*

At mid-afternoon it began to snow. The pity of it—that Jean could not see it! She so loved the snow.

The snow continued to fall. At six o'clock the hearse drew up to the door to bear away its pathetic burden. As they lifted the casket, Paine began playing on the orchestrelle Schubert's *Impromptu,* which was Jean's favorite. Then he played the Intermezzo; that was for Susy; then he played the Largo; that was for their mother. He did this at my request. Elsewhere in this Autobiography I have told how the Intermezzo and the Largo came to be associated in my heart with Susy and Livy in their last hours in this life.

From my windows I saw the hearse and the carriages wind along the road and gradually grow vague and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean was gone out of my life, and would not come back any more. Jervis, the cousin she had played with when they were babies together—he and her beloved old Katy—were conducting her to her distant childhood home, where she will lie by her mother's side once more, in the company of Susy and Langdon.

December 26th.—The dog came to see me at eight o'clock this morning. He was very affectionate, poor orphan! My room will be his quarters hereafter.

The storm raged all night. It has raged all the morning. The snow drives across the landscape in vast clouds, superb, sublime—and Jean not here to see.

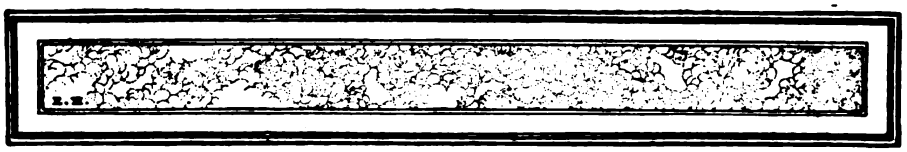
2.30 P.M.—It is the time appointed. The funeral has begun. Four hundred miles away, but I can see it all, just as if I were there. The scene is the library, in the Langdon homestead. Jean's coffin stands where her mother and I stood, forty years ago, and were married; and where Susy's coffin stood thirteen years ago; where her mother's stood, five years and a half ago; and where mine will stand, after a little time.

Five o'clock.—It is all over.

When Clara went away two weeks ago to live in Europe, it was hard, but I could bear it, for I had Jean left. I said *we* would be a family. We said we would be close comrades and happy—just we two. That fair dream was in my mind when Jean met me at the steamer last Monday; it was in my mind when she received me at the door last Tuesday evening. We were together; *we were a family!* the dream had come true—oh, preciously true, contentedly true, satisfyingly true! and remained true two whole days.

And now? Now Jean is in her grave!

In the grave—if I can believe it. God rest her sweet spirit!



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The House of the Five Sisters

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

WHEN the surrey stopped at last, Mrs. Renwick was so exhausted by the long drive over bad roads that she could hardly walk up the long flight of steps. At the top stood five shadowy figures, women's figures. They were so curiously alike that they seemed, in the half-light, an architectural feature designed by the builder of the old Colonial house, rather than beings of flesh and blood. The spell of silence and of motionlessness was broken as the tallest of them peered over the side of the piazza and called out in shrill, harsh tones of alarm:

"Father! Father!"

There was no answer. Then she came forward to greet us. I spoke first:

"Doctor Dietrich wrote, I believe, to make arrangements for us? You are the Miss Tayloe of whom Mr. James told him?"

There was a pause before she answered:

"I don't know whether I am the Miss Tayloe of whom Mr. James wrote. But I am Miss Tayloe—" There was a furtive rustle among the four indefinite figures which told that the dry neutrality of her tone masked some telling shot. At least that was the way it impressed me. And I began to get curious right away.

With a perfunctory sort of courtesy Miss Tayloe did all the usual things. We were ushered into the drawing-room, where the group resolved itself into five dark, tall, slender, high-nosed women, who, to us in the lamplight and dazed as we were by the newness of things, seemed almost exact duplicates of one another. They gathered around with an embarrassed, constrained hospitality. One took our bags, two others hovered around with tentative offers of assistance in taking off veils and hats, Miss Tayloe went out of the room to prepare for us a late supper.

The room we were in was high and dignified. In the gleam of the lamplight, which made a dull glow of rich old picture-frames and hinted at the satiny, wine-colored sheen of fine mahogany, it was almost magnificent. The family portraits on the walls reflected bewilderingly the type of the five sisters; the formal panelling of the ancient wall-paper had an impressiveness of its own. We were just helping Mrs. Renwick up-stairs when a tall old gentleman appeared, hurrying ostentatiously with conciliatory glances at Miss Tayloe, who appeared, tray in hands, from a door farther down the hall.

"Just went out into the garden a few minutes ago," he murmured, vaguely, nervously rubbing his long, thin old hands together. Then he drew himself up pompously. "A new specimen of Erythronium I noticed—I have read in—somewhere—that it has rare properties—of special efficacy in intestinal troubles—intestinal," he repeated, his eyes seeking his daughter's face anxiously. "I had no idea of staying out so late."

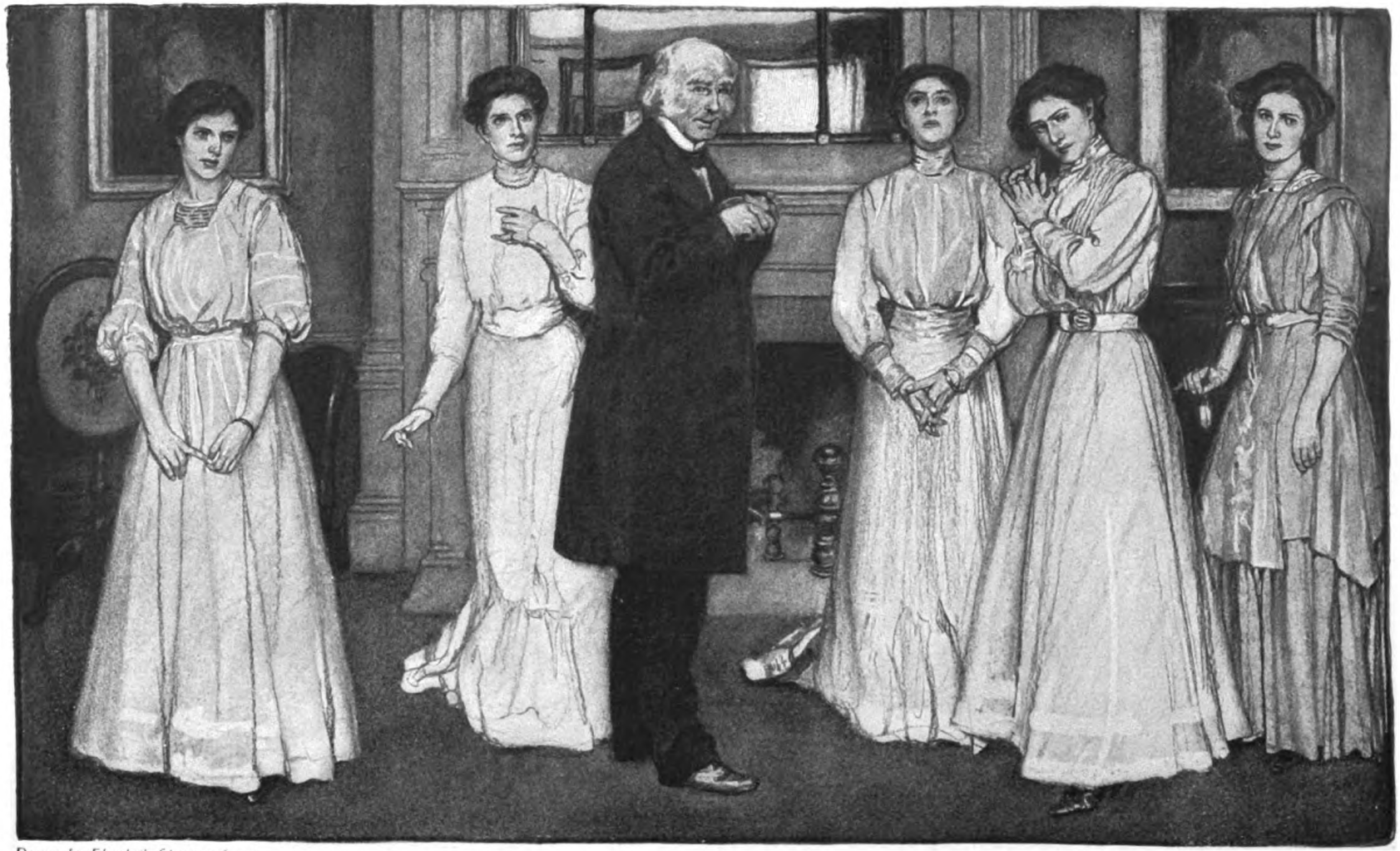
The sharp anxiety on the face of Miss Tayloe had given place to a rare and tender sweetness.

"If only the night air hasn't hurt you," she said. "I hope you are not too tired, Father— You know you have grave responsibilities. And this is Mrs. Renwick, and this is Miss Alyson, the nurse, our—guests." She hesitated uncomfortably before she settled on the word. Then she shut her thin lips together and said no more.

"Any friend of my daughters—any friend—will be—" the old gentleman began, but drifted into silence, leaving the sentence unfinished save for the courtly and beautiful and vacant smile on his lips.

Mr. Tayloe must have been very old, although he was still erect, and his high-nosed, thin-featured face was not much wrinkled. It was in the pathetic panics that put to rout the remnants of what

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE FIVE SISTERS SEEMED TO BE ALMOST DUPLICATES OF ONE ANOTHER

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had evidently once been his usual air of assured authority that his age was evident—in that and in sudden lapses of thought, heralded by his furtive air of concealment.

I suppose I made the first mistake in allowing the old gentleman to be called in that night. But Mrs. Renwick was hysterical—the result of the long journey and the gloom that hung around the immense, barren corridors and half-furnished rooms of the place she had been sent to in order to complete her convalescence.

"It's just the place for her," Doctor Dietrich had said. "High, fine air, pure water, and if we can get the Tayloes to take her in, she will be made. There is a physician there, a fine gentleman of the old school, and five charming daughters—I think James said there were five; maybe it's only one of them that is charming—to cheer her up when she gets morbid and depressed. After such a nervous breakdown as she has had, the main thing, of course, is to keep her in a cheerful and hopeful state of mind. So don't hesitate to call in Doctor Tayloe whenever she needs to be braced up a little."

Now, however, the five stern-looking sisters seemed to inspire her with positive terror, particularly Miss Tayloe. But when Miss Tayloe suggested having her father come in to prescribe for the patient, she quite cheered up.

"At least," she said to me privately, "he is a man, and his hair is white now—even if it probably once was black like theirs." Mrs. Renwick was a dear, appealing, inconsequential little thing, whose long illness had made her more dependent and child-like. "And he looks as if he were scared too," she added. Which motive seemed to appeal to her, but was not, when you think of it, the best endorsement for a physician.

I ought to have acted on my first intuition that Doctor Tayloe was not to be trusted. But it's pretty hard to have the whole burden of responsibility of such a case, alone and away from all the patient's friends. Then, too, I hadn't realized what a lot of harm a gentle and benignant-looking old gentleman could do.

For when he came to the bedside of Mrs. Renwick, shaking and helpless as she was in a nervous attack, all traces of benignancy and gentleness had fled. Not even Miss Tayloe, who thought it necessary to accompany him, could have looked more gloomy and terrifying. An awful solemnity engulfed him.

He first put to Mrs. Renwick endless questions, some of them of an amazing irrelevancy. Following this, he began an exhaustive examination. I tried to cut it short by telling him that Doctor Dietrich had diagnosed the case as nervous exhaustion following a long-continued strain; and I suggested that, in the patient's weak condition, we had found it advisable not to alarm her by more discussion of her case than was absolutely necessary. Majestically he waved me aside and went on with his tapping and sounding. He lifted up her eyelid and knit his brows over a scrutiny of the iris; he peered anxiously into her throat; he listened tensely to her breathing; he prodded and poked her from head to foot. But he was in his glory only when, with ceremony, he produced a stethescope. Having adjusted it, he listened to the action of her heart, shaking his head forebodingly. All this time Mrs. Renwick, her eyes shrinkingly on the doctor or beseechingly on me, was in a pitiable state. I attempted to interfere.

"Since the examination is over, Doctor—"

"The examination is not over. There are some complex symptoms here that I don't like—I *don't* like," was the only reply I won. And he went on, prodding and tapping for a space longer.

Finally he delivered himself of his opinion.

"I find here," he said, tragically, "an alarming condition, a truly alarming condition. The heart action is unsatisfactory, most unsatisfactory. But the primary disease is intestinal. How my brother practitioners can have overlooked this I can't imagine. Your trouble, madam, is senile gangrene of the intestines!"

The effect of this announcement can hardly be imagined. Even Miss Tayloe gasped, and her fixed expression of adoration wavered with a passing doubt. I was too thunderstruck to speak. And then, what could I have said? Even if

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the thing was monstrous, Doctor Tayloe was a regular practitioner whose standing had not been questioned, as far as I knew. From any standpoint it was impossible for a nurse to contradict him. But no such etiquette constrained Mrs. Renwick.

"'Senile'!" she gasped. Evidently the dread word "gangrene" was of secondary importance in her mind. "Why, that's what ails people when they're *old*. And I'm not old at all—even if I have a grown daughter. I married when I was absurdly young—not out of the schoolroom. 'Senile'! And every one says I don't look a day older than I did then!" She sat up in bed, her indignation giving her strength.

The old gentleman bent down and fixed his terrifying gaze upon her.

"Be careful!" he said, his hand on her pulse. "Your heart is affected! It won't stand the strain of sudden motion! There-e-e!"—lowering her carefully back among her pillows. "With complete rest for some hours I think you may repair the damage. I wonder how you have lived with that heart! No, no, don't speak— It isn't safe, it really isn't." And while poor Mrs. Renwick shivered on the bed, frightened almost into collapse, Doctor Tayloe turned benignly to me. "I will bring down some medicine, something entirely new, a discovery of my own, a tincture of Erythronium, which I am about to put on the market. It will be a specific in all intestinal disorders—"

"But, Doctor Tayloe—" I had begun, when I hesitated. I knew I had no right to speak at all, and, moreover, that it was probably useless to attempt to influence the poor old gentleman. Instead I pressed Mrs. Renwick's hand encouragingly, and smiled at her, shaking my head reassuringly when the doctor couldn't see me. "Isn't senile gangrene rather a rare disease?" I queried, cautiously.

"Yes, it is rare." He turned his face to me, beaming in child-like delight. "I have just been reading about it to-day. And the causes of it are—the causes—" A sudden blank expression passed over his face—then timid fear possessed it. He gave a furtive glance at his tall, dark daughter, and then straightened himself to rally his forces. "We must pay great attention to the diet—great attention!" He proclaimed pompously. "And that again will be an idea of my own. We will give her nothing but fruit; fortunately this is just the locality to get all kinds of fruit in their perfection. The berries are gone. But plums, peaches, apples, melons—oh, there will be no lack of variety."

I protested—I couldn't help it.

"But Doctor Dietrich sent Mrs. Renwick here under my care and with full directions. He wanted her to have a generally building-up diet, with plenty of milk and eggs and chicken and beef. He cautioned me to use fruit only sparingly. He was anxious to avoid the accumulation of gas that the fruit would generate. You know the strain of any severe pain on the heart—" I stopped, for a look of childish obstinacy had come over his face.

"You are, I believe, the nurse, not the physician!" he retorted, crushingly.

I turned to Miss Tayloe in protest. But she shut her thin lips in fierce loyalty. "I will see that she gets the proper diet, Father," she said.

It was absurd, I know, but I had a queer feeling that it was useless to oppose her, that my poor patient and myself were as much in her power as if we were immured in a donjon-keep by a grim chatelaine of feudal romance.

With his victory Doctor Tayloe lapsed into his gentle other self. He talked benignantly with Mrs. Renwick, bowed chivalrously when he started to leave the room, and, at the door, turned around to bestow on us both his courteous and beautiful and vacant smile.

As soon as the door closed behind Miss Tayloe—

"*Senile!*" said Mrs. Renwick, with even more contempt than indignation in her tone.

After that she had an attack of hysterics that left her pitifully weak. The gray light of dawn crept in before she got to sleep.

In two days several things had happened.

I had learned to distinguish each of the five sisters. I had learned their names: Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Calliope, and Euterpe—so called in compliment for their father's classic enthusiasms of fully sixty years before. I

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had appealed to them, *en masse,* dramatically and emotionally, and had been rebuffed. I had learned that nobody in the village would help me when the edict had gone forth from the House, as the big dwelling on the hill was called. The people that lived in the little houses that lined the roads were for the most part drab-haired, heavy-featured Pennsylvania Dutch, who worked the mines of which Mr. James was the manager. I had managed to smuggle an egg from my own breakfast in to Mrs. Renwick once. But Melpomene had an unpleasant way of appearing silently and forbiddingly at doorways when one least expected her. She so terrorized Mrs. Renwick that, on the occasion of the egg, I had difficulty in keeping her from trying to thrust its poached iniquity under the bedclothes when Melpomene's head appeared.

The result of all this agitation was as bad as it well could be. And the fruit diet brought on an attack of indigestion. After an anxious night, when Doctor Tayloe had done nothing more than appear and shake his head forebodingly and mutter prophecies about her heart, I began to be really desperate. I wrote to Doctor Dietrich, but it would be impossible to get an answer before five days. As it turned out, I didn't hear then—he had been called away from home. And in the two days Mrs. Renwick had lost all she had gained during the past month. She was again in the state of nervous exhaustion that I had found her in at the end of her only daughter's long illness.

On the third morning I watched Melpomene go down the long flight of steps to the surrey with a market basket on her arm. Then I descended to find the other sisters.

They were, all four, at work in the big kitchen. As I said, I had learned them apart. And yet, when I saw them together, black hair of one woman intensifying the dark hues of another, swarthy skin making the olive cheek next it more dark, high nose accentuating the fierceness of the neighbor's aquiline profile, I was oppressed by the inexorableness of the family type that had come down, through centuries of dead ancestors, to daunt and perplex me now.

Polyhymnia, glue-pot on the table beside her, bent her thin, high-nosed face anxiously over the back of an old ladder-back chair. It was the day, I afterward learned, on which she made her rounds ministering to the decrepitude of the old mahogany furniture, which would have fallen into ruin had it not been for this high priestess to the family pride. The face she raised in response to my entrance had been drained of every characteristic except pride—mere stupid, unfounded, fanatical family pride. Her color was less swarthy than her sisters', her eyes a paler brown. But the nose was higher than any nose I have ever seen, and the glance that shot out at me over the bridge of it was glacial.

Calliope, cake-spoon in hand, had come to the window to follow with her eyes the course of a horse and buggy down the road.

"That's the third time the Dawson girl has been driving this week," she was saying. "And with a different boy every time." Calliope had a quick glance of alert curiosity which was not at all unpleasant. As she glanced at me it was quite evident that she was taking notes of every detail of my appearance.

"What hat is she wearing?" asked Terpsichore. It had taken me a long time to realize that that was what her name really was, and that no one in the family was ever allowed to be nicknamed.

"What difference can it possibly make to you?" Polyhymnia put in, impatiently. "You can't expect plain people to have any sense of what is fitting."

"But 'plain people' sometimes have a sense of what is becoming!" Terpsichore's tone was distinctly discontented, and I looked at her with a realization that she was an individuality. "They actually go to the city and see the styles in the shop-windows and in the magazines and on people!" I decided, on closer scrutiny, that Terpsichore was probably only in the twenties and wasn't bad-looking at all. She had a good deal of color, and there was an unquiet sparkle somewhere in her black eyes that Tayloesville had certainly done nothing either to create or to quench. And while the dress of the other sisters was of a self-effacing plainness, Terpsichore had used a bit of finery here and there, with a certain sense of the effective.

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All this made me feel as if they were more human than I had thought, and so I began my plea for Mrs. Renwick. With the first words each woman stiffened and stood on guard. "I am really afraid for Mrs. Renwick," I went on. "She is losing ground every day—"

Polyhymnia opened her thin lips to say:

"Our father, Melpomene says, has prescribed a course of medicine and of diet."

"But her own doctor sent her here with entirely different instructions. And I won't answer for the consequences. All I want is for you to let me have some milk and eggs and things like that—something to keep her alive. If you don't want to furnish them, just give the people around here instructions that they are to sell me what I want."

There was a smile of cool satisfaction on her lips.

"If my father and Melpomene have told them not to, you will find that they will not do anything to displease the House."

"In that case it's quite possible that Mrs. Renwick may die here—"

She grew a little paler, but she spoke with decision:

"I promised Melpomene."

I looked in turn at each of the others.

"I promised Melpomene," came from each—determined, troubled, or faltering, but alike inflexible.

I turned at the door.

"Mrs. Renwick has been through a great deal," I said. "If you only knew—"

I caught a soft gleam from the dark eyes of Euterpe, the youngest of the sisters. Bent over the sink—the Tayloes kept no maid—she had taken no part in the conversation. But now I saw that the flush of suppressed emotion was on her face, and that her eyes were moist. And she was young and pretty. She had, of course, the features that marked the family. But with her the nose was delicately hooked like that of some high-born Spanish señorita, and the eyes were soft and bright. And when she smiled I saw that the young blood made a scarlet flower of her curving lips.

So it was easy to appeal straight to her, just as I would have done with any of the girls in my class at Densmore.

The tears came into her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I wish I could do what you ask. But I promised Melpomene—I—don't know anything about it. Melpomene said Father didn't want her to have anything but fruit. And Melpomene brought us all up. I have to mind Melpomene."

I turned away.

"Then I'll have to try to find Mr. James," I said, more to my own troubled self than to her.

At the name fear and joy together ran a race to her eyes.

"Mr. James"—her breath came fluttering over his wonderful name, and her little trembling hands instinctively flew to make a shield over her heart—"perhaps Mr. James would help you. He would if he thought it was right—Mr. James is so strong, so inflexible—Mr. James—!"

"Euterpe," came Polyhymnia's dry tones, "you have spoken that man's name three times in the last sentence!"

"I never promised Melpomene *that!*" Euterpe wheeled to face her sister, and the slender figure straightened to its full height as if some spring had been released. "She just said we were not to speak his name, and I didn't say anything. I think Mr. James was just doing what he thought was right. He always does." Her mood changed rather forlornly. "He is very angry with us—with all of us. So he never comes here any more. But I think he was right. He is—very determined, you know, you feel that, and yet his manner is very gentle. It's like"—her breath came fast and her eyes opened to their full extent, starry and wonderful at the daring of her fancy—"it's like the hand of iron in the glove of velvet that you read about!" And the dewy freshness of her spirit made us all thrill as though she were the first woman who had ever poured her love-subjection into the time-worn mould of that thought!

I found the office of the Tayloesville Mining Company without much difficulty. Mr. James did not seem a formidable person. He was young and good-looking, and had an engaging little trick of ducking his head and looking up at you out of clear gray eyes that made one disposed to conversation.

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There is no doubt about it, it is monotonous to be with nothing but women all the time. And somehow there seemed to be more of them at the Tayloes' than there really were. I felt exhilarated just to get a whiff of the cigar he threw into an ash-tray on my approach.

So it seemed to me that if I just told him about my difficulty it would be removed. As soon as I had mentioned the Tayloes' name it was evident that he was keenly interested. When I had finished my story—

"You know, of course, that I'm not welcomed there now," he said.

"I noticed there was something wrong when your name was mentioned."

"Who spoke of me?" he asked, quickly.

"I believe it was Miss Euterpe."

Mr. James unscrewed and screwed on again the top of his fountain-pen. He did it three times. And it required careful concentration of attention.

"I'll tell you what made the trouble," he said at length. And when he raised his eyes a twinkle had come into them. "You see, I am trying to work out a proposition of my own here. The father of a friend of mine owns the property, and they have turned it over to me to try the effect of some sort of a human management of these Dutch people and Huns and Slavs. We have a profit-sharing scheme and run a school for the children, a library and dispensary, and that sort of thing. We called Doctor Tayloe in once or twice. But—I don't need to go into that with you, do I?" We both laughed. "So I imported a chap I knew for our plant. And the worst of our iniquity is that some of the bolder of the village people have gone over to him."

"Oh, I see," I said. "Of course, Miss Melpomene would never forgive that!"

Mr. James smiled ruefully. "It wasn't only Miss Melpomene. Even—well, they were all pretty sore about it. And so—I really don't see what I can do. I can't afford to make them think worse of me than they do now—"

"Are you, too, afraid of Miss Melpomene?" I asked, with some curiosity. He really didn't look as if he would be afraid of many things.

"Sure!" You couldn't help liking even the way he used slang. It gave him a cheerful sort of kinship with all the nice every-day things. "I'm terribly afraid of Melpomene. It was she who first taught me to shiver." He laughed at me in a barefaced pantomime of terror.

"But it was because you raved so about the place and the Tayloes that Doctor Dietrich sent us up here!"

"Did I really?" It was evident that he was quite honest in his surprise. "I didn't know I had said anything much. I suppose I happened to run across Dietrich soon after I had started in here. They were rather nice to me when I first came. You see, there really wasn't any one else of their kind up here. Why, Miss Euterpe told me—" He paused to tuck a bundle of letters into a pigeonhole of his desk, and then failed to go on with his sentence. "Why don't you call on Dietrich to come up here and get you out of the mess? My brother says they used to put him up to face Prexy— Perhaps he could manage Melpomene!" He actually chuckled. And I began to lose patience.

"Possibly you don't realize what it means to a busy physician to leave his practice for even a day. And I've written to him and he hasn't answered. But you might help us out with perfect ease. All I want is for you to send over an easy carriage and arrange to have us taken to some house here where my patient can be cared for until we can get a message from Doctor Dietrich—"

"I'll tell the housekeeper to give you the eggs and things. But I can't peril my standing with the family any further!"

What on earth was the matter with the man? This all seemed so foolishly trifling. And he looked as if he were used to handling big enterprises.

"Mrs. Renwick is so terrorized that it will have very serious consequences if she stays in that house much longer—"

"Oh, she'll get along somehow," he replied, comfortably.

"I must say I'm disappointed in you." I rose. "I had supposed from what I heard that you would be just the one to take the matter up—"

"Who told you anything about me?"

"Miss Euterpe." I began to put on my gloves—with impatient jerks. I'm

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afraid. "And she certainly was misinformed." I turned to go.

"Don't be in such a hurry." He half put out his hand to stay me. "Let's talk the matter over. What opinion has—Miss Euterpe of me? She seemed quite to share the family indignation when I saw her last."

"That must have been Melpomene. Euterpe thinks you are a hero where a principle is concerned—of adamantine purpose and tender heart—everything you're not, in fact!"

"Oh, I say! Wait a minute! Let me have time to think this over!" Mr. James, a very becoming color adorning his face, was walking up and down the room in undisguised agitation. He stopped his walk after a minute to pull a chair close to mine and sit down confidentially.

"Now see here, Miss Alyson, we may be able to help each other in this matter."

"Oh, since it's a matter of self-interest—" I said, disagreeably.

"Pretty much everything is—of one kind or another—don't you think? Now I'm going to make a clean breast of everything—"

As if he needed to! I had known all about it for at least five minutes. It was just at that instant that a little flavor of interest had gone out of the day. For I had remembered Euterpe's face in the kitchen that morning. And it was rather a nuisance to have to think of Euterpe just then. It's all very well for a girl to be—perhaps—thinking a little bit about one person—one man, I mean. It doesn't prevent some other man from being interesting for purposes of comparison or experiment. And then, even if you haven't the least selfish interest in an agreeable personality, it is very little short of an insult when he first tells you of his partiality for another girl.

"Of course no one could fail to see that Miss Euterpe was the loveliest girl that ever lived," he went on, with calm conviction. "And I imagine she must have seen I thought so pretty soon. I had even begun to think she liked me a little. It helped, of course, that there wasn't any one else here—and I wasn't going to risk telling her what millions of better chaps there were that would be mad about her. Everything went swimmingly until the doctor business came up. It must have been along about that time I saw Dietrich; of course everything about the place seemed rosy to me just then. But even when I knew it was spoiling my chances with her I couldn't give up the lives of these ignorant babies here to the vagaries of an old man in his dotage—"

"But you wouldn't lift a finger to help Mrs. Renwick!" No one could have helped being indignant.

"These people here are under my charge." He evidently thought he had explained the inconsistency. "But now, let's make a bargain. I'll help you if you'll help me."

"Very well," I said. By this time I was beginning to be interested in the affair. "But what can you do?"

"I could send over and rescue the lady, I suppose. But that would raise an awful fog, wouldn't it?" He was depressed again. "Melpomene is quite capable of locking Euterpe up in her room on bread and water."

"And if I was out of the house I couldn't help you with Euterpe." I was quite sympathetic by this time. "Let's think of something better than that."

"Yes, let's think. Let's be subtle. You be subtle. What's the use of being a woman if you can't be subtle!" He dug his elbows into his desk and buried his hands in his nice thick hair.

At that moment—despatched by a special providence—a little boy came past the windows. Sometimes he whistled and sometimes he sang. Into the silence of our painful thought his words rang with startling significance:

"One little, two little, three little Injuns.
Four little, five little, six little Injuns,"

he chanted.

"Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck and then there were five."

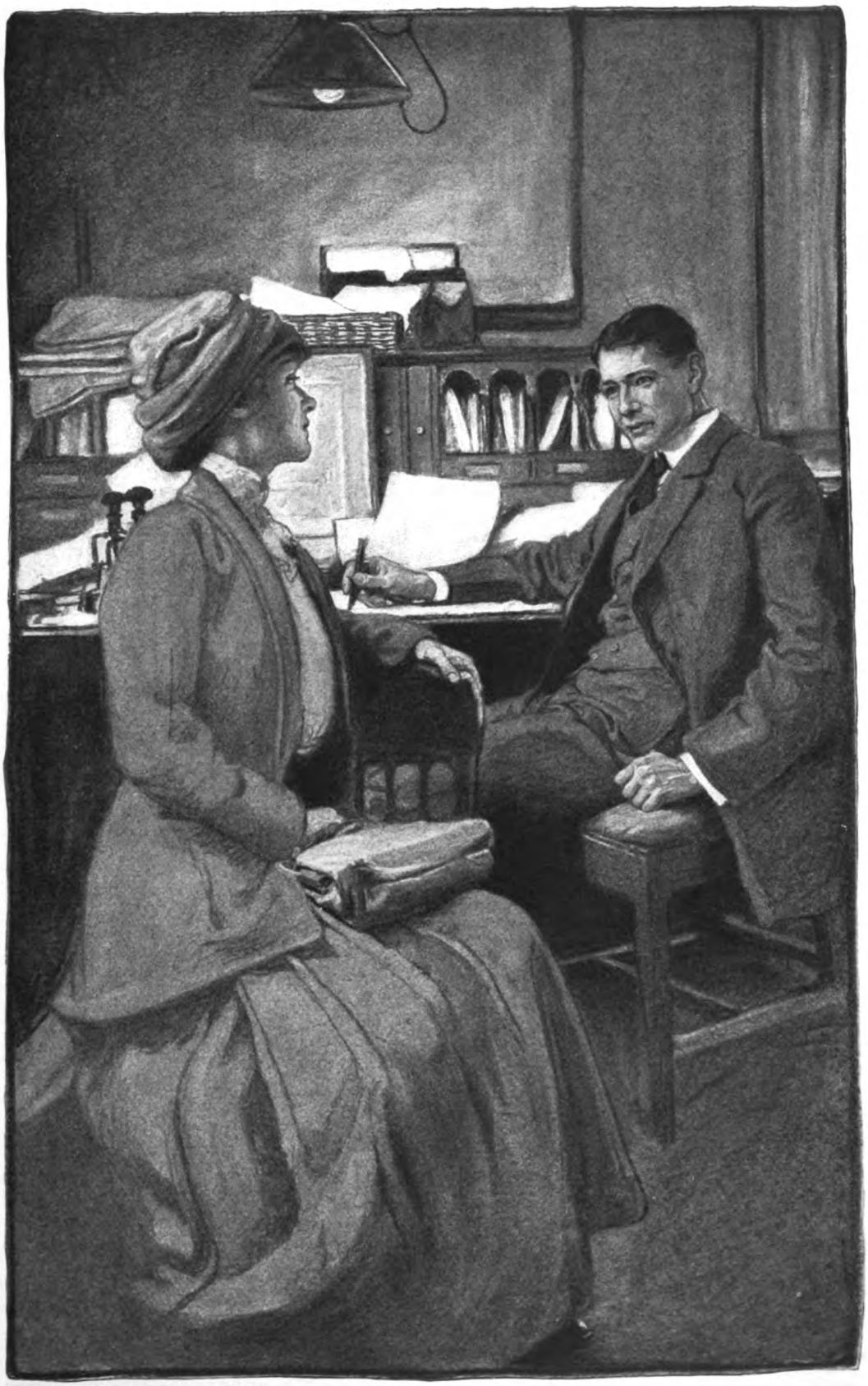
Mr. James straightened his head and a gleam came into his eyes.

"Five little Injuns on a cellar door—"

The voice began to grow softer in the distance.

"One tumbled off and then there were four."

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MR. JAMES DID NOT SEEM A FORMIDABLE PERSON

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"There you have it!" Mr. James rose to his feet in his excitement. "There *we* have it!"

"How? Where? Why?"

"Why, of course, there you have the whole method suggested. It's as clear as anything—"

"I don't understand—" I was becoming exasperated.

"Did you ever try picking them off, being a sharpshooter—using the method that inspired epic suggests?"

"No. How?"

"Let me put you through an examination. Are you an observant person? What would you say was Polyhymnia's pet weakness?"

There was no possibility of hesitation.

"Family."

"Good. What is Calliope's?"

"Curiosity."

"Good. With its corollary, gossip. Terpsichore's?"

"Clothes."

"Correct. With its associated idea—admiration. Euterpe— But we needn't discuss her."

"I've already ticketed Euterpe. And it's a great weakness, too!"

"But Melpomene!"

We breathed the word together and in equal trepidation. I felt hopelessness settling over me.

"I don't understand how this is to be done at all. And I've been away so long Mrs. Renwick may be in a collapse. I must hurry."

"I'll drive you over—or as near the house as is expedient. And I'll elucidate my modern, Melpomene-proof methods as we go!"

His confidence was so inspiring that, even before I had taken my seat in his car, we were laughing as if the battle had been won. In the course of a mile we had worked out a capital plan of action. But as we drew within sight of the House our rash confidence faded and a pall settled over us both.

After all, there was Melpomene!

The day after my interview with Mr. James—the milk and broth that I had brought home was used up and but one egg was left—I descended resolutely into the kitchen pantry. I knew that Melpomene had taken her father out for a drive; in pursuance of the methods determined on with Mr. James, the others had been despatched to their special, prearranged engagements. I had no scruples whatever about robbing the larder. I regarded myself as the chief of commissary sent out to forage in the interests of the hospital corps. Moreover, I had the consent of four sisters. Why should I be afraid of Melpomene? I don't know why I should have been. But I was.

So my hands shook guiltily as I filled the little basket—which I had calculated would do excellently as a masquerading work-basket in case of necessity—with supplies enough to last my patient for a day. And when I started back up the stairs I jumped nervously at every creak of the boards. I was at the top of the flight and was just beginning to congratulate myself on getting back in safety, when the front door opened slowly, and Melpomene walked majestically in.

I knew as soon as she appeared that there was no hope. So I stood quite calmly still while she climbed the stairs, invested with all the panoply of justice, raised the lid of the basket, and confronted me in accusing silence.

"Where are my sisters?" she then demanded.

"They are all out." I could hardly raise my eyes to hers.

"That is extraordinary," she said, in her overbearing manner. "May I ask if you know where they are?"

Her tone roused every particle of opposition in me. Otherwise I would not have had the courage to defy her.

"Miss Polyhymnia is by this time in the library established by Mr. James at the Mines. I suggested that she might find there some points regarding the genealogy of her family that she is anxious to establish. Miss Calliope has also gone to the Mines, to a meeting of the Mothers' Aid Society in the Assembly Room. I thought that would be of interest to her, and arranged that she should meet Mr. James's sister there. With Miss Calliope's knowledge of the locality and her interest in neighborhood happenings I knew she could be of assistance to Miss James. And I knew"—I couldn't help smiling a little

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when I thought how avidly, at that moment, the curious one was, in all probability, drinking in information diffused by anxious mothers—"I knew that was what Miss Calliope was most interested in. Miss Terpsichore has gone over to consult Miss Eveleth, the teacher in the school at the Mines and a really charming girl, about the way to make up her new foulard. And I believe she is planning to wear it to one of the musical evenings at the Assembly Hall, to which Doctor Rogers is to take her."

I paused. Under that gaze my courage was beginning to need reinforcement.

"And Euterpe?" There was not a shade of expression in Melpomene's voice.

My own voice trembled a little. For this last was really a dangerous thing to say.

"Miss Euterpe—I *believe*"—somehow the perfectly transparent evasion in the "believe" was comforting—"is on the road to Beavertown with Mr. James. He was to drive her there in his car."

Melpomene's face blanched.

"For what purpose?"

"I understand there were certain things they wanted to talk over."

Melpomene drew a long and very difficult breath.

"I understand," she said. Then she closed her lips and I waited.

"Disloyal!" There was fierce contempt in her tone. "A genealogy—a gossip—a dress—a lover. For such things to desert—Him!"

I took my courage in my hands. She did not seem as angry as I had expected—only sad.

"But, Miss Tayloe, isn't it natural that they—being women—should care for these things?"

She faced me, tragedy in her dark face.

"And am I not a woman? And have I not cared? Has there been one of these things that I have not held in my hands and put away for him? I was twenty-one when Euterpe was born and our mother died. There was a time when I read, thought, *flirted*—" there was grim satisfaction in her voice. "Could you believe that I was once the best cross-country rider for miles around! And in the twenty-two years there has not been one thing I cared for that I have not seen fall away. My beauty, my friends, my pretty frocks, the man who loved me. Poverty came, sickness came, isolation and dreariness. The people of our own class have disappeared from the near-by towns, and we have been left alone. There was only my father left. You can't imagine what he was when I was a child. He was a god to me. And I have seen him change from a brilliant, courtly man, the best physician this side of Washington—to what he is. There was a time when every one in the village hung upon his nod. And now they are going over to the Mine doctor. It's all he had left, and they're taking it away from him. I'm afraid if they take it away he'll die. And if they take him away from me I'll die!"

She made your heart ache. But it wasn't possible to give her sympathy.

"But wouldn't it be easier for you all if he gave up practice?"

It was then that she turned on me in a real fury.

"Give up his practice because he had lost his mind! My father *imbecile!* I shall never admit it. To see him who was the core of my heart being despoiled, inch by inch, of every quality by which he had stood in my heart as *himself*—And the moments when he was like a child, unconscious of his own failings—and the worse moments when the agony of it flashed across him and he *knew!* I'd do anything, crime even, to keep that knowledge from other people. And I'd die to keep it from himself!"

"But the lives of others—Mrs. Renwick's life perhaps, certainly her health—at stake!"

"What do I care! Oh, I suppose I don't mean that really. But there is just one thing in the world I do care for! Nothing seems of much importance beside my father!" There was the light of fanaticism in her eyes. And I felt myself very helpless before it.

We were standing in unquiet silence, when we heard slow steps coming up the stairs outside. A tender glow came over the fierce, harsh face.

"There's Father now," she said, adoringly. "He would put the horse up. It's the hardest thing of all for him that, since we sent the man away, we girls sometimes have to take care of the

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horse." In the very instant of her speaking there was a heavy fall.

I was the first to reach him. It's an odd thing that even love doesn't seem to be as swift to aid as professional training.

So it happened that in the half-hour that followed I took the lead. Miss Tayloe carried out directions fairly well, but it was in a dazed, faltering way, and often, when quick action was necessary, she stood still and wrung her hands mutely. He was desperately ill, with one of those attacks of acute indigestion, the stoppage of all the functions, that are so often fatal with very old people. If we hadn't gone to work upon him he would probably have died where he fell, for the heart action was very feeble. I had to give him a hypodermic of strychnine before the Mine doctor got there. But he was much easier and the circulation was starting up finely when Doctor Rogers bent his pleasant face over him.

You never saw anything sweeter or more docile than was that dear old gentleman. There was eagerness in the readiness with which he gave up the conduct of things to us. And when he saw from a glance at Melpomene's face that she was docile too, he settled back, and an expression of beautiful restfulness came into his face. He was so dear and so grateful for the least little thing, and the exquisite breeding that was an inalienable part of him was so touching when you saw him lying there helplessly before you, and knew that if he did recover it would be for only a few faltering years, that the pity you felt almost made the hands that were ministering to him shake. Yet the benign sweetness so beamed through him into your soul that you knew that was the greatest part, that it was divinely alive and young, and so would be always. The poor dear was so glad to give up and not have to strain himself to be wise any more. And the strange part of it was that the three of us moved about him as if we were taking part in some religious ceremonial. When our hands met as we worked over him the chance touch became the sign of some great brotherhood whose entrance rites we three, so lately unknowing and antagonistic, were performing in unison.

So, when the excitement was all over, and, almost before she knew how ill he was, Doctor Rogers assured Melpomene that her father would soon be well, she was quite different. And the humorous part of it was that it was Doctor Rogers, whose coming to Tayloesville had made all the trouble, to whom she was really grateful. It seemed as if she *liked* to be subordinate to some one, and that when the necessity of being the stern despot of the household was over, something unnatural and harsh in Melpomene dropped away too.

When the other sisters came in, very guilty and hurried, their anxiety about their father filled the first moments. And when that was over and the inevitable pause came when they eyed Melpomene expectantly, nothing worse happened on Melpomene's face than a grim little smile or two. Even when Euterpe and Mr. James drove up, Mr. James quite shamelessly jubilant, and Miss Euterpe dewy and wistful and very, very rosy, nothing of the expected tempest materialized. So Mr. James began to take possession of the various practical details that had to be attended to, in his easy, efficient way, and Doctor Rogers made every arrangement for Doctor Tayloe's illness, and Melpomene sat back with hands that seemed to me, just at the first, ominously empty. I had slipped up-stairs to give Mrs. Renwick her dinner, and she felt so much better that she wanted to come down and read to Doctor Tayloe. Then it became apparent that Doctor Rogers had met Terpsichore before and was attracted by her—I thought he was very foolish, for she wasn't anything like as interesting as Melpomene. I suppose, of course, that since she was ten years or more younger, it was more suitable. But I couldn't help being sympathetic with Melpomene. Not that she had an idea of the sort herself. He was just an abstract sort of a symbol of the masculine, I think.

I *am* absurd, I suppose, but all the time I was getting Doctor Tayloe comfortable for the night, I was thinking of Melpomene. The long, dutiful, *lost* years of her life rolled out before me, endless, starved, dumb. I tried to imagine what the lover was like that she had sent away; I imagined the scene when she sat her horse at the end of a cross-

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country run, a queen in her little court. I had to tell myself over and over again that she had done the right and heroic thing. But I couldn't help feeling just angry to think of all her murdered years. I wonder if any one else is foolish enough to get into a passion for some one else over things that have for a long, long time been over? And it made me angrier than ever to think of Terpsichore and Doctor Rogers having everything made so easy and pleasant for them.

But with Euterpe and Mr. James it was very different. They had a right to be selfish. It was all right—divinely right. I saw them as they drifted away from the rest to say good night—the little fluttering hands that somehow knew the way around his neck, the great eyes that were lifted up adoring him, the trembling scarlet flower of her mouth—and his face, white now with an awful seriousness of his young passion. All night long they were haunting my consciousness, the worshipping eyes, the scarlet mouth, the white face whose lips strained at their leash of control—the man and maiden seeing, feeling, wanting nothing but each other—the flower and the fragrance and the melody of life!

Christmas Carol

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE kings they came from out the south,
  All dressed in ermine fine,
They bore Him gold and chrysophrase,
  And gifts of precious wine.

The shepherds came from out the north,
  Their coats were brown and old,
They brought Him little new-born lambs—
  They had not any gold.

The wise men came from out the east,
  And they were wrapped in white,
The star that led them all the way
  Did glorify the night.

The angels came from heaven high,
  And they were clad with wings,
And, lo, they brought a joyful song
  The host of heaven sings.

The kings they knocked upon the door,
  The shepherds entered in,
The wise men followed after them
  To hear the song begin.

The angels sang throughout the night
  Until the rising sun,
But little Jesus fell asleep,
  Before the song was done.

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Out of No-Man's Land

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THERE is a No-Man's Land that you may find anywhere from St. Petersburg to Tokio. It is the land of the big hotel—the hotel double-starred in the guide-book. Its essentials are space, elevators, electric lights, and baths—all very good things in their way, but things for which one may pay too high a price in more precious things than money.

Conformity is the ideal of No-Man's Land, and while the exigencies of the climate cause this outward expression to vary, yet every effort is made to do away with trying differences which may jar on the nerves of the fastidious traveller who takes this curious way of seeing the world. For instance, while the servants are perforce of different nationalities, this trying variation is overcome as much as possible by the training of the waiters. They seem to breed a polyglot tribe all through southern Europe to serve those who live in No-Man's Land, just as they breed tall and pompous grenadiers for *portiers*.

The general aspect of the inhabitants is curiously alike—as alike as the sequence of courses or the fashion of cooking. You may go at a bound from Paris to Rome, and yet eat the same dinner and sit down to it with the same crowd about you. In one place as in the other you will find well-dressed Americans, the same British matrons, the same scattering of titled people, and in one place as in the other the assembly will be heavily weighted with English-speaking people.

Like a rich and powerful family, these hotels have many poor relations. Some are enveloped with specious elegance and small comfort; others sternly respectable—all modelled as nearly as possible upon the lines of the most powerful and enduring; while still others, like old families who need not to put on any frills, have for so long had a standard of excellence that they keep on their own way tranquilly, without any concessions to fashion, secure of their patronage. There are two things about these hotels that one may be sure of—that they are all to be found in Baedeker, and that they are all appallingly and deadeningly alike. Through their dignified portals the wind of chance never blows; the atmosphere of the country in which they are is shut out as sternly as an Italian shuts out the night air.

But while the great hotels in No-Man's Land do things with a gesture, and although its fluctuating crowd has little to say about the country, still, viewed as a crowd, it is often more than amusing. It is in what one might call the well-connected hotel and pensions that middle-class dulness broods, and to these most of us are condemned.

In an excellent but depressing hostelry in Florence a company of Americans found ourselves. "Is this Italy?" we asked one another (the cooking and the company were overpoweringly virginal and English). We sat reflecting sadly how an ignorance of a language cuts one off from all but museums. We told one another mournful tales of our childhood, when we had walked through endless hotel corridors, our wistful eyes searching the eyes of other children to whom we never spoke; we didn't need to be told not to—the atmosphere of No-Man's Land did it as surely as if some great sign had been placed frieze-like along the wall—"No Talking Allowed Here." This is a sad way for friendly children to live. We confessed that good-tempered chambermaids, not yet broken into the rigorous service, had formed our only solace.

In childhood, too, we had all seen from railway carriages little red-roofed towns in which were comfortable smiling little hotels whose sun-bathed faces overlooked some sleepy piazza. We had

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wondered why we never stopped in places like these, and had wished very much indeed that sometimes one could get off the train before the place one had planned to stop the night before, and take one's chances along the road.

It was inflaming talk of this kind that led us into the real Italy, past the warning in all guide-books. You may find it under the heading "Hotels," as follows:

"The wise traveller will avoid the native hotels of the country. While there may occasionally be found one of excellence, for American and English travellers they are for the most part utterly impracticable, leaving much, if not all, to be desired in cleanliness, food, and lodging, as well as in service."

And it is a warning that the traveller who is under the heel of the great god Comfort would do well to heed. If you are one who has gone through life leading by one hand a porcelain tub and by the other a radiator, such adventurings are not for you.

Our entrance into the real Italy might be described like a ride through a tunnel that brings you out on the other side of the mountain into a different climate and a different atmosphere, though in our case the tunnel was merely a ride under the stars in a *carrozza* after a time passed tediously on the railway—a ride up a hill to a town that can have no name, because of the personalities that I shall have to indulge in concerning my friends Amelia, Otillio, and Annunciata. Some busybody would be sure to go to them and tell them that I, a trusted friend, had delivered them and their ingenuous vanities to print, and this would be a poor recompense to pay to those who led us first really into Italy, and also helped us to learn their lovely language through their eager willingness to understand every broken word of ours.

It was Beppi, the *facchino,* who led us up the hill in the darkness, chatty and communicative. Instead of the clanging bell that greets one's arrival at the hotels throughout Europe as a signal for the *portier,* deferential of manner and ample of abdomen, to come forth with his military salute, Beppi entered the hotel and bawled informally:

"Amelia! Amelia! Le Signorine Inglese!"

And so we stepped over the threshold of what in our eyes seemed the Land of Romance, with Amelia, purple of cheek, curling of hair, ample, homely, wholesome, as guide.

Underfoot the floors of our rooms were covered with red tiles. The plastered and whitewashed walls were stencilled with a pretty blue pattern. Furniture there was little beyond a bed and an august wardrobe, which looked as though it had begun life with the ambition of becoming a mausoleum, but had been forced by circumstances into a humbler walk of life. The very bareness of the room was reassuring and grateful.

"Here," we said, "we are quit of those who live in No-Man's Land. The British matrons, the two gentle American spinsters who have haunted us under varying forms, will never find their way here. There is nothing to see here but Italy."

And we took to admiring the hotel garden—a mere little shelf of land tucked almost on top of the roofs of houses and overlooking other shelf-like gardens fifteen or twenty feet below. From its exterior one would not have suspected the Stella d'Italia of any garden at all, for it gave prosaically on a little narrow street on one side and on an apology for a square on the other. A humble little *trattoria* flanked it, where people sat and drank syrups or the wine of the country, on the sidewalk, and there were the symptoms of a cinematograph opposite; it had been or was to be, I don't know which, for in the small hill towns of Italy the cinematograph is apt to be like the "Free Lunch To-morrow" of the historic Bowery sign.

This garden itself was an eloquent and touching example of how Italy can make a great deal out of very little. Here was a little shelf of land, very little more than a long back yard, and, behold! by its artful divisions it had a wood at one end so dense that at a stone table set in the midst of the boskage one could have imagined oneself miles away in the very depths of a forest. Especially as evening drew on was this true, until Annunciata lighted an evil-smelling acetylene light, heated her irons on a tiny charcoal fire made in what seemed

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to be a square flower-pot, and thus performed her ironing *al fresco,* thereby, it seemed to me, making a fine example to our housewives, who perform the same task of ironing clothes in a hot kitchen and in the middle of the day.

There was a graceful path of complicated design through whose intricacies one might really make a walk of several rods and pretend one was in a spacious garden, and on both sides this path was bordered by a small and very fragrant rose, while an opulent Dijon clambered masterfully up the side of the hotel. Here and there a marble table at which one might dine gleamed white against the trees, and in the remotest corner dense shrubbery made a little private dining-room; nor was there lacking a small fountain. Down below one could see the winding streets of the little village, other gardens, and, at a distance, terraces of lemons with their straw mattings to protect them from the too direct rays of the sun; and still farther a glimpse of the little beach, with fishing-boats drawn up upon it.

And as we looked out and reflected, with very much the feelings of children on their first escape from parental authority, Amelia entered, with a copper jug of hot water in her big purple fist.

"What will it please the Signore to eat?" she inquired. And with such an air of authority did she speak that we asked her if she were the *padrona.*

And at this she blushed and exclaimed quickly:

"Oh no! I am only the *cameriera.* Would it please the Signore to eat a duck?" she persisted.

We agreed to eat a duck.

"I will now go and kill it suddenly," remarked Amelia; as indeed she did, and very near our windows it was, for beneath the hotel terrace were arches where were poultry and wash-tubs; where the children made doll-houses, and where the numerous old women attached to the house sat and gossiped while they did everything from washing clothes to picking over old mattresses.



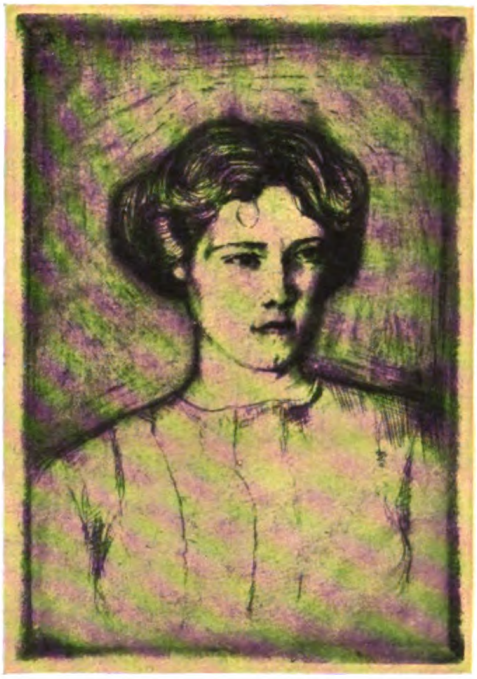
THE STELLA D'ITALIA GAVE PROSAICALLY ON A NARROW STREET

Presently we dined upon the recently slaughtered duck and irreproachable fried potatoes and a salad and fruits served on fresh leaves. We ate in the face of the sunset out-of-doors, with the air sweet with the scent of the roses, the wandering winds bringing us whiffs of lemon blooms from the neighboring terraces, and the dusk gathering over the white stretch of sea far below. In sweet contentment of spirit we listened to the prattle of Fede, the waiter, as he came and went. He told us everything that would make our stay more enjoyable, wishing to prove that the Stella d'Italia was a peerless place, I believe. He even

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mentioned that the composer Bizet had stayed there the season before; and when, in our ungallant Anglo-Saxon way, we mentioned the fact that we had ignorantly supposed him dead these many years, nothing daunted, he proved that this was not so by humming the *Toreador*.

And then, in the midst of our happiness, he allowed the axe to fall upon our defenceless heads.



AMELIA

"The Signore are not the only English Signore here," he said. "There is another lady here—an English lady who paints; an English gentleman with his spouse departed yesterday." He ran away in quest of cheese.

Was it not possible in the uttermost parts of the earth to escape them, we wondered. What brought them to this little unknown town which had nothing to recommend it to the sightseer except a church—and what town in Italy hasn't a church and a pulpit and an altar-piece?

By the time Fede had returned, our pessimistic minds had formed a picture of the interloping English painter.

"Was she middle-aged?" we asked. "Had she long teeth?"

"Very long teeth," replied Fede, "very middle-aged." He smiled.

"What time does she have her meals?" we asked.

"She breakfasts very, very early and is off. She stays away all day to paint. She returns late. She goes down to such and such a town."

"And why does she not stay there?" we wanted to know.

"The air," replied Fede, without hesitation—"the air here is much finer. She comes back to sleep."

He changed the subject by announcing that Otillio, the padrone, had purchased a cageful of nightingales and a cageful of doves, both of which Annunciata was to cook for us.

"A brave cook, Annunciata!" prattled Fede. "Truly an accomplished woman! One time she was cook for long in an English family—*nobilissimi* they were. She only left because of the death of her padrone."

Indeed an accomplished woman was Annunciata, as Fede proclaimed her. She had, I suppose, the dirtiest kitchen that any woman was ever guilty of. We knew that its floor was covered with red tiling because the rest of the floors were; otherwise it might have been the beaten earth of the street. Scrubbings would have done it no good; the hoe and the rake and the hose of the fire department would have been the only things strong enough to have removed the grime of ages from that kitchen floor. The *batterie de cuisine* was of copper, but it did not shine.

In one corner of this kitchen an old and decrepit man and several elderly females sat and perpetually prepared vegetables or plucked the feathers from fowls and poultry of various kinds, for the Stella d'Italia had a fair business at luncheon-time, as people sometimes drove out from the large neighboring town for the sake of the view.

In one corner was a soapstone hearth as high as any ordinary kitchen range, and a hood built down upon it. Upon this were places for several tiny charcoal fires, and over a handful of inadequate-looking coals and dusky copper dishes Annunciata would turn forth as savory meals as it has ever been my lot to taste. She could roast to a nicety in a covered

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casserole, and I think, to do her justice, from the taste of the cookery, that the interior of these pots must sometime have been scoured.

At all hours one might find her, large and good-tempered, waving her dilapidated turkey-fan with a delicate hand toward the embers. When we descended the stairs at noon and Amelia or Fede cried out, "Annunciata! Le Signore Inglese!" she would boom out, "Prunto!" as resonant as a bell, and presently send forth, from the midst of the unspeakable disorder in which she cooked, succulent dishes.

We turned blind eyes upon the dirt of Annunciata's kitchen and concentrated our attention on the excellent food, and philosophized about the economy of fuel in Italy, whereby a whole hotel was supplied with meals at less cost for fuel than for a small family in this country, and went around our small town rejoicing, our only dark spot the haunting shadow of the long-toothed Englishwoman.

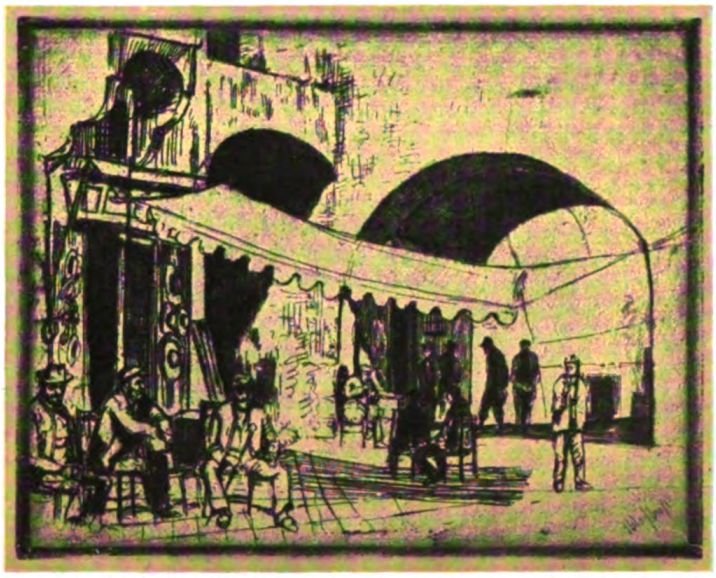
And if it hadn't been for the dog of the *paroco,* we might have gone away and really have missed the whole significance of our little hotel. It was our custom often to stray into the church of Santa Maria di Primavera near at hand, and more than once we had lured forth the dog of the parish priest, who had a fondness for eating his bones before the altar of Our Lady—to our Protestant eyes an unseemly act. And through this Scotch terrier, whom I have always suspected of having some Presbyterian leanings, we became acquainted with the parish priest, an ascetic, middle-aged man, possessed of some French.

"Brave people," he remarked to us, "with whom you stay. A good daughter is Amelia, and a fine cook the *padrona,* Annunciata." (It was Otillio we had supposed to be *padrone.*) "Yes," went on the priest, "and well brought-up her children. When Annunciata took up this venture, a while back, her son Fede left the big hotel in which he was *cameriere,* to help his mother; and Otillio, though not a clever lad, is good enough for bookkeeper. It has been a great windfall for them to have you with them. You are the first English that they have had, and I hope you will recommend them to others. A fine thing for Annunciata to have all her rooms taken by one party, except the room for commercial travellers and that for the Signor Avvocato."

He called to his dog and went his way.

There never had been any English lady, you see. There was no house across the street; there was no Marjorie Daw. The lady of the long teeth, of the early rising habits, had been a pure figment of the brain of Fede, touchingly invented to make us feel at home and that we were not strangers in a strange land; and to make their new hotel glorious they had all of them sunk their personalities—all but Otillio—who wore the dignity of padrone with all the youthful malaise in the world.

Now we understood why it was that it



A HUMBLE TRATTORIA WHERE PEOPLE SAT AND DRANK SYRUPS

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was like digging for buried treasure to extract the weekly bill from them, and understood, too, conversations such as these that would occur:

We, looking the bill over sternly: "Otillio, you have neglected to place upon the bill the sandwiches and tea we had the other afternoon. How much are they?"

Otillio: "Signore, I do not know; I will ask ma—that is to say, I will ask Annunciata. I was in town that afternoon."

"The wash bill, did you not pay our wash bill last week when we were absent?"

Otillio, with deep discomfort, as though convicted of a fault: "Si, Signore."

We, sternly: "Find out how much it was and put it on the bill. And the extra wine that we had the other evening?"

Otillio, throwing forth his hands: "Signore, that I cannot count for you. If the Signore drink a little more or less, who can count that? We who buy wine at wholesale!"

"But it must cost something."

"Almost less than nothing," Otillio, hastily and with embarrassment: "That wine I buy from the *podere* of my uncle."

Thus inadequately did poor Otillio play the unfamiliar part of the grasping hotel-keeper. No doubt he got many scoldings from his "mamma"—otherwise Annunciata, the true and adequate proprietress.

But until our departure we never told them that we knew that Amelia was no ordinary *cameriera*. We let them go on playing their little parts for the glory of the Stella d'Italia of which they were so proud, and for us, their first *forestieri*, though it was true that at the last they became a little lax in calling Annunciata, and occasionally we would hear:

"Mamma! Le Signore!"

Partly because they were charming persons and partly because they opened the door of Italy to us, Otillio and his family, who deceived us so bravely for the glory of the Stella d'Italia, will always remain first to us, though the Minerva, in Capo di Sorrento, played it a close second.

There is no town of its size that I know of in the south of Italy where the No-Man's Land hotels flourish better amid a more successful *mise en scène*. They have every modern improvement—electric light and lifts and baths in connection with each room—well, almost every room—and marvellous views from each window; for you cannot escape views in that part of the country if you want to. The gardens are knowingly laid out, and full of roses; besides that, they dance the Tarantella every night that there are strangers enough to pay for it. Indeed, they do very well indeed, both scenically and every other way.

But there are some things they can't do for you that the little Minerva, out a couple of kilometres, can, though you may live there for five or six *lire* a day. Because if you live at the Minerva you can't help finding out how a big Italian farm is run. For a half-hour's walk out of the tourist-ridden town of Sorrento, the shops of whose main street proclaim it to be given up to the stranger, you may find yourself in the deep country. Your walk takes you winding around the edge of a mountain, up whose sides clamber terraces of olives, and down whose flanks slide lemon groves, and at each turn in the road you have a new picture. The sea below you is more like some clear jewel than water, and Vesuvius, as beautiful as Fujiyama ever was, dominates the whole. No wonder they love their country—the south Italians; no wonder they come back to it, and no wonder the nations of the earth—heavy Germans, and all the northern races—escape from their countries to look upon the pure beauty of this lovely land.

Capo di Sorrento is a tiny village, with its own church and its scattering of houses and a mysterious and ample Roman ruin of its own. The new Minerva until recently was not inaptly termed "Paradiso," for lovely enough its ornamentations were when we arrived. Perhaps too much wistaria clambered up the trellis, the roses clustered too richly, the view too magnificent, until the whole thing gave one the effect of being in a well-staged Belasco play instead of in a humble little pension-hotel, which was to Italy what the farmers' boarding-houses are to America.

At just what date the proprietor be-

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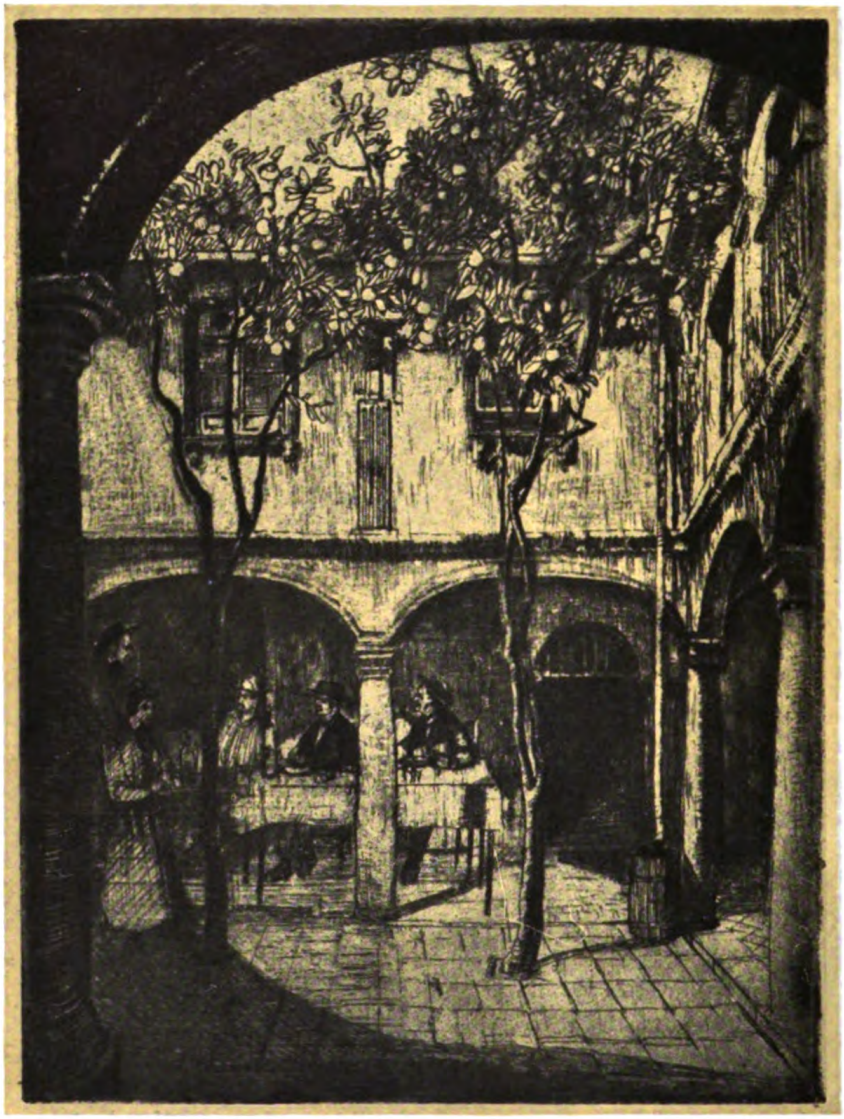


THE KITCHEN—HOTEL MINERVA
Etched by B. J O. Nordfeldt

came more hotel-keeper than he was farmer I cannot tell you. Tourists probably found him out one time in his *podere,* or perhaps it was his father or his grandfather, and boarded with him in his up hill, down dale house—the house under which are tucked away the cow-stables, the bake-oven, and the mill for the olive oil. Incidentally there is also a bath-tub, used only under great stress, such as in cases of severe illness; for, when we saw it, it was turned upside down and stored away among the rafters, with the dust of ages over it. The clothes of the family were being washed in the substitutes for set-tubs opposite the bake-oven, where their wholesome brown bread was in the process of baking.

And the Minerva is still as much of a farm as it is hotel. They grow their own vegetables and their own fruit, and have their own cows, and make their own wine and their own oil; and more unusual yet, most of their own bread. The work is done as at the Stella d'Italia—by the sons and daughters of the family, only the old patriarch of a proprietor makes no pretences for the sake of his

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THE ORANGE-TREE PATIO—FONDA ITALIA
Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

hotel. And how many sons and daughters he had was a fact never fathomed; all we knew was that they were all handsome, red-cheeked, deep-bosomed, curly-headed, and that he fairly burst with pride over the beauty of his daughters, making a personal matter of it, as though it were through some special virtue of his that they were such a fine-looking race.

As business increased he bought the second pension-hotel, and there from his farm he feeds a horde of Northerners; for by some trick of the tourist business almost all of the people who go there come from the farthest corner of Europe. You may hear Russian talked and Finnish and the variations of Swedish and Norwegian, and German also, but hardly ever a word of English.

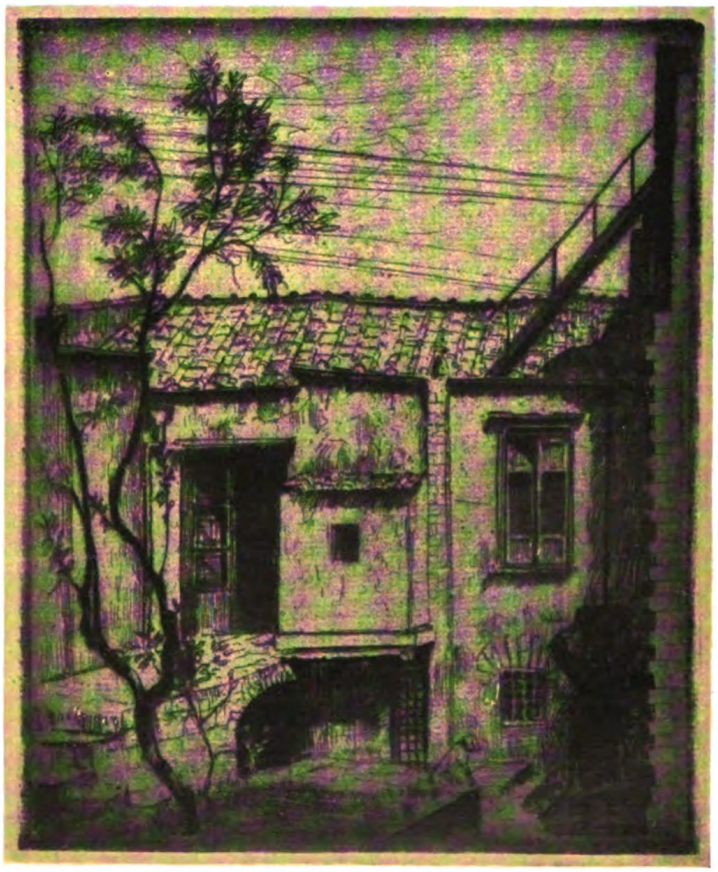
It is to be observed as one travels around in different places that the tourist only too often acts as though he were invisible; here he stops to gape at a market group; there you find him in a cathedral while high mass is in progress, making his way through the worshippers to sur-

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vey some picture as though they were not there. So in the end the people of Italy have gotten to treat the mighty army of tourists as though in very truth they did not exist. It is different in Spain; you cannot visit that land without meeting Spanish people; they do not keep courteously out of your way as do the Italians. Even if you do not speak the language you will, whether you wish to or not, and whether you keep your eyes open or not, see more of Spanish people in a week's time than it is probable you will of Italians in a month. In Spain, even in the cities, every eye will follow you; you are an object of interest —not a flattering interest always, but from the small boy who follows you in mobs to the demurely observant eye of well-bred ladies on their way to mass they are never indifferent to you.

It was because of this interest we aroused that our hearts failed us for a moment—that and the guide-book warning of "No Thoroughfare" in front of the native *fondas*. I have seen Spanish guide-books, indeed, where the earnestness of the warnings reached the point of hysteria; so much so that it made any experimenting seem adventuresome enough. But as far as my experience goes I should rather have a jolly meal out-of-doors in the Fonda Italia in Algeciras than in any other hotel in that town. It depends on what you have come to Spain for, of course; if you have come to see a fine hotel, go by all means to the Reina Cristina; it is a most commendable and beautiful hotel. But if you have come to see Spain and feel adventurously inclined, wander up the little ice-cream-colored side street, beyond the market on this side of the cathedral, and ask one of the dozen little boys that will be following you where the Fonda Italia is.

If it is the proper season of the year, you will eat in a charming patio where oranges grow to the second story, and there will be a good-tempered and talkative Spanish crowd eating around you; and if it is your first venture in Spain you will marvel over the length of the menu and the strange disposition of the courses; for if I remember rightly there were hors-d'œuvres, soup, fish, and that dish whose name I have never mastered and without which no Spanish dinner is complete—boiled dried peas of a huge size, with more or less fragments of boiled beef about it and shreds of greens, an excellent dish, though as I tell it sounding contrary to all known laws of cookery. Then the meat and some other fish, and finally dessert, nuts and raisins



THE "UP HILL, DOWN DALE" HOUSE

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HOTEL CAVILLA—TANGIER

and oranges; and it seems to me that I have omitted mention of a fowl with salad in some portion of the menu where one would not expect such fowl and salad to appear.

Of the No-Man's Land in Spain I am in no position to speak; I never saw it, for right in the beginning of things we met Doña Amelia, a much-travelled business woman, who gave us addresses of tiny and inexpensive *fondas,* so that for the brief space of time we were in Spain we did not so much as see an English-speaking waiter, and were received as old friends by members of the family. Charming people gave us lessons in Spanish, reconstructed our Anglo-Saxon coiffures, and led us into the mysteries of the adjustment of the *mantilla,* until we felt that we were relatives returned from journeyings instead of board-paying strangers. It may be, for all I know, that Spain has no true No-Man's Land; perhaps all Spain is off the beaten track.

It is not always sunshine, though, in the world outside of No-Man's Land; moments there are when one turns to the respectable if not heart-warming Baedeker for advice. There remain in our minds some vast tomb-like rooms in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in a hotel that acted as though its only visitors for a generation had been ghosts. The ordering of food was accompanied by dreary waits; panic followed on the heels of a request for the "Bath in the Hotel" advertised in four languages; and no wonder, for the family washing of the whole past month was at that moment soaking in the amorphous tank-like structure which the proprietors fondly looked upon as a bath-tub. And as a disreputable pendant of this respectable and

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moribund *Gasthaus* there was in Marseilles a whited sepulchre of a hotel of a snug enough and quiet exterior, but of dubious gayety o' nights. To offset these was the little Hôtel du Commerce in Saint-Raphael, whose windows looked forth on a populous beach on which were drawn up many boats; whose proprietor was the chef, and who brought to the preparing of meals that loving zeal so seldom found outside France.

The most rewarding of hotels is that hotel of paradoxes—Cavilla's, which is a Spanish hotel but which is not in Spain; Cavilla's, on whose roof live turkeys, and where the women sing the old coplas of Andalusia all the day long as they wash the clothes; on whose terraces dwell hoary turtles, and where you hear the perpetually disquieting beat of Moorish drums and the noise of the *gimbri* from the cafés underneath. For Cavilla's is a little island of Europe perpetually washed by the waves of Islam. It stands a big square place overlooking the Socco Grande in Tangier, and to get to it one must push one's way through the flocks and herds of the tribes. Before the very door the caravans of small camels lie down and the muffled women await the return of their lords, sitting with their backs against the hotel, looking at the Europeans with great and curious eyes. Outside, all is color and confusion; inside, all is quiet. You pass from one civilization to another, from Morocco to Spain, every time you cross the doorstep, and no matter how long you stay, the contrast never loses its sharpness.

They say that any one who knows the Sôk of Tangier and understands its currents, its drifts, and from which tribes the men come who wander through it, and who the holy men who beg there day by day (holy men who do not beg from Christians, in contradistinction to those who do), and who can understand the story-tellers, and knows how the snake-charmer lights straw by blowing on it after his tongue has been bitten by his snakes—it is said that any one who knows these things knows Morocco; but it is safe to say that the Europeans who do can be counted on one hand. There are not many Stricklands to be found in El Moghreb. But certain it is that you may live months in this place and day by day the sights from your window will be new, and day by day the varying life of Tangier, full of color, will be unrolled before your eyes. Wedding processions with the bride cooped in a bright-painted wooden box will sway past at nightfall with torches and music, and the chanted dead march of the informal Moorish funerals break into the roar of the Sôk, while the skirling music of Sidi Meefee, the patron saint of the Sôk, dominates every other sound.

After all, the little inns of a country are about the only point of contact that the average traveller has with the people of that country; for, indeed, what people eat and drink, and how they are contented to live out of their own homes, tells one a vast lot when you come down to it.

The moment you leave the land of big hotels and step into one of the little hostelries you find along the roadside you can make up the whole civilization of the country if you are clever, as a Buffon could reconstruct the whole animal from one bone. What more eloquent of the civilization of France, for instance, than the excellent omelet you may find waiting for you in almost any little hotel from Dieppe to the Midi? *"Der Mensch ist was er isst,"* and one could spend years in studying the customs and manners of France and Germany, and yet find it all in the contrast between that marvellous roast chicken, the art of which is lost the moment you put foot over the border, and the estimable salad of France with the beer and the ever-present productions of the pig in the small hostelries of the Fatherland. What more significant of at once the poverty and the richness of our own civilization in this country, where all the fruits of the earth—or at least the vegetables of it—are served in the country hotels in a series of chilly and forbidding birds' bath-tubs We are a nation who ask for a ruinous plenty and are content, in more things than food, to have this plenty cold, unappetizing, and ill-served. It is a far cry from the chain of fashionable institutions from Ponce up the coast to the little ordinary hotel of the small town. Could not a sagacious traveller plumb our heights and depths from these?

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The Bridegroom

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

UPON the ancient and unsteady gate of the Duggan homestead, that twilight in October, leaned Liza Duggan, propping her elbows on the top of it, cradling her chin in two calloused little palms, and lifting wide, trustful eyes to the face of the man before her. He, big-shouldered and silent, slouched, waiting coolly, one hand deep in his pocket, the other ripping, with small tearing noises, splinters from a decaying picket beneath his hand.

"It ain't that I don't trust you, Johnny," she reproached him, timidly sweet; "you know that, don't you?"

He left off torturing the wood long enough to answer with a shrug of his shoulders and a kind of stubbornness. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, Johnny!" said Liza, again. There were tears in her eyes, but she winked them back. She looked away from him, out across the dimly shining beach and the reach of shadow that was the Sound, to where an island light showed far on the vague horizon rim.

"Because I can't bear for you to be mad at me," she pleaded.

The very controlled indifference of his reply frightened away the last traces of her insurgence.

"I ain't mad at you. I'm just tellin' you. One day don't make no difference. But if you can't see it that way—"

"When it's yo' weddin'-day, Johnny?" It was a wistful regret, not a protest.

"One day later 'll marry us, just as good—if you *goin'* to marry me."

The dim threat of losing him sufficed.

"What you think's right," she cried, in her haste faltering sadly over the words, "is right for *me*. I reckon you know best. I never would 'a' thought nothin' of it, only Ma said—"

"Now you puttin' yo' finger on it," he interrupted, impartially. "Ma said—and Aunt Josie said—and gran'mammy said—till between the lot of 'em you don't scarcely dare to call yo' soul yo' own. You ain't got nerve enough to think fo' yo'self—you po' soft little kid!"

He put out his hand with a sudden roughness of caress, and she cuddled her cheek upon it happily. His flare of tenderness, half yearning, half indulgent, made all things well with her.

"What 'd yo' ma say, Liza?"

"She says," deprecatingly, "that it's bad luck to postpone yo' weddin'—without you got a mighty good reason."

"Mine's good enough."

"She says—she says it wouldn't suit *her*."

His short laugh took small account of that.

"Tell yo' ma I'm not marryin' her. Listen here, Liza. I want you to understan', so we'll be through with all this talk about it, once 'n' for all. I tell you I got to go out in the country. There's a man I want to see—"

"He couldn't come here to you?" she put in, timidly.

The suggestion might have carried a flick of irony, for he winced, his eyes narrowing over some secret struggle.

"No, honey, he couldn't come here. An' I got to see him now, or he won't be there. It's a kind of business that don't wait on weddin's. He'll be expectin' me Friday—I got to be there. Now, you understand?"

Stricken with remorseful submission, she had opened the gate in an instant and slipped round it to lean against his shoulder.

"It's all right, Johnny. I oughtn't 'a' bothered you."

He held her close with one arm, his right hand still plucking and ripping splinters of the rotten wood. In spite of his mastering coolness, the almost stoic front of his indifference, there seemed a latent strife within the man.

"That's my girl!" he said, suddenly.

Out of his crushing hold, his cheek against her hair, she murmured a tremulous assent, and when he kissed her, lit-

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tle short of savagely, tightening his big arms until she gasped for breath, her face was white with happiness.

"It's all I care for," she whispered.

He relaxed to a gentler tenderness.

"Then you needn't worry, Liza. That's safe enough. Ever since you came back from yo' aunt Josie's this summer, there ain't been any doubt in my mind. When I think of that li'l' old house, and you in it, and me—I could mighty nigh whip the earth!" Love's age-old lyric croon was in his husky voice. A sincerity, vital and beyond question, looked from his eyes.

"You satisfied now?" he asked, gently, "and you won't let 'em pester you none—if we ain't married till Saturday?"

"I'm satisfied, Johnny." She added in a sighing contentment, "Ain't nobody can pester me, so long as you and me's together."

"Well, you want to remember that," he muttered, caressingly, above her bent head.

Presently he reverted to the old discussion with a passionate note of extenuation.

"I'm never goin' to leave you again, Liza."

She only rubbed her face, with a little adoring movement, up and down against his sleeve.

More to himself than to her, he went on with a gathering hoarseness.

"This is the last time—I swear to God—this is the last time!"

She lifted her head, startled by the conflict naked within his tone.

"Why, Johnny! What's the matter? I oughtn't to 'a' said anything mo' about it," her voice dropped to a surrendering softness. "It's all right. It was only because Ma said she reckoned you didn't care much if—if you wanted to wait—"

His powerful arm, beneath her little clinging fingers, quivered through all its muscles.

"Wait one day," he said, grimly, "and I can marry you to-morrow. If you don't want to do that, honey, it means waitin' just so much longer. Money don't grow on bushes."

"Oh, if it's money— I didn't know—"

"What 'd you think it was?" he demanded, with stifled bitterness. "Liza! Did you think they was anything else could stop me?"

"It's all right," she soothed, a healing in her voice like cool fingers on aching eyelids. "It's all right, Johnny. Don't you care! It's only one day, anyhow. Seems like things just crowd in on you sometimes—don't it? There was Monday you had to go to the city; now, to-morrow, goin' after the money—"

"Well," he interrupted, thrusting across her gentle trend with apprehensive eagerness, "it 'll be the last time." Then he put both arms about her, and she lifted her face to be kissed.

"You my girl, ain't you?" he murmured, with one of his brief hot flashes of tenderness.

A moment later, with an abrupt movement, he released her.

"You run inside now," he commanded. "Good night, honey."

But she lingered reluctant.

"You'll be back to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night—I'll be over. Don't you worry."

"Then good-night, honey," she cried, like a wistful echo, and ran up the path to the steps of the sprawling cottage behind the oleanders.

The man struck into the shell road that led to the village. He walked with the long, swinging stride of vitality at high pressure, and as he went he whistled a formless tune, a mere abstracted keeping time to the rhythm of his movements. He passed two houses with lighted windows, but coming to a third, he turned abruptly and entered.

A tired-looking woman, beside the oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, glanced up from her perusal of the evening paper and smiled.

"Well!" she greeted him, surprisedly. "You didn't stay long at Liza's to-night. Ev'ything all right about Saturday?"

He nodded. "Anybody been for the mail?"

"Nothin' but this," explained Mrs. Mangan.

She turned the paper so that on its first page a double-column heading and three pictures stood out boldly.

"I been readin' about that man Salvadoni. They're goin' to hang him to-morrow."

She swayed as she talked, and upon the bare floor the rockers of her chair gave out fretful creaking sounds.

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"You know he killed another man—about his wife—the other man's wife. Ain't them dagos dirty beasts? His picture's here."

She read aloud, slowly, with shuddering relish, "'Tonio Salvadoni, the Murderer—Hans Schwartz, the Victim, and Sarah Schwartz, the Woman in the Case!' Salvadoni's in the Parish Prison. It says he's just as cool—smokes cigarettes the reporters give him—eats like anybody else—talks to a priest. He says the woman made him do it, but he forgives her. I reckon that won't do him much good when he's bein' hung to-morrow. You'd think the city 'd 'a' had enough o' dagos with their vendettas, and their Black Hands, wouldn't you? I see they say Miller, the hangman, comes from somewhere up in this State—ain't it the—"

"Who's he?" interrupted her son, briefly. He watched with contracting brows while she answered.

"He's the man that does the hangin'. Funny, ain't it, for a man to *ask* for a job like that! He's hung ev'ybody the last two years. Here—want the paper?"

"You finished?" he asked, gruffly. He put out one hand and drew it back again.

There was secret eagerness in his face, and a kind of sickened resolution. So a man might look stretching his hand through flame to his heart's desire.

"That's all right—I can see it some other time," insisted his mother, unselfishly. Her glance lingered with a morbid interest upon the unlovely features of the three pictured faces. "I was readin' where a reporter from the *Journal* talked to Salvadoni, and he says he no more repents than—you do."

"Than me? What d'you mean?"

She lifted blue, faded eyes, blinking apologetically, before the startled roughness, the almost torture of his tone.

"Why—than you—or me—or anybody else who's got nothin' to repent of. Sit down and talk, son. What you goin' to do?"

He shifted from one foot to the other, his shoulders filling the narrow doorway.

"Goin' to bed. I got to get up at five in the morning. I'll want some coffee."

"What does Liza think of yo' goin' out in the country to-morrow, and makin' her wait to be married?"

"I'll be back to-morrow evenin'," he continued, ignoring her question, not brusquely or unpleasantly, but as if other matter occupied his closest thoughts. "Good night."

His footsteps sounded sharply along the hall.

"Don't lose that paper," his mother called after him. "I want it, son."

Hours after she had fallen asleep a light burned in the back room of the cottage; and upon the flimsy window-shade, drawn close, the shadow of a man pored over the shadow of a newspaper—very quietly. The wind died down and the stars sank before that shadow melted into darkness.

Dawn was more than a promise next morning when Mangan left the house. He rode away at a gallop, his sunburnt, handsome face showing both shadow and line for witness of a white night.

"I'll be back this evenin'," he called from the road, and his mother had answered docilely, wiping her hands on her apron:

"All right, son; I'll look for you."

That was at half past five. At ten minutes of seven, when smoke was curling from every kitchen chimney, and the sun showed a genial glamour thrusting up between the pine-tops, Liza and Mrs. Duggan waited at the station for the train.

The mother, a sharp-featured, brisk little woman, was full of consolation and caution.

"It 'll take yer mind off yerself. I'm glad I thought o' sending you. You can buy you a hat with half the money, and get my medicine with the rest. Mind you don't lose it! Go out to your cousin Robert's for dinner. The train don't start, comin' back, till ha'f past three. Have you got your money?—and the ticket? Things won't look so bad, with you goin' to the city to-day. Mind the cars on the street."

"I'll be all right, Ma," said Liza, in obedient reassurance. She drew a long breath when, from the car window, the last shadow of the station faded on her sight. The thought of that day, at home, had not been a happy one, for all her gentle bravery.

The blue silence of the bay was past, and the dew-smothered marshy country

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opening on either side, before her hands relaxed their hold upon each other. Then her mind leaped ahead in a happy resilience, and the haze of wretchedness that had enveloped her for over a week, since Mangan had insisted upon the postponement of their marriage, fell away. With the memory of his arm about her shoulders, his convincing words in her ear, she smiled, and had faith. A half-seen, tremulous vision unfolded itself. "When I think o' that li'l' old house—and you in it—and me!"—that was what Johnny had said, and—"I'm never goin' to leave you again, Liza—this is the last time."

The cobweb of dreams meshes the stars.

Liza half closed her eyes, and her heart beat with the tumult of the train. The flush that grew on her cheeks, swept to the roots of her brown hair, and ebbed, yet left her rosy, was a very delightful thing—if there had been any one looking to see it.

But there was not. In the seat before her, two men on their way into town for the day's business were discussing (with the casual interest of the citizen who beholds battle, murder, and sudden death head-lined beside his breakfast plate) the execution of Salvadoni.

"He'll get his," said the first one, briefly. "Good thing, too. Never heard of a more cold-blooded murder."

"He blames the woman—doesn't he?"

"Rotten coward! However, I dare say, she wasn't altogether innocent."

Liza, hearing, wondered absently. The outside world was not so real as her habitation of dreams.

"Well," the other man was saying, "of course he's guilty. He ought to be punished. That's all right. But this thing of hanging! Why don't they use the chair? Why don't they electrocute—decently—in the presence of only the necessary authorities?"

"Good many States hang," suggested the first, without much interest.

"It's a ghastly custom. Take this man who's doing the job to-day. What do they call him? Miller the Hangman. He's from somewhere up in our State. Comes to the city whenever there's a hanging—to cut the rope. The papers have mentioned him several times. It's the sheriff's work by rights, but nobody wants to shunt a man into eternity. Miller asks for the job and gets it, every time—the last two years. What d'you call that? *I* call it legalized murder—eh? *He* isn't an instrument of justice—what does he know about the crimes of these men—or their punishment?"

"Somebody's got to cut the rope."

"That's what I say—it's a ghastly custom—but it ought to be administered by an officer of the law—not by some morbid outsider with a lust for murder. I tell you that's what it amounts to."

"What are you going to do about it?" suggested the first, in the familiar formula of the age. "Tough luck all 'round. Cotton slumped sixty points yesterday."

Liza shivered slightly, turning back to her window and the green stretches outside. She had not read the papers, nor for that matter much of anything else, and talk of the hanging was new to her.

"Miller the Hangman" made a sinister harmony of syllables that clung in her mind, like a bat in a flowering tree. She shrank from the half-comprehended jargon of sin and punishment and death back into her mists of memory and imagining. The song of the train set itself to her thoughts—as to the thoughts of how many another!—and when she came at last out into the street from the dusk of the station, it startled her to find the day so old. She had not felt the time go from her. The street, in its turn, presented to her timid eyes the unchanging miracle of sophistication. She passed down the sidewalk, lagging before the windows, like the child she was at heart, a quiet enough little figure in her brown suit, with the black bow upon the brown straw hat.

A block behind her, having delayed for the emptying of the train, but wholly unaware of her presence as she was of his, Mangan left the station, and waited at the first corner for a car.

It was almost noon before Liza completed her purchases. The medicine, thanks to an attentive clerk in a big drug-store, was merely a matter of moments, but over the hat the prospective owner wavered lengthily.

When—even with the languid aid of a saleslady—*this* makes no setting for brown eyes and a clear, warm skin—and *that* is too dear—! However, the matter of decision was ended at last, the price

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of decision paid in Mrs. Duggan's buttermilk money, and Liza only waited—as the proudest must wait—for her parcel.

The saleslady, pausing in a lofty career, bandied the time o' day with an intimate.

"Ten minutes of twelve?—me for lunch! It 'll be twenty-three for Salvadoni an hour from now. I know a gentleman who's goin' to the hangin'. Comin', dearie?"

Dearie said she had *been*—and come back.

Liza's hat arriving at the moment in a sheath of crisp paper, Liza herself went out upon the street again. She was beginning to be tired—and hungry—and the repeated reference to the Italian's tragedy saddened her. Upon so bright a day—clear sky overhead—magic pavement underfoot—it seemed too pitiful a man should go, thrust violently out of the world—and into the dark—unwilling.

As she waited for the car that would pass before her cousin's house, she felt curiously dispirited, but the ride stimulated her pleasure in life. To the clear country eyes even the people on the streets possessed a mysterious fascination. She came to the city so rarely that it had for her always the charm of strangeness.

When she rang her cousin's door-bell she was once more rested and happy. The cousin's wife came at the summons—a large slatternly woman with eyes that lit to a pleasant friendliness at sight of the girl.

"Well, Liza Duggan! Where did you come from? Come right in. I heard you were gettin' married to-day. Take off your things and sit down. You ain't been to dinner?"

Liza explained, with a certain soft dignity that precluded exclamation, about the postponement of the wedding. She added that she had not been to dinner, and that she was hungry. The cousin's wife thereupon set her down to a plentiful meal at one end of the denuded table.

"I had dinner a little bit early," she explained, importantly, "to get things out of the way. Robert's on duty, but he's given a lot o' people leave to see the hangin' from here—so I got to have 'em trackin' up my floors—"

"The hangin'?" gasped Liza. She dropped her fork with a little crash.

"Sure," said the cousin's wife, comfortably. She hunched both elbows on the table, and settled to the enjoyment of her topic. "You forget we're right next to the Parish Prison. Didn't you see the people as you come in? That colored Odd-Fellows Hall across the street's had every window jammed since twelve o'clock—people just butted in. There'll be a crowd like Mardi-Gras in the courtyard, but you got to have a pull with the force to get in there. I sent the two kids up to my mother's. I didn't want 'em getting all worked up about it—they're too young. Our up-stairs windows look right straight over into the yard, you know. You can see fine. It must be 'most half past twelve now. What's the matter, Liza—ain't you feelin' good?"

Liza, white and shaken, had pushed her plate away. The food choked her.

"I never was so near—so near anything like that before," she said, unsteadily; "it makes me sick."

"You don't need to see it," soothed the cousin's wife. "Here, have some water. I'll take you up in the back room, and you needn't go near the window. Bein' a policeman's wife, I don't so much mind it myself, though Gawd knows—"

The bell rang clangorously.

"Salvadoni's nothin' but a murderer," finished the hostess before she went. "Take your things up in the back room, Liza. You know the way. I got to let these men in. Just shut the door, and make yourself at home."

Up in the "back room," high-walled and narrow, stricken through broken blinds with garish splashes of sunlight, Liza sat down upon the bed and waited. The window menaced her with a horror that lay beyond. She could not keep her eyes from it.

After a little, the cousin's wife came panting up the stairs. In her wake heavy feet trod clumsily and dispersed. She opened the door of the back room alone.

"Well, Liza," she said, cheerfully, "how you feelin'? I've sent them friends of Robert's into the front room and out on the gallery. Anything I can get you?"

"Thank you," said Liza, faintly, "I'm all right—"

The cousin's wife smiled and nodded.

"Don't you feel bad about it," she

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soothed. "He's only gettin' what's comin' to him. It's five minutes of one. I reckon the priest's with him now. Say, Liza—you know Miller the Hangman—he's the man that's done all the hangin' here for two years—he comes from somewhere up in your part o' the country. Funny for a man to come after a job like that. Of course he gets paid by the sheriff." She turned the handle of the door, rattling it a little between absent fingers. "Robert says he told the reporters he was goin' to quit with this one. I should think he *would*."

"Does Robert know him?" asked Liza, clasping her hands tight in her lap. The figure of Miller the Hangman loomed vast and ghoulish to her frightened fancy—a creature of grisly shadows, its fingers sodden with blood.

"Who? Robert? Never seen him," returned the cousin's wife; "he keeps himself pretty scarce." A note of sharp excitement thrilled suddenly in her lazy voice. "I hear the crowd—you don't care if I go in the front room to watch? you'll be all right here? I can see better from there."

"Go on," said Liza. She spoke with difficulty, through dry lips.

"All right—you just lie down—I'll be back," accepted the cousin's wife, eagerly, and was gone.

Liza slid forward upon the bed and buried her face in the cover. The back room was very still, and after one hysteric gasp she lay quiet, with impotent fingers in her ears. A horse-fly came and buzzed upon the ceiling with a noise like thunder. All the little common sounds magnified themselves, and penetrated to the raw consciousness of the girl, in a sequence of wounds. When the window-shade flapped in a languid gust of wind, she started blindly and caught her breath. When a paper fan fell from the bureau, crackling on the floor, she cried out half aloud.

Time went by in spaces of pain. Unseeing, she suffered the deadlier agonies of imagination, her small tanned face paling gradually to a pitiful grayness.

After what seemed an interminable reach of hours the cousin's wife came back. She, in her turn, had whitened a little from her usual florid calm, but her voice was drawlingly unshaken.

"Well," she said, not ungently, "it's all over—you can sit up now. Don't take on so, Lize. Murderers have got to die. Want me to get you a drop of whiskey?"

Liza drank the whiskey meekly. The color came slowly back to her white little face.

"I reckon it's just because I'm not used to it," she apologized.

"Sure," agreed the cousin's wife, "that's all. If you was me, you'd feel just like I do about it. A policeman's wife gets used to *anything*."

For all that, a gloom hung upon the house, and the back room in especial sheltered an evasive horror. No amount of cheerful gossip on the part of the cousin's wife dispelled it. Liza watched the hands of the clock hungry-eyed, and pinned on her hat, with fingers that trembled, a good half-hour too soon. It was necessary to remind her of the new hat in its crackling paper bag.

"You funny little thing," said the cousin's wife, "you're too tender-hearted for any use. It's a good thing you're not marryin' a policeman!"

At that, the thought of Johnny's large silent strength, his comforting voice, rushed upon Liza like a flood. Her eyes filled in an instant. She was glad when the door shut behind her, gladder yet to gain the shelter of a street-car, and to feel herself out of the labyrinth—going home.

On the street, a shrill, reiterated cry shocked her ears. It distressed her, but without reason, until a newsboy, swinging on to the platform, gave strident voice.

"Uxtry! Uxtry *Joinal!* All about the hangin'! Uxtry *Joinal!*"

Liza left the car at the station nervously. She bought her ticket, and found herself the first in the long red-velvet-seated coach. When the train slipped out of the city she drew a shuddering breath of relief, and for each of the miles that melted between her and the cottage on the beach her thankfulness was very near a prayer.

It was almost sundown when she came home, and there were questionings and exclamations to be met.

"You look clean played out," grumbled her mother. "Didn't you have

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a real nice time? Wasn't Cousin Robert's wife glad to see you? Le' see the hat."

Liza yielded up her booty as calmly as she might. Her only explanation was quiescent and unconvincing.

"I'm tired, that's all. Yes'm, I had a real nice time—and Cousin Robert's wife was glad to see me." An imperceptible shiver ran over her.

"Here, put the hat on," suggested Mrs. Duggan, turning it about with critical fingers. "Le' me see it on you."

Obediently Liza put it on. It was a simple-enough red felt, adorned with velvet of the same cheerful shade. In the morning it had been pleasing; now, above Liza's colorless face and big, frightened eyes, it took on a brightness almost grotesque.

"It don't look good," the girl said, simply, and laid it aside on the bed. Her shoulders drooped with fatigue.

"Nothin's goin' to look good on you the way you are now," scolded her mother; "you go and lie down. What time will John Mangan be here this evenin'?"

"Not before eight o'clock, I reckon," said Liza, "maybe later." She did not tell her mother of what had happened in the city—of the tragedy that had dogged her day. She could not somehow bring herself to speak of it till Mangan came; then, sitting on the beach beside him, under the chill, winking stars, her hand in his, her head against his arm, she gave way at his first probing question.

"I didn't know you was goin' to the city to-day?"

"I wasn't," she denied, brokenly; "I never thought of it till last night after you went—Ma said it would be good for me. She took her buttermilk money—and said for me to get me a hat—and to get her medicine. Oh, Johnny! I wisht I hadn't gone! I wisht I hadn't gone!" Her fingers clung convulsively in his hold.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asked, slowly. His left hand, thrust into the sand, closed and unclosed itself tensely a great many times while she talked. "Didn't you get the hat?"

"It's nothin' about the hat," said Liza, simply. After a moment she went on, quivering with painful excitement: "Johnny, did you know there was a man hanged in the city to-day—a dago—out at the prison?"

"I did hear some talk about it, down in the village."

"Talk!" She laughed hysterically. "Talk! I was in a room where you could *see*—"

Then, and not before, a start shook him visibly, even to her excited perception. At once the tenderness in her came uppermost again.

"You cold, Johnny? Maybe we better go up to—"

His voice came hoarse. He cleared his throat twice before he spoke.

"I'm all right. Go on—you say you saw—"

"No!" she cried, her pitiful horror stung to vehemence. "Oh no, Johnny! No! No! No! I didn't see—I hid my face in the bed—I couldn't bear it—it mighty nigh killed me to think of it."

There was a silence, void and curious.

"It's all right," he said at last, slowly, almost to himself, "so long as you didn't see." There was no color to his speech, no echo, it came so powerfully repressed.

"Cousin Robert's wife was tellin' me about it," said Liza, a mist of helpless tears clouding her soft eyes. "Oh, Johnny!" she began to cry in little sobbing gasps, her face against his sleeve, "it was awful—it was awful!"

"Tellin' you what?"

Like a child answering to a stronger will, Liza responded obediently to that slow, steadying question.

"She was tellin' me—about the crowds in the street—and the man that comes to do the hangin'—"

He prompted carefully, not moving, with no hastening of his quiet drawl.

"The man that comes to do the hangin'?"

"They call him Miller the Hangman."

"An' who," he asked, thereupon, each word mordantly distinct, "is Miller the Hangman?"

Liza caught her breath like one who has cried too long.

"You hurt my hand, honey," she reminded, pitifully; "he's the man that hangs people." Unconsciously she reverted to the words of the cousin's wife. The back room, with its sun-streaked floor and walls, flashed sharply on her

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sight. "He comes 'way from somewhere in this State to do it. She was tellin' me about him, an' when—when it was time—she went in the front room an' *watched*."

"Did you go, too?" asked Mangan, unswerving, but the muscles about his mouth contracted sharply.

Liza tried to speak and failed. Her tears choked her.

"Did you go?" he insisted, and, the second time, the controlled voice, vibrant with a tight-strung fear, shook for the fraction of an instant.

"I hid my face in the bed," Liza answered him, "and put my fingers in my ears—but I saw—and I heard—like I was lookin'—an' listenin'. Oh, Johnny, it nearly killed me—it was so near! I felt like Miller the Hangman was standin' right beside me."

She shivered from head to foot, her fevered imagination quickened to a torture of reality.

"Did yo' cousin's wife see him?"

"She never said so."

"Or yo' cousin? Who *is* yo' cousin?"

"My cousin Robert is a policeman." She lifted one hand to wipe her eyes. "They live next do' to the prison—and I went over there for dinner. Ma told me to—that's how—"

"Robert who?"

Wondering a little at her lover's interest, Liza answered unsteadily.

"Robert Blake's his name."

"An' did he see the hangin'?"

"No; he was on duty somewhere else."

"He ever see—Miller?"

"No," she said, "he never did. Why?"

Mangan's voice changed—a breathless reaction, an incredible lightening of word and tone, as if a heavy weight slipped down from muscles overstrained.

"You didn't see him—nobody around you saw him—what you afraid of? It's all over."

Liza shook her head. She was no longer crying, but she leaned against his arm in a complete weariness. The day had taken its toll of her.

"It was so awful, Johnny—I can't forget it—it makes me sick to think of it. I keep rememberin' that name—Miller the Hangman—Miller the Hangman— Oh, Johnny—I know I'll dream about it!"

"No, you won't," he reassured her; "you're goin' to forget it—you hear? You had no business anywhere near that prison. Yo' Ma had no business to let you go to the city at all to-day."

"She didn't know about it," Liza protested, loyally.

"Well, she ought to 'a' known."

The water slapped lazily upon the white, hard sand at their feet, the world about them lay dusk and still, but in Liza's mind the day lingered cruelly. A chance speech of the cousin's wife came back to her.

"They say this is his last time—Miller the Hangman—he's goin' to quit after this."

"That's what I heard. Now I want you to forget all that, Liza. You ought never to 'a' been near it. It's no sight fo' a woman. Just you stop thinkin' about it—you hear me, honey?"

Liza quivered beneath his touch.

"But, Johnny—don't it seem too awful? Fo' a man to *want* to hang people—like—"

"*Want!*" he caught at the word with a scorn that had something in it of desperate fierceness. "He might 'a' needed the money—needed it bad. And he might 'a' got into it that way. Don't you reckon? It takes money to live, Liza—it takes money to die—my Gawd! it takes money to get married—" he stopped dead, steadying his voice with a titanic effort. "Ain't nobody can tell," he finished, drawlingly, "what a man *wants* by what he *does*. Liza, honey—that's nothin' to do with you an' me. To-morrer's Saturday!"

The thought swept a revivifying flush into Liza's tear-washed face.

"I ain't forgot," she murmured, shy head averted. "Did you get through with what you went fo', to-day?"

He did not answer at once, the darkness hiding his face; and when he did, she only nodded and smiled, already content beyond measure with the hope of to-morrow.

"Yes," he said, briefly—the words bore all the tension of a vow—"I reckon I'm through."

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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER VII

NOBODY except David took the childish love-affair very seriously, not even the principals—especially not Elizabeth. . . .

David did not see her for a day or two, except out of the corner of his eye when, during the new and still secret rite of shaving—for David was willing to shed his blood to prove that he was a man—he looked out of his bedroom window in the morning, and saw her down in the garden helping her uncle feed his pigeons. He did not want to see her. He was younger than his years, this honest-eyed, inexpressive fellow of seventeen, but for all his youth he was hard hit. He grew abruptly older that first week; he didn't sleep well; he even looked a little pale under his freckles, and his mother worried over his appetite. When at last he saw Elizabeth, or rather when she, picking a bunch of heliotrope in her garden, saw him through the open door in the wall, and called to him to come "right over! as fast as your legs can carry you!"—he was "very queer," Elizabeth thought. He came in answer to the summons, but he had nothing to say. She, however, was bubbling over with excitement. She took his hand, and running with him into the arbor, pulled him down on the seat beside her.

"David-David-David! Where on earth have you been all this time? David, *have you heard?*"

"I suppose you mean—about you and Blair?" he said. He did not look at her, but he watched a pencil of sunshine, piercing the leaves overhead, faintly gilding the bunches of green grapes that had a film of soot on their greenness, and then creeping down to rest on the heliotrope in her lap.

"Yes!" said Elizabeth, "isn't it the most exciting thing you ever heard? David, I want to show you something." She peered out through the leaves to make sure that they were unobserved. "It's a terrific secret!" she said, her eyes dancing. Her fingers were at her throat, fumbling with the fastening of her dress, which caught, and had to be pulled open with a jerk; then she drew half-way from her young bosom a ring hanging on a black silk thread. She bent forward a little, so that he might see it. "I keep it down in there so Cherry-pie won't know," she whispered. "*Look!*"

David looked—and looked away. His fingers picked nervously at the edge of the old wooden bench.

Elizabeth, with a blissful sigh, dropped the ring back again into the warm whiteness of that secret place. "Isn't it perfectly lovely? It's my engagement ring! I'm so excited!"

David was silent.

"Why, David Richie! You don't care a bit!"

"Why, yes, I care," he said. He took a grape from a bunch beside him, rubbed the soot off on his trousers, and ate it; then blinked wryly. "Gorry, that's sour!"

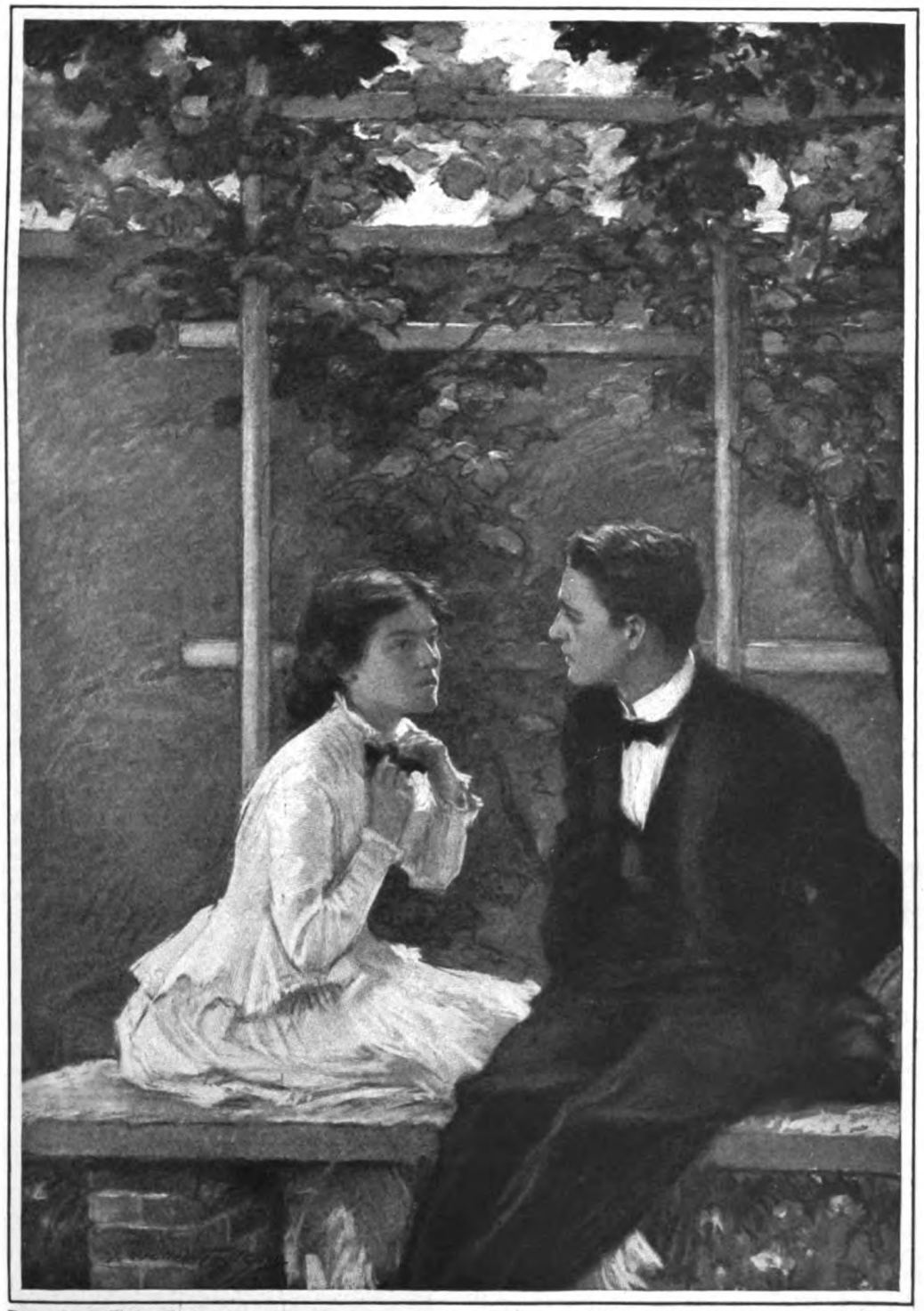
"You—don't—like—my engagement!" Elizabeth declared slowly. Reproachful tears stood in her eyes; she fastened her dress with indignant fingers. "I think you are perfectly horrid not to be sympathetic. It's very important to a girl to get engaged and have a ring."

"It's very pretty," David managed to say.

"Pretty? I should say it was pretty! It cost fifty dollars! Blair said so. David, don't you like me being engaged?"

"Oh, it's all right," he evaded. He shut his eyes, which were still watering from that sour grape, but even with closed eyes he saw again that soft place where Blair's ring hung, warm and secret; the pain below his own breast-bone was very

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"YOU—DON'T—LIKE—MY ENGAGEMENT!" ELIZABETH DECLARED SLOWLY

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bad for a minute, and the warm fragrance of the heliotrope seemed overpowering. He swallowed hard, then looked at one of Mr. Ferguson's pigeons, walking almost into the arbor. The pigeon stopped, hesitated, cocked a ruby eye on the two humans on the wooden seat, and fluttered back into the sunny garden.

"Why, you *mind!*" Elizabeth said, aghast.

"Oh, it's all right," David managed to say; "course, I don't care. Only I didn't know you liked Blair so much; so it was a—a surprise," he said miserably.

Elizabeth's consternation was beyond words. There was a perceptible moment before she could find anything to say. "Why, I never dreamed you'd mind! David, truly. I like you best of any boy I know;—only, of course now, being engaged to Blair, I have to like him best?"

"Yes, that's so," David admitted.

"Truly, I like you dreadfully, David. If I'd supposed you'd mind— But, oh, David, it's so interesting to be engaged. I really can't stop. I'd have to give him back my ring!" she said in an agonized voice. She pressed her hand against her breast, and poor David's eyes followed the ardent gesture.

"It's all right," he said with a gulp.

Elizabeth was ready to cry; she dropped her head on his shoulder and began to bemoan herself. "Why on earth didn't you *say* something? How could I know? How stupid you are, David! If I'd known you minded, I'd just as lief have been engaged to—" Elizabeth stopped short. She sat up very straight, and put her hand to the neck of her dress to make sure it was fastened. At that moment a new sense was born in her; for the first time since they had known each other, her straightforward eyes—the sexless eyes of the child—faltered, and refused to meet David's. "I think maybe Cherry-pie wants me now," she said shyly, and slipped away, leaving David mournfully eating green grapes in the arbor. And this was the last time that Elizabeth, uninvited, put her head on a boy's shoulder.

A week later she confided to Miss White the great fact of her engagement; but she was not so excited about it by that time. For one thing, she had received her uncle's present of a locket, so the ring was not her only piece of jewelry; and besides that, since her talk with David, being "engaged" had seemed less interesting. However, Miss White felt it her duty to drop a hint of what had happened to Mr. Ferguson: had it struck him that perhaps Blair Maitland was—was thinking about Elizabeth?

"Thinking what about her?" Mr. Ferguson said, lifting his head from his papers with a fretted look.

"Why," said Miss White, "as I am always at my post, sir, I have opportunities for observing; in fact, I—I shouldn't wonder if they were—attached." Cherry-pie would have felt that a more definite word was indelicate. "Of course I don't exactly *know* it," said Miss White, faithful to Elizabeth's confidence, "but I recall that when I was a young lady, young gentlemen did become attached —to other young ladies."

"Love-making? At Elizabeth's age? I won't have it!" said Elizabeth's uncle. The old, apprehensive look darkened in his face; his feeling for the child was so strangely shadowed by his fear that she would disappoint him in some way—and so "Life would play another trick on him"—that he could not take Cherry-pie's information with any appreciation of its humor. "Send her to me," he said.

"Mr. Ferguson," poor old Miss White ventured, "if I might suggest, it would be well to be very kind, because—"

"Kind?" said Robert Ferguson, astonished; he gave an angry thrust at the black ribbon of his glasses that brought them tumbling from his nose. "Was I ever unkind? I will see her in the library after supper."

Miss White nibbled at him speechlessly. "If he is severe with her, I don't know what she *won't* do!" she said to herself.

But Mr. Ferguson did not mean to be severe. When Elizabeth presented herself in his library, the interview began calmly enough. Her uncle was brief and to the point, but he was not unkind. She and Blair were too young to be engaged,—"Don't think of it again," he commanded.

Elizabeth looked tearful, but she did not resent his dictum. David's lack of sympathy had been very dampening to romance. It was just at the end that the gunpowder flared.

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"Now, remember, I don't want you to be foolish, Elizabeth."

"I don't think being in love is foolish, Uncle."

"Love! What do you know about love? You are nothing but a silly little girl."

"I don't think I'm very little; and Blair is in love with me."

"Blair is as young and as foolish as you are. Even if you were older, I wouldn't allow it. He is selfish and irresponsible, and—"

"I think," interrupted the girl, "that you are very mean to abuse Blair behind his back. It isn't fair." Her uncle was perfectly dumfounded; then he broke into harsh reproof. Elizabeth grew whiter and whiter; she set her teeth, the dimple in her cheek lengthened into a long, hard line. She forgot Blair; she only realized that because she attempted to defend a friend she was rebuked and told she was an impertinent little girl. She flung back that she hated unfairness, and she hated him; and she loved Blair, and she was going to marry him the minute she was grown up! Then she whirled out of the room, almost knocking over poor old Miss White, whose "post" had been anxiously near the keyhole.

Up-stairs, she flew into one of those black tempers that scared her governess nearly to death: "My lamb! You'll get overheated, and take cold. When I was a young lady, it was thought unrefined to speak so—emphatically. And your dear uncle didn't mean to be severe; he—"

"'Dear uncle'?" said Elizabeth, "dear devil!" She was breathing hard, and the tears were on her cheeks. Then, suddenly, she caught sight of a photograph of Robert Ferguson which stood on her bureau. Instantly she leaped at it, and, doubling her hand, struck the thin glass with all her force. It splintered, and the blood spurted from her cut knuckles on to her uncle's face.

Poor old Miss White began to cry. "Oh, my dear, my dear, if you don't learn to control yourself, you may do something dreadful some day!" Miss White's efforts to check Elizabeth's temper were like the protesting twitterings of a sparrow in a thunder-storm. When she reproved the furious little creature now, Elizabeth, wincing and trying to check the bleeding with her handkerchief, did not even take the trouble to reply. But that night, when all the household was in bed, she slipped down-stairs, candle in hand, to the library. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of herself, which she had once given to her uncle. She took it out of the frame, tore it into little bits, stamped on it, grinding her heel down on her own young face; then she took off the locket Mr. Ferguson had given her,—it was a most simple affair of pearls and turquoises—kissed it with tearful passion, and then looked about her solemnly—where should it be offered up? The ashes in the fireplace? No; Elizabeth's thrifty mind balked at destroying valuable property. Then she had an inspiration: the deep well of her uncle's battered old inkstand! Oh, to blacken the pearls, to stain the heavenly blue of the turquoise! It was almost too frightful. But it was right; it was fair. She had insulted his dear, dear, *dear* picture! So, with a tearful hiccough, she dropped the locket into the ink-pot that stood between the feet of a spattered bronze Socrates, and watched it sink into a black and terrible grave. "I'm glad not to have it," she said;—Elizabeth was always glad of punishment. Then she took her candle, guttering in its socket, and slipped up to her own room.

As for Robert Ferguson, he did not notice that the photograph had disappeared, nor did he plunge his pen deep enough to find a pearl, nor understand the significance of the bound-up hand, but the old worry about her came back again. Her mother had defended her own wicked love-affair, with all the violence of a selfish woman; and in his panic of apprehension, poor little Elizabeth's temper about Blair seemed to be of the same nature. He was so worried over it that he was moved to do a very unwise thing. He would, he said to himself, put Mrs. Maitland on her guard about this nonsense between the two children.

The next morning when he went into her office at the Works, he found the place humming with business. As he entered he met a foreman, who was just

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taking his departure with, so to speak, his tail between his legs. The man was scarlet to his forehead under the lash of his employer's tongue. It had been administered in the inner room; but the door was open into the large office, and the clerks and some messenger-boys and a couple of travelling-men had had the benefit of it, especially as Mrs. Maitland had not seen fit to modulate her voice, although the culprit had answered in so low a tone that his defence had not got over the threshold to the greedy ears outside. Ferguson, reporting at that open door, was bidden curtly to come in and sit down; "I'll see you presently," she said. And then she burst out into the large office.

Instantly the roomful of people, lounging about waiting their turn, came to attention. She rushed in among them like a gale, whirling away the straws and chaff before her, and leaving only the things that were worth while. She snapped a yellow envelope from a boy's hand, and even while she was ripping it open with a big forefinger, she was reading the card of an astonished travelling-man: "No, sir; no, sir; your bid was one-half of one per cent. over Heintz. Your people been customers so long that they thought that I—? I never mix business and friendship!" She stood still long enough to cast her eye over a drawing of a patent, and toss it back to the would-be inventor. "No, I don't care to take it up with you. Cast it for you? Certainly. I'll cast anything for anybody." And the man found his blueprint in his hand before he could begin his explanation. "What? Johnson wants to know where to get the new breeching to replace the one that broke yesterday? Tell Johnson that's what I pay him to decide. I have no time to do his business for him—my own is all I can attend to! Mr. Ferguson!" she called out, as she came banging back into the private office, "what about that ore that came in yesterday?" She sat down at her desk and listened intently to a somewhat intricate statement that involved manufacturing matters dependent upon the quality of certain shipments of ore. Then, abruptly, she gave her orders.

Robert Ferguson, making notes as rapidly as he could, smiled with satisfaction at the power of it all. It was as ruthless and as admirable as a force of nature. She would not pause, this woman, for flesh and blood; she was as impersonal as one of her own great shears that would bite off a bloom or a man's head with equal precision, and in doing so would be fulfilling the law of its being. Assuredly she would stop Blair's puppy-love in short order!

Business over, Sarah Maitland leaned back in her chair and laughed. "Did you hear me blowing Dale up? I guess he'll stay put for a while now! But I'm afraid I was angry," she confessed sheepishly; "and there is nothing on earth so foolish as to be angry at a fool."

"There is nothing on earth so irritating as a fool," he said.

"Yes, but it's absurd to waste your temper on 'em. I always say to myself, 'Sarah Maitland, if he had your brains, he'd have your job.' That generally keeps me cool. I tell you, friend Ferguson, you ought to thank God every day that you weren't born a fool; and so ought I! Well, what can I do for you?"

"I am bothered about Elizabeth and Blair."

She looked at him blankly for a moment. "Elizabeth? Blair? What about Elizabeth and Blair?"

"It appears," Robert Ferguson said, and shoved the door shut with his foot, "it appears that there has been some love-making."

"Love-making?" she repeated, bewildered.

"Blair has been talking to Elizabeth," he explained. "I believe they call themselves engaged."

Mrs. Maitland flung her head back in a loud laugh. At the shock of such a sound in such a place, one of the clerks in the other room spun round on his stool, and Mrs. Maitland, catching sight of him through the glass partition, broke the laugh off in the middle. "Well, upon my word!" she said.

"Of course it's all nonsense, but it must be stopped."

"Why?" said Mrs. Maitland. And Robert Ferguson felt a jar of astonishment.

"They are children."

"Blair is sixteen," his mother said thoughtfully; "if he thinks he is in

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love with Elizabeth, it will help to make a man of him. Furthermore, I'd rather have him make love than make pictures; —that is his last fancy," she said frowning. "I don't know how he comes by it. Of course, my husband did paint sometimes, I admit; but he never wanted to make a business of it. He was no fool, I can tell you, if he did make pictures!"

Robert Ferguson said dryly that he didn't think she need worry about Blair. "He has neither industry nor humility," he said, "and you can't be an artist without both of 'em. But as for this love business, they are children!"

Mrs. Maitland was not listening. "To be in love will be steadying to him while he's at college. Yes, if he sticks to her till he graduates, I sha'n't object."

"I shall object," said her superintendent; but she did not notice his protest.

"She has more temper than is quite comfortable," she ruminated; "but, after all, to a young man being engaged is like having a dog: one dog does as well as another; one girl does as well as another. And it isn't as if Blair had to consider whether his wife would be a 'good manager,' as they say; he'll have enough to waste, if he wants to. He'll have more than he knows what to do with!" There was a little proud bridling of her head. She, who had never wasted a cent in her life, had made it possible for her boy to be as wasteful as he pleased. "Yes," she said, with the quick decision which was so characteristic of her, "yes, he can have her."

"No, he can't," said Elizabeth's uncle.

"What?" she said, in frank surprise.

"Blair will have too much money. Inherited wealth is the biggest handicap a man can have."

"Too much money?" she chuckled; "your bearings are getting hot, ain't they, friend Ferguson? Come, come! I'm not so sure *you* need thank God. How can a man have too much money? That's nonsense!" She banged her hand down on the call-bell on her desk. "Evans! Bring me the drawings for those channels."

"I tell you I won't have it," Robert Ferguson repeated.

"I mean the blue-prints!" Mrs. Maitland commanded loudly; "you have no sense, Evans!" Ferguson got up; she had a way of not hearing when she was spoken to that made a man hot along his backbone. Robert Ferguson was hot, but he meant to have the last word; he paused at the door and looked back.

"I shall not allow it."

"Good day, Mr. Ferguson," said his employer, deep in the blue-prints.

CHAPTER VIII

ELIZABETH'S uncle need not have concerned himself so seriously about the affairs of Elizabeth's heart. The very next day the rift between the two lovers began:

"What on earth have you done to your hand?" asked Blair.

"I cut it. I was angry at Uncle, and broke his picture, and—"

Blair shouted with laughter. "Oh, Elizabeth, what a goose you are! That's just the way you used to bite your arm when you were mad. You always did cut off your nose to spite your face! Where is your locket?"

"None of your business!" said Elizabeth savagely. It was easy to be savage with Blair, because David's lack of interest in her affairs had taken the zest out of "being engaged" in the most surprising way. But she had no intention of not being engaged! Romance was too flattering to self-love to be relinquished; nevertheless, after the first week or two she lapsed easily, in moments of forgetfulness, into the old matter-of-fact squabbling and the healthy unreasonableness natural to lifelong acquaintance. The only difference was that now, when she and Blair squabbled, they made up again in new ways; Blair, with gusts of what Elizabeth, annoyed and a little disgusted, called "silliness"; Elizabeth, with strange, half-scared, wholly joyous moments of conscious power. But the "making-up" was far less personal than the fallings-out; these, at least, meant individual antagonisms, whereas the reconciliations were something larger than the girl and boy—something which bore them on its current as a river bears straws upon its breast. But they played with that mighty current as thoughtlessly as all young creatures play with it. Elizabeth used to take her engagement

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ring from the silk thread about her neck, and, putting it on her finger, dance up and down her room, her right hand on her hip, her left stretched out before her so that she could see the sparkle of the tiny diamond on her third finger. "I'm engaged!" she would sing to herself.

"'Oh, isn't it joyful, joyful, joyful!'

Blair's in love with me!" The words were so glorious that she rarely remembered to add, "I'm in love with Blair." The fact was that Blair was merely a necessary appendage to the joy of being engaged. And when he irritated her by what she called "silliness," she was often frankly disagreeable to him.

As for Blair, he, too, had his ups and downs. He swaggered, and threw his shoulders back, and cast appraising eyes on women generally, and thought deeply on marriage. But of Elizabeth he thought very little. Because she was a girl, she bored him quite as often as he bored her. It was because she was a woman that there came those moments when he offended her; and in those moments she had but little personality to him. In fact, their love-affair, so far as they understood it, apart from its elemental impulses which they did not understand, was as much of a play to them as the apple-tree housekeeping had been.

So really Mr. Ferguson might have spared himself the unpleasant interview with Blair's mother. He recognized this himself before long, and was even able to relax into a difficult smile when Mrs. Richie ventured a mild pleasantry on the subject. For Mrs. Richie had spoken openly to Blair, and understood the whole situation so well that she could venture a pleasantry. She had sounded the boy one evening in the darkness of her small garden. David was not at home, and Blair was glad of the chance to wait for him—so long as Mrs. Richie let him lounge on the grass at her feet. His adoration of David's mother, begun in his childhood, had strengthened with his years;—perhaps because she was all that his own mother was not.

"Blair," she said, "of course you and I both realize that Elizabeth is only a child, and you are entirely too wise to talk seriously about being engaged to her. She is far too young for that sort of thing. Of course *you* understand that?"

And Blair, feeling as though the sword of manhood had been laid on his shoulder, and instantly forgetting the smaller pride of being "engaged," said in a very mature voice, "Oh, certainly *I* understand."

If, in the dusk of stars and fireflies, with the fragrance of white stocks blossoming near the stone bench that circled the old hawthorn tree in the middle of the garden—if at that moment Mrs. Richie had demanded Elizabeth's head upon a charger, Blair would have rejoiced to offer it. But this serene and gentle woman was far too wise to wring any promise from the boy, although, indeed, she had no opportunity, for at that moment Mr. Ferguson knocked on the green door between the two gardens and asked if he might come in and smoke his cigar in his neighbor's garden. "I'll smoke the aphids off your rose-bushes," he offered. "You are very careless about your roses!"

"A 'bad tenant'?" said Mrs. Richie, smiling. And poor Blair picked himself up, and went sulkily off.

But Mrs. Richie's flattering assumption that Blair and she looked at things in the same way, and David's cruel indifference to Elizabeth's emotions, made the childish love-affair wholesomely commonplace on both sides. By mid-September it was obvious that the idea of college was very attractive to Blair, and that the moment of parting would not be at all tragic to Elizabeth. The romance did not come to a recognized end, however, until the day before Blair started East. The four friends, and Miss White, had gone out to Mrs. Todd's, where David had stood treat, and after their tumblers of pink and brown and white ice-cream had been emptied, and Mrs. Todd had made her usual joke about "good-looking couples," they had taken two skiffs for a slow drift down the river to Willis's.

"Nannie," Blair said, before they started, "Elizabeth and I will go in one boat by ourselves; you and David have got to take Cherry-pie with you. I brought that big red cushion for her; don't you or Elizabeth grab it."

Now, they were rowing home against the slow, brown current. At first the skiffs kept abreast, but gradually, in

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spite of Miss White's desire to be "at her post," and David's entire willingness to hold back, Blair and Elizabeth appropriately fell behind, with only a little shaggy dog, which Elizabeth had lately acquired, to play propriety. In the yellow September afternoon, the river ran placidly between the hills and low-lying meadows; here and there, high on a wooded hillside, a maple flamed among the greenness of the walnuts and locusts, or the chestnuts showed the bronze beginnings of autumn. Ahead of them the sunshine had melted into an umber haze, which in the direction of Mercer deepened into a smudge of black. Elizabeth was twisting her left hand about to get different lights on her ring, which she had managed to slip on her finger when Cherry-pie was not looking. Blair, with absent eyes, was singing under his breath:

"'Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across;
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I thought he was a hoss;
Sing Polly-wolly—'

"Horrid old hole, Mercer," he broke off, resting on his oars and letting the boat slip back on the current.

"I like Mercer!" Elizabeth said, ceasing to admire the ring. "Since you've been away, you don't like anything but the East." She began to stroke her puppy's head violently.

Blair was silent; he was looking at a willow, dipping its swaying finger-tips in the water.

"Blair! why don't you answer me?"

Blair, plainly bored, said, "Well, I don't like hideousness and dirt."

"David likes Mercer."

"I bet Mrs. Richie doesn't," Blair murmured, and began to row lazily.

"Oh, Mrs. Richie!" cried Elizabeth; "you think whatever she thinks is about perfect."

"Well, isn't it?"

Elizabeth's lip hardened. "I suppose you think *she's* perfect too?"

"I do," Blair said.

"She thinks I'm dreadful because, sometimes, I—get provoked," Elizabeth said angrily.

"Well, you are," Blair agreed calmly.

"If I am so wicked, I wonder you want to be engaged to me!" she cried.

"Spitfire," said Blair, and yawned. "Can't I like anybody but you?"

"You can like everybody, for all I care," she retorted. Blair whistled, upon which Elizabeth became absorbed in petting her dog, kissing him ardently between his eyes.

"I hate to see a girl kiss a dog," Blair observed,—

"'Sing Polly-wolly-doo—'"

"Don't look, then," said Elizabeth, and kissed Bobby again.

Blair sighed, and gave up his song. Bobby, obviously uncomfortable, scrambled out of Elizabeth's lap and began to stretch himself on the uncertain floor of the skiff.

"Lie down!" Blair commanded, and poked the little creature, not ungently, with his foot. But Bobby yelped, gave a flying nip at Blair's ankle, and retreated to the shelter of his mistress's skirts. "Confound that dog!" cried Blair.

"You are a horrid boy!" she said, consoling her puppy with frantic caresses. "I'm glad he bit you!"

Blair, rubbing his ankle, said he'd like to throw the little wretch overboard.

Well, of course, Elizabeth being Elizabeth, the result was inevitable. The next instant the ring lay sparkling in the bottom of the boat. "I break my engagement! Take your old ring! You are a cruel, wicked boy, and I hate you—so there!"

"I must say I don't see why you should expect me to enjoy being bitten," Blair said hotly. "Well, all right; throw me over, if you want to. I shall never trust a woman again as long as I live!" He began to row fiercely. "I only hope that darned pup isn't going mad."

"I hope he *is* going mad," said Elizabeth, trembling all over, "and I hope you'll go mad, too. Put me on shore this instant!"

"Considering the current, I fear you will have to endure my society for several instants," Blair said.

"I'd rather be drowned!" she cried furiously, and as she spoke, even before he could raise his hand to stop her, with Bobby in her arms she sprang lightly

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over the side of the boat into the water. There was a terrific splash—but, alas! Elizabeth, in preferring death to Blair's society, had not calculated upon the September shallows, and even before the horrified boy could drop his oars and spring to her assistance, she was on her feet, standing knee-deep in the muddy current.

But the water had completely extinguished the fires of wrath. In the hubbub that followed, the ejaculations and outcries, Nannie's tears, Miss White's terrified scolding, Blair's protestations to David that it wasn't his fault—through it all, Elizabeth, wading ashore, was silent. Only at the landing of the toll-house, when poor distracted Cherry-pie bade the boys get a carriage, did she speak:

"I won't go in a carriage. I am going to walk home."

"My lamb! you'll take cold! You must—you mustn't!" Miss White stammered with fright.

"You look like the deuce," Blair told her anxiously; and David blurted out, "Elizabeth, you can't walk home; you're a perfect object!" And Elizabeth, through the mud trickling over her eyes, flashed a fierce look at him.

"*That's why I'm going to walk!*" she said. And walk she did—across the bridge, along the street, a dripping little figure stared at by passers-by, and followed by the faithful, but frightened and embarrassed four—by five, indeed, for Blair had fished Bobby out of the water, and even stopped, once in a while when no one was looking, to give the maker of all this trouble a furtive and apologetic pat. At Elizabeth's door,—in a very scared frame of mind lest Mr. Ferguson should come out and catch him,—he attempted to apologize to the muddy and shivering Elizabeth.

"Don't be silly. It wasn't your fault," she said, with curt fairness; "I was an awful goose; but we're not engaged any more." And that was the end of the love-story!

Elizabeth told Cherry-pie that she had "broken with Blair Maitland *forever!*" and Miss White, when she went to make her report of the dreadful event to Mr. Ferguson, added incidentally that she felt assured that the young people had got over their foolishness. And Elizabeth's uncle, telling the story of the ducking to David's horrified mother, said that he was greatly relieved to know that Elizabeth had come to her senses.

But with all the "tellings" that buzzed between the three households, nobody thought to tell Mrs. Maitland. Why should they? Who could connect this woman of iron and toil and sweat, of noise and motion, with the sentimentalities of two children? She had to find it out for herself.

At breakfast on the morning of the day Blair was to start East, his mother, looking over the top of her newspaper at him, said abruptly:

"Blair, I have something to say to you before you go. Be at my office at the Works at ten-fifteen." She looked at him amiably as she spoke; then she pushed back her chair. "Nannie! Get my bonnet. Come! Hurry! I'm late!"

Nannie, running, brought the bonnet, a bunch of rusty black crêpe, with strings frayed with hurried tyings. "Oh, Mamma," she said softly, "*do* let me get you a new bonnet?"

But Mrs. Maitland was not listening. "Harris!" she called loudly, "tell Watson to have those roller figures for me at eleven. And I want the linen tracing—Bates will know what I mean—at noon without fail. Nannie, see that there's boiled cabbage for dinner."

A moment later the door banged behind her. The abrupt silence was like a blow. Nannie and Harris caught their breaths; it was as if the oxygen had been sucked out of the air; there was a minute before any one breathed freely. Then Blair flung up his arms in a wordless protest; he actually winced with pain. He glanced around the unlovely room: at the table, with its ledgers and clutter of unmatched china—old Canton, and heavy white earthenware, and odd cups and saucers with splashing decorations that had pleased Harris's eye; at the files of newspapers on the sideboard; at the grimy walls, the untidy fireplace. "Nannie, I can't stand it! Thank Heaven, I'm going off to-day. I wish I need never come back!"

"Oh, Blair, that is a dreadful thing to say!"

"It may be dreadful," he said, "but

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that's the way I feel. I can't help my feelings, can I? The further mother and I are apart, the better we love each other. Well! I suppose I've got to go, and see her bossing a lot of men, instead of sitting at home, like a lady;—and I'll get a dreadful blowing up. Of course she knows about the engagement, now, thanks to Elizabeth's craziness yesterday."

"I don't believe she knows anything about it," Nannie tried to encourage him.

"Oh, you bet old Ferguson has told her," Blair said, gloomily. "Say, Nannie, if Elizabeth don't look out she will get into awful hot water one of these days with her devil of a temper—and she'll get other people into it, too," he ended resentfully. Blair hated hot water, as he hated everything that was unbeautiful. "Mother is going to take my head off, of course," he said.

But Sarah Maitland, entirely ignorant of yesterday's happenings, had no such intention; she had gone over to her Works in a glow of personal pleasure that warmed up the details of business. She intended to take Blair that morning through the Works,—not as he had often gone before, tagging after her, a frightened child, a reluctant boy—but as the prince, formally looking over the kingdom into which he was so soon to come! He was in love: therefore he would wish to be married; therefore he would be impatient to get to work! It was all a matter of logical and satisfactory deduction. How many times in this hot summer, when very literally she was earning her bread (and her son's) by the sweat of her brow, had she looked at Elizabeth and Blair, and found enjoyment in these deductions! Nobody would have imagined it, but the big, ungainly woman *dreamed!* Dreamed of her boy, of his business success, of his love, of his wife,—and, who knows? perhaps those grimy pink baby socks began to mean something more personal than the missionary barrel. Yes, her dreams went very far ahead. It was her purpose, on this particular morning, to tell him, after they had gone through the Works, just where, when he graduated, he was to begin. Not at the bottom!—that was Ferguson's idea. "He ought to start at the bottom, if he is ever to get to the top," Ferguson had barked. No, Blair need not start at the bottom; he could begin pretty well up at the top; and he should have a salary. What an incentive that would be! First she would tell him that now that he was going to college, she meant to increase his allowance; then she would tell him about the salary he would have when he got to work. How happy he would be! For a boy to be in love, and have all the pocket-money he wanted, and a great business to look forward to, to have work—work! the finest thing in the world!—all ready to his hand,—what more could a human being desire? At the office, she swept through the morning business with a speed that took her people off their feet. Once or twice she glanced at the clock; Blair was always unpunctual. "He'll get *that* knocked out of him when he gets into business," she thought grimly.

It was eleven before he came loitering across the Yards. His mother, lifting her head for a moment from her desk, and glancing impatiently out of the dirt-begrimed office window, saw him coming, and caught the gleam of his patent leather shoes as he skirted a puddle just outside the door. "Well, Master Blair," she said to herself, flinging down her pen, "you'll forget those pretty boots when you begin to earn your bread and butter!"

Blair, dawdling through the outer office, found his way to her sanctum, and sat down in a chair beside her desk. He glanced at her shrinkingly, and looked away. Her bonnet was crooked; her hair was hanging in wisps at the back of her neck; her short skirt showed the big, broad-soled foot twisted round the leg of her chair. Blair saw the muddy sole of that shoe, and half closed his eyes. Then he remembered Elizabeth, and felt a little sick. "She's going to row!" he thought, and quailed.

"You're late," she said; and then, without stopping for his excuses, she proceeded with the business in hand. "I'm going to increase your allowance."

Blair sat up in astonishment.

"I mean while you're at college. After that I shall stop the allowance entirely, and you will go to work. You will go on a salary, like any other man." Her mouth clicked shut in a tight line of satisfaction. It was curious that that ruthless common sense of hers was able

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to believe that there was any difference between an allowance and an unearned salary!

As for Blair, the color flew into his face. "Why!" he said. "You are awfully good, Mother. Really, I—"

"I know all about this business of your engagement to Elizabeth," Mrs. Maitland broke in, "though you didn't see fit to tell me about it yourself." There was something in her voice that would have betrayed her to any other hearer; but Blair, who was sensitive to Mrs. Richie's slightest wish, and careful of old Cherry-pie's comfort, and generously thoughtful even of Harris—Blair, absorbed in his own apprehensions, heard no pain in his mother's voice. "I know all about it," Mrs. Maitland went on. "I won't have you call yourselves engaged until you are out of college, of course. But I have no objection to your looking forward to being engaged, and married, too. It's a good thing for a young man to expect to be married; keeps him clean."

Blair was struck dumb. Evidently, she did not know what had happened yesterday, but she did know that he had been engaged! And yet she was not going to take his head off! Instead she was going to increase his allowance because, apparently, she approved of him!

"So I want to tell you," she went on, "though you have not seen fit to tell me anything, that I'm willing you should marry Elizabeth, as soon as you can support her. And you can do that as soon as you graduate, because, as I say, when you are in the Works, I shall pay you"—Mrs. Maitland's iron face lightened—"I shall pay you—*a salary!* a good salary."

More money! Blair laughed with satisfaction; the prospect soothed the sting of Elizabeth's "meanness"—that was what he called it, when he did not remember to name it, darkly, "faithlessness." He was so comforted that he had a moment's impulse to confide in his mother: "Elizabeth got provoked at me yesterday"—there was a boyish demand for sympathy in his tone—"and—"

But Mrs. Maitland interrupted him. "Come along," she said, chuckling. She got up, pulled her bonnet straight, and gave her son a jocose thrust in the ribs that made him jump. "I can't waste time over lovers' quarrels. Patch it up! patch it up! You can afford to, you know, before you get married. You'll get your innings later, my boy!" Still chuckling at her own joke, she slammed down the top of her desk and tramped into the outer office.

Blair turned scarlet with anger. The personal familiarity extinguished his little friendly impulse to blurt out his trouble with Elizabeth as completely as a gust of wind puts out a scarcely lighted candle. He got up, his teeth set, his hands clenched in his pockets, and followed his mother through the Yards—vast, hideous wastes, scorching in the September heats, full of endless rows of pigs, piles of scrap, acres, it seemed to Blair, of slag. The screeching clamor of the place reeked with the smell of rust and rubbish and sour earth, and the air was vibrant with the clatter of the "buggies" on the narrow-gauge tracks that ran in a tangled network from one furnace to another. Blair, trudging along behind his mother, cringing at the ugliness of everything about him, did not dare to speak; he still felt that dig in the ribs, and was so angry he could not have controlled his voice.

Mrs. Maitland walked through her Iron Works as some women walk through a garden,—lovingly. She talked to her son rapidly: this was so and so; there was such and such a department; in that new shed she meant to put the draughtsmen; over there the timekeeper;—she paused. Blair had left her, and was standing in an open doorway of the foundry, watching, breathlessly, a jib-crane bearing a great ladle full of tons of liquid metal that shimmered above its white-hot expanse with the shifting blue flames of escaping gas. Seething and bubbling, the molten iron slopped in a flashing film over the side of the caldron, every drop, as it struck the black earth, rebounding in a thousand exploding points of fire. Far up in the glooms under the roof, above the swaying ladle, the shadows were pierced by the lurching dazzle of arc-lamps; but when the ladle tipped, and the stream of metal flowed with a crackling roar into a mould, the sizzling violet gleam of the lamps was abruptly extinguished by the intolerable glow of light.

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"Oh!" Blair said breathlessly, "how wonderful!"

"It *is* wonderful," his mother said. "Thomas, here, can move the lever that tips the ladle with his two fingers—and out comes the iron as neatly as cream out of a jug!"

Blair was so entirely absorbed in the fierce magnificence of light, and in the glowing torsos of the moulders, planted as they were against the profound shadows of the foundry, that when she said, "Come on!" he did not hear her. Mrs. Maitland, standing with her hands on her hips, her feet well apart, held her head high; she was intensely gratified by his interest. In her pride, she almost swaggered; she nodded, chuckling, to the moulder at her elbow:

"He takes to it like a duck to water, doesn't he, Jim?" "And," said Jim, telling the story afterward, "I allowed I'd never seen a young feller as knowing about castings as him. She took it down straight. You can't pile it on too thick, for a woman, about her young 'un."

"Somebody ought to paint it," Blair said, under his breath.

Mrs. Maitland's face glowed; she came and stood beside him a moment, in silence, resting her big dirty hand on his shoulder. Then she said, half sheepishly, "I—I call that ladle the 'cradle of civilization.' Think what is inside of it! There are rails, that will hold New York and San Francisco together, and engines, and machines for the whole world; there are telegraph wires that will bring—think of all the kinds of news they will bring, Blair,—wars, and births of babies! There are bridges in it, and pens that may write—well, maybe love-letters," she said, with sly and clumsy humor, "or even write, perhaps, the liberty of a race, as Lincoln's pen wrote it. Yes!" she said, her face full of luminous abstraction, "the cradle of civilization!"

He could hardly hear her voice in the giant tumult of exploding metal and the hammering and crashing in the adjacent mill; but when she said that, he looked round at her with the astonishment of one who sees a familiar face where he has supposed he would see a stranger. He forgot his shame in having a mother who ran an Iron-mill; he even forgot that impudent thrust in the ribs; a spark of sympathy leaped between them as real in its invisibility as the white glitter of the molten iron sputtering over their heads. "Yes," he said, "it's all that, and it is magnificent, too!"

"Come on!" she said, with a proud look. Over her shoulder she flung back at him figures and statistics; she told him of the tons of bridge materials on the books; the rail contract she had just taken was a big thing, very big! "We've never handled such an order, but we can do it!"

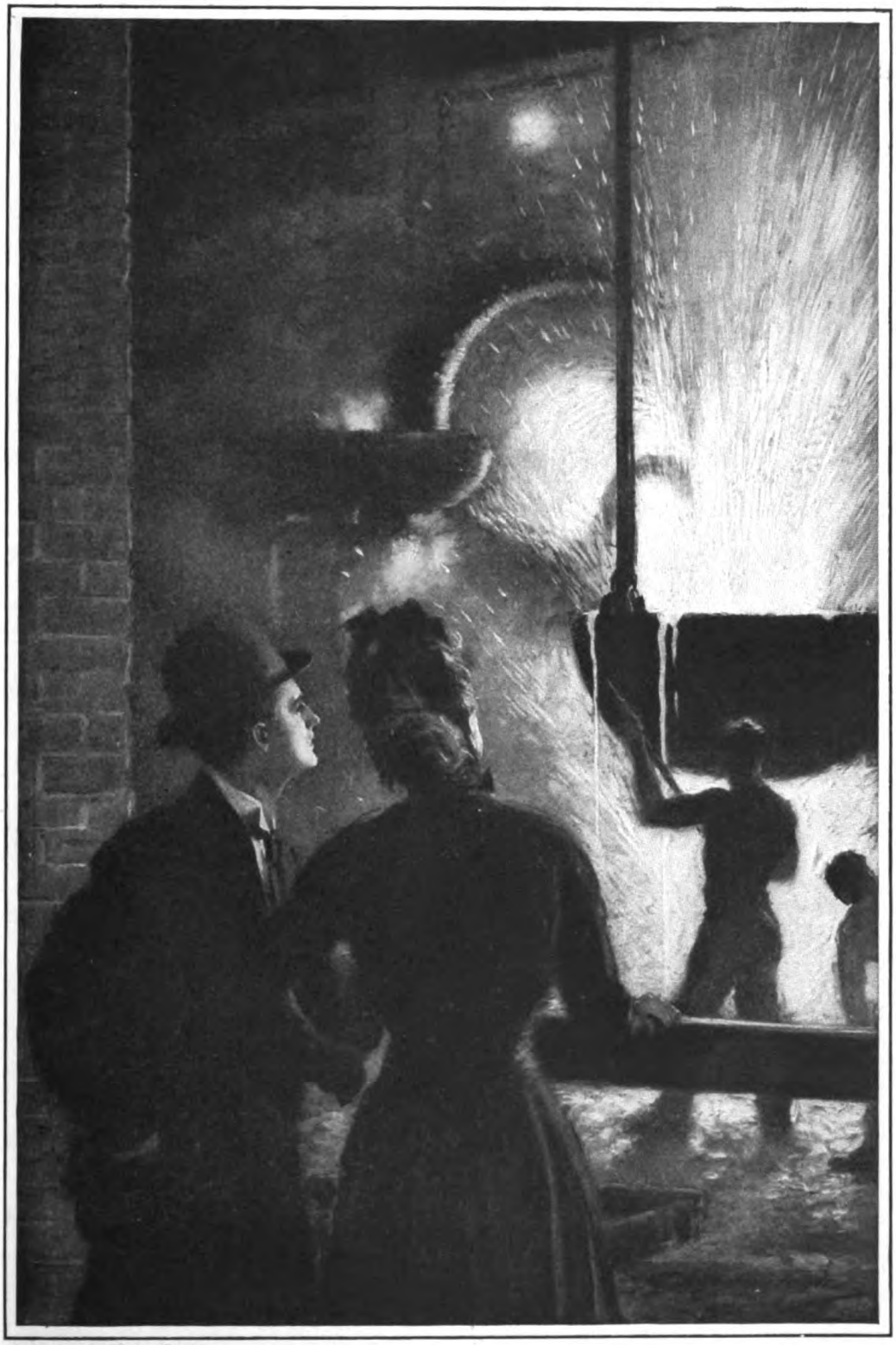
They were walking rapidly from the foundry to the furnaces; Sarah Maitland was inspecting piles of pigs, talking to puddlers, all the while bending and twisting between her strong fingers with their blackened nails a curl of borings, perhaps biting on it, thoughtfully, while she considered some piece of work, then blowing the crumbs of iron out from between her lips and bursting into quick directions or fault-finding. She stood among her men, in her short skirt, her gray hair straggling out over her forehead from under her shabby bonnet, and gave her judgments; but for the first time in her life she was self-conscious—Blair was looking on! listening! thinking, no doubt, that one of these days he would be doing just what she was doing! For the moment she was as vain as a girl; and then, abruptly, her happy excitement was interrupted. She stood still, flinching and wincing, and putting a hand up to her eye.

"Ach!" She bent over, rubbing her eye cautiously. "A filing," she said, and looked with the other sympathetically watering eye for her son. "Here, Blair, take this thing out."

"*I*?" Blair said, dismayed. "Oh, I might hurt you." And then, in his helplessness and concern—for, ignorant as he was, he knew enough of the Works to know that an iron filing in your eye is no joke—he turned, with a flurried gesture, to one of the moulders. "Get a doctor, can't you? Don't stand there staring!"

"Doctor?" said Mrs. Maitland. She gave her son a look, and laughed. "He's afraid he'll hurt me!" she said, with a warm joyousness in her voice; "here, Jim, got a jack-knife? Just dig this thing out." Jim came, dirty and hesi-

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"SOMEBODY OUGHT TO PAINT IT," BLAIR SAID, UNDER HIS BREATH

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tating, but prepared for a very common emergency of the Works. With a black thumb and forefinger he raised the wincing lid, and with the pointed blade of the jack-knife lifted, with delicacy and precision, the irritating iron speck from the iris. "'Bliged," Mrs. Maitland said. She clapped a rather grimy handkerchief over the poor, red eye, and turned back to Blair. "Come on!" she said, and struck him on the shoulder so heartily that he stumbled. But her cheek was blackened by the moulder's greasy fingers, and so smeared by tears from the still watering eye that Blair could not bear to look at it. He hesitated, then offered her his handkerchief, which at least had the advantage of being clean. She took it, glanced at its elaborate monogram, and laughed; then she dabbed her eye with it. "I guess I'll have to put some of that cologne of yours on this fancy thing. 'Member that green bottle with the calendar and the red ribbons on it, that you gave me when you were a little fellow? I've never had anything of my own fine enough to use the stuff on!"

When they got back to the office again, she was very brief and business-like with him. She had had a fine morning, but she couldn't waste any more time! "You can keep all this that you have seen in your mind. I don't know just where I shall put you. If you have a preference, express it." Then she told him what his salary would be when he got to work, and what allowance he was to have for the present.

"Now, clear out, clear out!" she said; "good-by!" and turned her cheek toward him for their semi-annual parting. Blair, with his eyes shut, kissed her.

"Good-by, Mother. It has been awfully interesting. And I am awfully obliged to you about the allowance." On the threshold of the office he halted. "Mother," he said,—and his voice was generous even to wistfulness,—"Mother, that cradle thing was stunning."

Mrs. Maitland nodded proudly. Then she rang her bell. "Ask Mr. Ferguson to step here." When her superintendent took the chair beside her desk, she was all business; but when business was over and he got up, she stopped him with a gesture. "Tell the bookkeeper to double Blair's allowance, beginning to-day."

Ferguson made a memorandum.

"And, Mr. Ferguson, I have told Blair that I consent to his engagement with Elizabeth, and I shall make it possible for them to be married as soon as he graduates—"

"But—"

"I do this," she went on, and satisfaction was warm in her voice, "because I think he needs the incentive that comes to a young man when he wants to get married. It is natural and proper. And I will see that things are right for them."

"In the first place," said Robert Ferguson, "I would not permit Elizabeth to marry Blair; but fortunately we need not discuss that. They have quarrelled, and there is no longer any question of such a thing."

"Quarrelled!—but only this morning, not an hour ago, he let me suppose—" she paused. "Well, I'm sorry." She paused again, and made aimless marks with her pen on the blotter. "That's all this morning, Mr. Ferguson." And though he lingered to tell her, with grim amusement, of Elizabeth's angry bath, she made no further comment.

When he had left the office she got up and shut the door. Then she went back to her chair, and leaning an elbow on the desk, covered her lips with her hand. After she had sat thus for nearly ten minutes, she suddenly rang for an office-boy. "Take this handkerchief up to the house to my son," she said; "he forgot it."

CHAPTER IX

FOR the next five or six years Blair was not often at home. At the end of his Freshman year he was conditioned, and found a tutor and the seashore and his sketching—for he painted with some enthusiasm just at that time—much more attractive than his mother and Mercer. After that he went to Europe in the long vacations.

"How much vacation have I had since I began to run his business for him?" his mother said once in answer to Nannie's intercession that he might be allowed to travel. But she let him go. She did not know how to do anything else; she always let him do what he pleased, and have what he wanted; she gave him everything, and she exacted no

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equivalent, either in scholarship or conduct. It never occurred to her to make him appreciate his privileges by paying for them, and so, of course, she pauperized him.

"Blair likes Europe," she said one Sunday afternoon to David Richie, who had come in to see Nannie, "but as for me, I wouldn't take an hour of my good time, or spend a dollar of my good money, to see the best of their cathedrals and statues and things. Do you mean to say there is a cathedral in the world as handsome as my new foundry?"

"Well," David said modestly, "I haven't seen any cathedrals, you know, Mrs. Maitland."

"It's small loss to you, David," she said kindly. "But I wish I'd thought to invite you to go along with Blair last summer. You might have liked it, though you are a pretty sensible fellow in most things."

"Oh, I can't go to Europe till I can earn enough to pay my own way," David replied, and added with a quick look at Nannie, "besides, I like being in Mercer."

"Blair has no need to earn money," said Mrs. Maitland carelessly; then she blew out her lips in a long sigh. "And he would rather see a cathedral than his mother."

The pathos of that pricked even the pleasant egotism of youth; David winced, and Nannie tried to murmur something of her brother's needing the rest.

Mrs. Maitland gave her grunt of amusement. "Rest! What's *he* ever done to tire him? Well! Clear out, clear out, you two,—if you are going to take a walk. I'm glad *you* came back for your vacation, David, at any rate. Nannie needs shaking up. She sticks at home here with me, and a girl ought to see people once in a while." She glanced at the two young creatures shrewdly. "Why not?" she reflected. She had never thought of it before, but "why not?" It would be a very sensible arrangement. The next moment she had decided that it should be! Nannie's money would be a help to the boy, and he needn't depend on his doctoring business. "I must put it through," she said to herself, just as she might have said that she would put through a piece of work in the office.

This match-making purpose made her invite David to supper very frequently, and every time he came she was apt, after he had taken his departure, to tramp into Nannie's parlor in the hope of being told that the "sensible arrangements" had been made. When she found them together, and caught a word or two about Elizabeth, she had no flash of insight. But except to her, the situation as regarded David and Elizabeth was perfectly clear.

When, seven years before, the two boys had gone off together to college, Blair had confided to his friend that his faith in women was forever destroyed. "But I shall love Elizabeth, always," he said.

"Maybe she'll come round?" David tried to comfort him.

"If she doesn't, I shall never love another woman," Blair said darkly.

David was silent. But as he and Blair were just then in the Damon and Pythias stage, and had sworn to each other that "no woman should ever come between them!" he gave a hopeless shrug. "That dishes me, I guess," he said to himself; "so long as he will never love any other girl, I can't cut in."

It would have been rather a relief to Mrs. Richie to know that her son had reached this artless conclusion, for the last thing she desired was that David's calf-love should harden into any real purpose. Elizabeth was a most kissable young creature to her elders, and Mrs. Richie was heartily fond of her—though the girl, in some shy way, would never allow her to feel that they were intimate;—but all the same, she did not want her for a daughter-in-law. That first meeting, so many years ago, when they had each recoiled from the other, seemed to have left a gulf between them, which had never quite closed up. Elizabeth's temper still frightened and repelled Mrs. Richie; and Elizabeth was herself frightened and even repelled by what she felt to be the austere goodness of David's mother. So Mrs. Richie was just as well pleased that in the next few years David, for one reason or another, did not see his old neighbor very often. But by the time he was twenty-four, and well along in his course at the medical school, she had almost forgotten her vague apprehensions. "David never talks about her," she told herself comfort-

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ably, and never guessed that in silence he remembered. Of course his idea of honor was no longer subject to the claim of friendship, for Blair had entirely outgrown his boyish passion. Now the only thing he feared was his own unworth. In Elizabeth's presence, he seemed stricken dumb. After all, what had he to offer such a radiant being?

For indeed she was radiant. The girl he had known nearly all his life, impetuous, devoid of self-consciousness, giving her sweet, sexless love with both generous hands, had vanished with the old frank days of dropping an uninvited head on a boy's shoulder. Now, though she was still impetuous, still supremely unconscious of self, she was glowing with womanhood, and ready to be loved. She was not beautiful, except in so far as she was young, for youth is always beautiful; she was tall, of a sweet and delicate thinness, and with the faint coloring of a blush-rose; her dimple was exquisite; her brows were straight and fine, shading eyes wonderfully star-like, but often stormy—eyes of clear, dark amber, which, now that David had come home, were full of dreams.

Before her joyous personality, no wonder poor dumb David was torn with apprehensions! It was to Nannie—kind, literal little Nannie—that he revealed his heart; she was intensely sympathetic, and having long ago relinquished the sister-in-law dream, she encouraged him to rave about Elizabeth to his heart's content; in fact, for at least a year before Mrs. Maitland had evolved that "sensible arrangement" for her stepdaughter, David, whenever he was at home, used to go to see Nannie simply to pour out his hopes or his dismays. It was mostly dismays, for it seemed to David that Elizabeth was as uncertain as the wind! "She does—she doesn't," he used to say to himself; and then he would question Nannie, who would reassure him so warmly that he would take heart again.

At the time that he finally dared to put his fate to the touch, Mrs. Maitland's match-making intentions for Nannie had reached a point where she had made up her mind to put the matter through without any more delay. "I'll speak to Mrs. Richie about it, and get the thing settled," she said to herself; "no use dawdling along this way!" But just the day before she found time to speak to Mrs. Richie—it was in David's midwinter recess—something happened.

Elizabeth had accepted—not too eagerly of course—an invitation to walk with him; and off they went, down Sandusky Street to the river and across the old covered bridge. They stopped to say how do you do to Mrs. Todd, who was peering out from behind the scarlet geraniums in the window of the "saloon." Elizabeth took the usual suggestive joke about a "pretty pair" with a little hauteur, but David beamed, and as he left the room he squeezed Mrs. Todd suddenly round her fat waist, which made her squeak, but pleased her very much. "Made for each other!" she whispered wheezily; and David slipped a bill into her hand through sheer joy.

"Better have some ice-cream," the old lady wheedled; "such hot blood needs cooling."

"Oh, Mrs. Todd, *she* is so cool, I don't need ice-cream," the young fellow mourned in her motherly ear.

"Clear off with ye! Ain't you got eyes? She's waitin' to eat you up,—and starvin' for ye!" And David hurried after Elizabeth, who had reached the toll-gate and was waiting, if not to eat him, at any rate for his company.

"She's a dear old soul!" he said joyfully.

"I believe you gave her a kiss," Elizabeth declared.

"I gave her a hug. She said things I liked!"

And Elizabeth, guessing what the things might have been, sheered away from the subject, and murmured how pretty the country looked. There had been a snow-storm the night before, and the fields were glistening, unbroken sheets of white; the road David chose was followed by a brook, that ran, black and chuckling, between the agate strips of ice that lined its banks; here and there a dipping branch had been caught and was held in a tinkling crystal prison, and here and there the ice conquered the current, and the water could be heard gurgling and complaining under its snowy covering. David thought that all the world was beautiful,—now that Mrs. Todd had bidden him use his eyes!

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"Remember when we used to sled down this hill, Elizabeth?"

She turned her cool, glowing face toward him and nodded. "Indeed I do! And you used to haul my sled up to the top again."

"I don't think I have forgotten anything we did."

But she sheered away from personalities. "Isn't it a pity Blair dislikes Mercer so much? Nannie is dreadfully lonely without him."

"She has you; I don't see how she can be lonely."

"Oh, I don't count for anything, compared to Blair," she said carelessly. Her breath came quickly. The starry light was in her eyes, but he did not see it. He was not daring to look at her.

"You count for everything, to me," he said, in a constrained voice.

Elizabeth was silent.

Ah, well, well; one need not tell the tender, everlasting story. Most of us know it: "You are so—lovely. And good. And — wonderful!" And the breathless flutter away from the golden, alluring words: "Don't be—silly!" Or perhaps there was no pretty, foolish retreat, because the moment was too great. Perhaps, like Elizabeth, a small, cold hand was stretched out,—a hand that trembled.

"Oh, David, I am not good enough. Truly, I'm not."

As for David, his doubts and fears crumbled so suddenly that the very shock of it made him stand stock-still in the snow and turn white; then he said, in a low voice: "What! You—*care*? Oh no, you don't! You can't. I can't believe it."

Upon which Elizabeth was instantly joyous again. "Well, I won't, if you don't want me to," she said gayly; and walked on, leaving him standing, amazed, in the snow. Then she looked back at him over her shoulder. And at that arch and lovely look he bounded to her, stammering something, he did not know what, himself; but she laughed, and glowed, and scolded, swerving over to the other side of the path. "David! We are on a public road. Stop! Please!"

"To think of your caring," he said, in a low voice, and was silent. His face, with its flash of ecstasy, was like wine to her; all her soul spoke fearlessly in her eyes: "Oh, David-David-David—isn't it perfectly *splendid*?"

David's lip trembled. He was quite speechless. . . . A little later, as they walked on, her exhilaration flagged. "What will your mother say? She doesn't like me, David."

"Elizabeth!—she loves you! How could she help it? How could anybody help it?"

"Well, some have been able to help it," she said drolly; then she sighed. "No, she doesn't, really; it's my temper, you know, David,—my wicked temper. But I will never lose my temper again as long as I live! How could I? I have everything!" He saw that the tears stood suddenly in her eyes. "But your mother, she has never been wicked, and so she can't understand. She is so simply perfect, you know, that I am sort of afraid of her. I wish she had ever been wicked, like me. David, what will we do if she won't consent?"

"She'll consent all right," he said, chuckling; and added with the sweet and trusting egotism of youth: "the only thing in the world Materna wants, you know, is my happiness. But do you suppose it would make any difference if she didn't consent? You are for me," he said with an abrupt solemnity that was almost harsh. "Nothing in the world can take you from me."

And she whispered, "Nothing."

Then David, like every lover who has ever loved, cast his challenge into the grinning face of Fate: "This is forever, Elizabeth."

"Forever, David."

On their way home, as they passed the toll-house, he suddenly left her and ran up the path to tap on the window; and when Mrs. Todd beamed at him through the geraniums, "*I've got her!*" he cried. And the gay old voice called back, "Glory be!"

On the bridge in the gathering dusk they stood for some time without speaking, looking down at the river. Once or twice a passer-by glanced at the two figures leaning there on the hand-rail, and wondered at the foolishness of people who would stand in the cold and look at a river full of ice; but David and Elizabeth did not see the passing world. The hurrying

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water ran in a turbulent, foam-streaked flood; great sheets of ice, rocking and grinding against one another, made a continuous soft crash of sound. Sometimes one of them would strike the wooden casing of a pier, and then the whole bridge jarred and quivered, and the cake of ice, breaking and splintering, would heap itself upon a long white spit that pushed up-stream through the rushing current. The river was yellow with mud torn up by a freshet back among the hills, but the last rays of the sun,—a disk of copper sinking into the brown haze behind the hills, —caught on the broken edges of the icy snow, and made a sudden white glitter almost from shore to shore.

"Elizabeth," David said, "I want to tell you something. I stood right here, and looked at a raft coming down the river, the evening that Blair told me that you and he—"

"Don't!" she said, shivering.

"I won't," he told her tenderly; "you were only a child; it didn't mean anything. Don't you suppose I understand? But I wanted you to know that it was then, nearly eight years ago, when I was just a boy, that I realized that *I*—" he paused.

She looked at him silently; her lip quivered and she nodded.

"And I have never changed since," he said. "I stood just here, leaning on this railing, and I was so wretched!" he laughed under his breath; "I didn't know what was the matter with me! I was only a cub, you know. But"—he spoke very softly—"all of a sudden I knew. Elizabeth, a woman on the raft looked up at me. There was a little baby. . . . Dear, it was then that I knew I loved you."

At those elemental words her heart came up into her throat. She could not speak, but she suddenly stooped and kissed the battered hand-rail where he said his hands had rested.

David, horrified, glancing right and left in the dusk, and seeing no one, put a swift arm about her in which to whisper a single word. Then, very softly, he kissed her cheek. For a moment she seemed to ebb away from him; then, abruptly, like the soft surge of a returning wave, she sank against his breast and her lips demanded his.

That night David told his mother. He had been profoundly shaken by that lovely unexpected motion of Elizabeth's there on the bridge in the twilight; it was a motion so divinely unconscious of the outside world, that he was moved to the point of finding no words to say how moved he was. But she had felt him tremble from head to foot when her lips burned against his,—so that she needed no words. His silence still lasted when, after an hour next door with her, he came home and sat down on the sofa beside his mother. He nuzzled his blond head against hers for a moment; then slipped an arm round her waist.

"It's all right, Materna," he said, with a sort of gasp.

"What is, dear?"

"Oh, Mother, the idea of asking! The only thing in the world."

"You mean—you and Elizabeth?"

"Yes," he said.

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke her voice broke a little. "When was it, dear?"

"This afternoon," he said. And, once started, he overflowed: "I can't get my breath yet, though I've known it since a quarter past four!"

Mrs. Richie laughed, and then sighed. "David, of course I'm happy, if you are; but—I hope she's good enough for you, dear." She felt him stiffen against her shoulder.

"Good enough?—for *me!* Materna, she is perfect! Don't you suppose I know? I've known her nearly all my life, and I can say she is perfect. She is as perfect as you are; she said you were perfect this afternoon. Yes; I never supposed I could say that any woman was as good, and lovely, and pure, as you—"

"David, *please* don't say such things."

David was not listening. "But I can say it of Elizabeth! Oh, what a lucky fellow I am! I always thought Blair would get her. He's such a mighty good fellow,—and so darned good-looking, confound him!" David ruminated affectionately. "And he can talk; he's not bottled up, like me. And to think she would look at me, when she could have had him,—or anybody else! It seems kind of mean to cut Blair out, when he isn't here. He hasn't seen her, you know, for about two years."

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"Perhaps you would like to call it off until he gets home, and give him a chance?"

David grinned. "No, thank you. Oh, Materna, she is, you know, really, so—so sort of wonderful! Sometime I want to talk to you about her. I don't believe anybody quite understands Elizabeth but me. But to think of her caring for me! To think of my having two such women to care for me. You *and* Elizabeth!" He took her hand gently and kissed it. "Mother," he said—he spoke with almost painful effort—"Mother, I want to tell you something. I want to tell you, because, being what you are, you can't in the least understand what it means; but I do want you to know: I've never kissed any woman but you, Materna, until I kissed—*Her*."

"Oh," said Helena Richie, in a stifled voice, "don't, David, don't; I can't bear it! And if she doesn't make you happy—"

"Make me happy?" David said. He paused; that unasked kiss burned once more against his lips; he almost shivered at the pang of it. "Materna," he said hoarsely, "if she or I were to die to-night, I, at any rate, have had happiness enough in these few hours to have made it worth while to have lived."

"Love doesn't mean just happiness," she said.

David was silent for a moment; then he said, very gently, "You mean—you were thinking of—of your little boy, who died?" She did not speak. He stroked her hand softly. "I always think," he went on, with beautiful tenderness, "that that little beggar gave me my mother. And I feel as if—as if I was on his job; if I am not a good son, he'll—" he stopped, and looked up at her, smiling; but something in her face—perhaps the pitiful effort to smile back through the tears of an old, old grief, gave him a sudden, solemn thrill, the race pain stirred in him; he seemed to see his own child, dead, in Elizabeth's arms.

"Mother!" he said, thickly, and caught her in his arms. She felt his heart pounding heavily in his side, and then she smiled. "Yes," she said, "my little boy gave me another son, though I didn't deserve him! No, no, I didn't," she insisted, laying her soft mother-hand over his protesting lips; "I used to wonder sometimes, David, why God trusted you to me, instead of to a—a better woman." Again she checked his outburst that God had never made a better woman! "Hush, dear, hush. But I didn't mean that Love might mean grief, David. There are worse things in the world than just dying," she ended, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, there are worse things," he said quietly; "of course I know that. But they are not possible things where Elizabeth is concerned. There is only one thing that can hurt *us:* Death."

"Oh, my dear, my dear! Life can hurt so much more than death! so *much* more."

But David had nothing more to say of life and love. He retreated abruptly to the matter-of-fact; he had gone to his limit, not only of expression, but of that modesty of soul which in a young man forbids exposure of the emotions, and is as exquisite as physical modesty is in a girl. He was unwilling, indeed he was unable, to show even to his mother, even, perhaps, to Elizabeth, the speechless depths that had been stirred that afternoon, and stirred again that night by the sight of tears for a baby,—a baby dead for almost a quarter of a century! He got up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and whistled. "Heaven knows how long it will be before we can be married! How soon do you think I can count on getting patients enough to get married?"

Mrs. Richie laughed, though there was still a break of pain in her voice. "My dear boy! When you leave the medical school I mean to give you an allowance—"

"No, Materna!" he interrupted her; "I am going to stand on my own legs!" David's feeling about self-support gave him a satisfaction out of all proportion to the pain it sometimes gave his mother. She winced now, as if his words hurt her.

"David! All that I have is yours."

"No," he said again. "I couldn't accept anything. I believe if a man can't take care of his wife himself, he has no business to have one. It's bad enough to have you supporting a big hungry medical student; but I swear you sha'n't feed his wife, too! No," he ended, with the laughing cocksureness of high-minded youth, "I couldn't be indebted, even to you!"

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"Indebted? Oh, David!" she said. For a moment his words wounded her; but when he had left her, and she sat alone by her fireside, she forgot this surface wound in some deeper pain. David had said he had never kissed any woman but her—until he kissed *Her*. He had said that the things that were "worse than death" were not possible to Elizabeth. "He thinks *she* couldn't do anything wrong," she said to herself almost angrily. For a moment this soft mother felt a stab of something like jealousy; and then her thought went back to that deeper pain. He had not supposed anybody could be as "perfect" as his mother. Helena Richie cowered, as if the sacred words were whips; she covered her face with her hands, and sat a long time without moving. Perhaps she was thinking of a certain old letter, locked away in her desk, and in her heart,—for she knew every word of it:

"My child, your secret belongs to your Heavenly Father. It is never to be taken from His hands, except for one reason: to save some other child of His. Never for any smaller reason of peace of mind to yourself."

When she lifted her bowed head from her hands, the fire was out. There were tears upon her face.

CHAPTER X

IT was the very next afternoon that Mrs. Maitland found time to look after Nannie's matrimonial interests. In the raw December twilight she tramped muddily into Mrs. Richie's firelit parlor, which was fragrant with hyacinths blossoming on every window-sill. Mr. Ferguson had started them in August in his own cellar; for, as any landlord will tell you, it is the merest matter of business to do all you can for a good tenant. Mrs. Maitland found her superintendent and Mrs. Richie just shaking hands on David's luck, Mrs. Richie a little tremulous, and Robert Ferguson a little grudging, of course.

"Well, I hope they'll be happy," he said, sighing; "I suppose some marriages *are* happy, but—"

"Oh, Mr. Ferguson, you are delightful!" Mrs. Richie said; and it was at that moment that Mrs. Maitland came tramping in. Instantly the large, vital presence made the charming room small and crowded. One had a sudden consciousness of too many flowers, too many ornaments, too many photographs of David. Mrs. Maitland sat down heavily on a gilded chair, that creaked so ominously that she rose and looked at it impatiently.

"Foolish sort of furniture," she said; "give me something solid, please, to sit on. Well, Mrs. Richie! How do you do?"

"Nannie has told you the news?" Mrs. Richie inquired.

"Oh, so it's come to a head, has it?" Mrs. Maitland asked, vastly pleased. "Of course I knew what was in the wind, but I didn't know it was settled. Fact is, I haven't seen her, except at breakfast, and then I was in too much of a hurry to think of it. Well, well, nothing could be better! That's what I came to see you about; I wanted to hurry things along. What do you say to it, Mr. Ferguson?"

Mrs. Maitland looked positively benign. She was sitting, a little gingerly, on the edge of the yellow damask sofa at one side of the fireplace, her feet wide apart, her skirt pulled back over her knees, so that her scorching petticoat was somewhat liberally displayed. Her big shoes began to steam in the comfortable heat of a soft-coal fire that was blazing and snapping between the brass jambs.

Mrs. Richie had drawn up a chair beside her, and Robert Ferguson stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece looking down at them. Even to Mr. Ferguson Mrs. Maitland's presence in the gently feminine room was incongruous. There was a little table at the side of the sofa, and Mrs. Maitland, thrusting out a large, gesticulating hand, swept a silver picture-frame to the floor; in the confusion of picking it up and putting it into a safer place, the little emotional tension of the moment vanished. Mrs. Richie winked away a tear, and laughed, and said it was too absurd to think that their children were men and women, with their own lives and interests and hopes—and love-affairs!

"But love-making is in the air, ap-

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parently," she said; "young Knight is going to be married."

"What, Goose Molly's son?" Mrs. Maitland said. "His mother used to make sheep's-eyes at—at somebody I knew. But she didn't get him!—Well, I must give her boy a present."

"And the next thing," Mrs. Richie went on, "will be Nannie's engagement. Only it will be hard to find anybody good enough for Nannie!"

"*Nannie?*" said Mrs. Maitland blankly.

"She is to be Elizabeth's bridesmaid, of course,—unless she gets married before our wedding comes off. A young doctor has to have patients before he can have a wife,—so I'm afraid the chances are Elizabeth will be Nannie's bridesmaid."

She was so full of these maternal and womanly visions that the sudden slight rigidity which came into Mrs. Maitland's face did not strike her.

"Nannie has been so interested," Mrs. Richie went on. "David will always be grateful to her for helping his cause. I don't know what he would have done without Nannie to confide in!"

Mrs. Maitland's face relaxed. So,—Nannie had not been slighted? She herself, Nannie's mother, had made a mistake; that was all. Well, she was sorry; she wished it had been Nannie. Poor thing, it was lonely for her, in that big, empty house! But these two people, patting themselves on the back with their personal satisfaction about their children, they must not guess her wish. There was no resentment in her mind; it was one of the chances of business. David had chosen Elizabeth,—more fool David! (for Nannie 'll have—and Mrs. Maitland made some rapid calculations). "But it's not my kettle of fish," she reflected, and hoisted herself up from the low, deeply cushioned sofa.

"I hope Elizabeth will put her mind on housekeeping," she said. "A young doctor needs a saving wife."

"She'll have to be a saving wife, I'm afraid," Mrs. Richie said, with rueful pride, "for that foolish boy of mine declines, if you please, to be helped out by an allowance from me!"

"Oh, he'll have more sense when he's more in love," Mrs. Maitland assured her easily. "I never knew a man yet who would refuse honest money when it was offered to him. Well, Mrs. Richie, with all this marrying going on, I suppose the next thing will be you and friend Ferguson." Even as she said it, she saw in a flash an inevitable meaning in the words, and she gave a great guffaw of laughter. "Bless you! I didn't mean *that!* I meant you'd be picking up a wife somewhere, Mr. Ferguson, and Mrs. Richie, here, would be finding a husband. But the other way would be easier, and a very sensible arrangement."

The two victims of her peculiar sense of humor held themselves as well as they could. Mrs. Richie reddened slightly, but looked blank. Robert Ferguson's jaw actually dropped, but he was able to say casually that of course it would be some time before the young people could be married.

"Well, give my love to Elizabeth," Mrs. Maitland said; "tell her not to jump into the river if she gets angry with David. Do you remember how she did that in one of her furies at Blair, Mr. Ferguson?" She gave her grunt of a laugh, and took herself off, pausing at the front door to call back, "Don't forget my good advice, you people!"

Robert Ferguson, putting on his hat with all possible expedition, got out of the house almost as quickly as she did. "I'd like to choke her!" he said to himself. And he felt the desire to choke Mrs. Maitland several times that evening, as he sat in his library pretending to read his newspaper. "She ought to be ashamed of herself! Mrs. Richie will think I have been—Heaven knows what she will think!"

But the truth was, Mrs. Richie thought nothing at all; she forgot the incident entirely. It was Robert Ferguson who did the embarrassed thinking.

As for Mrs. Maitland, she went home through Mercer's mire and fog, her iron face softening into almost feminine concern. She was saying to herself that if Nannie didn't care, why, *she* didn't care! "But if she hankers after him"—Mrs. Maitland's face twinged with annoyance—"if she hankers after him, I'll make it up to her in some way. I'll give her a good big check!" But she must make sure about the "hankering." It would not be difficult to make sure. In these

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silent years together, the strong nature had drawn the weak nature to it, as a magnet draws a speck of iron. Nannie, timid to the point of awe, never daring even in her thoughts to criticise the powerful personality that dominated her daily life, nestled against it, so to speak, with perfect content. Sarah Maitland's æsthetic deficiencies which separated her so tragically from her son, did not alienate Nannie. The fact that her stepmother was rich, and yet lived in a poverty-stricken locality; that the inconvenience of the old house amounted to squalor; that they were almost completely isolated from people of their own class;—none of these things disturbed Nannie. They were merely "Mamma's ways," and that was all there was to say about them. She was not confidential with Mrs. Maitland, because she had nothing to confide. But if her stepmother had ever asked any personal question, she would have been incapable of not replying. Mrs. Maitland knew that, and proposed to satisfy herself as to the "hankering."

Supper was on the table when she got home, and though while bolting her food she glanced at Nannie rather keenly, she did not try to probe her feelings. "But she looks down in the mouth," Sarah Maitland thought. There must have been delicacy somewhere in the big nature, for she was careful not to speak of Elizabeth's engagement before Harris, for fear the girl might, by some involuntary tremor of lip or eyelid, betray herself.

"I'll look in on you after supper," she said.

Nannie, with a start, said, "Oh, thank you, Mamma."

When Mrs. Maitland, with her knitting and a fistful of unopened letters, came over to the parlor, she had also, tucked into her belt, a check.

It had never occurred to Nannie, in all these years and with a very liberal allowance, to mitigate her parlor. It was still a place of mirrors, grown perhaps a little dim; of chandeliers in balloons of brown paper-muslin, which, to be sure, had split here and there with age, so that a glimmer of cut glass sparkled dimly through the cracks; a place of marble-topped tables, and crimson brocade curtains, dingy with age and soot; a place, where still the only human thing was Nannie's drawing-board. She was bending over it now, copying with a faithful, finely pointed pencil a little picture of a man and a maid, and a dove and a love. She was going to give the drawing to Elizabeth; in fact, she had begun it several days ago with joyous anticipation of this happy happening. But now, as she worked, her hand trembled. She had had a letter from Blair, and all her joyousness had fled:

"The Dean is an ass, of course; but Mother 'll get excited about it, I'm afraid. Do smooth her down, if you can."

No wonder Nannie's hand trembled!

Mrs. Maitland, putting her letters on the table, sat down heavily and began to knit. She glanced at Nannie over her spectacles. "Better get through with it," she said to herself. Then, aloud, "Well, Nannie, so David and Elizabeth have made a match of it?"

For a minute Nannie's face brightened. "Yes! Isn't it fine? I'm so pleased. David has been crazy about her ever since he was a boy."

Well! She was heart-whole! There was no doubt of that; Mrs. Maitland was visibly relieved, and instantly dismissed from her mind the whole foolish business of love-making. She began to read her letters, Nannie watching her furtively. When the third letter was taken up—a letter with the seal of the University in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope—Blair's sister breathed quickly. Mrs. Maitland, ripping the envelope open with a thrust of her forefinger, read it swiftly; then again, slowly. Then she said something under her breath and struck her fist on the table. Nannie's fingers whitened on her pencil. Sarah Maitland got up and stood on the hearth rug, her back to the fire.

"I'll have to go East," she said, and began to bite her forefinger.

"Oh, Mamma," Nannie broke out, "I am sure there isn't anything really wrong. Perhaps he has been—a little foolish. Men are foolish in college. David got into hot water lots of times. But Blair hasn't done anything really bad, and—"

Mrs. Maitland gave her a sombre look.

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"He wrote to *you*, did he?" she said. And Nannie realized that she had not advanced her brother's cause. Mrs. Maitland picked up her letters and began to sort them out. "When is he going to grow up?" she said. "He's twenty-four; and he's been dawdling round at college for the last two years! He's not bad; he hasn't stuff enough in him to be bad. He is just useless; and he's had every chance a young man ever had."

"Mamma!" Nannie protested, "it isn't fair to speak that way of Blair, and it isn't true! not a word of it!" Nannie, the 'fraid-cat of twenty years ago,—afraid still of thunder-storms, and the dark, and Sarah Maitland, and what not,—Nannie, when it came to defending Blair, had all the audacious courage of love. "Blair is not lazy, he is not useless; he is—he is"—Nannie stammered with angry distress—"he is dear, and good and kind, and never did any harm in his life! Never! It's perfectly dreadful, Mamma, for you to say such things about him!"

"Well, well!" said Sarah Maitland, lifting an amused eyebrow. It was as if a humming-bird had attacked a steel billet. Her face softened into pleased affection. "Well, stick up for him," she said; "I like it in you, my dear, though what you say is foolish enough. You remind me of your mother. But your brother has brains. Yes, I'll say that for him,—he's like me; he has brains. And that's why I'm so out of patience with him," she ended, lapsing into moody displeasure again. "If he was a fool, I wouldn't mind his behaving like a fool. But he has brains." Then she said, briefly, "'Night," and tramped off to the dining-room.

The next morning when Nannie, a little pale from a worried night, came down to breakfast, her stepmother's place was empty.

"Yes," Harris explained; "she went off at twelve, Miss Nannie. She didn't let on where. She said you'd know."

"I know," poor Nannie said, and turned paler than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Knowledge

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

So many Aprils went away
  Before I learned one little part
Of all the joy each fragile day
  Hid in its heart.

So many Summers hastened by
  Before I caught their secret spell,
And read in bloom and leaf and sky
  Life's miracle.

Would that Youth's eye could see the grace
  And wonder of the drifting years. . . .
Grown old, their loveliness we trace
  Through blinding tears.

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Captain Meg's Son

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

THE most gallant little chap that I ever knew was a Virginian. He has haunted me like an ardent little ghost all day—one of those wistfulest of phantoms, the shade of a child who has become a man.

However, it is eminently natural that I should be thinking of him, since my first return to Virginia after fifteen years was to this big lumber-camp in the Alleghanies, where since yesterday it has rained incessantly, and to a practical forester steady sluicing rain gives much opportunity for thought of various kinds.

Any proper estimating of timber is out of the question in so shrewish a downpour. One might as well try to judge the beauty of a woman with tears of rage on her cheeks. I may state in passing that I am an unbeliever in beautiful furies. Helen in a rage would have seemed to me but an ugly jade. But to return to my little lad. I think that I will put in these soaking hours by writing down that adventure in what my wife calls my *Book of Business Romances.* It is a good title, I think, and very pat. Business, whatever the heretic layman may hold to the contrary, involves romance quite as much as does soldiering or law or religion. Also—another paradox in the eyes of the laity—a man may be very practical and very romantic at the same time. I use romantic in its wider sense of imaginative. A romantic man to me does not mean a sentimentalist, but one who likes and believes in the picturesque, original side of things, even, on occasions, the wild and fantastic.

The memory of Beaumarchais abets me—Beaumarchais, without whose practical aid this great American Republic would hardly exist to-day, and yet who was romantic enough to spend on a strange country struggling for liberty his whole fortune, without security or demand for security, and who, incorrigible romanticist to the end, contented himself, in lieu of the five million francs owed him by the United States, with a request to the American people that they should dower his penniless daughter. Also, he indulged himself in writing light literature, and that encourages me in continuing my present diversion.

It was on a wonderful blue and green morning of May that I rushed through the Piedmont country from Richmond to Charlottesville. Sky and earth gleamed like lacquer. There were no clouds at first, only a cloud-like drift of foot-hills to westward as we approached the Blue Ridge. The land rolled gently on all sides, soft with young oats and wheat or the dark green of pastures and still darker forests—and through this intense verdure ran endless loops and windings of a soil that was like red enamel. Now and then came a broad sweep of crimson clover repeating the vivid note, and sometimes when it crested against the sky the scene was like a page from an illuminated missal; clots of ruby against gold and azure—slim trees standing solitary, graceful, and naked in the transparent foliage of spring; a shine of narrow water purling down among wild flowers; far beyond and high in air the celestial battlements of the Blue Ridge.

It seemed a land given for the making of homes; so warm and full was the breast of the dark-red earth—a sort of Indian goddess mother tendering her bosom with promise of food and rest to the unresting children of men.

My practical side, however, kept me from unbiassed enjoyment, for I was wincing all along the way at the forests devastated by sawmills and full of lumberman's "slash," with its eager invitation to fire and its appalling unsightliness.

Then it struck me as rather hopeful that the Mrs. Gordon of Redhouse near Charlottesville, whom I was hastening to

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see, should have summoned me for the purpose of estimating the value of her woodlands before making any business arrangements in regard to them.

The day had turned from May to June when I reached Charlottesville. As I stood on the incandescent pavement before the station, looking about me for some sign of the Redhouse carriage which was to meet me, it came down the hilly street at a slamming trot, its big black horses speckled with foam. A very smart equipage it was indeed—correct, glittering, prosperous, the old coachman almost as black as his horses and rigid in a dark livery.

"The madam says tea will be ready for you, suh," he observed as he bestowed me and my bags safely. "The madam is kep', misfortunately—kep' by business."

He then remounted the box and set off at a great rate for Redhouse.

I was frankly disappointed by the Redhouse carriage. I had (romantically) hoped to see some of the charming tarnished splendor of the old Virginia of which I had so often read. Both carriage and coachman smacked too much of the rich suburban.

I began to wonder as to the reception I would be given. I was used, in my character of forester, to being regarded in divers and sundry ways—sometimes as something a little better than the plumber, a little dearer than the butler; sometimes as a "soul" would have been by a Russian of the old régime. Sometimes as an equal, sometimes almost as a soothsayer. The professional forester, usually a college man and a gentleman, has not yet been "placed" exactly by what *he* would call "the masses."

That rattling drive through the tangled lanes about Charlottesville soothed me entirely, however. A freakish wind blew from the mountains. The air was a web of thrilling scents. A little covey of white lustrous clouds was now loosed upon the sky. I saw noble copses and woodlands unfolding on either hand.

We drove thus for about six miles, then turned sharply around the shoulder of a wooded hill, into pleasant park-like meadows, and finally through slanting lawns to a long iron gate set between stucco pillars.

Through the fanciful scrollwork of the gate I looked up at Redhouse, with its pleasant brick façade tempered by time and weather, and the fine effrontery of its huge white columns.

As I went up the old brick walk to the front door a slight figure appeared and came quietly down the steps to meet me. This was my first sight of Jack Gordon—or John Page Gordon, as he liked to call himself—"the gallant little chap" of the beginning of this story.

He was just twelve years old the day before I came. He had thick, soft, black hair parted on the side and scrupulously brushed until it looked quite Japanese. His eyes were of the most extraordinary *blue* blue (I coin the expression for the subject). His nose and mouth were just those of a nice, undeveloped boy, but his chin was the squarest I ever saw—like the end of a little box. As is usual with boys of his age, his two front teeth were excessively large, but white as china, and did not ill become his shy, rather embarrassed smile.

When I say in hackneyed phrase that John Page Gordon had the manners of a little prince, I mean the manners that we imagine as being part of the appanage of little princes in fairy-tales. He was the very pink of natural, self-forgetful courtesy. When he insisted on gently "worming" from my hand the one bag that Nelson the coachman had consented to leave with me, I submitted. It had some valuable and rather heavy instruments in it, so that Jack's walk was decidedly influenced during our progression to the house, but he carried it with the pleased air of one who is handling a new baseball bat for the first time.

When we entered the front hall together, I was in the midst of that "tarnished splendor" for which I had longed.

The fine old panelling, painted white, was cracked in places and much streaked. Oval stains showed where portraits had gone from the walls. One of the crystal candle-shades in the old bronze lustre was broken, some were missing altogether. The parquet was sprung in places, the mouldings of the ceiling veiled with cobwebs here and there, the fanlight over the big door of solid mahogany dim with them, and the door itself scored outside by the scratchings of impatient dogs.

A new glance at the boy (I had a little

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six-year-old at home myself) showed that his neat garments, though nicely darned and brushed, matched the rest. "Tarnished splendor" was the word for Jack as well as for the home of his ancestors. Why then the unmitigated gorgeousness of "Uncle" Nelson, the big blacks, and the carriage? I was to judge this for myself before I left.

The room into which Jack led the way for tea was delightful. The shabbiness of the vague gray-green Louis XV. furniture only added to its soothing pleasantness. Three sides were panelled in white like the hall; on the third was stretched a moth-eaten tapestry as rare in tone as a mist-blurred dawn in April, and in which the old pink of a shepherdess's lute ribbon and a courtier's coat made the accents of the room. Jack, with slim, sunburnt hands that fumbled a little through overeagerness, set about making tea. The silver was spotless.

"I did it," said he, carelessly, when I admired it, but there was a rare pride beneath the carelessness.

He handed me the clear brown drink with its wheel of lemon atop, as I liked it, and then swung forward the prettiest little Chippendale affair of round shelves and bent-wood, which he called "a curate's assistant." On old Wedgwood platters this quaint table held the best ham-and-lettuce sandwiches possible to imagine.

"I made 'em," said Jack when I commended them.

"You must be a mighty convenient chap to have about," said I, in tones of equality.

"Oh, that ain't anything," he replied, negligently, with his vaguely sweet smile. "I like to use my hands."

Then like a modest host he turned the subject.

"Mother's very sorry she couldn't be here to meet you, Mr. Lockhart. A man came about the new swimming-pool. Mother *couldn't* let any one else see to that."

His voice had the rising Southern inflection which asks a question while stating a fact. So I said:

"Certainly not. I quite understand."

And Jack looked relieved.

"If you'll 'scuse me a minute—" he then suggested.

I "'scused" him ceremoniously, and he returned bearing an old cut-glass tray and liqueur-glasses. There were green and yellow chartreuse in portly little decanters upon it and cognac in its own bottle, "Vintage 1875."

"Mother thought you might like your tea 'laced.' I forgot that," he explained.

We agreed that we liked our tea untrimmed, and sat soberly sipping in good-fellowship, Jack having further explained that he had promised to make his beverage "half water so he'd grow tall as they think."

His tone was sceptical.

"Do you take wine and water, too?" I asked, idly.

He wrinkled his unformed nose in an unconscious spasm of revulsion.

"No. . . . Hate 'em all," he said, briefly.

When we had thoroughly refreshed ourselves Jack went to some outer door and hallooed:

"Marcell-*oo!* Oh, Mar*cell*-oo!"

And presently came a pleasant-faced but blousy mulatto girl, who took away the remnants of our repast. I found afterward that her name was really the ordinary "Marcella," but that Jack changed the last syllable to "oo" for convenience in making himself heard. The contrast between "Uncle" Nelson's immaculate livery and Marcella's far from immaculate gingham set me to wondering afresh.

Jack then suggested that we should take a stroll about the grounds, and during our ramble incidentally introduced me to all the pets which are the natural possessions of a country lad of twelve. "Blick," his white bull-terrier, was evidently chief in his affections.

"Blick" was a well-bred little beast who had eaten unwarily of a neighbor's poisoned meat laid out for weasels, and had a quaint curvature of the spine in consequence which made him walk with a high and haughty gait, somewhat spasmodic, and caused him to wag his whole person when attempting to wag only his tail. He had a sensitive, ever-alert muzzle, as speaking as the eyes of a sentimental girl, and when he sat with his own slightly décolleté orbs fixed on Jack's face, and the glistening inward of his cropped ears showing exactly like the ker-

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nels of English walnuts, he was a symbol of adoration scarce to be forgotten.

I can see "Blick" as plainly as I can see Jack now. It was just Damon and Pythias between them, or something even more spiritual. For, indeed, "who knoweth if the spirit of the beast goeth downward?" I have always taken great comfort in the thought of "Blick."

Jack was engaged in showing me how "Blick" at the word of command would wash his face—"scrub well behind his ears" . . . when a call came that struck him as alert as ever "Blick" was to his own orders.

"Ja-ack! . . . *Jack!*" called this voice, with the sharp sweet tang of a snapped banjo-string. There was not the soft, long-drawn Southern "Oh!" before or after it, but it carried clear and peremptory without such aid.

Jack stood at attention—"Blick" rigid beside him.

"That's mother," he said, and his voice was hushed with pride.

"Yes, mothe-oo! Coming, mothe-oo!" he called back, and set off running, only to remember the next instant and wait sedately for me.

Mrs. Gordon was standing at the head of the portico steps. I had never seen so tall and so singularly graceful a woman, and yet she had no lending from draperies. Her dress was a perfectly cut shooting-costume, with leather-bound skirt just meeting the tops of russet boots. Her collar was of the stiffest correctness even on that warm day. She had discarded her hat and gloves, but still held the rifle with which she had just won first prize, she told me later, at a local match.

I saw in a glance that her cropped, half-curling hair became her. It gave her the head of a Greek boy and was as softly black and thick as her son's.

She let me go up to her, but reached me her hand very frankly when I was beside her.

"'Twas too bad about that man. Had to see to him myself. Darkies are such idiots. Jack treated you well? Hullo! Jacky, don't let that little imp of yours jump on me. His paws are filthy. Get out—you!" she ended, and assisted "Blick" in a swift scurry down the steps with the toe of her boot.

"Don't let's talk business yet," she then said to me. "Let's sit on the east terrace and have a julep before dinner. Jacky, run and make two of your best juleps. What are you waiting for, eh?"

"Only . . . 'cause . . . Mr. Lockhart said he didn't care for anything, mother."

Mrs. Gordon turned to me.

"Have you ever tasted a real genuine Virginia mint julep?" said she.

I confessed that I had not.

She laughed.

"Then you can't know whether you want one or not. Wait till you've tasted one of Jack's. Run along, Jack. Don't stand there like that. You give me the fidgets. And do keep your mouth shut. You've plenty of sense and you look the image of an idiot when you hang it open like that. Aren't boys a *trial?*" she appealed to me as Jack disappeared into the house, leaving a lonesome "Blick" sniffing at the traces of his worshipped footsteps.

"I can't imagine this boy being one," I couldn't help saying.

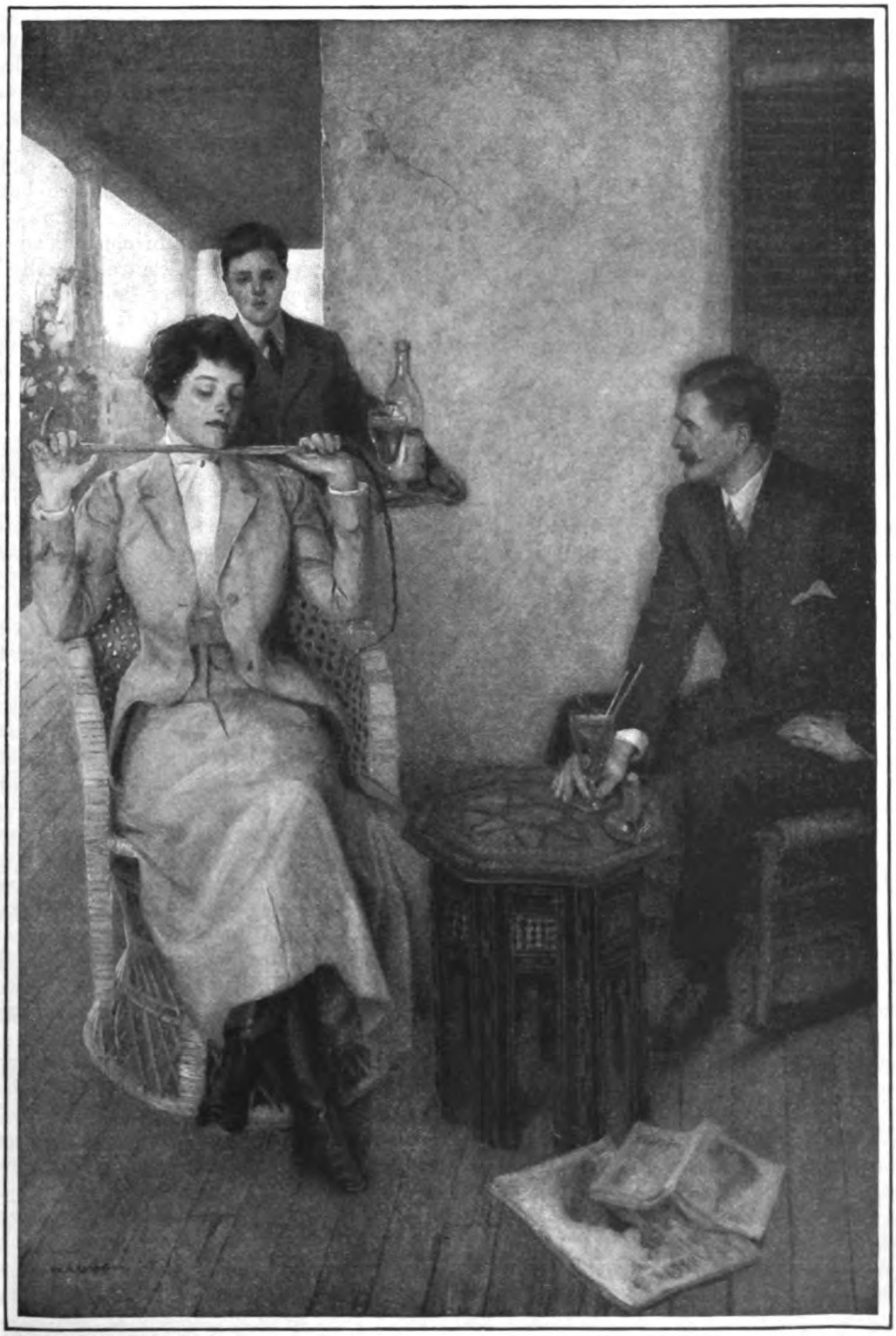
Frankly she antagonized me, though I couldn't help admiring the superabundant vitality that played about her in an almost visible discharge of force. And she was extraordinarily handsome in a curious metallic way. Also, strangely enough, I could see that the boy resembled her in certain points, though not in essentials. Her eyes were black where his were blue, and her chin, though square too, retreated slightly. But the nose, though beautiful, was dominant enough to take the place of two firm chins. I cannot imagine pride, self-will, and ruthlessness better portrayed than in that high, clear-cut nose. She was much tanned, but that too became her. She would have made a stunning young officer on the stage—in fact, she reminded me of a soldier in "mufti" from first to last.

"Oh, Jacky's all right," she said, carelessly, in reply to my last remark. "Nice boy . . . but *boy* all the same."

Then on my making polite inquiries about the new swimming-pool we fell into "shop" talk, or rather she talked and I listened, much interested, for she was as vivid in her speech as in her appearance—until Jack returned.

This was a half-hour later, and he bore carefully upon a small silver tray two old

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Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT HE HAD QUIETLY OUTWITTED HER

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crystal goblets filled with, I must say, the most engaging-looking drink. Ice powdered as fine as snow rose to the brim, below was an inch of burnt topaz; a pearly frost crusted the outside of the glass, a sprig of mint crowned all.

"Ah-h!" said Mrs. Gordon. "*Good* Jacky."

She leaned back in soft pleasure, took a slow sip, then suddenly sat dart-like.

"Jack!" she cried, "did you slop the whole ice-pitcher into this glass? Wait a minute, Mr. Locker." (She did not get my name right for two days.) "If Jack has made the mess of your julep that he's made of mine it's not fit to drink. If you don't mind, I'll taste it for you. . . ."

She took a spoonful from my glass.

"No, yours is all right. Now, Jack, quick! Take this thing back and bring me a proper julep."

I watched the boy's face while apparently looking into my glass. He was certainly pale, but quite composed.

"Yes, mother," he said, and went off with the condemned julep.

In a moment, however, he was back again with the tray, the goblet, and the bottle of cognac. It seemed to my unaccustomed eye that a goodly amount of that 1875 vintage had gone to the making of these two innocent-looking beverages.

"I just brought you out the bottle, mother. I thought that would be the best way," he explained, gently.

Mrs. Gordon gave him a quick glance. Her curved mouth set itself.

"Very well," was all she said, but the boy moved away as soon as he could, and I saw him disappear with an ecstatically twisting "Blick" in the direction of the gardens.

It was very clear to me that Jack did not want to give his mother more cognac, and that he had outwitted her quietly and respectfully by bringing the bottle, so that she should have to pour it for herself. It was also plain that she saw this and was angry about it. But she only added a little to her glass, pronounced it excellent after doing so, and the scene passed over. Not its memory, though. I thought it an odiously painful scene altogether, and I am afraid that I disliked Jack's mother so heartily from that moment that I am unable to write of her impartially.

We dined, half an hour later, in a long, three-windowed room looking toward the Blue Ridge. The linked azure of these mountains, afloat in a slight haze beyond the stolid beauty of the columns outside, was admirable in its aerial decorativeness.

The table, a great slab of old mahogany, was like a dark, glossy pool, on which rounds of much-darned lace lay like odd water-flowers. The china was rare but unmatched, scarce two pieces being alike. Some one had set a bowl of old diamond-patterned crystal in the centre and filled it with a thorny tangle of damask roses in charming disarray. I found afterward that this was the work of Miss Miriam Beech, Jack's governess, who lived in the house and played sedately at being chaperon to his mother, she, I learned, later, being a widow. I say "played" advisedly, for it is my opinion that "Miriam Beebee" herself could not in earthly form have adequately chaperoned Mrs. Gordon. She was so convincingly one of those who brook no control save such as personal desire suggests.

Miss Beech was delightfully ugly, evidently aware of it and not in the least embittered by that fact. She had a small Roman nose and what I conceived to be a Roman eye and chin as well. This eye was a light, animated gray with red flecks in it, like the eye of William Rufus.

Perhaps that was why Jack called her "Billy." Or more likely it was because of the downright frank comradeship existing between them. "Billy," like "Blick," was a wonderfully comforting thought to me subsequently whenever I mused on the peculiar state in life to which it had pleased Providence to call John Page Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon yawned with extreme frankness straight through dinner. She said that it was the "open air all day" that made her yawn so in the evening and wished that we might put off our business talk until the next morning.

I convinced her that this would bring upon her unnecessary expense, and after coffee and a glass (or so) of yellow chartreuse we adjourned to the faded Louis XV. room to talk things over.

I found that the wooded area which she wished estimated was not very large and decided to do it by myself, without

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sending for an assistant. This, I explained to her, would take me about a week. She nodded and said, "Very well."

I found also that hickory (a first growth) and walnut were the timber from which she expected most She had all the woman's gambling intuition that her woods would prove full of "curly" walnut. When I explained to her that this can never be ascertained until the timber is cut, she said, "How stupid!" and began yawning again.

At half past six next morning I came down in flannel shirt and woodsman's dress, to find Jack and "Blick" presiding over my breakfast, which was situated like a small but tropical island on one curve of the mahogany pool.

"Mammy did it and I helped," said Jack. "I cooked the batter cakes. Do you like batter cakes?"

I said that if they tasted half as good as they smelled I could not possibly like anything better. Then Mammy approached to wait on me, and Jack introduced us.

She had a fine old carven amber face with fleecy gray hair that clasped it like a kerchief. Her smile was motherhood itself. Cleanliness lay upon her like a benediction. Her voice was a blending of sweet cajolery and firmness. I placed Mammy at once alongside "Blick" and Billy in my regard. Yet, I noticed in her expression a certain tenseness that was also characteristic of the two others. They all three had an air about them of being braced for sudden events, not pleasurable.

I thought of how Mrs. Gordon's smart boot-tip had helped "Blick" down the steps yesterday and of one or two other things, and I felt that were I in the same relationship to Jack as themselves I should also wear a taut expression.

Miss Beech consenting, Jack bore me company a little while that morning. I have never seen so keenly inquiring a little lad nor a more intelligent one.

He absorbed my explanations with such acumen that during the last half-hour I said:

"How would you like to take up forestry when you're grown, Jack? Somehow, I think you'd be good at it."

"Oh, I like it *ever* so much," he replied, graciously (he was given to italics in speaking, partly from inheritance, partly from so much association with women, I fancied), "but what I *really* want to be is an architect."

This was the beginning of many talks on that subject. The boy had really a very unusual creative imagination.

I remember sitting with him on the steps of the rotunda of the University of Virginia, late one afternoon, after my day's work was over, while he swept a nervous brown hand across the distant façade of the building at the other end of the campus as though eliminating it, and drew a vivid picture of how the distant mountains would have looked framed in immense columned arches.

"*I'd* have put the buildings at each side," he said, "with big columns and arches leading between them. A sort of thing like the Natural Bridge. I can't explain very well, but *you* know what I mean, don't you? Things come to me like that when I'm going to sleep. I was a little tiny boy when they blocked it up. It's made me feel smothered ever since. Jefferson would *cry* if he could see it. I'm sure he would—even if he is a man—a sort of man-angel, I suppose."

I could not see Jefferson as a man-angel, but I could very plainly see Master Jack's arches and columns — and the beauty that the ethereal landscape of cloud and mountain would have lent to that lovely campus, with its colonnaded sides and terraced rotunda.

"When are you going to school, Jack?" I asked, abruptly.

A kind of stern man's look came over his winning face.

"When mother decides," he answered.

"You don't seem to know many boys," I said to him on another occasion. "How is that?"

"Boys make mother nervous," he replied, indulgently. "Besides, I have plenty of fun."

"But wouldn't you like it?" I persisted.

"Not if mother didn't," he said, stoutly.

I am not particularly demonstrative, but I did long to hug him—just catch him up and squeeze him hard as women do sometimes, to the dismay of engaging lads.

I shall never forget the first occasion on which I saw him with a baseball and bat. His companion was a little darky of

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eight named Reginald Eugene, and from the spirit with which Jack conducted this game *à deux* you would have thought that at least he was playing the captain of a team.

I could not suffer this sight with apathy, and went down and batted for him until nearly dinner-time. His radiance of appreciation was almost too much for me. I longed to have a brutal conversation with his mother.

Miss Beech saved me from this madness by talking of the boy with me in the frankest terms. She was evidently a person of intuitions and gauged my state of mind correctly.

"What he needs is school," said she, "the contact with other boys. You see, his mother is really very devoted to him —very dependent on him, I may say."

I grumbled something which must have sounded cynical, for she continued:

"Yes, I know exactly how you feel, Mr. Lockhart, but there are many circumstances . . ."

"I don't doubt it," I remarked, unkindly.

Miss Beech pursued her theme unmoved.

"Though this is a fine old estate, Mrs. Gordon is not at all rich."

I smiled disagreeably, even impertinently I fear it would have been considered by any other than Miss Beech, but we had grown too intimate in our mutual affection and concern for Jack to allow her such conclusions.

"No—really," she said now, "money is not plentiful at Redhouse. You must try to be impartial, Mr. Lockhart. Jack's schooling will cost a great deal."

I thought of the swimming-pool which was to cost nearly two thousand dollars at what Mrs. Gordon informed me was "a bargain," and I smiled a second time.

Miss Beech shook her head at me, but sighed frankly.

"We must hope for next year," she said, and sighed again.

I frowned this time and burst forth, bluntly, "It's a shame!" I'm afraid I said, "It's a d—d shame," for Miss Beech put the kind touch of frustrated motherhood on my arm and said, "Now . . . now. . . ."

That night something happened which made me more downcast than ever.

I had been sitting up rather late in the library drawing my maps, when the noise of a heavy fall roused me, and I rushed out and half-way up the main stairs, to be met by Jack at the top.

He was in shabby little blue pajamas and his usually sleek hair rumpled sleepily. In one hand he held a guttering candle in an old copper candlestick. He was quite white, but composed as usual.

"Please don't bother, Mr. Lockhart," he said. "Please don't come up. It's only . . . it's just that mother caught her foot in a rug and . . . and tripped. She was . . . she was coming from my room, where she'd been to tell me good night" (it was nearly one o'clock), "and she . . . a . . . she caught her foot in a rug. She hasn't got on a dressing-gown. I'm quite strong enough to help her. . . . It's *very* kind of you to come. But please won't you go back?"

His lip trembled suddenly. He caught it with his teeth and held the candle a little back of him.

"Certainly, Jack," I said, quite sobered. "Mind, you call me if you need me."

"Yes . . . *indeed* I will," he said, eagerly, and I turned and went thoughtfully down-stairs again. Things which I do not care to put into words were very clear indeed to me just then.

It was the day before my departure that I found that the timber which I had estimated was to go for the payment of the swimming-pool.

This information was given me at luncheon. I am not ashamed to confess that I could scarcely eat. Miss Beech kept her eyes sedulously upon her plate of priceless old Sèvres, which looked as though the Mad Hatter had taken a bite out of its edge. My plate was of Worcester and had had its bite glued back. Jack was eating from a cheap willow-pattern reproduction, Mrs. Gordon from a very beautiful and quite whole bit of Crown Derby. I thought grimly that Crown Derby was perfectly suited to her.

"You'll show him yourself for Mr. Carter, won't you, mother?" Jack's ardent little voice piped up, referring to "Black Arrow," a famous heavyweight hunter that we had been discussing.

"He's a handful, Jacky, you know. Do you think I can sit him?" said she, with basking conceit.

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"Oh, *mother!* You can sit *anything!* Old Mr. Carter was saying to one of the judges only the other day, 'Why, Captain Meg, she could set a Zelry full of whiskey!' They call my mother 'Captain Meg' round here, Mr. Lockhart, 'cause she's so brave. She's a champion swimmer, and saved a boy's life once. And she's the best woman-shot in Virginia and the best rider in America," explained Jack.

He radiated pride.

His unique mother laughed.

"Oh, come, boysie," said she, with elaborate modesty. "All Kentucky girls can ride. Not the best in *America,* boysie."

When she called him "boysie" I felt an inner commotion hard to describe. It was usually after the second or third glass of apricot brandy or chartreuse that this happened. But the appalling gush of stimulated affection babbled on after luncheon to-day, overflowed into the drawing-room, inundated it.

She threw herself on a sofa and drew the boy to her, pressing his head against her breast and leaning her cheek upon it.

Jack was very red. His anxious eye sought mine with a horrid fascination. Then, redder than ever, he put up a loyal hand over hers.

"Captain Meg's own soldier-boy," crooned she. "Worth an army of selfish men!"

Jack patted and patted the prisoning hand, but I knew that it was torture for him to be so sentimentalized over and cosseted before another man. I always thought of him as a man.

To your thoroughly healthy bodied and minded boy sentimentalism is a deadly dose. It actually reverses the peristaltic action, I believe — produces nausea, Jack's smile was sickly. I thought it heartrending.

I got up, saying something about a cigar, and left the room.

Miss Beech left, too. Her lip was quivering.

"It's just her uncontrolled love . . ." she murmured.

"I never heard apricot brandy called 'love' before," retorted I, brutally.

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart!" she breathed.

But even Miss Beech was not to be endured in my then mood. I left her as abruptly as I had left the room. I was in an exaltedly evil frame of mind. I had spoken as no gentleman should speak, and I was thrillingly glad of it.

I walked fast to the old iron gate, and leaned over it with such vehemence that something in my breast pocket snapped sharply. This did not improve my humor, for I knew at once that it was a tortoise-shell cigarette-case of which I was very fond.

I took it out ruefully. Nothing to be done. I concentrated my unexpressed spite into the gesture with which I flung the pieces from me.

And suddenly there was Jack, with his cordial, sweet courtesy. He, too, had made his escape. This eased me a little.

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart!" he cried. "What a pity to throw it away! I'm sure it could be riveted or something."

"No. . . . I don't like riveted things," I replied, as sulkily as a boy. "Let it alone, please . . ." for he was half-way through the gate to rescue the fragments.

He looked a little dashed, then gleamed at me.

"I know!" he cried. "I'd love to do it . . . truly I would. . . . *Please* let me! . . . You've . . . you've been so jolly to me, you know."

He was blushing now up to the Japanese lacquer of his hair.

"Let me . . ." he urged.

"Let you do what, old man?" I asked, quite restored to the love for my fellows.

"Give you a new cigarette-case as a . . . as a . . . remento?"

He stood as quiveringly tense as "Blick" begging for a walk.

"Why, my dear chap," said I, "I'd like nothing better."

"Shake!" cried Jack.

And I took the kind little paw and wrung it, man to man.

"Why, we can go now . . . right away," he then exclaimed. "Mother's going in to Charlottesville in the runabout. . . . I can stand up in the back. . . . I'll go tell her. . . ."

He was off full tilt before I could say anything. I wouldn't have said anything, though. Let him get all the joy that he could out of his queer, balked little life.

Mrs. Gordon expressed herself as enthusiastic over the plan. There had been more apricot brandy in the interval, I

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saw. Her great Indian-like black eyes were far too lustrous for nature. But her fine gait was still that of a smart young officer in petticoats. I looked at her and wondered that she should have borne a child. Her very breast, wide and superb, was at the same time unyielding and muscular. A breast for orders and gold braid, not to pillow the tender head of a child. And for Miriam Beech, that all-mother, to have lived the best part of her life a virgin—this seemed to me a wan-chancy trick of Fate.

We drove to town behind a startlish brown mare, the acme of form and race. I wondered, surlily, how much of Jack's schooling had gone to pay for her.

All the way to Charlottesville Mrs. Gordon gave me that mare's pedigree, history, public and private, and a list of the cups and ribbons that she had won. Jack was too full of unusual and pleasurable excitement to talk at all.

He was still dumb when we drew up before the jeweller's.

When we got inside, Mrs. Gordon was extremely affable. Her smile, too piercingly sweet for sincerity, played about us. It reminded me of summer lightning through which the stars look unmoved, for her too brilliant eyes did not share in it.

"You and Jacksie" (this was a variation of "boysie") "must take all the time you want," glowed she. "Don't give me a thought. Mr. Fraser will show me heaps and heaps of jewels, 'rope of pearls' like the man in *Lothair*—piles of emeralds and sapphires and rubies. They *do* so fascinate me!"

The smile was playing upon Mr. Fraser now, and he responded by strewing the counter with trays of glittering kickshaws.

Jack and I, a little to the left, fell to a more sober scrutiny of cigarette-cases. The lad had a pretty taste. He became enamoured of a case of aluminum inlaid with gold in a simple pattern. I was all for plain silver. We disputed with friendly zeal — absorbed, argumentative, the shopman egging us on.

I was suddenly aware that his attention was flagging. He fidgeted, his eyes wandering past me. I glanced in the same direction and saw that they were fixed on his mother. When he observed that I noticed his distraction he flushed and took up the aluminum case. But in a moment his glance had wandered again.

Mrs. Gordon was laughing and talking a good deal, her hands flitting from one heap of jewels to another. She put on and pulled off rings—clasped a pearl collar about her throat—held up earrings beside her cheek. Her face, though beautiful in its flushed eagerness, struck me unpleasantly. There was in her eyes the curious lust for gems — there is no other word that exactly describes the look that I mean.

All at once Jack left me.

He went and stood silently at his mother's side for a moment, then laid hold of her sunshade.

"Let me carry it for you, mother," I heard him say.

She gave him an angry look, out of all proportion to the occasion, and twitched the sunshade back.

"Nonsense!" said she. "Don't bother me, Jack. Don't be a nuisance."

I knew, of course, that the boy adored his mother and her tone was very biting, but I was surprised to see him grow so white.

He hesitated, then put his hand gently on it again.

"You'd better let me carry it, mother," he urged. "You . . . you can look at the things better without it. . . ."

This time she gave him a singularly ugly look, but his blue eyes met the black ones full and steady.

"You'd better, mother," he said again.

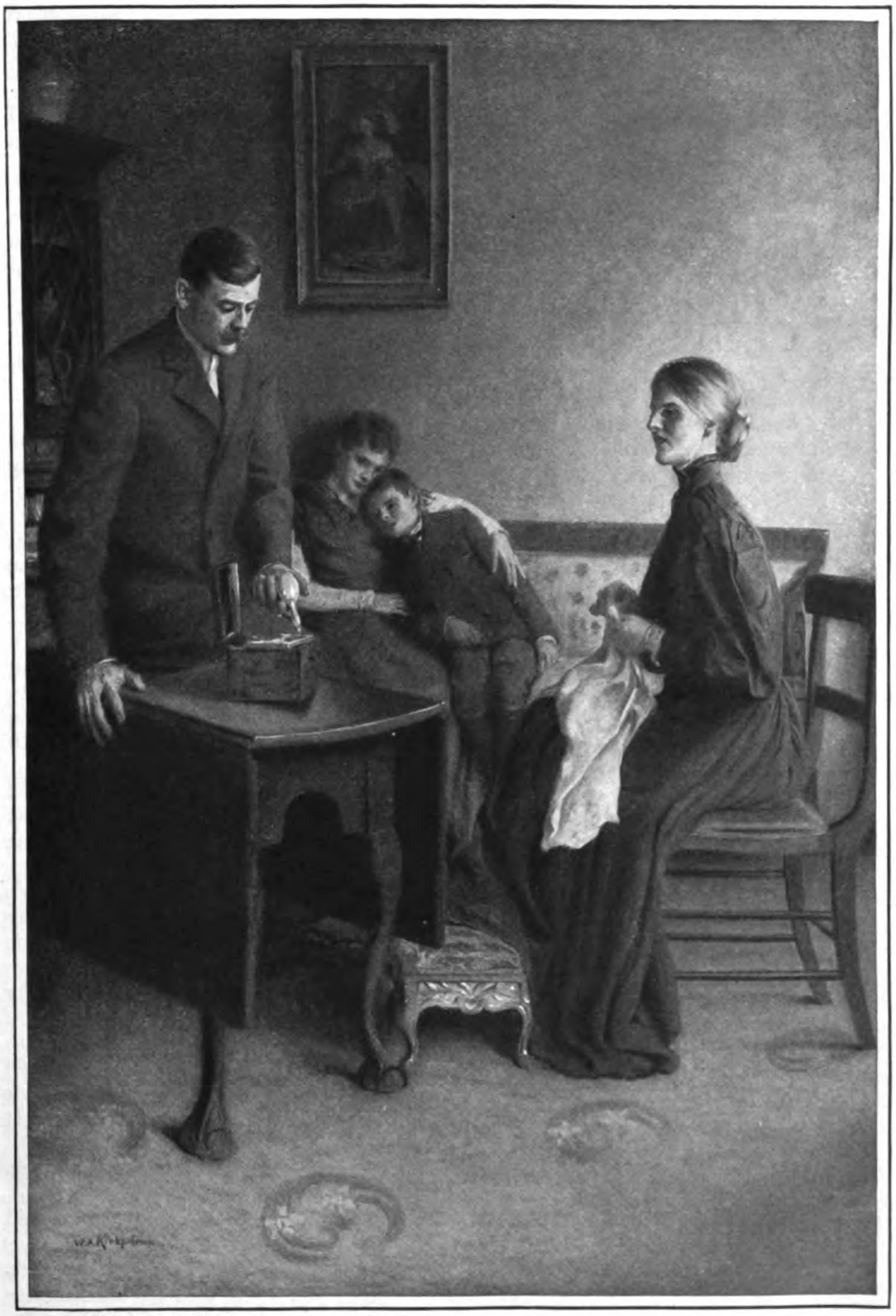
And to my entire amazement her face wavered suddenly into a rather foolish smile.

"Of all the sawnies!" she exclaimed, affectedly. "Did you ever see a boy so silly about his mother, Mr. Fraser? . . . Very well. Take it, and if you and Mr. Locker—Mr. Lockhart—have finished you might go and sit in the runabout till I come."

Jack took the sunshade and walked slowly to the door. His face was like paper. I thought the child was ill and turned to follow him, and at the same moment Mrs. Gordon began putting on her gloves and Mr. Fraser to arrange his much-scattered jewelry.

We had all reached the door when that event occurred which I can say with per-

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Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

SHE THREW HERSELF ON A SOFA AND DREW THE BOY TO HER

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fect sobriety was the most painful in which I ever took part.

"I beg your pardon. . . . Just one moment, Mrs. Gordon," I heard a breathless voice exclaiming. We both turned. Jack was standing with his back to us, his hand on the knob of the shop door.

Mr. Fraser, the head jeweller, and his assistant were before us. Which looked the more discomposed it would be hard to decide. They were changing color like schoolgirls, only no schoolgirl ever showed such painful, mottled hues even under the most exquisite embarrassment.

"Only a form—a mere form. We are obliged. . . . Yes, under orders . . . like an oath . . . obliged. . . . A mere form."

That is what they were both stammering like an unhappy chorus of parrots in some modern version of *The Birds*.

Mrs. Gordon was now as pale as her son and had lifted herself to the extreme of her impressive height.

"I don't understand you, gentlemen," said she.

Her voice had an edge to have beheaded error at one stroke.

I can't go on describing this abomination. What these unhappy tradesmen wished to signify was that a very splendid sapphire ring was missing, and that as boys were very unaccountable and "mischievous," they put it (to their eternal honor), they were under the painful . . . the most painful necessity of asking that his pockets should be "examined" (their word again) before he left the shop.

I had been watching Jack before and during this speech. He had taken his hand from the door-knob and was playing nervously with his mother's sunshade, half opening it, running his arm down among the folds, smoothing them out again, twirling it round and round with its point on his foot.

Then came an instant when Mrs. Gordon dropped sharply upon the nearest chair. She collapsed as though stabbed. Her face had all the aghastness and horror that I could have desired.

"My son accused of being a thief? . . . *Jack . . . a thief?* . . ." she stammered. And I heard her say, "Oh, God!" under her breath.

Well, they searched him and they found the sapphire ring in his pocket.

I never liked a man better in my life than stout, sandy-haired Mr. Fraser when he took that beastly jewel in his hand. He just gaped at it a second, then put his other hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Jack . . . sonny . . ." said he, "I know you wouldn't have kept it . . . but why did you take it at all?"

Jack tried to speak, tried to swallow. He could do neither. Mrs. Gordon was leaning against the counter with her head buried on her arms. No sound came from her.

"Here! Give him a glass of water, Mason," said the old jeweller. He had not removed his hand from Jack's shoulder. It was a dry pink hand covered with a sandy fuzz, but it appeared most attractive to me just then, and I have never been able to think of it as ugly since. There was all fatherhood and humanity just in one kindly member.

Jack's mother seemed no more connected with it all, somehow, than if she had been a one-breasted Amazon born of a Centaur and a Lorelei.

Jack drank from the glass which Mason held for him with a shaking hand and looked up. He looked up into old Fraser's pained and puzzled eyes, and I saw a muscle near his mouth twitch slightly.

"Why did you do it, sonny?" repeated Mr. Fraser. He spoke in a very low voice.

Jack said, clearly, "I . . . liked the color."

Old Fraser looked at Mrs. Gordon's bent figure, then at me. I suppose my face was blank enough, for he turned his eyes again to the boy.

"Was that all? Was that why you . . ."

"Yes," said Jack.

"I can't make it out," protested the old jeweller. He seemed to appeal to Jack himself. "I can't make it out at all. It wa'n't like you, sonny."

"I just . . . took it," said Jack. "That's all. . . . I'm sorry."

"You ain't as sorry as I am," said the other.

A silence fell. It was broken by Jack.

"Shall you"—he cleared his throat—"shall you send me to prison?" he finished in a low but distinct tone. His face was so perfectly bloodless now that his eyes seemed bruised into it.

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"Good Lord! No, sonny. No . . . no . . ." faltered the old man, quite overcome. "There. . . . You go straight along home. . . . I reckon you're sick. I reckon that's why you did it, Jack. I . . . I know it is. Now you remember that. . . . Don't you fret over this too much. . . . You hear? . . . You're sick. Look at him," he appealed to me. "He's sick, ain't he? Look at his face." He broke off and turned to Mrs. Gordon. The angry abruptness of his voice in addressing her gave me acute pleasure.

"Your boy's sick, ma'am . . . sick. You hear? You take him home and attend to him right away."

Mrs. Gordon rose at once. Her face was quite expressionless. She left the shop without a word and got into the runabout. Jack and I followed. He did not stand up this time, but sat with his back to us, dangling his legs over the tail-board.

That was an unspeakably disgusting drive. For I had not thought over the whole thing a moment before the truth was clear to me. I knew it for the truth as though I had seen it in detail. Mrs. Gordon, scarcely herself and yielding to a moment's mean and idiotic temptation, had dropped the ring into the folds of her sunshade. Jack had seen this and acted at once. He was his mother's only protector—to protect her from prison even if he could not protect her from herself was a plain and simple duty. I knew, as well as if I had seen it in his hand, that when he had fumbled in the folds of the sunshade he was transferring the ring from thence to his own pocket. I remembered the old saying, "The measure of a man." I thought that Jack filled that measure.

We made but a poor repast that night, Miss Beech and I dining together, with Mammy to wait upon us, like two shipwrecked waifs on an island of black mahogany. Mammy's amber face seemed smeared with ashes—the tint of grief in a mulatto. She had very plainly been crying. I thought the wisp of bleached wool that she kept tucking behind her ear pathetic, not untidy.

Mrs. Gordon, I was informed, had one of her "blind headaches." I considered the ailment strikingly appropriate.

"And Jack?" I asked, bluntly.

Jack also had a headache. He often had them. They were hereditary.

We pretended to eat in a thick silence.

When Mammy left the room to serve dessert Miss Beech turned to me—the motherhood in her all naked and unashamed.

"Tell me . . . tell me," she whispered, avidly. "What happened to-day? . . . What happened to Jack, Mr. Lockhart?"

I heard my voice, hard and unresponsive, saying, "You must ask Jack's mother."

Miss Beech's face contorted as though she were going to sneeze. It is true that our tragic gestures borrow from the comic in real life. But I saw nothing comic in what was actually so. I put out my hand. Poor "Billy" laid her little stiff fingers in it. Then she frankly lifted her napkin to her face.

"He is so sp-splendid," she sobbed. "He ne-ne-never tells."

"No," I said, gently, "he would never tell."

Mammy came in with the dessert.

About two o'clock that night I could stand supine wakefulness no longer. I threw on a dressing-gown, took a towel, and left Redhouse by the west-wing door.

The brook that flowed at the foot of the hilly lawns rushed near the garden into a big, clear pool, for the soil on this part of the estate was sandy. Through most of Albemarle County the streams flow as from overturned giant tureens of tomato soup. The trees cast shadows across the Rivanna, as across a field—there are no reflections. But at Redhouse the living green of the water flowed as from a glacier.

I went slowly down the turfed slant through the scents and noises of the night.

A high moon was shining, and the wind seemed to blow it a little out of shape like a gold bubble. Under an arch of lindens and tulip trees and birches the pool lay dim and mystic, with here and there a wire of golden light, as though some nixie diving had left her harp afloat on the surface.

I lay in the warm minty grass for a while before bathing. The place was so strangely Greek in the moonlight that a boy-faun, wetting his small hoofs, would

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have seemed dreamily natural. I smiled to my indulgent self at this bit of romanticism, then gasped.

Down the bank, not twenty feet away, a little gleaming figure, quite naked, balanced delicately. The moonlight outlined him in one master curve from head to dripping feet. Beautifully thin he was, a sight to delight an artist and shake a mother to tears.

I had almost called his name, then remembered and drew back into the shadows. The wind was blowing from me, and "Blick," sturdily on guard beside his master's clothes, had not scented me.

All Aready was in that first dive of the boy, and all Christendom, too; for, rising again, he scrubbed and scrubbed his slim body and then his hands with sand from the bank, as though he would scrub away some odious stain.

"All the perfumes of Araby," every passionate yet restrained gesture seemed saying, "will not sweeten this little hand." Again he dived and again, and then again fell to scouring his tender flesh with the harsh cleanliness of the sand. I could not see his face, but I could imagine it. And I could not stand the sight of that supposed stain being vainly scarified another instant.

"Jack . . ." I said.

He dived at once. It was the most primordial thing I ever saw, and I held my own breath until he came up. He seemed long minutes under water.

When he rose I called him again, and he swam toward me. His courtesy did not desert him even in this dire stress.

"We've had the same thought at the same time, old man," I said, horribly conscious and using a frivolous voice that quavered.

"Yes," he replied, gravely. "It's jolly to swim at night."

He stood in the shallow water a little away from me.

"Won't you come in now?" he said, politely. "The water's just right . . . not cold . . . just right."

I stripped at once, and together we swam about for a good bit.

When we had come out and were clothed again in very light attire I said:

"Stay with me just a little, will you? I want a cigarette before we go in."

"Of course," he said, and sat down beside me in the grass, clasping his knees and looking quietly out before him. "Blick" humped himself close by, and later on Jack folded and unfolded one of his cropped ears as we talked.

I smoked without saying anything at first, then I asked:

"Are you like your father, Jack? I think you must be like him?"

The boy was so quick that he said:

"How do you mean 'like him'? They say I look like . . . mother."

There was an imperceptible pause between the last two words.

"Well, I didn't mean your looks exactly, though your eyes are blue. Your mother has black eyes."

"My father's eyes were blue."

"Why haven't I seen a portrait of him? He was a very distinguished man, wasn't he?"

"Yes. My father was a great man—a great soldier. They called him 'Win-or-die Gordon.' But he . . . died when I was a baby. Mammy told me about it. I . . . am glad he is dead."

This was said in a voice that bitter seventy could not have surpassed.

I just put my hand on his.

"No, Jack," I said.

He swallowed hard, then said, "Yes . . . I mean it."

"You wrong him," said I.

"'Wrong him'?"

"Yes. Do you think he wouldn't have understood? . . . All that you chose to tell him," I ended, hastily, for I was implying too much knowledge.

I thought for a minute that he was going to break down and show the normality of his twelve physical years. His soul was certainly a thousand. But he shook off the rigid shudder that had clutched him by the simple device of stretching out his legs and drawing them up again. And he was quite silent, not with a sullen but with a dignified silence.

This was too much for me, and after five minutes I said, chokily:

"*Any* man would be glad to call you son, Jack. *I* would, I know."

"Thank you *very* much," he said, with his sweet italics.

During the next minute I prayed like any devout woman. Then I said:

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"Man to man . . . Why did you do it, Jack."

I saw him shudder again. He took his chin in his hand, then said, steadily,

"I . . . liked the color, Mr. Lockhart."

"Jack!" I cried, *"Jack!"* and I'm afraid I shook the arm that I grasped. "You know that I understand it all. Can't you trust me? I give you my word of honor that it will be forever just between you and me. But . . . my God! boy, it isn't right . . . it isn't safe for you to keep such a thing all to yourself. You don't know what you're up against, trying to live day and night with such a thing alone. It was just a wretched mistake. .You took it too seriously. . . . It wasn't what you thought. . . ."

I had lost my head completely.

The boy shook and shook, but, freeing himself from my hand, got to his feet.

"It's . . . very late," he said. "I'm afraid . . . they might wake and . . . be worried about me. And . . . it . . . wasn't a mistake. I meant to . . . take it. I . . . I took it because I wanted to, Mr. Lockhart . . . because I wanted to."

His voice had grown fierce, and his eyes looked at me as black as his mother's from their dilated pupils.

It was no use. I saw that. He was the stronger of the two.

"All right, Jack," I said. "You had some good reason, I know, but that's your own secret. I won't say another word. But I leave at six in the morning. Shake hands now, for I mayn't see you again."

He looked away a moment, then up at me.

"You . . . I don't think you ought to shake my hand," he said, under his breath this time.

"That's ridiculous," I said, roughly, for I was suffering in a way as much as the boy. "Give me your hand, please, or I'll think you mean to insult me."

He let me take it. It felt like a little drowned hand.

Twice I began to speak, then I managed to say,

"You told me that you were only twelve years old last week . . . but you're a man all the same."

He quivered, then said in his cordial, sweet voice, somewhat faintly,

"Thank you *very* much."

I turned abruptly and left him.

I have been heartily glad ever since of the tears that I tried to choke back as I went, and could not.

The Winds of Dawn

BY HENRY A. BEERS

WHITHER do ye blow?
For now the moon is low.
Whence is it that ye come,
And where is it ye go?
All night the air was still,
The crickets' song was shrill;
But now there runs a hum
And rustling through the trees.
A breath of coolness wakes,
As on Canadian lakes,
And on Atlantic seas,
And each high Alpine lawn
Begin the winds of dawn.

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"Homeward," by Louis Paul Dessar

LANDSCAPE art as we know it to-day is wholly a modern product. The work of the earlier painters, like Poussin or Claude and their followers, shows more artifice than nature. They regarded Nature as a slatternly thing who needed her toilet made, so they pictured rocky heights crowned with little paper temples, overlooking pretty valleys populated by dancing nymphs; compositions they termed them, which were wholly lacking in vitality and in suggestion of the artist's personality. Only nature well combed and brushed interested them, until the French painter, Michel, came groping on the scene to show the way to better things. Even then the advance was slow, and not till Constable, Corot, and Rousseau revealed the poetry of simple field and wood did the pompous classical landscape fall into oblivion and modern landscape art arise.

More keenly sensitive than their predecessors, artists no longer strive to present the actual aspect of a scene, but rather to awaken the impression it creates in their own minds, with the resulting emotion. Less descriptive, their method is far more suggestive. They tell us more by their summary methods because they feel more. Besides, the modern imagination no longer demands a complete statement, but responds to a hint. In passing from the actual to the higher truth of suggestion they reveal the enchantment which nature offers for our reverent contemplation.

"Homeward," which is owned by Mr. Louis A. Lehmaier, is a representative modern work. For its expression the artist finds the simplest theme sufficient. By avoiding a complex scene of multitudinous detail he advances the mood of his subject. Furthermore, preference is given those hours when the facts of nature blend in a subdued light, because of their greater power of suggestion. This is the art of implication which appeals to the imagination. In the illusive light and by the suppression of detail the mind is led into a new world of dreams and meditation.

W. Stanton Howard.

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"HOMEWARD." BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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The Passing of the Dunce

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT

MAN rarely wanders far from conventional opinions, because if he begins to roam he is immediately stricken with intellectual nostalgia. And so, without being too insistent, one may roughly divide schoolmasters into two classes. The one thinks that the school studies should be adapted to the pupil, and the other is quite as positive that children were created for the beautiful exemplification of the curriculum. To be sure, those who belong to the latter class would not put it in just this way, but if you ask about the ability of one of their pupils they will invariably estimate him according to his standing in his school work. This is the reason why Richard Sheridan's language-teacher at Harrow, Doctor Parr, found nothing worth mentioning in the boyhood of the English dramatist. He did not excel in the studies of the school. Education has been much discussed lately, and the qualifications of a good teacher are beginning to receive some attention. Mastery of the subjects to be taught, together with clearness in patient exposition and a good moral character, are the usual requirements; yet Linnæus's teacher, who would have received a high mark on all of these points, asserted that the maker of the science of botany was too dull for a learned profession, and advised that he be apprenticed to a shoe-cobbler. And again, Oliver Goldsmith, William H. Seward, Joseph Banks, the English naturalist, and Pestalozzi would probably have been sent to the school for backward children, had such institutions existed in those days, because their teachers thought them intolerably stupid.

The inability of the average schoolmaster to understand boys and girls is one of the curious contradictions in the discernment popularly supposed to emerge with human reason. The lower animals have the advantage here. They are not worried with educational paradoxes, for nature has given them only one pedagogical principle—survival—and to this end all of their training is directed. Man, on the other hand, is so oppressed with traditional views of mental training that he has lost the meaning and purpose of education. Success in certain subjects of study he thinks essential to intellectual growth. The significant thing in it all is that so many eminent men and women were ranked as deficient by the standards of the schoolroom. One would think this sufficient to awaken doubt and stimulate investigation. But in the midst of the most distressing uncertainty serene assurance prevails. To the schoolmaster whose mind has lost its elasticity through the unceasing compression of schoolroom duties the conventional elementary and secondary curricula are the test of intelligence.

Crystallization of thought, always disastrous for the individual, becomes a national calamity when it hardens into a method of education to which all children must conform. Those who do not meet the demands of this plan are classed as backward or dull. Now this is exactly nature's way. Environment, with heredity, has produced within the species a fairly definite course of education, and offspring which are too dull to profit by the training die. Man has improved upon nature's plan by establishing special schools for backwards, where each child is individually drilled for a greater length of time than is possible in large classes. So far as I am aware the lower animals have never organized such institutions, but they attain the same result by making each parent a special drill-master. Among higher animals the classes contain half a dozen or less, as in our own special schools. I do not know whether animal geniuses suffer from this stereotyped, instinctive method of instruction, since they do not achieve fame and have their biographies written. At all events,

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animal geniuses are not popular because they vary too greatly to suit nature, who is naturally conservative. And right here we see the difference between the environment of the lower animals and that of man. The one forces a static, unindividual existence, while the other, when rightly interpreted, offers opportunity for change and individualization. Yet, curiously, the schoolmaster has failed to comprehend this fundamental educational distinction which signified so much for the finer nuance of mind in man. And so we find Heine's teacher, unable to understand his personal mental traits, calling him a barbarian from the German woods, with no soul for poetry, because he hated French metres and could not write their verse.

The more highly developed an organism is, the more intelligence is required in rearing the offspring, on account of the greater number of deviations from the common type. Among the highest of the lower animals, as we have seen, the extent of variation is limited by the demands of the environment for the stability of the species, but with man the range is widely extended by reason of his partial control over nature. The protection afforded by this control has not only made the career of geniuses possible, but has favored their appearance. Now geniuses, by their very nature, are exceptional and erratic, and their treatment during boyhood shows how lamentably unintelligent has been our interpretation of the significance of human variation. Balzac was compelled to write so many Latin lines, for punishment, that he had hardly six holidays during the five years spent in the school of his boyhood. "Sometimes, for idleness, inattention, or impertinence, he was for months shut up every day in a niche six feet square with a wooden door pierced by holes to let in air." Michael Angelo was punished for drawing pictures instead of studying, and for idling about the ateliers of the masters. Perhaps, if he had attended to his school work, he would have attained the advantages which Goldsmith says usually come to "a lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors, and not his inclinations, have chalked out," but he might also have been like "liquors that never ferment, and consequently continue always muddy."

In earlier times, when men tried to find some strange power in what we to-day know as distinctive individuality, reducing a child to normal mediocrity was limited to the somewhat naïve device of driving out the devil. To-day we are apprehensive of the future of a boy who has not enough grit to rebel at times against the monotonous treadmill of the schoolroom. If children did faithfully all the tasks put upon them, superintendents would soon cease to lament the overcrowding of their schools. The statement that good children die young is not mere humor. Fortunately, nature anticipated the kindly malevolence of the strenuous teacher by implanting in the race a saving indolence which rescues many from benevolent assimilation with the shades of the virtuous. It is well that some of James's "Energies of Men" are reserved for rare occasions. Perhaps, after all, it were better that Gerhart Hauptmann and Edgar Allan Poe were "lazy" in school, and Washington Irving dull and "more alive to the drudgery than the advantages of a course of academic training." Their gain in the schoolmaster's grammar might have cost them their originality and versatility. It was one of these worthy pedagogues who, when Charles Lamb admitted that his essays were unmethodical, kindly offered to instruct him in the method by which "young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes."

The varieties of mental and moral types, which a study of biographies discloses, put a new demand upon teachers. They must understand children. Perhaps Chatterton, wayward almost from infancy, and, in his school days, looked upon as deficient in intellect, expressed in part the feeling that arose from his own misinterpreted boyhood when he wrote:

"Pulvis, whose Knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees;
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossil face.
When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,

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And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise;
But little had she read in nature's book
That fools assume a philosophic look.
Oh Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate,
On every atom of the Doctor's frame,
Nature has stampt the pedant with his name;
But thou hast made him—ever wast thou blind—
A licensed butcher of the human kind."

Happily the schools have been freed from the mercenary cruelty practised in the days of Chatterton and of Dickens, but one reform only clears the way for another, and the need to-day is for teachers who know how to help children to actualize whatever ability or talent they may have, and for a school programme so flexible that the development of individual children may not be sacrificed upon the altar of order and system. Teaching the three R's was schooling, but it was not education, and the situation is not greatly improved in spite of the numerous frills with which some, in more recent years, have thought to ornament the curriculum. The finer individual qualities are often late in revealing themselves. It is the older, racial tendencies that rule in childhood. Irritation at restraint, irresponsibility and primitive indolence, are to be expected. Some mature slowly and are called stupid. George Eliot learned to read with difficulty. Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, spent three years in one class in the village school; Bürger, the poet of German ballads, required several years to learn the Latin forms; and Alfieri, the Italian poet, was dismissed by his teachers, so backward was he. Were it necessary, the list might be indefinitely extended by adding Newton, Byron, Ibsen, Walter Pater, Pierre Curie, and others. Sometimes seeming stupidity is due to interest in subjects outside the little circle round which the tethered children are allowed to graze. Fulton, Watt, and Sir Humphry Davy, in early childhood, were already busy with the experiments which were to be told to children after the teachers who called them stupid were forgotten.

One obstacle to making education commensurate with differing trends of children has been the desire to find a percentage value for their progress. Children must be mentally disembowelled at stated intervals that their development may be observed and put down in figures. But mental growth is not answerable to mathematics. There are times when the minds of children refuse to disclose their progress, and attempts to expose the content to view may disturb the process of assimilation. The examination test has seriously obstructed the rejuvenation of the educational ideal. A heritage from the Middle Ages, when knowledge of certain definite and limited subjects was worshipped with frantic fervor, this fetish now serves as a bastion behind which teachers who are unable to inspire children with anything more vital than fear of failure may defend their weakness. How pathetic the tragedy enacted by this arbiter is seen in the verdict rendered against boys and young men whose subsequent careers have contributed to the world's store of knowledge and ideals. Tolstoy, Goethe, and Dean Swift were refused their degrees because they failed in their university examinations, and, for the same reason, Ferdinand Brunetière was denied admission to the Ecole Normale Supérieure. At Cambridge, also, Sir William Thomson was not a senior wrangler, though one of the examiners admitted that "the successful competitor was not fit to cut pencils for Thomson." When asked why he had delayed so long on one of the problems which he himself had discovered, Thomson replied that, having forgotten that it was one of his own inventions, he had worked it as a wholly new problem. Later it was learned that the winner of the prize wrote the solution from memory.

Thomson's failure to win the Cambridge honor because of the unusual memory of one of his competitors illustrates an important class of cases in which the examination system completely collapses. Justus von Liebig, whose father was compelled to remove him from the gymnasium because of his wretched work, attributed his failure in the school to his utter lack of auditory memory. He could remember little that he heard. Yet his teachers never discovered this, and, but for the

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favor of chance, his life would have been sacrificed to their blunder.

Each child presents new problems. Man is never quite happy until he has catalogued his actions, and the schoolmaster, partly because he is a man, and still more because he is a pedagogue, is very fond of applying a rule. Now, the one thing most repugnant to children is to follow a rule. They have an organic preference for their own individuality. But teachers disapprove of variations because the unusual boy does not easily fit into their system. So they try to cut their pupils according to the measure of what they think they ought to be. This is the reason why so many eminent men were thought dull in boyhood. They rebelled against the intellectual tailoring necessary to fit them to the school pattern. It is usually those of modest mental endowment, incapable of intense emotional moods or wide range of thought and action, who acquiesce without resistance to a plan of development not their own. Ability always tends to break away from the common type.

Opportunity for the fullest individualization is, then, the demand which modern life makes upon education. The school should be an experiment station replete with alluring incentives to intellectual growth. Here, aided by the helpful sympathy of teachers who have discovered the difference between schooling and education, children could try their powers, and moments of enthusiasm be utilized for mental growth in various lines. Mental tendencies, like animal instincts, must be coaxed out by stimulating situations, and the present school environment is too barren to offer the needed excitation. Boys are continually trying to understand themselves, to find the occupation that their nature vaguely craves, but the pedagogical rope always pulls them back to the curriculum. Then their enthusiasm cools, while the teachers go on trying to strike an intellectual spark with the mental temperature at zero. This is not only an extravagant waste of educational forces, but, what is far more serious, it awakens hatred for study in those whose mental organization does not suit the school plan.

There are those, of course, who say that children must learn to do disagreeable things, but the biographies of many eminent men show that they did not learn this lesson from the school, and that they gained their real training for their future achievements against the handicap of persistent resistance from their teachers, who tried in vain to hold them to studies which they hated. After all, the important thing is not that children study certain subjects, but that they work intensely at something. Our common schools have made the mistake of assuming that they are for common children, though no one would be so bold as to forecast the future of any boy. The restraint of a system suited to the average child inhibits the powers of unusual children and awakens resentment. Uniformity in treatment and instruction suppresses the tendency to vary and creates dullards. The men from whose boyhood we have quoted rejected the stale intellectual pabulum of the school and satisfied their hunger by secret reading and experimentation. Surely there are others, less determined in their resistance to conventional demands, whose abilities never ripen because of the chill atmosphere of the schoolroom. Mental growth requires a stimulating environment. This is especially true of children, because their powers have not yet become active forces in their lives.

Here, then, is the problem of the school—to furnish an environment that will arouse thought in different types of mind. Failure to do this was the cause of the apparent dulness of those to whom we have referred. They were mentally alert, but their thoughts were not formulated on the plan of schoolroom lessons, and the world's thought has been enriched by their blind refusal to compromise. Mass education, on a universal plan, creates a democracy, but it is a democracy of stupidity, and one of the purposes of education should be to conserve genius. When teachers learn to help children to come into possession of their own, when they make each nascent mental impulse, at its emergence, the starting-point of a new intellectual growth, instead of sacrificing enthusiasm for knowledge to the gods of the curriculum, dunces will cease to exist except as pathological cases requiring a physician's care.

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The Buccaneers

by

DON C. SEITZ

INVITATION

COME to the wide gray sea,
Ye who are brave and free!
Come to the Rover's aid,
Ye who are unafraid!

This is the life to live,
Ye who have lives to give;
Here where the reckless bold
Garner the coward's gold!

Ne'er such a harvest field—
Nowhere so great a yield—
Here on the wide gray sea.
Come, ye bullies, follow me!

WHEN HENRY MORGAN SAILS

Ho! Henry Morgan sails to-day!
The trumpet summons the volunteers.
Hear it blare across the bay
Sounding a call to the Buccaneers!

Reeling they come down the Kingston street,
Villains of deepest sort—
Babble o' tongues and curses meet
At the gateway of the port.

Ruck and riff of every land
From Hull to the Barbary coast,
Pistol in belt, dagger in hand,
Ready for any man's boast.

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Rallied for risk and red rapine,
  Fleeing from gibbet and cell,
Ragged, scarred, haggard and lean,
  Hot on their road to hell!

RONCADOR REEF

Roncador Reef lies low in the surf
  That curls on its coral edge.
It lures the ships to its black embrace
  And they break their bones on the ledge.

'Tis a pitiless port for missing barques
  Half hid in the seething tide,
Littered with plank of shattered craft
  And the skulls of men who have died!

It reckons its wrecks by the double score,
  This isle of the lost maroon,
Barren of green save for seaweed drift
  Aglow in the tropic noon.

So sail to the south of Roncador
  On the tack to Campeche Bay!
Widen the course beyond the reef—
  Keep your keel off the cay!

DEODAND

When a wolf dies the pack divides
  His carcass among the band,
So it is with a Buccaneer
  When his goods are deodand.

Empty his chest upon the deck!
  Let's see what the fool's been saving:
A pack of cards, an extra shirt,
  And a kit of tools for shaving!

Here's something more in secret store:
  A ringlet of dusky hair—
A portrait, too, of a little girl—
  The knave had a heart somewhere!



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The Story of Abe

BY ALICE BROWN

"THERE is something that all dogs know and a few men. It is what gives the dog that look in the eyes, of unconquerable love, of hope even against the fact of abuse."

This was what the lean gray-headed man with the army button said to the rest of us smoking with him on the hotel veranda. Then he took out his big worn wallet and selected from it a yellowed paper, put on his eye-glasses, and scanned it frowningly. "Yes," said he, "I've got that right. I wrote it down here some years ago. I've tried to get a little further with it, but I never did."

One of the men had just given a dog —his own dog—a cuff, as he thought righteously. Mac was a sober collie, a one-man dog, with no eye for any but his master, and he had, apparently without provocation, assaulted a nervous fox-terrier and sent him away yapping, with a salutary memory of rough-shod teeth. And then his master had roared out and cuffed him, and he had taken his dose with a faultless bearing and lain down in a pretence at the *dégagé* "flump" of a dog with nothing to do of a shiny afternoon but snap at flies and dream of battles won. He seemed not to recognize in the least that his dignity had been assailed, but he did give his master, in the one moment of accepting the cuff, a look, half remonstrance and half a divine reproach. Even then there was no resentment in it. We who had seen the foregoing provocation—his master had been back to it—rushed in to say that Mac hadn't been the offender. Foxy had nagged him and taken unwarrantable liberties such as no high-bred person could suffer. Therefore Mac had done justly in his brief reproof. The master upon that went down and gave MacGregor's forehead an apologetic smooth, and Mac looked up with that same clear faith in the mirror of his eyes—forgetfulness, too: yet he had more brain, we knew, than half of us, with cells in it for memory. Then it was that the lean old man who always looked an-hungered and not able to tell of it, as if all his heart's dearest had gone to Kingdom Come and he was too busy deferring the desire of them to have any present wants, made that remark I have remembered.

"What is it?" asked Mac's master, quickly. "What is it dogs know and we don't?"

He was an artist with slim brown hands and a sensitive face. I think he was nettled at having shown himself impulsive and not having kept the code with Mac, and he wanted to find out as much as possible about dogs, as soon as possible.

"Did I ever tell you," said the old gentleman, "about Colonel Annerly's dog?"

He never had. We lit up again, those of us who had let our pipes cool, and thought commiseratingly of the expectation the ladies cherished, flitting white-skirted down to the summer-house, of seeing us presently at afternoon tea. There was a decided anticipation of something to come; for the nice old gentleman with the patient face hadn't talked much up to now, and we shared the feeling that he wouldn't take the trouble to embark if it wasn't worth while. He looked like the sort of person who would ticket his recollections and keep only the ones that had some assured value. His mind was, I am convinced, so constantly on the certainty of active life's being over that he wouldn't be apt to clutter up his pigeonholes with extraneous truck. His will, perhaps, and a few, a very few, inevitable and sacred memories, were all he would be likely to concern himself with now.

"Colonel Annerly," said he, in the grave manner of one bringing out something exceedingly precious, and letting us see that it would have to be seriously regarded, "went all through the war."

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He said it as they do who made a part of the Rebellion, as if there were but one war known to history.

"We saw a good deal of each other. I was a private when he was a lieutenant. But we had friends in common. He was a Virginian: good blood, very good blood. By the way, Annerly wasn't his name. I shouldn't take the liberty—Annerly's my name."

"After the war was over," he went on, "I didn't see him again for maybe twenty years; and then one summer I went up with my—people"— he made a little pause here, a reverent pause, and it was evident that his people were dead —"to a little town in Vermont—near Mansfield. Nice little town it was, a good hotel. Burned since. And Mansfield is a very beautiful mountain. The sunrises there—ah, well!"

He lost himself a moment, patently in memory, and then Mac got up, snapped at a fly, and threw himself down on his unsunned side. That recalled him.

"Ah!" he brightened. "What was I saying? That summer in Vermont. Well, Colonel Annerly was there. The first sight I had of him was one morning when I was setting out for a little walk. It was market day; country folks brought in calves and pigs, and there was a prodigious roaring and squalling and cackling all the forenoon long, and about three they set off home again without the calves and pigs, with plugs of tobacco, and tea and sugar, and flat bottles, and the misses had their ribbons, I suppose. Well, this day nobody seemed to be buying anything for a minute, but they all stood knotted in a crowd and everybody was laughing. And I looked up where they were looking, up in a balcony of a little tavern there—not my hotel; that was bigger—but a very little tavern indeed—and there was Colonel Annerly making a speech, and he was drunk, gentleman, drunk as a lord. I stopped. I couldn't believe my eyes. 'Who's that?' I says to a man—he looked like an ostler—with a rope in his hand. He was going from stable to pump, and stopped to listen and grin. 'That's Colonel Annerly,' says he. 'What's he doing here?' says I. 'He lives here,' says he. 'No, he doesn't,' says I. I was pretty stupid over it all, but I never imagined the Colonel outside his State. 'He's a Virginian.' I guess I'd thought of him in 'marble halls' and all that sort of thing. I'm only a plain New-Englander myself. 'Oh,' says the man 'his mother was a Vermont girl, and after the war the Colonel and Miss Sally—that's his sister—they come up here. I guess they were burnt out o' house and home, and 'twas all they *could* do.' He went along to the pump, and I stared at the Colonel and listened to him, and while I listened I got pretty hot."

He looked it then. His blue eyes were sharp as the flash on steel. His nervous hand, with the little gnarls at the joints, began beating on the veranda rail.

"He was making a speech about the war. It was a good speech. It would have been if he'd been sober, but he was drunk, and every tomfool among 'em laughed; not because he said anything to laugh at, but because he was drunk. And while I looked at him I realized he'd changed, the Colonel had. 'Twas more than middle age. He was a handsome man, a very personable man. But his face had got a little bloated, and his hair had whitened and he'd let it grow—well, it made me sick. You see, I'd seen him on a horse."

His mouth flickered into a spasm of the pain it had all given him, but he went quickly on like a man who has undertaken a dolorous task that must, he being methodical and stout-willed, be finished.

"Then he stopped. The Colonel stopped. He'd looked up the street, and there walking along, from the post-office, I knew—I went there myself every day—was an old lady, about as old as he was, and thin and white-haired and dressed in black silk, and I guessed who it was—Miss Sally. The Colonel took off his hat —he wore a big gray felt—and just at that minute out tumbles a dog, a kind of a nice, good-sized yellowish mongrel, part collie, too—the kind you respect—from the window behind him and began to bark like all possessed. The Colonel yelled at him and the tomfools began to clap—it seemed to be a terrible funny joke that the dog was making a speech, too—and when the Colonel couldn't stop the creature by yelling, he struck at him with his hat, and then, I believe, he

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kicked him"—this he offered delicately, as if it were ticklish business to remember with an unjustly disgraced person like Mac at hand—" and finally the Colonel sat down in a chair on the balcony and fanned himself with his hat, and the dog lay down beside him at once, gentlemen, and dropped his head for a snooze, as if there hadn't the least thing in the world happened. And the old lady kept her head up in the air and walked by as if it was nothing in the world to her. But I knew it was Miss Sally. Well, I didn't let many hours slip before I went round to see the Colonel. Not that day. I gave him time—" Here he paused, rather at a loss, and a younger man of the company, too young to remember other years and manners when there were simpler if cruder names for things, supplied a flippant modernism for getting over a jag—and the old gentleman instantly frowned at him. We frowned too, all of us, partly in sympathy and partly because we were afraid, if the serene current of his intent were broken, he might not go on with the story at all. But it was still a task undertaken and, like everything in his dutiful life, to be completed.

" He was glad to see me. We had a good deal to talk about. All through that call we lived over old times. It wasn't for several other visits that we got round to the present and the tavern and the dog. For my story's about the dog, gentlemen, really about the dog."

" What was his name?" the young man pelted in.

Annerly answered him with perhaps a wilfully contrasting dignity.

" Abe. He'd named him for the President. It may have been disrespectful; if he'd done it in his sober minutes maybe he'd have felt it so, but the Colonel wasn't very often sober, and he called the dog by that name. You know, gentlemen, as soon as you begin to think about a person or a particular thing, everything else seems to bring you news of 'em. It's just as if your mind was out inquiring about 'em all day long. Well, I didn't ask any questions about the Colonel—of course I didn't—but it wasn't a week before I had a lot of data about him. He was an interesting figure, and folks talked. It seemed, though he'd fought for our side, Miss Sally was red-hot Secesh. But that hadn't made any material difference between 'em. They'd put their little money together—and they had little less than nothing when all's said and done—and come up North, as the ostler had told me, to live in the old house. But I suppose they lived pretty nigh the wind—I'm country-bred, gentlemen; the old sayings cling to me—and the Colonel felt he had to take a little nip now and then—I told you he'd been pretty seriously wounded, didn't I? Well, besides that he had a troublesome heart; and there was no proper society in the place for a man of his calibre. So you see he took to drinking very naturally, very naturally indeed, and that just about broke Miss Sally's heart and her pride. Nobody ever told me these reasons for their tiff. They just told me the Colonel went to the tavern and got noisy drunk and then blind drunk. But I was very much attached to him, very much indeed, and I gave a good deal of time to thinking about it. And it didn't take me long to see it was very natural, could hardly have been helped, you might say, with things as they were. Miss Sally wasn't a gentle person, as some women are. She didn't suffer and say nothing. She was high as ninety, I've understood; and one day the Colonel just packed up his trunk and came over to the tavern and took a room, and they hadn't spoken since. He brought the dog with him. The dog had come to them. He'd walked into town one day with a drunken tramp, and the tramp had got full, if he wasn't before, and that night broke through the railing down at the horse-pond, and the dog had run back to town for help as rationally as a man would have done, and when the tramp was fished out dead the dog sat down on his haunches and looked round, they said—the Colonel said; he was there—as if he was asking: 'Well, what next? What's my next incarnation going to be?' the Colonel said he seemed to be asking—the Colonel had quite a clever habit of words—and when the crowd dispersed and the body was carried off, the dog just got up and trotted after the Colonel. He'd picked him out, and he trotted home with him. That tickled the Col-

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onel, flattered him maybe. It would flatter any of us—but it seemed to him a kind of human thing to do. So he told Miss Sally that the dog was going to live with them and he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him. And when he and Miss Sally had their flare-up and he left, there was no question but the dog must go with him. Well, sirs, that dog was a queer dog. Everybody saw it. I believe the other dogs saw it, too, for they never seemed to cock an ear at him even, when he went by. I don't believe they were afraid of him. He was as good-natured a creature as ever lived; but he always seemed to be on business of his own—trot, trot, head up, nose alive, eyes bright and a little anxious. Yes, he had business, and it wasn't long before I found out what it was. I'm particularly fond of dogs, but I never 've had one of late years, never been stationary enough, and I should be sorry to leave a dog—" the other look came into his eyes, the one that must have meant long journeyings to those he called his folks at the end. He recalled himself, but not until he had bent and given Mac a little touch on the ear. The dog knew what it was—not a fly, but a friend, though it was so soft, and he lifted his head a moment to see who knew him so well, and then dropped it with a bump.

"Yes," said Annerly, "he'd built up a business, and he had to give his whole time to it and his whole mind. It was taking care of the Colonel."

"When he was slewed?" the young man of no diffidences inquired.

Annerly did not hear him. He had sent his mind back to scrutinize that map of the long past, perhaps not altogether refreshing his memory, but because he himself may not have understood it as well as he could wish.

"The amount of it was," said he, "the dog was on the watch. When the Colonel was himself, the dog took his naps, kept himself to himself, and actually seemed to be saving up for the next bout. And the Colonel wasn't a finger-deep in whiskey before the dog was on to it, ears up, nose quivering, tail going whenever the Colonel looked at him, as if he was beseeching him to remember they were up against it again, and for the Lord's sake to see if they couldn't look sharp and come out of it this time with a whole skin."

He was talking more easily as he got warmed up to it. Evidently the matter meant a good deal to him, the more, perhaps, as time gave him perspective.

"You see," he continued, rather feeling his way now, as if this chapter of it hardly concerned us, and could only be opened with the utmost delicacy of manipulation, "when the Colonel had had a drop too much, he was possessed to talk. And there's no doubt talking to the kind of people he did—ready to laugh and slap their legs—he made himself ridiculous. That was the thing that had been wormwood to Miss Sally—stump oratory, you know, kind of old-fashioned American-eagle business. I'm told there's something of the sort in Biglow Papers. I never read them myself. I like my English spelled right, and pronounced right, when it comes to that. Well, the dog seemed to hate it as much as Miss Sally did, and the queer part of it was, he knew what was coming. The Colonel would get up, sometimes in the balcony off his room, and sometimes on the old tree stump in the square, sometimes on the band stand—anywhere he happened to be—and strike out and rain down the long words and saw the air, and the dog wouldn't let him get in more than two sentences deep before he'd break up the meeting. It's curious to me now to remember the ways he took to do it. Sometimes he'd run at the Colonel's legs and snap—and a better-behaved dog there never was, common days. Sometimes he'd pitch on another dog, hammer and tongs, and they'd roll over and yell, and you couldn't see 'em for the dust. I got to think the other dog understood the scheme himself, for when they'd distracted the Colonel and he'd fallen on 'em with whatever came handy, the two dogs would leap apart, and the second one would go about his business and leave the Colonel's to the thrashing he was sure to get. Yes, he got it every time. 'That dog of mine,' the Colonel would say, 'he's getting quarrelsome; he's getting unmanageable. I'll break him of it, or I'll break every bone in his body.' And you'd have thought the dog's bones might have been pretty well broken, he was so cut and kicked. But

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he took it all like—well, as I've understood the English schoolboy takes his lickings. I won't say our schoolboys, because I understand they're not allowed to be licked. Great mistake! I was mellowed well in my time, and I was the better for it. But the dog never ki-yi-ed. He never yelped a syllable. He'd stand there and be hammered like a moth-eaten old yellow rock carved out like a dog, and he'd look absent-minded a little, as if he really didn't exactly know what was going on and certainly didn't want anybody else to. And when it was over, he'd give himself a kind of a shake and a frisk as if he meant to say: 'Splendid, Colonel. That was just splendid. Think you could do it again?'"

"Well, what's your theory of it?" the prompt young man inserted here. "Why was he so mighty fond of being biffed?"

"I don't say that he was fond of it," the old gentleman resumed, with dignity. "I say he intentionally appeared to be fond of it."

"Oh, come now," said the other. "You mean he was putting up a bluff. Why, man alive, you're talkin' about a four-footed beast! You're talking about a dog. You might as well say this dog here—" with his half-smoked cigarette he indicated Mac, twitching in a dream of sheep-herding.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, solemnly and stiffly, "you might say this dog here. Only it didn't happen to be this dog. It was another one."

"But you don't mean to say you imagine dogs are trotting round treeing psychologic moments—" he was rather a clever young man with his tongue and his trick of remembered phrases. We'd all thought so until now he interrupted the story. "Well," he persisted, "how do you account for it?"

"How do you account for it?" inquired the old gentleman, and his "it" seemed to embrace a large conception of the uncharted world dogs live in, from which they emerge mysteriously for their adventures and their benevolences in the equally obscure domain of man.

"Read us that paragraph you had," said the young man. He was frowning over an effort to capture an illusory possibility.

Annerly did it.

"Where 'd you get it?" asked the ruthless one. "Did you say you wrote it?"

"I did," said Annerly. "It was the beginning of the account I meant to write of this dog and what he had to do and what he taught me."

"Ever write it?"

"No. I couldn't make it clear enough. I never 've spoken of it to any one until to-day. I suppose I shouldn't now, but he"—here, by a gesture, he seemed to include Mac in the circle—"he brought it up, and—well, I felt rather more like it."

"But we haven't had all the story," said a timid-spoken man whose flamboyant wife, from a green beyond, was waving him to tea.

"It's very short," said Annerly, as if he'd rather get it over. "It's soon told. One day in the beginning of September I took a walk up the mountain road, and when I was coming back into town I met a lot of children, a whole Pied Piper crowd of 'em, and though I'm not specially given to noticing children I did notice these, they looked so pretty. Their hats were over their eyes or falling down their backs, and their hair was anyhow, and their faces red as if they'd run a race, and you could see well enough why. It was what they carried. They were weighted down, every one of 'em, with corn, sweet corn, big armfuls of it, and two little girls between 'em tugged a kettle, three-quarters full of water that slopped every step. When I saw the kettle, I called a halt and asked 'em to let me carry it. But they wouldn't stop more than a minute. They distrusted me, off on some child's spree as they were, like a dog's sheep-killing, and they were afraid I'd cut in and spoil it somehow. So 'twas, 'No, sir,' and, 'Thank you, sir,' and on they went. In a minute or two I overtook the Colonel and the dog, and knew he'd met 'em too; but he was too far along to take much account of them, or any other pretty, innocent sight. I knew where he'd been. There was a one-armed man along the road, and he kept a choice brand of whiskey for the men that didn't like to drink as much at the hotel as they liked. The Colonel was in one of his grand moods. First thing he said was to inform me he was on his way to

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deliver a short account of the battle of Gettysburg, deliver it in the square. Then I knew what was coming. I knew the dog would try to quash it, and the Colonel would cut into the dog, and if I'd had a cask or something, I'd have turned it over the dog and kept him in it, breathing through the bung-hole, and saved his hide that time.

"When we got into the square I was a little easier. There was nobody there but a tin-peddler, and he'd opened a bag of hay for his horses and sat up in his cart and leaned back, having a pipe. But for all the Colonel knew, he was as good as twenty, and the Colonel got up on the band stand and opened fire on him. I guess the tin-peddler thought he was crazed. He took his pipe out of his mouth, and left his mouth open and stared a spell, and then he seemed to think it wouldn't strike that time, and leaned himself back again and went to sleep, mouth still open. I can see that picture to this day. Well, the Colonel kept on spouting, and the dog sat still, grave as a judge; seemed to think it didn't make any particular difference, long as there wasn't anybody there but a tin-peddler and me. It was a pretty hot day, and I sat down on the steps of the stand and took off my hat and hoped the Colonel thought I was listening. Far as I was concerned he might as well work off his load that way as any other, long as there was nobody to be mortified but me, and Miss Sally was indoors. It was a day full of haze, over the mountain everywhere, and I smelt smoke and liked it. Seemed as if every man was burning up the rubbish in his own dooryard, and as if the world was going to be the cleaner for it. In another minute I might have been as fast asleep as the tin-peddler, but the dog lifted his head and gave a howl, an awful howl. If you'd heard it at night on a lonesome road you'd have put for cover. It was so awful somehow it even stopped the Colonel. And then the dog started to run, and stopped and howled again, and looked back at the Colonel, and gave that howl over and over and over, and at last we judged, both at the same time, that something had hurt him and he was in pain. The Colonel got down over the steps as quick as his legs would let him, and made for the dog, and I followed on. Not very fast. I'm lame, gentlemen, maybe you've observed. 'Something stung him?' the Colonel called back to me. 'It's more than a sting,' I said, and I knew he knew so, too. Of course the one stupid commonplace about a dog beside himself with a trouble you can't understand is that he's mad. I did think that, too, but only from a kind of reflex, caught from our dull habits of thought. Every time I saw the dog's face when he'd look round to find out if the Colonel was following, I knew it was just earnestness there. He'd got something to do and he was taking the Colonel on to help do it. And suddenly, in a second, both of us together, we knew. We smelled smoke, more and more we smelt it, and when we rounded the curve of the road we could see French's old barn, chiefly beams and rafters and a roof with shingles curled up like lichens, they were so old—just a storage-place for a good many years—and 'twas afire. I don't know what there was in it: anything the wet would hurt and French couldn't bring himself to throw away—old sleighs, paint-pots, rolls of matting. I went over it once when I felt lazy, for it was all open to the light. I used to like to understand folks then. 'Twas in the days before I learned you can't understand 'em. I knew French had the reputation of being close, and I wanted to see what road it took. As a young man I'd had a good deal of ambition to become a writer. Well, well!" He dropped into blank musing for a moment here and then caught himself up.

"There was one upper window left in the place, and what do you think was framed in it, the smoke behind her? A little girl, gentlemen, and she was stretching out her hands to us and screaming, piercing, needle screams. I never heard anything like those screams. The Colonel started to run. He'd forgotten the dog, as well he might, for the minute the dog saw he'd got us far enough so we knew what we'd come for, he stopped howling and loped on ahead. The Colonel was a good second. You wouldn't know he'd a glass of liquor to carry. He ran like a boy. And we got nearer, and the heat of the fire struck us in the face, and the smoke came to meet us and choke our running. 'There's an old stairway,'

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I called to the Colonel. He was getting there first. I knew he'd have to. 'I've seen it;' and he didn't answer me, but he pelted on, and when I got to the runway and saw nothing but smoke and fire inside, he'd disappeared. I thought the dog had too, but, by George! he hadn't. He flew back at me out of the smoke and bit at my trousers and worried 'em a second; and you may call me crazy if you like, but I knew why. He saw there was a big deed doing in there, and he meant the Colonel to be the one to do it."

"Oh, come now—" the young man pushed in, but we couldn't stop to hear him. The quiet man brought a hand down on his shoulder, and he stopped.

"Then," said Annerly, "the dog left me as quick as he had come, as if he hoped he'd given me a good broad hint but hadn't time to stop to see, other things were so pressing, and he, too, scurried into the smoke where the Colonel had gone. I was just setting my foot on the runway to go in, when I heard a voice above. It was the Colonel's. There 'd been noise enough before, with the crackling of the fire and the crying of children, but the children seemed to have stopped. The Colonel had done that. He'd got up there among 'em, and they were sobbing a little, I suppose, somehow, as you do when help comes and you know, tough as things look, they can't be quite so bad now. But he was yelling at me, ordering me to look up, and I never hesitated any more than I should if I'd been in the ranks. I ran round to the side, and there he was at the one window, and the fire was behind him and beside him, and the smoke was thick and gray, bright-colored, too, here and there from the paint. But it blew away from him, so I could see everything for ten feet or so back. I don't know how to tell it, gentlemen. I haven't the words. I used to try to think how I'd write it if I was on a paper and had got to, but I couldn't think, and I can't think now. You see, the side of the barn was mostly gone. There was just the flooring of the mow, and up there was the old stove the children had tried to light. And besides the window there were a dozen vertical gaps to right and left of it, where boards were gone, and through them I could see what went on.

"'Here,' said the Colonel. 'Here!' He lifted up a little girl by her shoulders and swung her out of the window. 'Catch!' said he, and I screamed out as the children were screaming, as a woman might. 'I can't,' I said. 'My God, I can't.' But in a second I knew he wasn't drunk any longer, and it was sober sense working in him, and that was the only way. And as I said I couldn't, I held up my arms, and he gave her another swing and let her go, and she dropped, screaming. But I got her, and got her safe and right side up, and the minute I had my hands on her tight little body I smelt my courage and I knew I could do it again. And I set her on the ground, and I had time to see, before I looked up for another, that she wasn't crying any more, and, if you will believe me, she'd put up her hands and was braiding her little yellow pigtail. Yes, I looked up, but the Colonel wasn't ready for me. He was in trouble up there. The children had got into panic when they saw one thrown out; they were more afraid of being thrown than they were of the fire, and same time they'd got a sudden idea of the safety outside, and they were crowding forward to the cracks, and I knew they meant to jump. The Colonel was roaring at 'em as if they were a company in the thick of battle; but they couldn't mind, they couldn't even hear. That's where the dog came in. Suddenly, as sudden as the thought must have sprung up in his mind, he leaped at 'em and began to herd 'em as if they were sheep. The Colonel saw what he was at, and yelled at him and told him to go ahead and blessed him and swore like a pirate, and the children got more scared of the dog than they'd been of the leap, and he ran back and forth before 'em, and if one made a dash he was too quick for her and sprung at her clothes and tore at 'em, and she was mighty glad to slink away. So there they were corralled, the dog in front and the fire behind—and the fire wasn't idle, mind you—and the Colonel snatched another and I caught her, and another; and I'm blest if he didn't get the whole thirteen down safe, all but little Annie Dill, and she only broke her ankle, and she's a spry, sound woman to-day, and walks as well as any

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of you. And when the last one was crying in mother's apron—for by now the whole village was turning out—there was the Colonel, straight and tall like a Bible prophet, and the fire was behind him, and he'd no place to go unless he jumped the same way. I saw two men running with a long ladder, and an old woman that was grandmother to one of the children kept screaming: 'Why don't you get a feather bed? Why don't you get a feather bed, so's that dear man can jump?' And there was a little puff toward us, and the wind had changed, and the ladder hadn't come, and the Colonel was in the midst of the fire and smoke. And so he leaped—for there was no other way—and the dog leaped after him. He fell straight forward on his face, the Colonel did, but we had him up in a second, and there he stood, pretty dazed, pretty well scorched; and the first thing he said was, 'All there?' He meant the children. 'All there, sir,' said I, but I don't know as he heard me, for Miss Sally came walking through the crowd—I suppose she was too dignified for anything but a walk, but she came so fast she might as well have run—and she put her two hands on the Colonel's shoulders, and she said as well as she could for crying, 'Brother, I'm proud of you.' The Colonel was a very courtly man. He took one of her hands down from his shoulder and kissed it and said to her, 'Why, Sally, old girl, that's nothing.' But as he said it he clapped his hand and hers in it to his side, and we caught him and laid him down, and every one of us knew he never 'd get up again. And he never did. He never even opened his eyes. And we carried him to Miss Sally's house, and the mothers and fathers and children followed after. But the dog trotted along by Miss Sally, head down, tail dropped, and if we could have known what he was thinking we should be wiser men to-day."

"Now I gather," said the omnivorous young man, "that you not only believe the dog scented out the danger the children were in, but you think he led the Colonel to save 'em—" Then he hesitated a moment, as if he knew the pregnant fact was farther yet behind.

"Yes, sir," Annerly said, with almost a snap of his decisive jaws, as if he'd have no questioning of such matters, "I do."

"I understand, too, I gather," said the young man, frowning over the travail of his own cleverness, "you think the dog wanted the Colonel to—to retrieve his shortcomings, as it were, by that kind of a deed."

"I think so, sir," said Annerly, as if defying him to challenge it. "I think I may say, after all the years I have given to reasoning it out, that I know so. That's why, as I told you, the dog didn't propose I should have part nor lot in it. He meant it to be the Colonel's stunt, as it was. That dog had as clear an idea as I had of old Virginia and her pride. He meant to set her flags waving, and he did."

"What became of the dog?" hesitated the quiet man, rising. His wife had gone to the length of sending him a pencilled line by a boy.

"He lived with Miss Sally. They grew old together. And when Miss Sally died, he lived with me, and I buried him with my own hands."

Annerly rose now, and the rest of us, as if by an instinctive deference, got up with him. The young man did not find his intellectual curiosity sated.

"But what do you mean," he prosed, going back to the beginning, "by saying there's something dogs know and men don't? What is it they know?"

Annerly stood for a moment looking down, and, it was apparent, thinking. It was not easy to see whether he considered this an incommunicable secret, or whether he was wondering if it could even be approached in words. His face grew more and more gentle. Suddenly it flushed over in a lovely smile and he looked up.

"It's this, gentlemen," said he, "I think it's this. In some unexplained way dogs know that cruelty rendered unto them will be paid by suffering rendered unto man. When you hurt them they rush upon you with their divine forgiveness—at once, pellmell, because they don't want the God of all—the One that holds punishment in His hand—they don't want Him to know they're hurt. They want to save us who have hurt them. That's the way I reason it."

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John Fairmeadow's Foundling

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

LONG after noon, now, indeed, in the far, big, white Northwest. Day on the wing. Christmas Eve splendidly impending—thank God for unspoiled childish faith and joys of children everywhere! Christmas Eve fairly within view and welcoming hail at last in the thickening eastern shadows. Long day at its close. Day in a perturbation of blessed unselfishness. Day with its tasks of love not half accomplished. And day near done! Bedtime coming round the world on the jump. Nine o'clock leaping from longitude to longitude. Night, impatient and determined, chasing all the children of the world in drowsy expectation to sleep — making a clean sweep of 'em, every one, with her soft, wide broom of dusk. "Nine o'clock? Shoo! Off you go! To-morrow's on the way. Soon—oh, soon! To-morrow's here when you fall asleep. Said 'em already, have you? Not another word from either of you. Not a whisper, ye grinning rascals! Cuddle down, little people of Christ's heart and leading. Snuggle close —closer yet, my children—that your arms may grow used to this loving. Another kiss from mother? Blessed ones! A billion more, for nights and mornings, for all day long of all the years, waiting here on mother's lips. And now to sleep. Christmas *is* to-morrow. Hush! To-morrow. Yes; to-morrow. Go t' sleep! Go t' sleep!" And upon the flying heels of night — but still far overseas from the blustering white Northwest where Pattie Batch was waiting in the woods—the new day, with jolly countenance, broad, rosy, and delighted, was somewhere approaching in a gale of childish laughter, blithely calling in its western sweep to all Christian children to awaken to their peculiar and eternal joy.

It was Christmas weather in the big Minnesota woods: a Christmas temperature like frozen steel—thirty below in the clearing—and a rollicking wind, careering over the pines, and the swirling dust of snow in the metallic air. A cold, crisp crackling world! A Christmas land, too: a vast expanse of Christmas color from the Canadian line to the Big River—great, grave, green pines, white earth, and a blood-red sunset! The low log cabins of the lumber-camps were smothered in snow; they were fringed with pendent ice at the eaves and banked high with drifts and all window-frosted. The trails were thigh-deep and drifting. The pines—their great fall imminent now—flaunted long black arms in the gale; they creaked, they swished, they droned, they crackled with frost. It was coming on dusk. The deeper reaches of the forest were already dark. Horses and teamsters, sawyers, road-monkeys, axemen, swampers, punk-hunters and all, floundered from the bush, white with dry snow, icicled and frosted like a Christmas cake, to the roaring bunk-house fires, to a voracious employment at the cooks' long tables, and to an expanding festival jollity. Town? Sure! Swamp's End for Christmas—the lights and companionship of the bedraggled shanty lumber-town in the clearing of Swamp's End! Swamp's End for Gingerbread Jenkins! Swamp's End for Plain Tom Hitch! Swamp's End for Billy the Beast! Swamp's End—and the roaring hilarity thereof—for man and boy, straw-boss and cookee, of the lumber-jacks! Presently the dim trails from the Cant-hook cutting, from the Bottle River camps, from Snook's Landing, and the Yellow Tail Works, poured the boys into town—a lusty, hilarious crew, like loosed schoolboys on a lark, given over now to the only distractions, it seemed—and John Fairmeadow maintained it—which the great world provided in the forests.

Pattie Batch might have been aware of this—the log shack was on the edge of town—had not the window-panes been coated thick with Christmas frost. She

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might have heard rough laughter passing by—the Bottle River trail ran right past the door—had not the big Christmas wind snored in the stove, and fearsomely rattled the door, and shaken the cabin, and swept howling on. But she never in the world would have attended. Not in that emergency! She would not for anything have peeped out of the windows, in perfectly proper curiosity, to watch the Bottle River jacks flounder into town. Not she! Pattie Batch was busy. Pattie Batch was so desperately employed that her swift little fingers demanded all the attention that the most alert, the brightest, the very most bewitching dark eyes in the whole wide world could bestow upon anything whatsoever. Christmas Eve impending, you see; day near done. Something of soft fawn-skin engaged her, it seemed, with white patches matched and arranged with marvellous exactitude: something made for warmth in the wind—something of small fashion, but long and indubitably capacious—something with a hood. A little cloak possibly: I don't know. But I am sure that it could enfold, that it could boil or roast, that it could fairly smother—a baby. It was lined with golden-brown, crackling silk, which Pattie Batch's mother had left in her trunk upon her last departure, poor woman! from the sordid world of Swamp's End to regions which were now become in Pattie Batch's loving vision Places of Light. And it was upon this treasured cloth that Pattie Batch's flashing needle was working like mad in the lamplight. A Christmas sacrifice: labor of love and the gift of treasure.

Pattie Batch of Swamp's End? Patience Batch, of course: the daughter of Gray Billy Batch of the Bottle River camps, who was lost in the Rattle Water rapids in the spring of the year when the logs were driving down to the far-off mills of the Big Water. And she was lovely! In respect to her bewitching endearments there's no mincing matters at all. It would shame a man to hem and haw and qualify. She was adorable. Beauty of youth and heart of tenderness: a quaint little womanly child of sixteen—gowned now in a black dress, long-skirted, to be sure! of her mother's old-fashioned wearing. Gray eyes, wide, dark-lashed, sun-sparkling, and shadowy; and wilful dark hair, a sweetly tilted little nose, a boyish, masterful way, coquettish twinkles, dimples in most perilous places, rosy cheeks, a tender little figure, an aristocratic toss to her head: why, indeed—the catalogue of her charms has no end to it! Courage to boot, too—as though youth and loveliness were not sufficient endowment for any flower o' the woods—and uncompromising honesty with herself and all the world. She took in washing from the camps: there was nothing else to do, with Gray Billy Batch lost in Rattle Water and now decently stowed away by the Rev. John Fairmeadow. It was lonely in Gray Billy Batch's cabin now, of course; it was sometimes almost intolerably so—and ghostly, too, with echoes of long-past footsteps and memories of soft motherly words. Pattie Batch, however, a practical little person, knew in her own mind, you must be informed, exactly how to still the haunting echoes and transform the memories into blessed companions of her busy, gentle solitude; but she had not as yet managed the solution.

Pattie Batch wanted a baby. Companionship, of course, would be a mere by-product of a baby's presence in the cabin; the real wealth and advantage would be a glowing satisfaction in the baby. At any rate, Pattie Batch wanted one: she always had—and she couldn't help it. Babies, however, were not numerous at Swamp's End. In point of fact, there was only one—a perfectly adorable infant, it must be understood, a suitable child, and worthy in every respect of being heartily desired by any woman—which unhappily belonged to Pale Peter of the Red Elephant saloon. No use asking for *that* baby! Not outright. It could be borrowed, however. Pattie Batch *had* borrowed it. She had borrowed it frequently of late, and had mysteriously measured it with a calculating eye, and had estimated, and scowled in doubt, and scratched her head, and pursed her sweet red lips, and had secretly spanned the baby, from chin to toe and across the back, with an industriously inquiring thumb and little finger. But a borrowed baby, it seems, is of no use whatsoever; the satisfaction is said to be temporary—nothing more—and to leave a sense of vacant arms and a stinging

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aggravation of envy. So what Pattie Batch wanted was a baby to *keep*—a baby she could call her own and cherish against meddling—a baby that should be so rosy and fat and curly, so neat and white, so scrubbed and highly polished from crown to toe nails, that every mother in the land, beholding, would promptly expire on the spot of incredulity, amazement, and sheer jealousy.

There were babies at Elegant Corners—a frowsy, listless mud-hole of the woods near by. They were all possessed by one mother, too. The last comer had appeared in the fall of the year; and Pattie Batch—when the great news came down to Swamp's End—had instantly taken the trail for Elegant Corners.

"Got another, eh?" says she, flatly, to the wretched Mrs. Limp.

"Uh-huh." Mrs. Limp sighed and rolled her eyes as though, God save us! the ultimate misfortune had fallen upon her. "Number eight," she groaned.

"Don't you *like* it?" Pattie demanded, hopefully.

Mrs. Limp was so deeply submerged in tears that she failed to commit herself.

"You *don't* like it, eh?" Pattie pursued, hope immediately abounding.

Mrs. Limp sniffed.

"Well," said Pattie, her little heart all in a flutter—she was afflicted, too, with an adorable lisp in excitement—"I th'pothe I *ought* t' be *thorry*."

Mrs. Limp seemed dolefully to agree.

Pattie Batch came then straight to the point. "I been thavin' up," said she. "I been hard at it for more'n theven month."

Mrs. Limp lifted her blue eyelids.

"Yep," said Pattie, briskly; "an' I got thirty-four twenty-three right here in my thkirt. Where'th that baby?"

The baby was fetched and deposited in her arms.

"Boy or girl?" Pattie inquired, with business-like precision.

"Boy," Mrs. Limp sighed, "thank God!"

Pattie Batch was vastly disappointed. She had fancied a girl. It was a shock indeed to her ardor. It was so much of a shocking disappointment that Pattie Batch might easily have wept. A boy—a *boy!* Oh, shoot! But still, she reflected, considering the scarcity, a boy—this boy, in fact, cleaned up—Pattie Batch was all the time running the mottled infant over with sharply appraising eyes—yes, the child had possibilities, unquestionably so, which soap and water might astonishingly improve—and, in fine, this little boy might—

"Mithuth Limp," said Pattie, looking that lady straight in the eye, "I'll give you twenty-five dollarth for thith here baby. By George, I will!"

The astonished mother jumped out of her chair and her lassitude at the same instant.

"Not another thent!" Pattie craftily declared. "Here—take your baby."

Mrs. Limp did not quite *take* the baby. That would be but a pale indication of the speed, directness, and outraged determination with which she acted. She snatched the baby away with the precision of a brisk woodpecker after an escaping worm; and she hugged it until it howled for mercy—and she hushed it—and she crooned endearment—and she kissed the baby with such fervor and persistency that she saved its puckered face a washing. And then she turned—in a rage of indignation—in a storm of scorn—in a whirlwind of execration—upon poor little Pattie Batch. But Pattie Batch was gone. Discreet little Pattie Batch didn't need to be *told!* Her little feet were already pattering over the trail to Swamp's End; and she was crying as she ran.

Well, well! there was only one baby at Swamp's End; and that baby Pattie Batch had adopted. In her mind, of course: *quite* on the sly. Nobody could adopt Pale Peter's baby in any other way. And here was Christmas come again! Day gone beyond the last waving pines in a cold flush of red and gold: Christmas Eve here at last. Pattie Batch's soft arms were still longing. There was a thousand kisses waiting on her tender lips for giving. Her voice was all attuned to crooning sweetest lullabies, but her heart was empty—save for a child of mist and wishes. It was dark now; but though the wind was still rollicking down, there was no snow blowing, and the shy stars were winking wide-eyed upon the busy world and all the myriad mysteries it exhibited out-of-doors. The gift of silk and fawn-skin was finished. A perfect

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gift: fashioned and accomplished with all the dexterity Pattie Batch could employ. "Just as if," she had determined, "it was for my *own* baby." And Pattie Batch, after an agitated glance at the clock, quickly shoed and cloaked and hooded her sweet and blooming little self; and she listened to the lusty wind, and she put a most adorable little nose out-of-doors to sense the frosty weather, and she fluttered about the warm room in search of her mittens; and then she turned down the lamp, chucked a log in the stove, put on the dampers like a prudent householder, and, having made quite sure that the door was latched, scampered off to town in vast and twittering delight with the nipping frost, with the roistering wind, the fluffy snow, the stars, the whole of God's clean world, and with herself, too, and with the blessed Night of the year.

She was exceedingly cautious, and she was not observed—not for the smallest flash. The thing was accomplished in mystery. Before she was aware of it—before her heart had eased its agitation—she was safely out again; and there, in plain view, on the table, in Pale Peter's living-room behind the saloon, lay the gift of silk and fawn-skin for Pale Peter's baby—a Christmas mystery for them all to solve as best they could.

Pattie Batch peeked in at the window.

"I wonder," she mused, "if they'll *ever*—if they'll *ever in the world*—find out I done it!"

Presently Pale Peter came in. Pattie Batch rose on her cold little toes the better to observe. The frost exploded like pistol-shots under her feet. She started. Really the little mite began to feel—and rather exquisitely—like a thief in the night. There was another explosion of frost as she crept nearer her peek-hole in the glowing window. Whew! How deliciously mysterious it was! Nothing much, however, happened in Pale Peter's living-room to continue the thrill. Pale Peter, in haste, chanced to brush the fawn-skin cloak off the table. He paused impatiently to pick it up and to fling it back in a heap: whereupon he pressed on to the bar. *That* wasn't very thrilling, you may be sure; but Pale Peter, after all, was only a father, and Pattie Batch, her courage not at all diminished, still waited in the frosty shadow, quite absorbed in expectation. Entered then Mrs. Pale Peter—a blond, bored, novel-reading little lady in splendid array. First of all, as Pattie Batch observed, she yawned; secondly, she yawned again. And she was about to attempt the extraordinary feat of yawning a third time—and doubtless would have achieved it—when her washed blue eyes chanced to fall on the fawn-skin coat, with its lining of golden-brown silk shimmering in the lamplight. She picked it up, of course, in a bored sort of way; and she was positively on the very verge of being interested in it, when—would you believe it?—she attacked the third yawn—or the third yawn attacked her—and however it was, the yawn was accomplished with such dexterity, such certainty, and with such satisfaction to the lady that she quite forgot to look at the fawn-skin cloak again.

"By George, she's tired!" Pattie Batch exclaimed to herself.

Pattie Batch sighed: she sighed twice, in point of fact—the second sigh, a great long one, discovering itself somewhere very deep within—and then she went home disconsolate.

Soon after dark the Rev. John Fairmeadow, the Board's missionary to the Woods, with a pack on his broad back, swung from the Jumping Jimmy trail into the clearing of Swamp's End, ceasing only then his high, vibrant song, and came striding down the huddled street, a big man in rare humor with life, labor, and the night. A shadow—not John Fairmeadow's shadow—was in cautious pursuit; but of this dark, secret follower John Fairmeadow was not aware. Near the Café of Egyptian Delights he stumbled. The pursuing shadow gasped; and John Fairmeadow was so mightily exercised for his pack that he ejaculated in a fashion most unministerial, but recovered his footing with a jerk, and doubtless near turned pale with apprehension. But the pack was safe—the delicate contents, whatever they were, quite undisturbed. John Fairmeadow gently adjusted the pack, stamped the snow from his soles as a precautionary measure, wiped the frost from his brows and eyelids in the same cautious wisdom.

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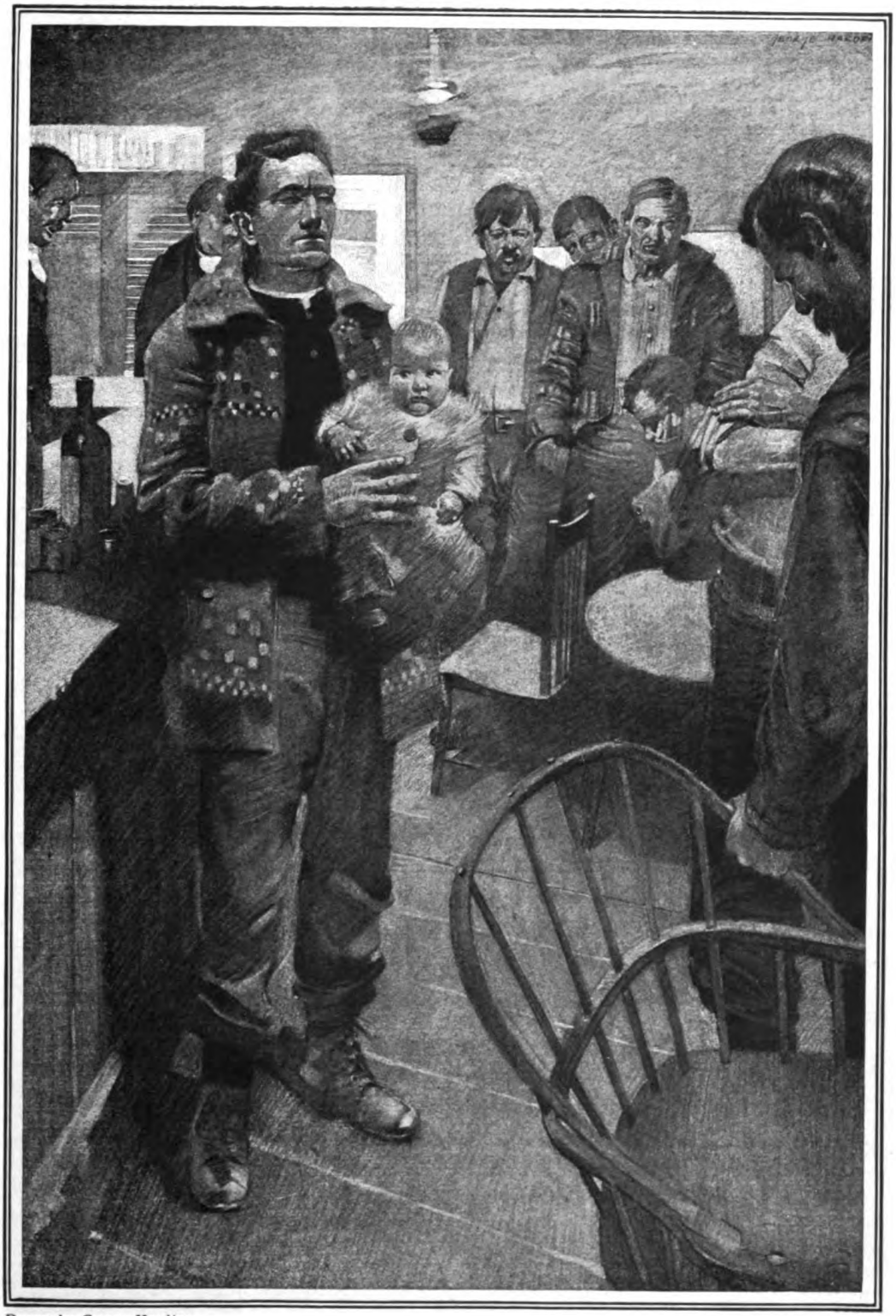
and, still followed by the shadow, strode on, but with infinitely more care. At the Red Elephant—Pale Peter's glowing saloon—he turned in. The bar, as always, gave the young apostle to those unrighteous parts a roaring welcome. It was the fashion: big, bubbling, rosy John Fairmeadow, with the square jaw, the frank, admonitory tongue, the tender and persuasive heart, the competent, not unwilling fists, was welcome everywhere, from the Bottle River camps and the Canthook cutting to the bunk-houses of the Yellow Tail, from beyond the divide to the lower waters of the Big River, in every saloon, bunk-house, superintendent's office, and cook's quarters of his wide, green parish—welcome to preach and to pray, to bury, marry, gossip, and scold, and, upon goodly provocation, to fight, all to the same righteous end. A clean man: a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, long-legged body with a soul to match it—a glowing heart and a purpose lifted high. There was no mistaking the man by men.

John Fairmeadow, clad like a lumber-jack, upright now in the full stature of a man, body and soul, grinned like a delighted schoolboy. His fine head was thrown back in the pride of clean, sure strength; his broad face was in a rosy glow; his great chest still heaved with the labor of a stormy trail; his gray eyes flashed and twinkled in the soft light of Pale Peter's many lamps. Twinkled—and with merriment, in that long, stifling, roaring, smoky, fume-laden room? For a moment; then closed, a bit worn, and melancholy, too; but presently, with reviving faith to urge them, opened wide and heartily and began to twinkle again. The bar was in festive array: Christmas greens, red berries, ribbons, tissue-paper, and gleaming tin-foil—flash of mirrors, bright color, branches of pine, cedar, and spruce from the big balsamic woods. It was crowded with lumber-jacks — great fellows from the forest, big of body and passion, here gathered in celebration of the festival. John Fairmeadow, getting all at once and vigorously under way, shouted, "Merry Christmas, boys!" and, "Hello, Jimmie!" to the bartender; and he shook hands with Pale Peter, slapped Billy the Beast on the back, roared a greeting to Gingerbread Jenkins, exclaimed, "Merry Christmas!" with the speed and detonating of a Gatling gun, sent his love to Tom Hitch's little Jinny, inquired after Butcher Long's brood of kids in the East, and cried, "Hello, old man!" and, "What's the good word from Yellow Tail?" and, "How d'ye do?" and, "Glad t' see you!" and everywhere shook hands and clapped backs—carefully preserving, however, his own back from being slapped — and devoutly ejaculated: "God bless you, men! A merry Christmas to you all and every one!" and eventually disappeared in the direction of Pale Peter's living-quarters, leaving an uproar of genial delight behind him.

John Fairmeadow's shadow, however, unable to enter the bar of the Red Elephant, waited in seclusion across the windy street.

Mrs. Pale Peter was still yawning as the Rev. John Fairmeadow entered upon her ennui; but when the big minister, exercising the softest sort of caution, slipped off his gigantic pack and deposited it, with exquisitely delicate care and a face of deep concern, on the table, she opened her faded eyes with interested curiosity. And as for the contents of the pack, there's no more concealing them! The article must now be declared and produced. It was a baby. Of course it was a baby! The thing has been obvious all along. John Fairmeadow's foundling: left in a basket at the threshold of his lodging-room at Big Rapids that very morning — first to John Fairmeadow's consternation and then to his gleeful delight. As for the baby itself—it was presently unswathed—it is quite beyond me to describe its excellencies of appearance and conduct. John Fairmeadow himself couldn't make the attempt and escape annihilation. It was a real and regular baby, however. One might suggest, in inadequate description, that it was a plump baby; one might add that it was a lusty baby. It had hair; it had a pucker of amazement; its eyes, two of them, were properly disposed in its head; its hands were of a rose-leaf daintiness; it had, apparently, a fixed habit of squirming; it had no teeth. Evidently a healthy baby—a baby that any mother might be proud of—doubtless a marvel of infantile perfection in every respect. I should not venture to dispute

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Drawn by George Harding

"MAKE OF THIS CHILD, A MAN"

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such an assertion; nor would John Fairmeadow—nor any other bold gentleman of Swamp's End and Elegant Corners—*not in these later days!*

Mrs. Pale Peter, of course, lifted her languid white hands in uttermost astonishment.

"There!" John Fairmeadow exploded, looking round like a showman. "What d'ye think o' *that?* Eh?"

"But, Mr. Fairmeadow," the poor lady stammered, "what have you brought it *here* for?"

"Why not?" John Fairmeadow demanded. "Why not, indeed? It's perfectly polite."

"What am I to *do* with it?"

"It isn't intoxicated, my good woman," John Fairmeadow ran on in great wrath; "and it's never been in jail."

"But, my *dear* Mr. Fairmeadow, do be sensible. What am I to *do* with it?"

"Why, ah—I should think," John Fairmeadow ventured — the baby was still sleeping like a brick—"that you might first of all—ah—resuscitate it. Would a—a slight poke in the ribs—provoke animation?"

But the baby didn't need a poke in the ribs. It didn't need any other sort of resuscitation. Not *that* baby! The self-dependent, courageous, perfectly competent, and winning little rascal resuscitated itself. Instantly, too—and positively—and apparently without the least effort in the world. Moreover—and with remarkable directness—it demanded what it wanted—and got it. And having been nourished to its satisfaction from Master Pale Peter's silver-mounted bottle (which John Fairmeadow then secretly slipped into his pocket)—and having yawned in a fashion so tremendous that Mrs. Peter herself could never hope to equal that infinite expression of boredom—and having smiled, and having wriggled, and having giggled and cooed and attempted—actually attempted — to get its great toe in its mouth without extraneous assistance of any sort whatsoever — even without the slightest suggestion that such a thing would be an amazingly engaging trick in a baby of its age and degree—it burst into a gurgle of glee so wondrously genuine and infectious that poor, bored Mrs. Peter herself was quite unable to resist it, and promptly, and publicly, and finally committed herself to the assertion that the baby was a dear, wherever it came from.

John Fairmeadow snatched it from the table and was about to make off with it, when Mrs. Peter interposed.

"My *dear* Mr. Fairmeadow," said she, "that child will catch its death of cold."

There was something handy, however—something of silk and fawn-skin—and with this enveloping the baby, John Fairmeadow swung in a roar with it to the bar—and held it aloft in all that seething wickedness—pure symbol of the blessed Christmas festival. And there was a sensation, of course—a sensation beginning in vociferous ejaculations, but presently falling to a buzz of conjecture. There were questions to follow: to which John Fairmeadow answered that he had found the baby—that the baby was nobody's baby—that the baby was his baby by right of finders keepers—that the baby was everybody's baby—and that the baby would presently be somebody's much-loved baby, *that* he'd vouch for! The baby, now resting content in John Fairmeadow's arms, was diffidently approached and examined. Gingerbread Jenkins poked a finger at it and said in a voice of the most inimical description, "Get out!" without disturbing the baby's serene equanimity in the slightest. Young Billy Lush, charging his soft, boyish voice with all the horrifying intent he could muster, threatened to "catch" the baby, as though bent upon devouring it on the spot; but the baby only chuckled with delight. Billy the Beast incautiously approached a finger near the baby's stout abdomen; and the baby, with a perfectly fearless glance into the very depths of the Beast's frowsy beard, clutched the finger and smiled like an angel. Long Butcher Long attempted to tweak the baby's nose; but the effort was a ridiculous failure, practised so clumsily on an object so small, and the only effect was to cause the baby to achieve a tremendous wriggle and a loud scream of laughter. These experiments were variously repeated, but all with the same cherubic result; the baby conducted itself with admirable self-possession and courage, as though, indeed, it had been used every hour of its life to the company of riotous lumber-jacks in town.

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The inevitable happened, of course: Billy the Beast, whose pocket was smoking with his wages, proposed the baby's health and there was an uproarious rush for the bar.

"Just a minute, boys!" John Fairmeadow drawled.

It was an awkward moment: but the jacks were used to being bidden by this man who was a man, and the rush was forthwith halted.

"Just a minute, boys," John Fairmeadow repeated, "for your minister."

The baby was then held aloft in John Fairmeadow's big, kind, sensitive hands, and from this safe perch softly smiled upon the crowd of flushed and bearded faces all roundabout.

"Boys," John Fairmeadow drawled, significantly, "this is the only sort of church we have in these woods."

There was a laughing stir and shuffling: but presently a tolerant silence fell in obedience to the custom John Fairmeadow had long ago established; and caps came off and pipes were smothered.

"A little away from the bar, please," the big preacher suggested.

Pale Peter nodded to the bartender; and the clink of glasses ceased—and the bottles were left in peace—and the hands of the bartender rested.

"Now, boys," said John Fairmeadow, letting the foundling fall softly into his arms, "I'm not going to preach to you to-night, though God knows you need it. I'm just going to pray for the baby. Dear Father of us wilful children of the vale," he began at once, lifting a placid, believing face above the smiling child in his arms, "we ask Thy guardianship of this child. In us is no perfect counsel for him nor any help whatsoever that he may surely apprehend. In Thine acceptable wisdom Thou settest Thy little ones in a world where presently only Thou canst teach them: teach Thou then this little one. Thou alone knowest the right path for a little boy's inquiring feet: lead then this little boy. Thou alone art saving helper to an adventuring lad: help then this lad. Thou alone art all-perceiving and persuasive, alone art truth-teller to a bewildered youth and good example in his wondering sight: be Thou then good example and teller of truth to this youth. Thou alone art in the fashioning ways of Thine own world a maker of men: make then of this little child a man. We ask no easy path for him — no unmanly way — no indulgent tempering of the winds. We pray for no riches—for no great deeds of his doing —for no ease at all nor any satisfaction. We ask of Thee in his behalf good manhood. Lead him where true men must go: lead him where they learn the all of life; lead him where they raise and build again; lead him where in righteous strength his hands may lift the fallen; lead him where in anger he may strike; lead him where his tears may fall; lead him where his heart may find a pure desire. O Almighty God, lover of children, Father of us all alike, make of this child, in the measure of his service and in the stature of his soul, a man. Amen."

Amen!

As for poor little Pattie Batch all this while, she sat alone, a doleful heart, in the shack at the edge of the big black woods, quite unaware of the momentous advent of a Christmas baby to Swamp's End. The Christmas wind was still high, still shaking the cabin, still rattling the door, still howling like a wild beast in the night, still roaring in the red stove; and snow was falling again—a dry dust of snow which veiled the wondering stars. It was no longer a jolly, rollicking Christmas wind. The gale now, it seemed, was become inimical to the lonely child: wild, vaunting, merciless, terrible with cold. Pattie Batch, disconsolate, sighed more often than a tender heart could bear to sanction in a child, and found swift visions in the glowing coals, though no enlivening tableaux; but—dear, brave, and human little one!—she presently ejaculated, "Shoot it, anyhow!" and began at once to cheer up. And she was comfortably toasting her shins in a placid delusion of stormy, mile-wide privacy, her mother's old-fashioned long black skirt drawn up from her dainty toes (of which, of course, the imminent John Fairmeadow was never permitted to be aware), when all at once, and clamoring above the old wind's howling, there was a tremendous knocking at the door—a knocking so loud and commanding and prolonged that Pattie Batch jumped like a fawn in alarm and stood for a moment

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with palpitating heart and a mighty inclination to fly to the bedroom and lock herself in. Presently, however, she mustered courage to call, "Come in!" in a sufficient tone: whereupon the door was immediately flung wide and big John Fairmeadow, with a wild, dusty blast of the gale, strode in with a gigantic basket and slammed the door behind him, leaving the shivering, tenacious shadow, which had secretly followed from Swamp's End, to keep cold vigil outside.

"Hello, there, Pattie Batch!" John Fairmeadow roared. "Merry Christmas!"

Pattie Batch stared.

"Hello, I say!" John Fairmeadow cried again. "Merry Christmas, ye rascal!"

Pattie Batch, gulping her delight and quite incapable of uttering a word because of it, flew to the kitchen instead of to the bedroom, and returned with a broom, with which, while the shadow peeked in at the window, she brushed and scraped and slapped John Fairmeadow so vigorously that John Fairmeadow scampered into a corner and stood at bay.

"Look out there, Polly Pry!" he shouted in a rage. "Don't you *dare* look at my basket!"

Pattie Batch had been doing nothing of the sort.

"Don't you so much as *squint* at my basket!" John Fairmeadow growled.

Pattie Batch instantly *did,* of course—and with her eyes wide and sparkling, too. It was really something more than a squint.

"Keep your eyes off that basket, Miss Pry!" John Fairmeadow commanded again. "Huh!" he complained, emerging from his refuge and throwing his mackinaw and cap on the floor. "Anybody 'd think there was something in that basket for *you!*"

"There ith," Pattie Batch gasped in ecstasy.

"Is!" John Fairmeadow scornfully mocked. "Huh!"

Pattie Batch caught John Fairmeadow by the two lapels of his coat — and she stood on tiptoe — and she wouldn't let John Fairmeadow turn his head away (as if John Fairmeadow cared to evade those round, glowing eyes!)—and she looked into his gray eyes with a bewitching conglomeration of hope, amusement, curiosity, and adoring childish affection. "There ith, too," she chuckled. "Yeth, there ith. I know *you,* Mither Fairmeadow."

John Fairmeadow ridiculously failed to smother a chuckle in a growl.

"Doth it bite?" Pattie Batch inquired, maliciously feigning a withering fright.

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow declared. "It hasn't a tooth in its head." He added, with one eye closed and palms lifted, "But—aha!—just you wait and *see.*"

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, "I th'pose it'th a turkey. It'th thertainly *thome*thin' t' eat," she declared.

"Good *enough* to eat, I bet you!" John Fairmeadow agreed, with the air of having concealed in that veritable big basket the sweetest morsel in all the world.

"Ith it a chicken?"

"Nonsense!" said John Fairmeadow. "It's fa-a-a-ar more delicious than chicken. Hi, there, Polly Pry!" he roared, and just in time. "Keep your hands off!"

"Ith it anything for the houthe?"

"No, indeed; the house is for *it.*"

Pattie Batch scowled in perplexity.

"The back yard, too," John Fairmeadow added.

"I'm thure," poor Pattie Batch mused, scratching her curls in bewilderment, "I can't gueth what it *could* be."

Both were now staring at the basket; and at that very moment the blanket covering—*stirred!*

"It'th a dog!" Pattie Batch exclaimed.

"Dog!" the outraged John Fairmeadow roared. "Nothing of the sort! No, *ma'am.*"

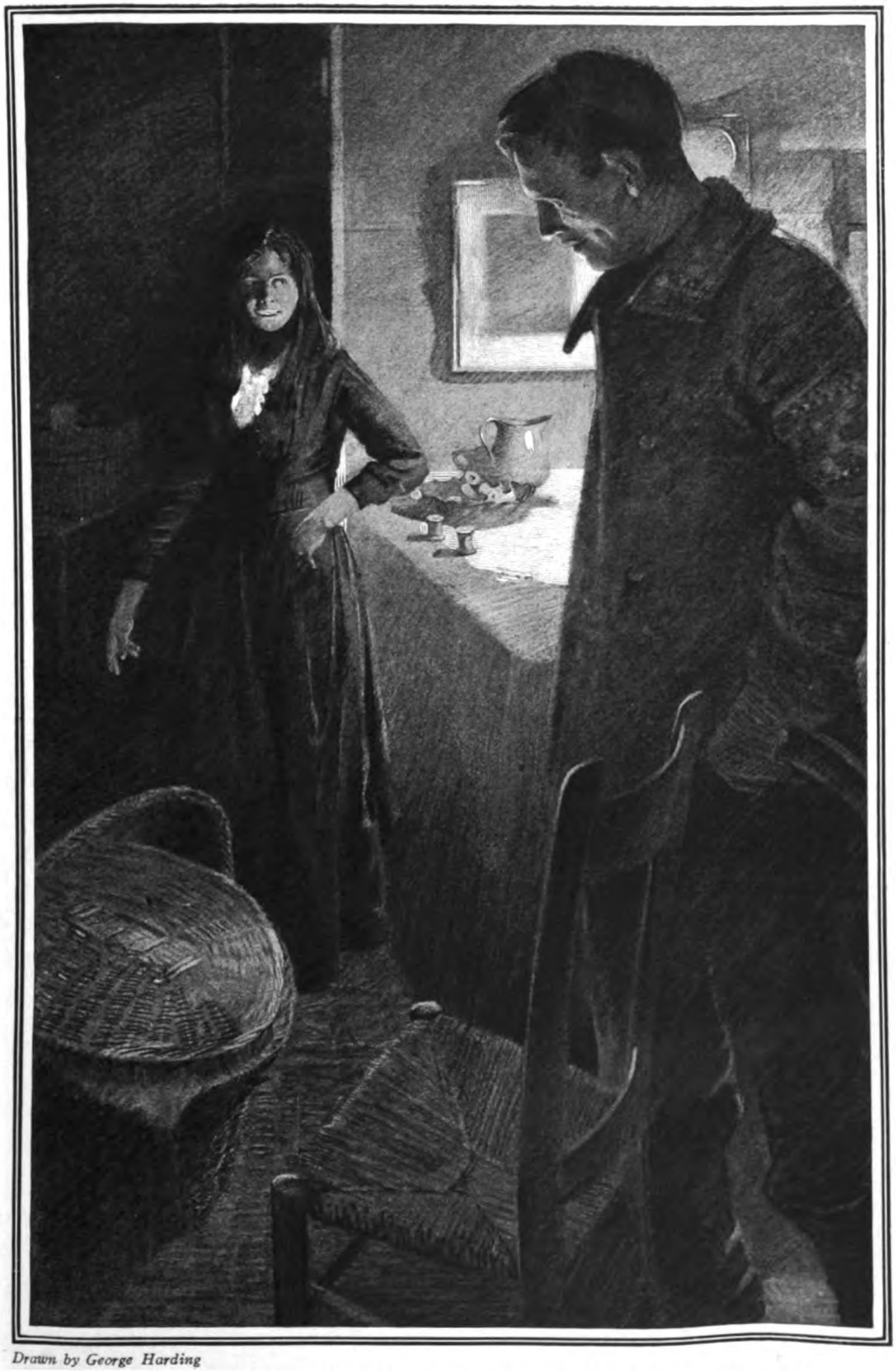
Thereupon — while the shadow, by whom John Fairmeadow had been dogged that night, now peered with acute attention through a break in the frost on the window-pane—thereupon, without any warning save a second slight movement of the blanket, a sound—and not by any means a growl — proceeded from the depths of the basket.

Pattie Batch jumped away.

"Well, well!" cried John Fairmeadow. "What's the row?"

Row, indeed! Pattie Batch was gone white; and she swayed a little and shivered, too, and clenched her little hands to restrain her amazing hope. "Oh," she

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Drawn by George Harding

"ANYBODY 'D THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT BASKET FOR YOU!"

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moaned at last, far short of breath enough, "tell me quick: ith it—ith it a—a—"

John Fairmeadow threw back the blanket in a most dramatic fashion; and there, wrapped in the neglected fawn-skin cloak, all dimpled and smiling, lay—

The baby!

"By George!" screamed Pattie Batch; "it *ith* a baby!"

"Your baby," John Fairmeadow whispered. "God's Christmas gift—to you."

Pattie Batch—adorable young mother!—reverently approached and, bending with parted lips, eyes shining, and hands laid upon her trembling heart, for the first time gazed content upon the little face. She lifted then—and with what awe and tenderness!—the tiny mortal from the warm basket and pressed it with knowing arms against her warmer, softer young breast. "My baby!" she crooned, her lips close to its ear. "My little baby—my own little baby!"

The shadow vanished from the window.

Well, well, well! That wasn't all, you may be sure. It wasn't anything like all the interesting happenings of that Christmas Eve in the log shack on the edge of Swamp's End. Pattie Batch, for example, talked so much and so fast that her tongue stumbled and her breath positively refused to indulge her with another word without a rest. Girl! (says she). How in the world could she *ever* have *dreamed* that a girl would even *do*? Well—and to think that she had actually *wanted* a girl when—sakes alive! a girl baby was *nothing* to a boy baby once you *knew* about such things. And as for the lumber-jacks in town, who had—and just like them, too, by George!—who had stuffed John Fairmeadow's mackinaw pocket with a perfect *fortune* for the baby—they were really *dears,* every one of them. And as for John Fairmeadow himself—well—never mind: Pattie Batch didn't say a single adequate word; but in the mad extravagance of her joy, and in a violent effort to express her gratitude, she *did* something that John Fairmeadow heartily approved, but never would have permitted, of course, had he not been taken unaware. The big gale laughed now and frolicked past the cabin and tapped softly at the door, as if bound through sheer importunity to enter in and share the happiness. The roar was gone out of it: it was savage no longer. It hadn't a growl to its name: it hadn't even a ghostly groan to scare a child with. Who was afraid of the wind now—of the cold—of the wild, black night? Not Pattie Batch. Pattie Batch's baby had tamed *that* gale!

By and by Pattie Batch resolutely returned the baby—now sound asleep—to the basket.

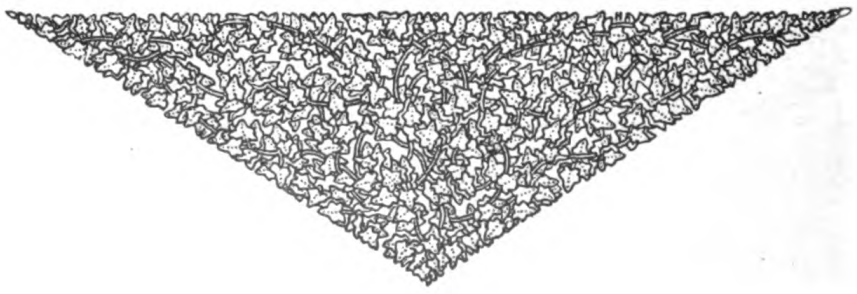
"I th'pose," says she, "I better get at Gingerbread Jenkinth' wathing."

"Washing?" cries John Fairmeadow.

"Yeth, yeth, yeth!" Pattie Batch declared, impatiently. "I got t' look out for the educathion o' my baby, don't I?"

As John Fairmeadow says,

You ought to see that baby now!



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Editor's Easy Chair

THE ex-consul for Torcello who proved so inexorable, in the Christmas number, to the appeals of the Easy Chair for something seasonably mystical in his reminiscences of seagoing, continued remorselessly practical in a discussion invited for the cheerfuler needs of the New-Year's number. In view of another first of January, with its perspective of successive celebrations on the natal days of Washington, Lincoln, and Columbus, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, and again Christmas, it appeared to the Easy Chair that there was almost as much occasion for leisure in the American year as in those years of Catholic countries which the saints and martyrs had died to hallow with so many anniversaries for innocent or at least pious disoccupation. The Easy Chair, in its kindly sentimentalism, would have paused to touch regretfully upon the changes which have come upon these anniversaries in Italy, where a number of compulsory industrial holidays have been substituted for the feasts of the Church, and no man may toil and no master employ on them under legal penalties. It would have lamented the hard conditions as subversive of all the poetry of the past; but it found the ex-consul indifferent to its finer mood, and it suddenly wheeled off at a tangent to the living issue of aviation, with the wonder which of our large sellers would be the first to write an aeroplane romance. That type of fiction was surely coming; the type of character in the bird-men and bird-women of the day, as intimated in the photographs of their tense if not very intelligent faces, was already here, and nothing remained to be done but to render it in vivid impression. The Chair, for convenience' sake, ruled out dirigible balloons, and it trifled with the theme, after its custom, in the inquiry whether a monoplane story or a biplane story would be more to the public taste. When it had begun to play with the fancy, it suggested that *The Birdman's Bride* would not be a bad title for the romance, or perhaps *Alone Among the Stars Together* would be more attractive on the intimation of a certain bold realism. Which of the magazines would be earliest to catch at the notion: *McClure's* with a tendency tale full of the prophetic instinct for abuses springing from the oppressions of the Aviation Trust; or *Scribner's,* with an ex-President writing a sport-story of *Big Game at the Zenith;* or *Harper's,* in a biplane fiction of English high life, with travestied historic personalities involving impassioned events of grave political importance between the Premier, Mr. Swathling, and Lady Patricia Lyonnesse, and their descent into matrimony after a week of aerostation, followed by the resignation of the Cabinet and the issuance of writs for a new election?

But the ex-consul would have none of it all except as it served to bring the talk back to sea-travel as compared with air-travel. He said he hoped that when passenger aeroplanes began to be built there would be an entire departure from some barbarous conditions of actual sea-travel perpetuated from the earliest times.

"As for a passage to Europe on the *City of Palmyra* in 1861, and a passage to America in 1910 on the *George the Fifth,* in essentials it is the same thing—"

But here the Easy Chair interposed with all the harshness possible to its make. "How can you say that? With your sole saloon against our dining-room, music-room, smoking-room, lounge, and library? With your absence of all girlish charm against our multiplicity of girls in hobble-skirts, turning their beautiful backs on the nobility of the Old World, and triumphing home to marry good Americans? With your one long table, and the first officer carving turkey at the head, and the passengers passing their plates down the line, against our clustering small separate tables, with fleet stew-

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ards bringing hotel meals from the shining pantry? With your gloomy silence and our accomplished band banging away noon and night and keeping people awake far toward morning? With—"

"Hold on!" the ex-consul cried. "These are non-essentials. The *City of Palmyra* and the *George the Fifth* are of the same barbaric epoch in their great and chief essential. The last is like the first in perpetuating the early seagoing indecency of cooping two strangers together in the same cabin, and abandoning them there to the agonies of seasickness and reciprocal loathing. Until your modern marine palaces are provided with separate cabins for all but families, separate tables avail nothing. They are still early nineteenth-century, medieval, diluvian. Think of a first-class hotel, or any hotel on shore, offering to put you in a room with a stranger, or even a friend! But the largest and finest hotels at sea impudently propose it and enforce the rule upon your necessity. A few ships have a few single rooms, but by far the most have none. Till they *all* have them for single travellers such a ship as the *George the Fifth* in 1910 is not essentially moderner than the *City of Palmyra* in 1861. Who cares to be sumptuous at sea? All you care for is to be ashore as soon as possible. What you want on the way is the simplest comforts, the merest decencies, and these you have no more now than then. You have too much table and too little berth. You have all these waste drawing-room spaces, in curly maple or carven oak, and a shelf two feet wide to sleep on. You have separate tables, but double cabins, and luxury instead of decency. After you engaged your passage in London didn't you tremble, till you met him, with fear of whom your roommate would be?"

The Easy Chair smiled securely upon its other self. "We knew we should have you. But we little thought you would talk this folly. Aren't you aware that it would be impossibly expensive to build steamers with separate rooms for each single passenger?"

"Not nearly so impossibly expensive as to build them with all this panelled and upholstered spread of social attraction—this lounge and music-room and library and smoking-room. No, we are still in the dark ages, or the mists of antiquity when we go down to the sea in ships. Six days across the ocean in a double cabin is longer than ten in a single one. Frescos and hard woods in those absurd ships' parlors are an insult from which painted pine would save us if the cost were put into single staterooms."

The Easy Chair attempted to change the conversation, or at least, if it must still be of seafaring, to give it a little different term. "Have you ever read the novelist Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*?"

The ex-consul grudged the admission: "Not yet. It's a book that I've always almost read; though I don't care much for his novels. Do you mean that you're familiar with it?"

"No; we've been waiting a century and more for it to get into those pretty seven-penny editions which now offer so much good literature to the stingy traveller in England. We found it in that form just after engaging our passage home and read it on the steamer."

"And I suppose you bring it up now to prove that your ship was an immeasurable improvement upon his. Well, what does he say of his accommodations? Did he have a single cabin?"

"He didn't want one; Mrs. Fielding was with him. But he says little or nothing about his accommodations. He speaks casually of their cabin, by which he seems to have meant the ship's cabin, or lounge, music-room, library, and smoking-room rolled very tightly into one; for when he once referred to it as his cabin before the captain: 'Your cabin,' repeated the latter, many times, 'no, d——n me, 'tis my cabin. I suppose you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will . . . show the world that I am the commander and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds?' It seems that this was the price of Fielding's passage—"

"Not much more than they would pay now on a steamer from London to Lisbon," the ex-consul interrupted.

"Yes, but the Fieldings provisioned themselves. To be sure they were much longer going than they would be now;

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it was about six weeks before they got out of English waters, though they made the rest of the run in seven days. All that time they had been waiting upon English winds, including the bad breath of their captain. You are given to understand that the captain was rather a favorable specimen of his sort, though Fielding qualifies his scanty praise with the conclusion that 'all human flesh is not one flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen and another of seamen.' If this is so, the flesh of seamen must have been bad indeed, for the landmen who hooted this author from the shore when he took ship could not have been less cruel than the seamen who saw him embark. It seems to have struck the flesh of both that nothing could be merrier than the sight of a sick man going a voyage who was so grotesquely swollen with dropsy that he had to be lifted on board, a helpless and hideous bulk. The flesh of inn-keeping women was scarcely humaner; the hostess of the tavern where the Fieldings took refuge from the delays of their ship, preyed pitilessly upon them, always lamenting that she did not know properly how to overcharge gentle folks; poor Fielding was a gentleman, you know, and a cousin to coronets, as well as a sick man. All that part of *A Voyage to Lisbon* is a tale of social squalor scarcely to be matched, and when the ship is fairly at sea, pitching and tossing in the Bay of Biscay, O, one draws a deep, full breath, as one does in getting beyond the range of a thick stench. It's a mighty suggestive story regarding England, if not very instructive regarding Portugal. The most the author has to say after reaching Lisbon is that 'it is said to be built on the same number of hills as old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising one above another, and that in so steep and perpendicular a manner that they all seem to have but one foundation. As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once!'"

"It isn't exactly the notion of Lisbon that photography gives you," the ex-consul remarked. "That shows you 'every kind of ornament' to burn. Isn't the Portuguese architecture now considered very beautiful?"

"Oh, we believe so. But Fielding was probably trying to share Mr. Addison's polite abhorrence of 'the Gothick,' and he would naturally have classed all forms of the Saracenic with that. One can imagine what short work he would have made of the new republic which has come in over the ruins of the old monarchy 'on rubbers,' as the actors say of a play that fails to make the town aware of it. He would have disposed of it in a paragraph, poor, dear little republic!"

"We don't seem to have made very much of it ourselves."

"No, we haven't. Have we become cold to all commonwealths because we have grown conscious of a want of reality in our own professions of republican simplicity?"

"Perhaps," the ex-consul assented, with a sigh that marked him of the period of the fine old political insurgencies of the eighteen forties and sixties. "The worst thing about a monarchy like England for a republic like ours is that it has been able to do so much more for democracy of late than we. Of course a monarchy is ridiculous; it is, like slavery, such a very bad thing for the master; but within its forms there is play for ever so much personal liberty; if the lords were gone, once, there might be play for personal equality, and who knows but finally for fraternity. By the way, it is interesting that the Portuguese monarchy, which was always great friends with the English, made a point of closing its ports against us when these States were colonies revolting from their mother country. But that's no reason why we should ignore the Portuguese republic. The time was when we were very eager and very early to recognize republics; it was the time before we had begun to have a bad conscience."

"Have we a bad conscience?" the ex-consul questioned.

"We ought to have, seeing how far we have fallen from the ideal in our faith as well as our life. But it is a pity Fielding says so little about Portugal after he gets there. His im-

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pressions of it would be invaluable, now. How few really good travels there are! They are almost as rare as good novels."

"Rarer, I should say," the ex-consul over-assented. "But how does he fill up his book, if he despatches his voyage to Lisbon in ten or fifteen pages, and says nothing about Lisbon after he gets there."

"With delightful excursions and disquisitions of all kinds. He was a prime observer, but he loses so much time in observing the English before he starts that he has none for observing the Portuguese after he arrives. Few phases of the local life escape him as he lies in his cabin, waiting to be tapped for his dropsy, or varies his misery by going ashore from time to time in those weeks of weary waiting, to be plundered and poisoned by that vicious landlady, who was not worse woman than cook. The English character is immensely ameliorated since that time; what one gets chiefly a sense of in Fielding's book is the brutality which was then general and is now exceptional in the manners. The English of our day, as the traveller sees them, are gentle people, of a politeness that renders our native rudeness, when we get home, shocking if not bruising; even our kindness is rude. A pleasant relief to the prevailing savagery was the hospitality of the lady who had bought the splendid mansion of a ruined smuggler in the neighborhood, and who befriended the hapless voyagers with gifts of game and fruits and flowers. She asked them to her place and made them free of her garden and orchard, going away herself that they might be the freer. One longs to know who she was, but Fielding never says; for the matter of that, he does not say who his cruel tavern-wife was. One would like to know more of the smuggler who had so prospered by smuggling—he was first a blacksmith—that he was able to build that splendid mansion, and to order 'a bookseller in London to pack him up five hundred pounds' worth of his handsomest books' to furnish the library. He came to grief through the vigilance of the customs, quite as if he had been arriving home in New York with an erroneous declaration, and ended in the Fleet Street Prison. One fancies what Fielding would have made of him in a novel; he heard 'incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride, which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity.' The novelist would not have spared him; he too, when it came to fiction, was of that brutal old England now grown older and wiser. It is in real life his personal civilization appears, and not the least interesting part of this odd voyage, which is so almost entirely a sojourn, is the introduction. In that the author tells how he completed the ruin of his failing health by staying in London, as a Bow Street magistrate, to extirpate certain 'gangs of murderous street robbers,' when he ought to have gone to drink the waters at Bath. It is all a very curious little book, and we advise you, when you are next disposed to grumble at a superabundance of drawing-rooms and a paucity of single cabins in modern steamers, to read the story of land-going adventure in England which masquerades as *A Voyage to Lisbon*."

"I don't see that you make out your case. Do you mean that you would like being put into a sleeping-closet with another man if you could help it?"

"Certainly not."

"Would you rather do that and have the money which would provide single cabins spent on libraries, lounges, and music-rooms?"

The Easy Chair answered evasively and uncandidly enough: "We hope that an ultimate type of aeroplane will provide both. But without saying which alternative we should now choose in five-day boats, we hold that it is unreasonable to expect the steamship companies to provide both."

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Editor's Study

WE think of the past as radically in the present. But we cannot really turn backward in our course, we must pass on, and our future—that which we are constantly becoming—is the only significant illumination of the past. Things to come are not explained by what has been, but contrariwise, if indeed there is explanation either way.

Really, creative life is inexplicable by precedent or consequent. There is no philoscphy of history, none that is convincing even to the understanding, which De Quincey rightly called the meanest of all our faculties. The mere statistics are for the most part irrecoverable, and, if they were entirely at our command, they would not induce comprehension, leading only, through expert sophistication, to utter confusion. The knowledge of all the related facts would not disclose the secret springs of human action.

But, we say, the past is all we have of this incessant passing, and the future is the only blank. If we cannot go back, we can look back. We can study the past. We cling to the record, as we do to our individual memories. We have no capacity for taking in to-morrow as memory embraces yesterday. Hope, like fear, dwells not anywhere—its continent is vacuity. This seems to be the only way in which we can realize to ourselves the continuity of life—that is, by our historic sense. It is difficult for us to see that, in spite of memory and of the historic record, we have no more foothold in the past than in the future—that the past is actually passed by, left behind us; for how, if this is so, we insistently ask, can we have what we call our experience? How is it that the past can be the object of knowledge, even of patient and prolonged study? How is reflection possible?

The puzzle is just as baffling if we contemplate the present moment, since we must regard it as having two parts—one part that has passed and the other that is to come, so that there is no present. There is no resolution of such difficulties except in the intuition of time and space as only forms of our thinking, having no objective existence. They are divisible only in our thought.

Unless there is motion, something going on, the idea of time or of space never occurs to us. The motion, the change, the ever-fresh becoming, alone are real, real in our sense of them, apart from any operation of our understanding. Our sense holds them in integrity, seeing persistence and flux as complementary, though inevitably the mental lens separates these terms and presents them to us as divergent or even as contradictory.

The content of our historic sense—the sense of persistence, of continuity—is real, however limited and inadequate the service of individual memory or of the record which registers, and may falsely register, memory. But the unregistered things to come, the content of Promethean vision, are these less real? We are not bound within the net of circumstance, accounting for our substance by heredity alone or limiting our expectation to a precalculated consequence. The unseen dominant in our human harmony does not lie in the score behind us, but beyond, drawing us on to the new key, which is no afterthought. This is the burden of the poet's song, as Tennyson thought:

> "For he sings of what the world will be
> When the years have died away."

Too much of the study of the past has been mere study, unhelped by prophetic impulse. Thus we bind ourselves to the body of death in the vain attempt to steer our really uncharted course by precedent. The maxims we thus formulate are applicable only to an unchanging, traditional, dead world and not to that seen through the archway of living experience,

> "That untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever as [we] move."

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It is impossible for us to lay too much stress upon the values of a living experience, individual or social, for these are living values. In what are called practical affairs—where we consider everything with reference to antecedence and consequence, thus acquiring a mechanical view of causation—we regard experience as static. The Pragmatist, it is true, accepts and even espouses the implication of a creative life, with Bergsonian enthusiasm; he makes a transvaluation of all mechanical judgments; yet, in his ready use of terms and phrases applicable to static and quantitative relations, as when he insists upon "cash values," he is apt to blur the whole perspective for others if not for himself. In creative life—where we are freed from the fixed nexus of sequence, where we live intensively, and do not ask with reference to any quality "why?" or "what for?"—experience is wholly dynamic.

Here we touch the pulse of vibrant life. Now we can see what time really is, in our sense of intension and persistence, what sensibility itself is, being a response, in a rhythmic living organism, to rhythmic vibrations, and that there is no reality outside of the pulsing life, but only what is abstract and notional. Here we can arrive at true transvaluations—from the static to the dynamic. The stability we have counted upon in outward structure and form as the result of convention and tradition, bolstered up by us against the onrushing tide of life's currents, we see to be a vain thing, except as relatively necessary for the preservation of order, and that these currents themselves must determine their own bounds and establish, by uncalculated but sure inhibitions, the only real stability—a dynamic rhythmic *stasis,* authoritative and incontrovertible, which in buoyant exaltation becomes *ecstasis,* and which has creative continuity, not in static permanence but in resurgence, *anastasis.*

Then we see what memory really is—that it is not a storage, but one form of this resurgence whereby the dynamic rhythm is continued, not only as impulse but as reflection. Memory is the pulse of sensibility, as vitalized habit is the pulse of will. The strength of the will-to-be and to-do, of the forward-looking purpose and desire, of hope, in the youth of the world naturally expressed in the lyric, with like spontaneity wrote itself in the past tense as an epic; and in all ages the intensity of expectation is the measure of the historic sense. When hope decays, memory fades, and the record loses lustre. There would have been no Iliad but for the aspiration of Ionic and Æolic Greeks—who had been driven from the mainland by the Dorian invasion—to create a new Greece on the old Troad and in the islands of the Ægean Sea.

In an idle or decadent period, when entertainment is sought wholly for its own sake and, therefore, along the lines of least resistance, with no concern for the humanities, current levities suffice for the desired amusement; or, if the past is drawn upon, it is a comparatively near rather than a remote past. In such a period the study of the past is concerned with trivialities, such as occupy scholiasts, and is not prompted by any vivid human interest. On the other hand, periods of illumination, of mighty aspiration, of prophetic impulse, are those in which the Humanities are cultivated, and in which the desire for new knowledge is closely linked with deep curiosity concerning the human past, and the most earnest modernist is the most ardent archæologist and interpreter of history. Thus the sense of persistence is intensified. *Was,* in the earliest English, was a separate verb, meaning *still is.*

The culture of the Humanities is not concerned with human statics, but only with life as creative. Its field is that of the Imagination, using that term in its largest sense, as the organically shaping power in life and art and as organized sensibility, æsthetic and psychical, in every plane of it—even, by implication, in the physiological. In this sense the Imagination is the organ of human evolution as distinguished from material and mechanical progress, yet dominating that progress at every step, giving it its higher uses and meanings, which transcend merely relative values, as measured by degrees of practical efficiency. In progress we see continuity as extension and succession, in evolution as intension and renascence. Scientific conceptions conveyed in such phrases as "the persistence of matter" and "the conservation of energy" relate to a static world. In a

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living universe it is the fresh pulse of life that intensifies the idea of continuity, without reference to quantitative relations. The new evolutionary variation is qualitatively surprising, has not teleology, is not *from* anything preexistent or *for* anything to come, but everything is coherent *with* it in a vibrant harmony. Whatever reasonableness or fitness it may have, and whatever mathematics may be intimated in connection with it—as, for example, in the Mendelian law of heredity—these are but implications of that harmony without which there is no becoming at all; and they are genetic, not mechanical.

It is because of the coherence of the past with the present, independently of any record, that the record itself, such as we have, or perfected as it may be by intelligent revision through new discoveries, is of any vital interest to us—not as a matter of information, but for that illumination which comes through imaginative co-ordination. As creative interpreters we are better served by the imaginative creations in art and literature than by extant annals, which are chiefly interesting because they come to us along with the extant poetry, sculpture, and architecture, and for the intimations given in these of imagination as creative faith in its embodiments of heroic legend and religious belief.

We cannot conceive of our spiritual poverty and vacuity if the past were absent from our present; and yet, of all this treasure we possess or that is open to us, no portion is of the least vital interest save as it is really participant in the immediate attitude and interest of men living the creative life, both as doers and as interpreters. In the service of that life, prompted by the enthusiasm of its dominant motive and tendency, there is no limit to our willingness to delve, as excavators and even as grammarians, or to our gratitude to others who save us this labor; but a merely idle tradition has no claim to our tribute. An idle tradition is something handed down from generation to generation unchanged, like children's toys and games —something, from first to last, trivial, insignificant, and unreal, conveniently and conventionally assumed, or something which, having at first a partial and relative meaning but becoming a habit, and worn loosely, lets even that slip. In creative life and art, while the outward form and image may be handed down, these always being closely associated with the ideal excellence and beauty they embody, the imagination which informed them gives them a new shaping and investment in every new age, and this is not tradition, but a resurrection.

The preservation of the past embodiments of human genius — monuments, temples, statues, and texts—counts for nothing in itself. Time may as well have done its destructive work with them, Pompeii have remained unsealed, and all libraries have suffered the fate of the Alexandrian, if the impulse which created these embodiments is not itself endlessly renewed and is not felt as dynamically coherent in new pulses of creative art and culture—felt thus all the more because art and culture themselves are forever being reborn and, with every fresh ascension, are more deeply rooted in the old soil of humanity, with a finer sense of their progeniture.

While we are grateful for memorials which seem still animate with the breath of creative inspiration, and make diligent quest for more of them, our need of them, which is a present need, is sufficiently served by what remain, since Time (being itself but the form of pulsing life) has, in its eliminations, selectively served this need. What was most living, and therefore most fugitive, has been most surely remembered in the mutations of our human evolution, all else being left to chance, which favors mere durability—even that of idols, yet thereby also justifying the artist's jealous selection of material. If all the marbles and bronzes had been destroyed —how much were missing!—yet would poets, like Homer, Theocritus, and Dante, have supplied what was most essential in the content of statue and frieze, and a whole world of life and meaning too evanescent for representation by any plastic art.

No generation stands for itself alone; and even if the whole material record were blotted out, including the written word, the racial life would itself, with each new pulse, register, in trait and speech and in spiritual mood and temper,

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its selective remembrance. Every mutation would be a surprise with the implication of familiarity. As it is, European written speech is a palimpsest, with Sanscrit speech beneath. Thus the West remembers the East; and it does so not less in the spoken than in the written word. How thin and baseless and unsubstantial the ever-shifting curtain of our human scene if it were only unfolding, with no infolding to veil and keep for us those old familiars!

Nations, like individuals, have died that, having divested themselves of the body of death, they might live on—all that is deathless of them—in the pulsing life of the race or, it may be, of blended races and cultures. Thus Rome lives in the Barbarians who conquered her, as Greece had lived in imperious, overmastering Rome. Our Christendom of to-day is made up of distinct nationalities which, whatever their economic rivalries, show no signs of a disposition to establish dynastic sovereignty, one over another, but have developed rather the international sense. Generations come and go, but nations defy the law of mortality so signally illustrated in ancient and medieval times. This stability is dynamic, a persistence through mutations which are not geographic, but mainly evolutionary and intensive. Ours is not a lotus-eating period, in which we lie upon our oars and sing, from mere weariness, "Let what is broken so remain!" On the contrary, we are too much in earnest, in united forward-looking purpose, to waste time in futile attempts to mend past brokenness. Yet there has never been an age in which the living past has been so deeply involved in the creative realization of its ideals. This is so because our present civilization is more intensively dynamic than that of any previous age, therefore more crescent, more vitally assimilative, more quickly eliminative —rejecting the non-living and the unreal. In our use of the subtle and imponderable physical forces our mechanism simulates the processes of life. The electric dynamo is, in its responses and inhibitions, almost physiological. We have not so much to say about the inevitable "vice of system" as we had twenty years ago, because our vibrant life has entered into our systems, giving them heart and nerve and sensibility. In the field of imagination the pulse of a creative human life dominates the creations of art and literature, discarding the notional and artificial and the dimensionally impressive, and emphasizing the intensive quality. The realism of our advanced fiction is not static, but creative, seeing reality only in what is living. The best fiction courts contacts with the world, but only with a living world; and as the world lives more and more it becomes with larger hospitality the natural habitation of creative genius. The outworn symbol and convention disappear, but the outward investment is renewed, quickly responsive to every fresh impulse of the human spirit. Twentieth-century philosophy, too, recognizes as real no human or natural procedure which is not genetic.

The concern of a culture which so readily lends itself to the living current, and which is so swiftly preterite, is wholly open to the living past. It is so, even independently of our discernment; but it is an immense advantage and satisfaction that we are aware of this openness, and that it is a conscious attitude. It is man's distinction above every other creature that he may contemplate and reflect. Else culture would be impossible. In his creative art he dwells, commemoratively, in epic and ode and drama, in the storied frieze of monument and temple, and in the temple itself. The wings of Imagination have poise even in free and forward flight. In the art of to-day we too dwell, but we do not halt. We too magnify our human heritage, making much of the past, finding a human reality in it outlasting its fleeting forms; but we do not so definitely detach it from the living present, as something wholly past, as was done in the older order of art; our tendency is to regard only what is renascent for us in our own life, to cherish the continuity.

So, as interpreters, we do not seek to chart the past or to find in it a logical plan; we divine it rather by an intuition as swift as our forward regard, as if it were the shadow of our dream.

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An Aztec Romance

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

(A STORY TO BE READ ALOUD)

TETLEPANQUETZALTZIN — although he was the uncle of the meritorious Aztec monarch of the same name, and although he was High Priest of the temple of Huitzilopochtli in the town of Atzcapotzalco—was a villain. Had his relationship with the good king been reversed, it is possible that the admirable example set him by his royal nephew—who, under those changed conditions, would have been his royal uncle—might have made him a respectable member of society. Speculation of this nature, however, is academic. To bring about that good result, at least two changes at birth would have been necessary; perhaps—in the way of ancestral rearrangement—even more. The mere contemplation of such a family mix-up puts a painful strain upon the most lively imagination: and a quite unnecessary strain—since the occasion for it did not arise. Remaining, then, the uncle of a king whose exemplary virtues developed too late to work backward effectively for the improvement of a relative belonging to a preceding generation, Tetlepanquetzaltzin was, as has been stated, a villain—and a black villain at that.

But in Atzcapotzalco Tetlepanquetzaltzin —because of his relationship to the king, and because he was High Priest of the temple of Huitzilopochtli—had so strong a social and hierarchic position that his villainies went all unsuspected save by those who immediately were associated with him in their perpetration: and as he employed agents whom, at the least suggestion of a leak, he could, and did, promptly sacrifice in his own temple to Huitzilopochtli—thereby, incidentally, acquiring increased respect for his energetic piety—he had things pretty much his own way. Indeed, had he not taken it into his head to propose himself for marriage with the charming eighteen-year-old Ixtlilochitl—by way of celebrating his seventy-first



HAD HE NOT TAKEN IT INTO HIS HEAD TO PROPOSE HIMSELF FOR MARRIAGE WITH THE CHARMING EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD IXTLILOCHITL

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birthday, as he genially put it—he probably would have ended his days in the odor of sanctity and would have been retired with pomp to a superiorly elegant tomb.

Naturally flattered by the offer of so brilliant an alliance, Ixtlilochitl's mother, Xohualalorac, heartily favored Tetlepanquetzaltzin's suit; and even her father, Ixtlilcuhahuac—although perceiving, being a man of a good deal of plain common sense, that such a combination of ages was not likely to turn out well—was rather carried away by the notion of being the father-in-law of the High Priest of Huitzilopochtli and of acquiring a connectionship-by-marriage with his own king. He sat up several nights trying to figure out just what the connectionship of a father-in-law with the nephew of his son-in-law could be called. As near as he could come to it, he thought that he could style himself the king's great-uncle-in-law. But he could not feel sure that that was right; and the more he worried over it the dizzier the whole thing grew.

On the practical side of the matter, however, he made no mistakes. By occupation Ixtlilcuhahuac was a contracting builder; and his keen common sense told him what effect such a marriage—that would give him some sort of a pull on the king, no matter just what the connectionship turned out to be, and the strongest sort of a pull on the High Priest of Huitzilopochtli—would have on his business interests when contracts for new palaces and new temples were being handed round.

Perceiving the direction that Ixtlilcuhahuac's thoughts had taken, Xohualalorac shrewdly played upon her husband's avaricious nature by talking about the new wing of the palace that was known to be in contemplation; and, going farther, actually obtained from Tetlepanquetzaltzin—who was all on edge with an old man's infatuation—a signed agreement that Ixtlilcuhahuac should have the contract for a superb teocalli, to enshrine the Goddess of Totoltepec, on the very day that he, Tetlepanquetzaltzin, became the possessor of the beautiful Ixtlilochitl's hand. As the Goddess of Totoltepec already was in possession of a magnificent teocalli on the hill of Otoncapulco, only a few miles westward of Atzcapotzalco, the building of this new shrine for her obviously was an out-and-out job; and, moreover, the ethics of such matters were traversed by setting up a temple to so powerful a deity in territory on which an equally powerful deity, Huitzilopochtli, held a prior lien. But to Ixtlilcuhahuac the very irregularity of the whole proceeding filled it with glowing promise. If Tetlepanquetzaltzin, while only a father-in-law in the bud, could give him a rake-off like that—and Xohualalorac said positively that the contract was drawn up, all ready to be signed on the day of the wedding—what might not be expected of him later, when he became a father-in-law in full bloom

The prospect was so dazzling that Ixtlilcuhahuac required nothing more in the way of persuasion. He gave in at once—and that very afternoon he and Xohualalorac called on Tetlepanquetzaltzin, at his official residence in the temple of Huitzilopochtli, to tell him formally that the hand of their daughter Ixtlilochitl was quite at his disposition; and to this formal declaration Ixtlilcuhahuac added heartily: "Make it as soon as you please, my dear sir. We old folks have no desire to stand in your way." So entirely pleased was everybody by the arrangement thus concerted that the unintentional irony in Ixtlilcuhahuac's cordial words—he and Xohualalorac were young enough to be Tetlepanquetzaltzin's children—passed quite unobserved.

Tetlepanquetzaltzin shook hands with both of them and made a handsome speech of thanks—yet with touches in it to show that he was not asleep as to what good change he was giving—and added that, if his plan for the birthday celebration was to go through, the wedding would have to be that day week. As any mother would have done in her place, Xohualalorac objected to the shortness of the time that this would give to get Ixtlilochitl ready in; but as both Tetlepanquetzaltzin and Ixtlilcuhahuac were against her—the one because of his elderly haste, the other because of his keenness to get going with the most promising contract that ever he had had the fingering of—her objections speedily were overruled. And so was concluded the atrocious bargain by which glowing youth was surrendered to withered age!

The atrocity of it was even greater than as yet has appeared. As those unnatural parents—the one allured by pride, the other by greed—rose to leave, Ixtlilcuhahuac said with a show of offhand ease: "Oh, by the way, I ought to tell you there's some sort of a boy-and-girl affair between Ixtlilochitl and young Chalchintlantzin—one of your people in the temple of Huitzilopochtli, you know. Of course it don't really amount to anything. But it would be just as well, I think, if you were to send Chalchintlantzin off somewhere till after the wedding. He has the reputation of being a fiery young fellow; and as Ixtlilochitl's rather emotional they might make a scene. Yes, you'd certainly better get him out of the way."

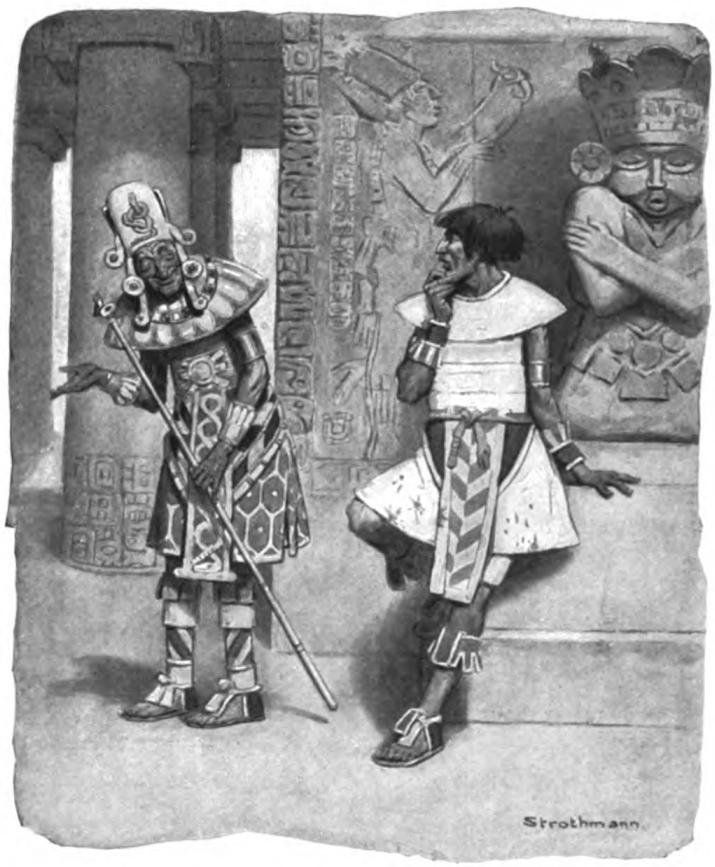
"Do not fear," Tetlepanquetzaltzin replied, in a coldly caustic tone distinctly threatening. "I'll attend to getting Chalchintlantzin out of the way!"

Two is the recognized minimum of parties required to make a bargain. Frequently it takes a good many more—and this bargain was of that sort. When Ixtlilcuhahuac and Xohualalorac publicly announced the engagement of their daughter Ixtlilochitl to Tetlepanquetzaltzin—and, as the wedding was only a week off, they had to be sharp about it—three breasts in Atzcapotzalco were filled with a boilingly indignant rage. Two of the boiling breasts, of course, respectively belonged to Ixtlilochitl and Chalchintlantzin. The third, in which the boiling merely was

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sympathetic, belonged to Chalchintlantzin's confidant and friend Netzahualcoyotl: a young man of good birth—a relative of the Texcocan ruler of the same name—whose devotion to Chalchintlantzin was such that he could be counted upon in loyal service to go to any length for him.

As was to be expected, these three young people got their heads together in a hurry to see what could be done. Chalchintlantzin was for killing Tetlepanquetzaltzin offhand—naturally, he felt that way about it. But Netzahualcoyotl—who could be as prudent as, on occasion, he could be rashly brave — counselled going a little slow: pointing out that for a junior priest to kill the High Priest led straight to the sacrificial stone — on the other side of which there certainly could not be a wedding. Beyond a doubt, he urged, Tetlepanquetzaltzin had up his sleeve murderous intentions of his own. By keeping their eyes wide open for those intentions to materialize, and by countering with their own when they did, they certainly ought to be able to get clear, he argued, on the plea of justifiable homicide. "And there will be no mistake about whose head gets scratched off," added that sagacious young man grimly, the while fingering the obsidian teeth of his trusty maccuahuitl, "when the account is squared!" Most fortunately, the temperate advice given by Netzahualcoyotl was followed—and within less than twenty-four hours the wisdom of it appeared.



ASKED CHALCHINTLANTZIN IN A CASUAL SORT OF A WAY TO COME OUT WITH HIM FOR A WALK

On the ensuing morning, when the rites in the temple of Huitzilopochtli were ended—an uninteresting sacrifice of a remnant half-dozen of Tenochtitlan captives—Tetlepanquetzaltzin, in oily tones of friendliness, asked Chalchintlantzin in a casual sort of a way to come out with him for a walk to the Grove of the Ahuehetes: "Where," he said, wilily, "we can cool off after our hot work with those Tenochtitlans in the gratefully refreshing shade."

At the mention of the Grove of the Ahuehetes the ears of Chalchintlantzin were pricked up in a hurry. As everybody knew, in the midst of the circle formed by those five great trees was a spring of seemingly pure water—but water, in reality, of such deep enchantment that whosoever swallowed but a single drop of it, provided it was swallowed within the circle of the Ahuehetes, instantly and forever disappeared! (The limitation as to the place of drinking was fortunate. Had the water got in its work anywhere—since nobody ever lived that somebody did not want to put out of the way more or less permanently—it would have been handed around in Atzcapotzalco at such a rate that the place would have been depopulated inside of a week.)

To the keen-witted Chalchintlantzin the evil purpose of Tetlepanquetzaltzin—to lure him to the Grove of the Ahuehetes, and there to cozen him into drinking the enchanted water, and so do for him—instantly was apparent. It struck him that the plan was not much of a compliment to his intelligence. But that was a detail. His dominant thought was that here was the chance for countering that the wide-awake Netzahualcoyotl had foreseen; and his own fertile intellect in a flash suggested to him how the thing could be done.

With a suitable blending of gratitude and humility, becoming to a junior priest thus

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CHALCHINTLANTZIN PRECIPITATED HIMSELF UPON TETLEPANQUETZALTZIN

complimented by his superior, he accepted Tetlepanquetzaltzin's invitation: but begged to be excused for a few minutes—explaining, as was obvious, that the Tenochtitlan captives had splattered a good deal—while he put on clean clothes. It was a lightning change that he made; and in the moments gained by shifting so rapidly he dashed off a note to Netzahualcoyotl that embodied in appropriate pictures these pregnant words: "Trouble ahead. Come on the double-quick to the Grove of the Ahuehetes. Never mind about your maccuahitl. Bring a tumbler and a funnel. Hoot when you get there." Having despatched this missive by a temple messenger, with orders to go at a full run, Chalchintlantzin rejoined Tetlepanquetzaltzin; and together, in seeming amity, they walked toward the enchanted spring.

Being arrived within the Grove of the Ahuehetes, Tetlepanquetzaltzin lost no time in making manifest his malevolent purpose. Scarcely were they seated on the grass beside the bubbling pool ere he exclaimed, subtly simulating a simplicity that well might have misled one not alertly on his guard: "My, but I am thirsty! I must have a drink right off!" And with a sinister cunning still more insidious added: "You'd better have one too."

Looking Tetlepanquetzaltzin straight in the eyes, Chalchintlantzin replied coldly: "I have no desire to disappear at present, thank you; and, believe me, I'm not half as big a fool as I look!"

Tetlepanquetzaltzin's evil eyes shifted uneasily under that calm stern gaze; but he answered, craftily affecting a tone of careless good nature: "Oh, it's all rubbish about this water. I've drunk it lots of times, and nothing's happened. As to your not being so much of a fool as you look, I have nothing to say about it. But you'll certainly be a good deal of a fool if you do not avail yourself—as I am about to do—of the convenient opportunity that now presents itself for slaking our thirst." With these words, he plunged his mouth into the waters of the pool.

Presently, raising himself from his stooping posture and wiping his dripping chin with a corner of his mantle, he said with a deeply sly show of candor: "Well, here I still am, you see! This water can't do anything to me, nor to you neither. Go ahead, silly, and get a comfortable drink!"

As he uttered these artfully alluring words, the hoot of a tecolote was heard among the ahuehetes—giving to Chalchintlantzin the glad assurance that the faithful Netzahualcoyotl had arrived and was ready to take a hand. To Tetlepanquetzaltzin, whose bad conscience made him fidgety, that cry of ill omen—owls and Aztecs never have got along well together—was distinctly alarming. On hearing it he gave a jump, and exclaimed nervously: "What's that?"

"That, Tetlepanquetzaltzin," Chalchintlantzin answered—with a dramatic intensity gained at the cost of verbal accuracy—"is your death knell! As you well know, not one drop of the enchanted water has passed your lips; and I observed that you were exceedingly careful not to get any even up your nose. The fallacy of your vain boast that it can't do anything to you is about to be demonstrated. I don't know where you are going, nor what will happen to you when you get there; but I do know that, within the ensuing five minutes, enough of that water will be inside of you to make you instantly and forever disappear!"

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As he spoke these strong words strongly, Chalchintlantzin precipitated himself upon Tetlepanquetzaltzin—on whose wicked face had come an ashen pallor—and bore him, struggling vainly, to the ground. In the same moment, eager to help, Netzahualcoyotl stood beside their wriggling bodies; and in another moment, when a good chance came, he had seated himself on Tetlepanquetzaltzin's upturned stomach: a disposition of his person—he was a tall and a heavily built young man—that had an immediately quieting effect.

Chalchintlantzin, puffing hard, stood aside. "Where's the tumbler and funnel, old man?" he asked in a short-breathed way.

"In my right-hand and left-hand coat pockets. What on earth do you want 'em for?"

"You shall see, and Tetlepanquetzaltzin shall know!" Chalchintlantzin replied in doomful tones—as he extracted the utensils from Netzahualcoyotl's pockets, and then carefully filled the tumbler with water from the pool. Coming again beside the recumbent Tetlepanquetzaltzin, anchored fast under Netzahualcoyotl, he continued: "Now, old chap, get a good grip on his ears and jam his head to the ground with his mouth up. Yes, that's right, thank you. Be sure you don't let him wobble!"

As he thus spoke, Chalchintlantzin pressed the small end of the funnel sharply against Tetlepanquetzaltzin's lips — an operation sufficiently painful to make him open his mouth to say "Ouch!" That momentary opening, on which he had counted, was enough for Chalchintlantzin's purposes. In went the funnel, fairly between Tetlepanquetzaltzin's teeth; and into the funnel, an instant later, went the whole of the tumblerful of water from the enchanted spring!

It was in the ensuing instant that the sporting interest of the occasion centred. The sound of strangling gasps ceased

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At the Convention

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
The speech she had prepared would take
From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her hands,—
And pins in her hat were seven.

Her robe, designed by Madame Rose,
Hand-wrought flowers did adorn;
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.
"Have I not on the finest gown
That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"

She plumed and rustled and then spoke,—
Less sad of speech than wild.
She shouted gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite acidulous
The Antis she reviled.

I saw her smile—but soon her smile
Was turned to haughty sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes,—
Then wept. (I heard her tears!)

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A Landsman's Idea

IN the port of Galveston one day a darky from the interior of Alabama was looking at the shipping in the harbor. A roustabout was explaining the whole thing to him. Finally the roustabout said:

"It's low water now."

At that the negro, shaking his head sagaciously and pointing to a heavily laden tramp steamer that was passing, said:

"Den it's a good thing for dat ship dat's going past. De water's near de edge of her now."

Something In Reserve

AT a Highland gathering one Donald McLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was a quarter-mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter-mile. Of eight runners he was last.

"Donald, Donald," cried a partisan, "why did ye no run faster?"

Donald sneered.

"Run faster?" he said, contemptuously. "And me reservin' myself for the bagpipe competition."

"Without"

THE German boy who presided over the soda-fountain in the only drug-store in an Ohio town was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds, and his habit of thought was difficult to change.

"Plain soda," said a stout woman, entering one day, in great haste.

"You haf vanilla, or you haf lemon?" calmly inquired the Teutonic lad.

"Plain soda—without syrup! Didn't you understand me?" demanded the stout woman, testily.

"Yas, I understand," came from the boy, whose placid German countenance did not change in expression, "but vot kind of syrup you vant him mitout? Mitout vanilla, or mitout lemon?"



TWO men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans, "so dey haf brinted der funeral notice of a man who is not dead already! Vell, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he vas one of dose beople vot believes everything dey sees in der bapers?"

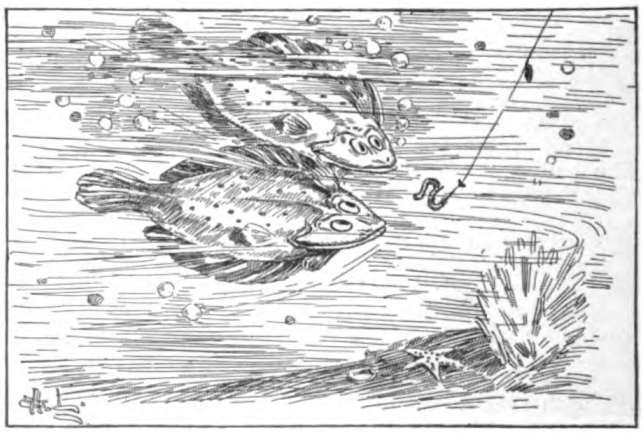
An Overdose

MOTHER. "What are you doing, Harry?"

HARRY. "I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

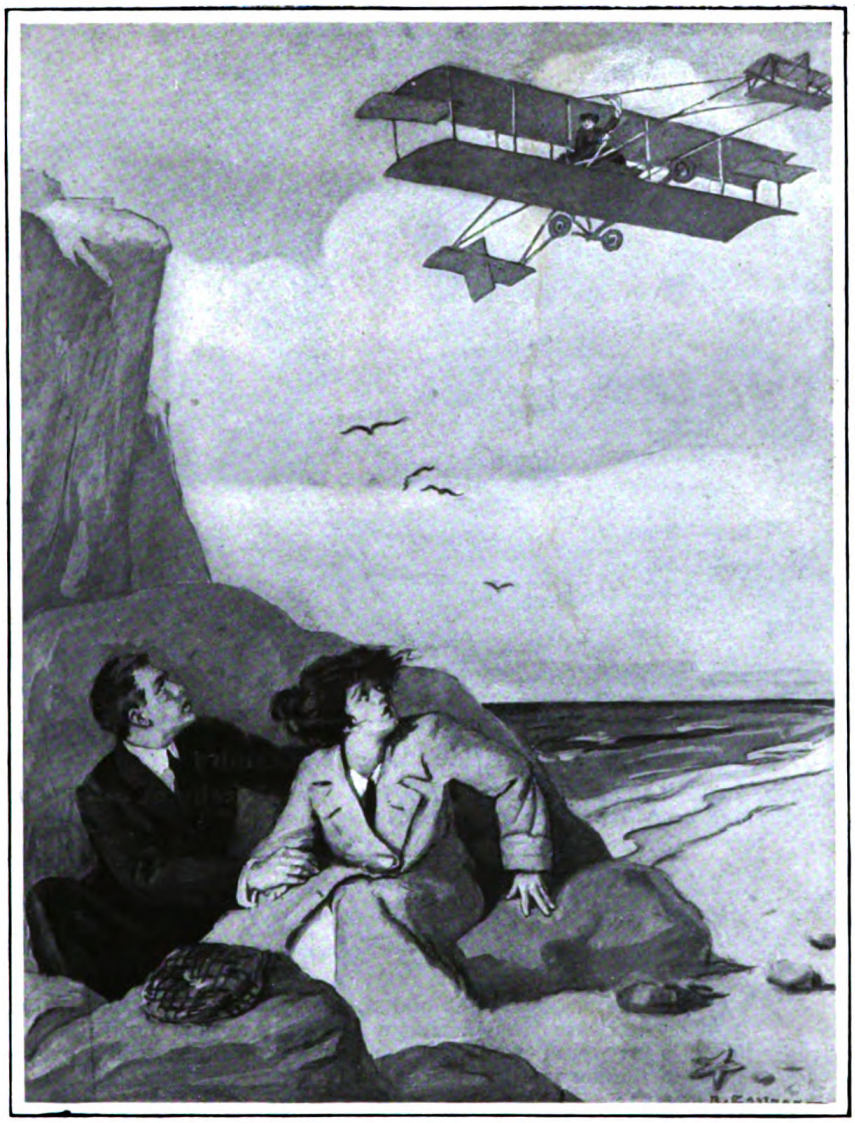
MOTHER. "Yes, so I did."

HARRY. "Well, I've counted two hundred and thirty-seven, and I'm madder'n when I started."



Two Soles with but a Single Thought

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Safe no Longer

The Limit

THE most popular feature of the menu for dinner had been soup, of which the little girl had partaken heartily.

"Dear me," she sighed as she went on with other things, "I've eaten so much soup that every time I swallow a piece of bread I can hear it splash."

A Circus Within

LITTLE Freddie had just made his first acquaintance with animal crackers. After eating quite an assortment of them Freddie became very thoughtful.

"What makes you so pensive, dear?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I was just thinking what a circus was going on inside of me."

A Natural Feeling

LITTLE Marjorie's father was helping her to say her prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," began her father. Marjorie repeated it.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Marjorie followed, obediently.

"If I should die," the father continued.

"It would break my heart," interrupted Marjorie.

Why Patrick Henry Said It

A SCHOOLBOY'S composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

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The City Bride in the Country

"Oh, James, help! that horrid creature has just jumped the fence, and it's pawing up the ground and growling in the most threatening manner."

Bill

BY IDA CROSS DAVIS

WHEN we get off the C. and A. that goes through Jerseyville,
The first thing that I always do is look around for Bill.
For he's my grandma's hired man, an' you should see him grin
An' hold the horse's bridle tight while I'm a-gettin' in.

An' when I've shook my grandma's hand an' kissed her an' all that.
I climb up on the seat by Bill, so we can have a chat.
An' he says, "My, but you have grown; good gracious' sakes alive.
I'd swear in any county court that you were over five."

An' on my door, when mornin' comes, he raps, an' whispers how
It's almost time a fellow's up who's goin' to milk a cow.
An' so I hurry on an' dress while everything is still,
An' if I had a million dimes I'd give 'em all to Bill.

It's great to be a hired man. He feeds the chickens, too,
An' fixes things around the yard; there's nothin' he can't do.
An' Grandma said he killed a snake the day before I came.
(Or if he didn't kill it dead he surely made it lame.)

An' when we leave, Bill always shouts, "Good-by, old sport, good-by."
He knows that when we have to go it almost makes me cry,
Because I think of Crosspatch Fred, who's waiting home for me
An' how he acted that one time just 'cause I asked if he

Would walk me over to the park, which wasn't very far.
He said, "Oh, cut it, I'm no nurse, I'm paid to drive the car."
An' mother quite agreed with me when I remarked to her,
"I wisht we had a hired man instead of a chauffeur."

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Painting by Howard E. Smith Illustration for "His Desk"

"WE BOUGHT THE DESK TOGETHER"

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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General Lee As I Knew Him

BY A. R. H. RANSON

Late Major of Artillery, C.S.A.

EVER since the end of the war, I have intended to write a sketch of General Lee. Many times I have sat myself down with pen in hand to do this, but now, after forty-four years, the sketch has not been written, has not even been begun. It simply would not get itself written, and I have often wondered why.

I had known General Lee from my boyhood. I was at school with Custis, his son, at Clarens, a school near Alexandria, and knew the General as a boy knows a man. I was present when he stormed the engine-house at Harper's Ferry in 1859 with a detachment of marines under Lieutenant Green, and during the war had seen a great deal of him, having been twice assigned to duty at his headquarters, and having served as assistant chief ordnance officer from August, 1862, to December, 1862, and from October, 1863, to the end of the war in 1865 in that capacity. I had seen him during my service at his headquarters daily and sometimes many times a day, and as a man I had known him and the members of his family in a social way. Of course, during the time I served at his headquarters the social side was eliminated as far as my intercourse with the General was concerned, but my relations with his family did not change.

General Lee has been the only great man with whom I have been thrown who has not dwindled upon a near approach. And I have seen some of the great men of my time, of this and foreign countries, and have had opportunities of knowing something about them.

The element of success looms large to the world in making up her verdict upon her sons. To Napoleon the world grants greatness, but not goodness, whereas, if he had succeeded, the goodness might have been added. If Washington had failed, he would have been accounted a good man, but never a great one, and of Lincoln the same may assuredly be said. To Robert Edward Lee has been accorded in defeat that highest niche in the Temple of Fame which the world reserves for her greatest and her best.

While I have abandoned the idea of a character sketch of General Lee, I have determined to write an account of some of my experiences and interviews with him, confining myself to a simple relation of facts of my own knowledge, leaving those who may read to make up the character sketch, each one for himself.

And first I may say that General Lee in a drawing-room was a very different man from General Lee in the field. In the drawing-room he was just a dignified and quiet gentleman, very kindly and gentle, especially with women and children. In the field he was the general, the commander in all essential points, and somehow without the least exhibition of haughtiness and without perceptible change of manner. A soldier will understand how this might be, but citizens will

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hardly comprehend it. He was just as grave and courteous in the field as in social life, but no one in his social acquaintance ever thought of fearing him; yet I believe all his officers feared him. They loved him as men are seldom loved, but they feared him, too. In social life he liked to talk to women or children. I have seen him with a child on his knee, and he never seemed to tire of its prattle, while the talk of an ordinary man would have bored him almost to extinction. And I never heard General Lee laugh. He would have his joke and was very fond of having it, and his face would light up with a smile, but I never heard the sound of his laughter.

It was during the winter of 1863-4 at Orange Court House that I found out that the officers of the army had a wholesome fear of General Lee. For myself, I had no fear of him, and laughed at my messmates when I found out their fear. They said: "You wait and see. You have known the General socially. You have now to make his acquaintance as your commanding officer." And I found they were right. Before that winter and spring were over I feared General Lee as much as any one.

Not long after we went into winter quarters at Orange Court House in December, 1863, General Lee invited his staff to luncheon. O'Brien, his orderly (a United States soldier who followed the General's fortunes when he resigned and came South), delivered the invitation verbally. I did not know whether or not I was privileged to consider myself a member of his staff, and therefore did not go. After my messmates had gone, O'Brien came to my tent and said, "The General is waiting for you, and desires you to come at once." I hurriedly dressed, and in ten minutes joined them. When I entered the General's mess-tent, he and his staff were standing around, evidently waiting. The General, looking as grave and imposing as usual, said, "Captain Ranson, do you think it right to keep us all waiting in this way?" I made my apologies in rather a lame fashion, and felt for the first time an awe of General Lee.

The luncheon consisted of the contents of a large box, a present received that morning. It was filled with turkeys, hams, pickles, plum cake, mince pies, etc., and several bottles of Madeira, older than the century. There was little conversation, the good things, so rare to us, were devoured almost in silence, and after that the Madeira was decanted into a tin pitcher, and we drank it out of the ordinary tin cups which came in nests in every camp-chest equipment.

The silence was rather oppressive, and wishing, I suppose, to show that I was not afraid of General Lee, I attempted some wretched joke about drinking old Madeira wine out of tin cups. It was a fearful mistake. As the youngest man present, I should have held my tongue, but I saw my mistake when it was too late to mend matters. My poor joke was received in silence. General Lee said gravely but kindly that the wine was a gift from an old lady friend in Petersburg, and he was afraid she would not relish my joke. Of course I was ignorant of the personal side of the present, but nevertheless I should have remained silent. I felt as if I would be glad if the earth would open and swallow me up. My awe of General Lee had greatly increased, and I began to understand why it was his staff were all afraid of him. I had tried to play when there was no one to play with, and I had to play with my foolish self.

The latter part of the winter my wife came to Orange Court House to visit me. I engaged board for her at a house in the village, where many officers' wives were quartered.

One Sunday—it was communion Sunday—I went to church with my wife. General Lee was also there, and while we were standing in the aisle awaiting our turn at the altar rail, and General Lee was just in front of us, I noticed that my wife pressed forward and stood very close behind him and took hold of one of the buttons on his coat. It was a singular move, and I asked the meaning of it as we walked home after church. She said: "I did not think you or any one saw it. I only wished to be able to say when I went home that I had touched the hem of his garment." I write this here because it was an illustration of the reverence and love with which General Lee was regarded by the women of the South. At that time my wife knew the General by sight only.

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Painting by Howard Pyle

GENERAL LEE ON HIS FAMOUS CHARGER "TRAVELLER"

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With the opening of spring, the usual order of "Women to the rear" was issued. There was as yet no sign of the opening of the campaign, and many of the officers' wives lingered on in disregard of it, and my wife followed the example of the others. Finally, however, she started for home, and I went with her as far as Staunton. Soon after the train left Orange Court House, General Lee entered the car in which we were seated and came slowly down the aisle. He looked larger and more imposing than ever to us who had disregarded his order. When he came to where we were sitting, he stopped and said, "Captain Ranson, I wish you to introduce me to Mrs. Ranson." My wife rose instantly (I was already standing) and said: "Oh, General Lee, I disregarded your order. It was my doing, not my husband's, and I beg you to forgive both of us." The General said: "Pray do not disturb yourself. My order was not intended for you at all. It was intended only for your husband. I intend to get a great deal of work out of him this summer, and he cannot do his work unless his horses are in condition. Every evening for some weeks, about nightfall, I have observed that he mounted his horse behind his camp and galloped off toward Orange Court House, three miles away, and every morning he came galloping back about sunrise. Now you know this is not good for the horses. By the time I should need his services they [the horses] would be worn out, and I was obliged to put a stop to it." He then took my seat by her and talked to her so pleasantly that her fears were relieved and her love and veneration were greatly increased. But there was in General Lee's little joke a reproof and warning to me, and although my wife's fears were relieved, he had let me know that he had had his eye on me and that he knew more of my movements than had been supposed. A wholesome fear of him came upon me then and there.

I do not wish to make the impression that I had neglected my duties, for I had performed them all before leaving camp for the night, and I was not disobeying orders An officer had the privilege of leaving camp when his duties had been performed, provided he was within call in case of an emergency, and a courier would have been sent for me whenever I might have been needed at any hour of the night; but I was wearing out my horses in a measure, and I knew it, but I did not know that the General knew it.

One night during the campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond we halted and went into bivouac on the roadside. We had been marching and fighting all day. It had rained hard, and the road was muddy. The wagons had not come up, and there was every prospect of a hungry and comfortless night. However, in a few moments the camp-fires were blazing for miles in front and behind us, and that was cheering and comforting. I was about to turn in for the night, when a courier rode up and said that General Lee wished to see me. When I got to his fire (there were no tents), he asked me if I knew the way to Ashland. Ashland was on the road to Richmond and about half-way, seventeen miles from our camp and eighteen miles from Richmond.

I said I did not, but was sure I could find the way. He then gave an order that a cavalryman, one who had lived in that part of the country and who knew the way to Ashland, should be ordered to report to me at once. He explained to me that at Ashland there were several trains of freight-cars loaded with supplies, that Grant's movements threatened that point, and that I must ride there as rapidly as possible and order all the trains back to Richmond.

When I got to my camp, the cavalryman was there in waiting, and we mounted and rode off.

The first part of the way for a mile or so was along the road lighted by the fires of the troops and was bright and cheerful, but the courier said ten miles of the road were through a thick forest. When we came to the woods, we had left all the troops some distance behind, and the darkness was in strong contrast to the bright light of the camp-fires. I could not see my hand before me. I put the trooper in front and told him to ride at a quick trot and I would follow. But soon I found this was no easy task. The branches of the trees, heavy with rain, hung low and caught me in the face, delaying my progress, while the trooper, knowing the road and having the con-

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fidence of that knowledge, outfooted me, and I had to halt him until I could come alongside. I told the trooper to ride more slowly. He agreed, but soon he was far ahead again, and once more I halted him. I think both the trooper and his horse not only knew the road, but also knew that they were going home, and this gave them a speed I could not rival. I could not see him, and only knew by the sound of the splashing of his horse's feet on the wet road how far he was ahead of me. After halting him and repeating my instructions a number of times, there came a time when I received no answer to my call, although I could hear his horse's tread far ahead of me. I put my mare at full speed, regardless of the branches which slapped me in the face every moment. I stopped and listened. There was no sound. The forest was as still as death and silent as the grave. The rascal had deserted me.

There was but one thing to do. I pressed on in the darkness at the best speed I could make, but finally the branches had increased in number, and now and then my knees came in contact with the body of a stout tree. Moreover, the sound of the splashing of my mare's feet in the water had ceased, and, dismounting and feeling the ground, I found I was out of the road, and on rough ground covered with pine tags.

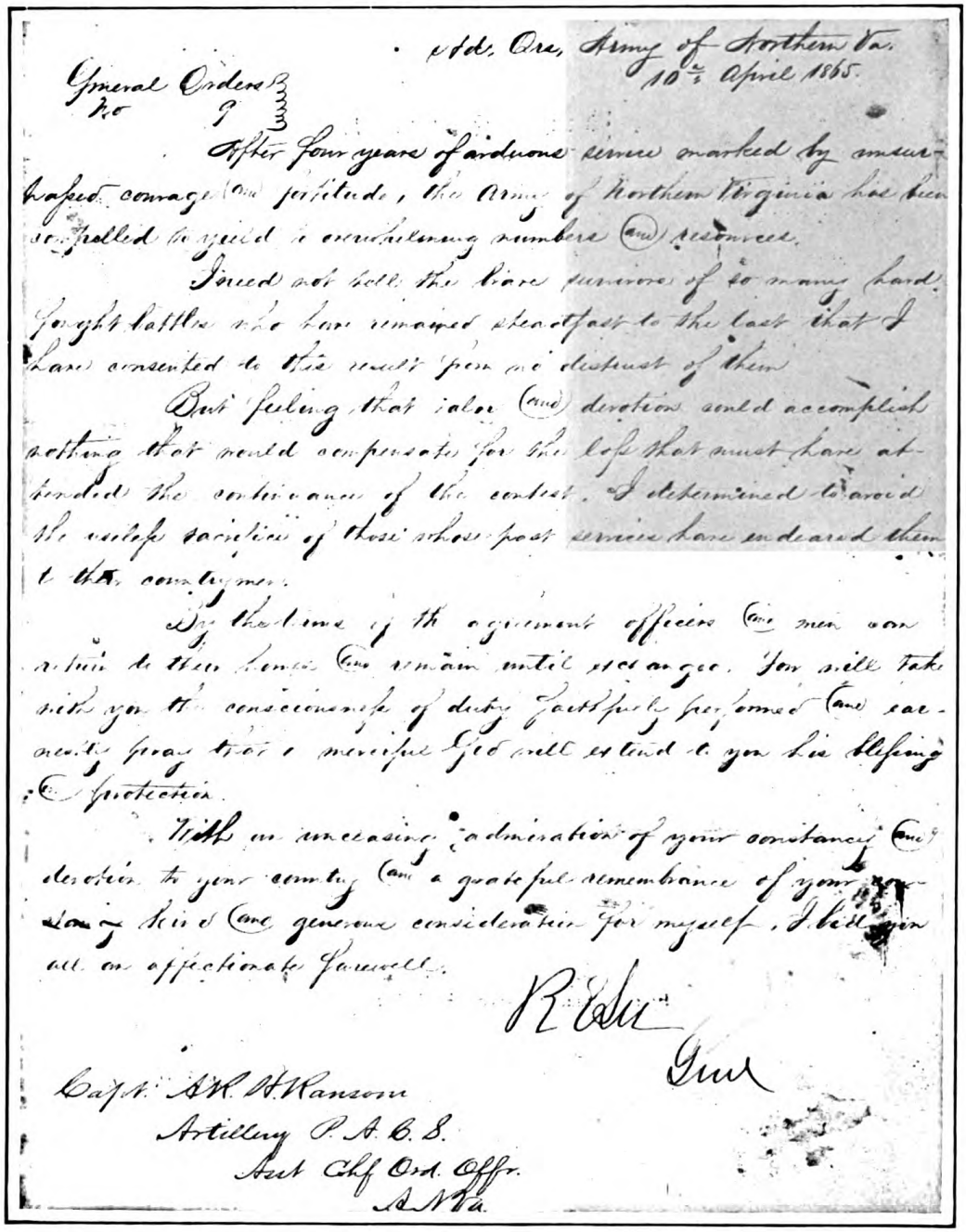
What to do was now the question. I remembered that all the way the picket-firing had been on my left, and just then there was a shot on my right. Concluding that my mare had turned about and was making for our late camp in the rear, I turned her around and waited for the next shot. It was on my left. I knew then that I was headed in the direction of Ashland and that the army was behind me. Again I pressed on through the thick woods, keeping the picket-firing on my left. It was slow going. Every moment brought me in contact with branches which tore my face and trees which bruised my legs. Still I pressed on, it seemed to me for hours, always keeping the firing on my left and turning the mare's head sharply when it came from in front.

At last there came a sound from in front as of an approaching storm. There was no lightning or thunder, but the sound increased every moment. I stopped to listen, and there was the familiar sound of rattling sabres. I knew then that it was the approach of a body of cavalry coming on at great speed. Whether they were friends or enemies I did not know. Taking no chances, I dismounted, and selecting a good-sized tree by feeling for it, got behind it, holding my mare by the bridle. The cavalry swept by me in the darkness, not one word being spoken. When they had all passed, I mounted and rode on in the darkness, increasing my speed in desperation, always keeping the picket-firing on my left.

How long this lasted I knew not, but I feared that my ride would be a failure, and my heart was sad indeed. Presently, without any intimation of approaching day, it became lighter, and riding about a little, I found I was out of the woods. But where was I? I pressed on, and soon came to a fence. Listening for the picket-shots, I found they were immediately in front. Then I turned sharply to the right and followed this fence. I knew if I followed the fence far enough I would get into the road I had left, as by the picket-shots it (the fence) was at right angles with the direction of the road; and I was right. Riding rapidly now along the fence, I presently came to a road, at right angles to the direction of the fence. Turning to the left and putting my mare at full speed down it for several miles, I came to a light in a field on my right hand. Riding to this light, I found a house, and in answer to my call, a girl came out on the porch with a lamp. I asked her how far it was to Ashland. She answered, "You are just coming to Ashland," and in answer to my question as to the time, she said it was just twelve o'clock. She explained, "Keep the road you have just left for a mile and you are there."

Ashland is a long, straggling village with one street running through it, and the railroad is on that street. I saw a light in an upper window, and, hailing, found the quartermaster's office was there. Leaving my mare in the street, I bounded up the stairway, and soon had him awake and gave him General Lee's orders. He seemed doubtful, and finally declined to move the trains without writ-

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Hdqrs. Army of Northern Va.
10th April 1865

General Orders
No 9

After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them.

But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their country.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and carry with you the best wishes for your future welfare and happiness.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kindness and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R E Lee
Genl

Capt. A. R. H. Ranson
Artillery P. A. C. S.
Asst Chf Ord. Offr.
A. N. Va.

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL WORDS TO HIS ARMY

Facsimile of "General Order No. 9," addressed to Captain A. R. H. Ranson, and now in his possession

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ten orders from General Lee's Headquarters. Then I wrote out the order and signed it:

"By command of General Lee.

A. R. H. Ranson,

Capt. Asst. Chief Ord. Officer A. N. Va."

It was the first time I had signed such an order, as Colonel Baldwin had always signed them, and when I saw General Lee and asked him about it, he said, "In such an emergency you must always use my name," and I always did.

The quartermaster awoke the firemen and engine-drivers, and there soon was the sound of hissing steam from one end of the street to the other. Presently there was the creaking and grinding of wheels, and all the trains slowly backed out of the town.

I followed them down the street until they were all gone, and then, seeing a nice front yard covered with grass, rode in the gate, and taking saddle and bridle off my mare, shut the gate and left her to enjoy herself. I lay down on the porch and was soon fast asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, the sun was shining in my face and a man was standing over me, looking curiously at me. He did not recognize me, but I knew him instantly. He was a cousin of mine, named Page. We had not met during the war. He was surgeon of the post, and invited me to breakfast. I accepted very gladly, first going to the quartermaster for some corn for my mare. And such a breakfast! Hot rolls, beefsteak, butter, and coffee. I can taste it now.

After breakfast I rode down the street and saw General Lee sitting on a porch, a little girl of two or three years on his knee. He said: "Well, you got the trains out. After all, there was no need of sending you, as I got here myself before Grant. Soon after you left I became uneasy, and put the army in motion, and the head of the column is very near here now. I have telegraphed the trains to come back." I never told General Lee about the trooper. He was much concerned about my scratched and bruised face. I said nothing about my bruised knees, but I had Doctor Page and his good wife to look after me. After all, I had succeeded, and that was the best salve for my scratches and bruises.

I told the General of the cavalry I had met in the forest, and he replied that a new regiment had joined us the day before and had been sent out on picket duty. It was their first experience in war. Their outposts had been attacked in the night and had been driven in. They came in yelling, "The Yankees are upon us," and the half-awakened regiment was instantly stampeded, leaving everything but their horses behind them. This accounted for their speed through the forest, for nothing but the frantic fear which prevails in a stampede of men and horses could have occasioned it.

When we reached James River, some miles below Richmond, I supposed we would have a rest and get up our wagons and tents, but General Lee crossed the river the next morning and took the road to Petersburg. We had not ridden far when a courier met us and handed a despatch to the General. Glancing over it, he put his horse Traveller out on a long, sweeping gallop, and the staff followed. We did not draw rein until we entered the town. On the road we passed the advance of the army marching in close order and quick time. Their left flank was protected by a line of skirmishers, who (from the firing and whistling of bullets over and around us) were actively engaged. The line of march was protected by an advance-guard, also in close order and marching rapidly toward Petersburg. General Lee evidently feared the town would be occupied by the enemy before he could get there, but we found it safe, and the early arrival of our men ended all anxiety.

The General's headquarters for the moment were in some public building, and the ladies sent in breakfast. Loaves of hot bread, butter, and coffee. During breakfast the General astonished me by saying, "Capain Ranson, I fear you have not had a good mother." I was indignant, and rather hotly replied: "You are mistaken, General. I have the best mother in the world." The General replied: "Well, I may be wrong, but there is one thing she did not teach you—how to cut bread and butter. I will show you how." He then took the loaf of bread in his hand, and spreading the butter on the end, cut off a slice and handed it to me, saying: "Now that is the way to cut

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bread and butter. Look what a mess you have made by cutting off your slice first and then trying to butter it afterward." Now if this had happened the year before, I would probably have been angry, and might have made a fool of myself, but now I was beginning to understand General Lee and that this was his little joke, and that I should not deprive him of the pleasure of it. I knew he was a grave and serious man and had few moments of fun. He was carrying the weight of the whole Southern cause on his own shoulders, almost unassisted, and sometimes very seriously handicapped. Moreover, I became aware that he was treating me like a son when he scolded me, and I tried to remember this in later days, when his scoldings were hard to bear. On this occasion I took the slice of bread and thanked him gravely for teaching me something.

About two months after we arrived at Petersburg, General Lee sent for me and said that he wished me to move a heavy gun, 22,000 pounds, from our line in front of Petersburg and send it down the line toward James River. I went down and found the gun in a pit, a little in the rear of our line of works, and the pit was on a knoll which enabled us to fire over our lines. It would be necessary to move the gun to Petersburg, to load it on a flat car, and send it down the railroad to its new position. It was down grade all the way, and the car would run down itself by gravity, but it had to be done at night, as the railroad was in sight of the enemy's lines and in easy range of their guns. Also there was a marsh in the rear of the pit, with a sluggish stream of water flowing through it, and so a bridge must be built over the stream and a plank road laid on the marsh. I reported all this to the General with many other necessary details, and he gave me authority to make all the arrangements. I wanted a heavy tripod and men to work the falls, railroad jacks to raise the gun, and blocks to block it up under the carry-log, and mules to pull the big carry-log with the gun swung under it. I got the carry-log and the blocks with great difficulty from a lumber-yard at Blanford, in plain view of the enemy, and the work had to be done under a heavy fire from their big guns. I gave the orders for the bridge and the plank road to the engineers, and made all the other preparations. Of course all the work had to be done at night, as the pit was in plain view of the enemy, and was within range of both musketry and artillery, about three hundred yards distant.

When all was ready I went down one night, taking with me twenty-eight pairs of mules hitched to a ship's cable, sailors to work the falls, and twenty-five other men for lifting, etc. We set the tripod over the gun and were raising it, when a storm came up. The lightning revealed to the enemy that something was being done, and they opened on us with musketry and artillery. We were obliged to lie still behind the pit until the storm was over. When the storm had ceased, we raised the gun, swung it over the crest of the pit, and rolled it down to where the carry-log was waiting. We then jacked it up, blocking it as it was raised, and secured it with heavy chains to the carry-log. The mules were put to and stretched out in a straight line, each pair having a rider.

I had noticed by daylight that a wide sweep had to be made so that we could strike the bridge at a right angle to the stream. When all was ready I rode to the leading mule, and taking it by the bridle rein, swung around on a wide curve. It was dark, but we hit the bridge squarely in the centre, the mules going down-hill at a gallop, and the lead mules were nearly over the plank road on the farther side, when suddenly something happened in the rear. There was a quick stop, and the mules were jerked back on their haunches with great force. I rode back and found the high wheels of the carry-log had cut through the bridge like a knife through a cheese and into the mud underneath, the gun resting on the bridge. We jacked it up and tried another start, but there was no more pull in the mules that night; a dozen pairs would pull forward, but a dozen more would pull back, and after seesawing for a while, I sent the mules back to Petersburg. The day was now breaking, so we cut green bushes and twined them about the high wheels of the carry-log to deceive the enemy, and then returned to camp, arriving about sunrise.

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I had been sleeping in my tent for an hour or two, when I heard General Lee asking for me. I went out and found him sitting on his horse. He asked me if I had gotten the gun out, and I explained. "Then you failed," he said. I went on to say that if he would give me two hundred men who would pull together when ordered, I could get the gun out that night, the bridge having been strengthened. He turned away, saying: "No, sir; you have failed. I will send Captain W. to report to you."

Captain W. came in the course of a day, and I rode down and showed him over the ground. He made rather light of it. He had moved the heavy guns from Fort Sumter, and therefore had experience. I cautioned him that moving guns over the paved streets of Charleston was a different proposition from this. He tried it that night, but did not move the gun six feet. The next night another officer tried it and failed. On the third morning General Lee rode up to my tent and said, "What was it you said to me about moving that gun with men?" I said that with two hundred men who would act with intelligence and pull together at the word of command I could bring the gun out. He was turning away, when I said, "Am I to try it to-night, General?" "No; you failed; I will not give you another chance. I will send an officer to you."

During the day another officer called, and I went down with him and his two hundred men that night, and by two o'clock the gun was in Petersburg and loaded on the car. It was started and went safely down in an hour, two men, one at each end of the car, working the brakes. I have always thought this was hard lines, but at the same time I know that General Lee was teaching me a lesson, and that I should be thankful for the trouble he was taking.

In the latter part of December a barrel was delivered at our camp, marked "General Lee and Staff." We opened it, and found it was packed full of turkeys. We sent word to General Lee, and he rode over to our camp. There was snow on the ground, and we had laid the turkeys out on a board on the snow, the biggest in the middle and the others tapering off to the smallest at each end. There were about a dozen of them.

General Lee dismounted and joined the group gathered around the present, carrying his unslung and undrawn sword in his hand. He was told that the big turkey in the middle was his. He stood looking down at the turkeys for a moment and then said, touching the big turkey with the scabbard of his sword: "This, then, is my turkey? I don't know, gentlemen, what you are going to do with your turkeys, but I wish mine sent to the hospital in Petersburg, so that some of the convalescents may have a good Christmas dinner." He then turned on his heel, and walking to his horse, mounted and rode away. We looked at one another for a moment, and then without a word replaced the turkeys in the barrel and sent them to the hospital.

In September I was ill in the Officers' Hospital in Richmond with malarial typhoid fever, contracted in my night work on our line of works.

One day General Lee visited the hospital. After he had gone over it, a half-dozen juleps were handed round to him and his staff. General Lee took one, and after the others were helped, put it back on the waiter and told the man to carry it to some convalescent officer who needed it more than he. I think I got that julep.

But I must now return to the Petersburg campaign. It was then, and now is, evident to me that General Lee intended to fall back to Lynchburg before the spring opened, and that his plan was overruled. I was sent in January to Lynchburg to store large quantities of ordnance stores, shipped there from Petersburg, and I caused to be filled several of the tobacco warehouses and some churches. In February I was sent again to Lynchburg, with orders to ship back these stores to Petersburg. This showed certainly a change of plan, and I do not think the change was made by General Lee. Petersburg was a trap, and General Lee was avoiding that trap. Our right flank was our weak point, and I believe General Lee selected his headquarters on the south side of the river so he would be near his right flank, the inevitable point of attack. When the blow came, our cause was lost.

One Sunday morning, early in April,

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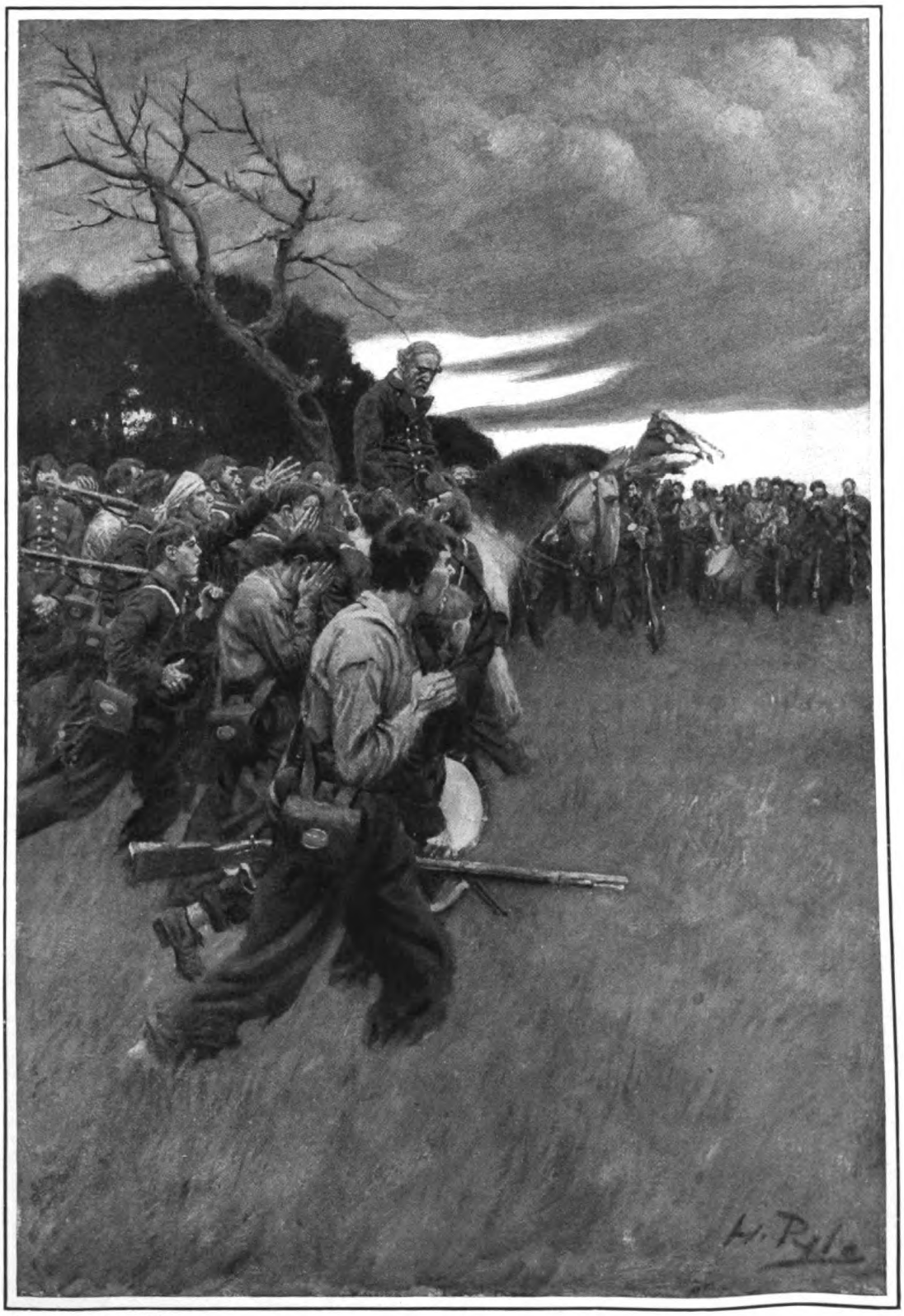
news came of Grant's attack on our right, and the disaster to Hill's corps. Grant was marching up the south side of the river, and we must now retreat up the north side. I rode into Petersburg and met General Lee in the street. He told me the place would be evacuated during the day, and I must save what ordnance stores I could. As there were no engines to haul the trains or wagons either, my efforts were in vain. I spent the day, however, in trying, and did not cross the bridge until about midnight. When I looked back, the bridge was burning and also the long trains of ordnance stores. I spent the remainder of the night trying to extricate the long trains of wagons and artillery stuck in the marshy road of our retreat, and failed there also. In the morning I came to a farmhouse immediately on the road. The farmer had his wood-pile in the public road in front of his house. A log had fallen off the wood-pile and was lying on the ground, and sitting on the log, with his back resting against the wood-pile, was General Lee, asleep, with the rising sun shining on his face. I was sitting on my horse looking at him, when he opened his eyes and said, "I think I have been asleep." I made my report, to which he listened, but said nothing concerning it. He told me to go to the barn and feed my mare, and come back and get my breakfast. "They are cooking something in the house for me, and you must have some of it."

One day during the retreat, General Lee sent me to a point about six miles in front and on the river. He said the stragglers from Hill's corps were retreating by a bridge over the river at that point, and that I must stop them, arm them, and try to defend the bridge. I started, taking with me two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, and some picks and shovels and two couriers. When I arrived I found the river was overflowing its banks, and that the retreating men, coming in squads of from two to ten, had to wade in the water on the south side to reach the bridge, and then wade from the bridge to the north bank. They came out wet and wretched-looking, generally without arms. I began to form them into squads, placing an officer over each squad, and put them to work. I piled the rails of an old fence along the bank and threw up dirt, forming a very good protection against musketry. But the men soon got tired and many of them sat down, saying they were hungry and could not work. I told them I would get some food for them, and sent back the two couriers I had with me and the empty wagons with written orders, "By command of General Lee," for rations. This seemed to encourage them, and the work went on until dark. By that time I had 600 men and divided them into companies, the whole in charge of a colonel. I had built quite a good bridge head for musketry, extending about three hundred yards along the river, and had manned it. Then I left them, in order to report to General Lee and hurry up the rations; but, alas! no rations were to be had.

When I arrived at headquarters, General Lee was in a tent, sitting with General Longstreet on some bundles of rye straw (the ground being wet from the rain), at the upper side of the tent, with one candle for a light. I made my report, and the General told me to wait, as he wished to see me. He asked me if I had had anything to eat, and I told him no. He said he was sorry he had nothing to offer me. He gave me a bundle of straw and told me to sit near the door. It had been raining all afternoon, and I was quite wet. I was also very tired, so I put my foot through the bridle rein of my mare standing outside, and lying down on the bundle of straw, was soon asleep.

I was awakened by voices, and looking up, saw the colonel I had left in charge of the troops at the bridge standing in the tent. He reported that the rations had not arrived, and the starving and discouraged troops had all deserted in the darkness, leaving their arms in the trenches. General Lee heard him to the end of his account, and then with a wave of his hand dismissed him. Turning to General Longstreet, he said: "This is very bad. That man is whipped. It is the first time I have seen one of my officers who had been whipped. It is very bad." The conversation between the generals was then resumed in low tones, and I again fell asleep. I must have slept for some length of time, when I was awakened by General Lee's voice, speak-

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Drawn by Howard Pyle

HIS ARMY BROKE UP AND FOLLOWED HIM, WEEPING AND SOBBING

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ing in loud tones, louder than I had ever heard from him. He was saying, "General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning." General Lee sometimes spoke of General Grant as "that man," and of the Federal army as "those people."

General Longstreet replied in low tones, giving the strength and condition of his command, and the strength and position of the enemy, and concluded by saying, "But you have only to give me the order, and the attack will be made in the morning." Again the conversation was resumed in low tones, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for an hour at least, when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, "I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning." General Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, "General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made, but I must tell you I think it will be a useless waste of brave lives."

Thinking I had been present long enough at such an interview, I coughed and got up from the straw, and drawing back the flaps of the tent, looked out into the darkness. General Lee said: "Captain Ranson, I beg your pardon. I had forgotten you. Go now and get something to eat and some rest. I will see you in the morning."

I found my poor mare lying flat on her side in the rain and fast asleep. It was past midnight and very dark, but I reached our camp, though neither I nor my mare got anything to eat that night.

The morning came, and I listened for the sound of our attack, but all was still. There *was* no attack; our fighting days were over.

When General Lee rode out of our lines to meet General Grant, the stillness in our camp was awe-inspiring. We all knew what his going meant, although no word had been spoken.

When he rode back into our lines, erect and grand—grander than ever—his army broke up into a loving mob and followed him, holding on to his hands, his feet, his coat, the bridle of his horse, and its mane, weeping and sobbing as if their hearts were breaking. I saw one of his generals of the Second Army Corps sitting on a stump, crying loudly and bitterly, as a child will cry. General Lee's head was not bowed, he held it high as usual, but there was a look of sorrow and pain in his face which I had never before seen there. He tried to speak to his men, but the words stuck in his throat (I was within twenty yards, and if he spoke I did not hear him), and then I saw the tears were coursing down his face. He had halted for a moment, but now rode on to his camp. His men followed, but I did not. I knew there were no more orders for me, and as I could be of no use to him, I did not wish to intrude upon him in his hour of agony. When I saw the men returning to their camp, I went to headquarters, and there learned of his surrender and the terms. He had recovered his composure and was as calm and dignified as usual. His officers had gathered around him.

When I knew that the surrender was a fact, I mentioned to Colonel Baldwin, my chief, that the secret-service money of the army was in our wagon, and asked for instructions. The secret-service money of the army was used in paying spies and informers who ran the blockade and entered the enemy's lines in search of information, and to obtain such supplies as were not obtainable in the South. Up to the time when Overton Price, clerk at the ordnance office of the chief of ordnance, left, the box containing the money was in his keeping, and he paid out all moneys. No books or records were kept. When an order was presented, the money was paid to bearer and the order was instantly destroyed. Nothing was kept that could incriminate any one, and the reason must be apparent when it is remembered that a spy met death as a certainty when detected.

Colonel Baldwin asked General Lee about the money, and he replied, "I know nothing about it." Colonel Baldwin said, "But, General, I am asking for instructions." General Lee replied, "Colonel Baldwin, I know nothing at all about the matter, and will not discuss it."

Colonel Baldwin then asked General Longstreet, who said: "Divide it up among the officers present. The government owes me a month's pay and I should like to have it."

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I brought the iron box containing the money, and Colonel Baldwin counted it. I have forgotten how much there was—only a few thousands, however. I had had charge of the box ever since Overton Price had been ordered back to his company in March, and had opened it but once, and that was at Amelia Springs. Colonel Baldwin did not join us on the retreat until we reached Amelia Springs. He asked for the box, and gave Generals Fitz Lee and Rosser $2,500 each, they intending to cut their way out and join General Joe Johnston. The money was in fifty and one hundred dollar bills, United States currency, and some gold. Colonel Baldwin gave me one hundred dollars, put one hundred dollars in his own pocket, and then gave each of the officers present one hundred dollars, beginning with General Longstreet. The money soon gave out, and Captain Duffy, chief gunsmith of the Reserve Ordnance train, coming up and complaining of having been left out, Colonel Baldwin gave him fifty dollars, the half of his own one hundred dollars. I heard at the time that Colonel Baldwin offered General Lee some of the money and that he refused it. I was not present when this occurred, but I am perfectly sure it is true.

The morning after the surrender I went to General Lee's tent to see if I could be of any use. He told me he was busy, and asked me to see that he was not disturbed. I was ill, suffering from a malady which had sent me to the hospital several times, and which had been aggravated by the hard life during the retreat. I had had little rest, and Doctor Gild gave me some morphia tablets. I took them all night, but lay awake until morning upon the bare ground, looking up at the stars and wondering they could shine so brightly on our dark and sorrowful world. Tired and suffering, I lay in front of the General's tent. Looking up, I saw three Federal generals, mounted and looking down at me. Their sleek horses and bright uniforms and trappings were in strong contrast to what we were accustomed. They asked me if they could see General Lee, and I said no, he was engaged. They then asked why I lay on the damp ground, and I said I was ill. They said I looked ill and dejected, and they could not understand why I should be dejected. One of them said: "If I were you, I would be the proudest man in the world. When I rode into your lines this morning and saw the poor remnant of the army which had baffled us so long, I was ashamed of myself." He then asked me if I had had any breakfast, and I said no. As he turned away he said, "I will send you something." He took my name and gave me his card. I lost the card and have forgotten his name. I think, however, he said it was General Humphries.

In a short while a wagon drove up containing a barrel of hams, a barrel of hardtack, and a barrel of whiskey. I sent the wagon to my camp, and it was distributed among the hungry men. Every man and officer who came along was given a canteenful of whiskey and a good meal of bread and ham. The barrels were soon empty.

While I was guarding General Lee's tent, a man named White, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, came out and handed me an envelope. He said, "The General says this is all he has to give you in return for your services on his staff, especially during the retreat." I opened the envelope, and it was the farewell address of General Lee to his army, generally known as General Order No. 9, addressed to me as Captain A. R. H. Ranson, Assistant Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Northern Virginia, and signed by himself. I have it now, and consider it the most valuable of my possessions.

Now that everything was over I began my preparations for my journey home, about two hundred miles distant. I formed a mess with Colonels Latrobe and Fairfax of Longstreet's staff. General Grant allowed us a wagon and team of mules, as the journey had to be made across country. We kept our horses and side arms by the terms of surrender. When my preparations were completed I went to General Lee's tent. He knew I was going, he could see the preparations, and the wagon now stood in front of his tent ready to start. When I entered, he arose from his seat, extended his hand, and looked straight into my face. When his grasp relaxed I withdrew my hand and turned away. Not a word had been spoken, and this was my parting with General Lee. I never saw him again.

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His Desk

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THE two of them sat in the peaceful country room, with its old beamed ceiling and bricked floor. They sat in this hired house, to which, stiffly, they had journeyed after the long illness and the lingering death. It was all over at last. To the younger woman this was frank relief, and, obtusely, she often said so. To the elder—the very old woman—it was all so sad: to fit the cover on a spoiled life. You can't live with a man as his wife for nearly sixty years without caring. You can love him, or, curtly severing unwilling bonds, you can rise up in your madness some day and murder him. There is very little between. That old woman, bright-eyed in the high armchair by the hearth, had suffered. Yet she was a fay and incapable of violence. Her battles were three parts badinage.

Now that Lemuel was dead she idealized him; she delicately whirled the distaff of Fancy. To-day she sat smiling in her new content and soothing placidities; and she peered like a bird, darting her dark, clear eyes about the place and marking the things that were her own and not hired by the month, and not, therefore, thickened to sight by the thought of money.

Those tea-things in the corner cupboard, of thin white china sprigged with gilt, she and Lemuel had bought in the year 1854. That was a year of war, of bloodshed, of big national happenings. To the land at large—all of this: to her, just her wedding year. Women mark time by the beat of the heart.

"I forget what I said five minutes ago," she told her daughter, "but I can remember that we gave fifty shillings for that service in September, '54. And only, after all these years, two cups and three saucers broken; the cream-jug with a chipped lip. Those curtains"—she looked at one which hung over the heavy old warped door—"we bought a week before our wedding. I wore a barege gown; you don't see that material now. It was a salmon pink; no, a pale brown with a tinge of pink. Your father chided me for fancying such a delicate shade. Lemuel had great taste, but also a sense of economy."

The daughter did not answer; sometimes you did not answer. She was sitting at an oval-shaped oak table, with an old-fashioned desk in front of her—a desk shut up, as yet. Her hands closed round and seemed to grapple. You did not know just what might be lying in that desk; for he had been an odd man. She could feel fond of him, in some ways; and profoundly sorry and quite disgusted. Since she was his child, a certain stratum of him—coarse and rampant—was in her. And she knew that the elusive old woman in the chair by the fire of wood had cheated him all his life. Now it was hard to go hungry, and if you were in bitter need enough you picked over any refuse-heap. You were famished—and there was an end! She looked across the room at the mother she adored. It was a glance of open enmity. In her there struggled the old conflict—of a child choosing between divergent parents. But you need not trouble. He was dead.

He had gone straight to heaven. His wife and daughter believed that; they had a surpassing appetite for miracles. They said to each other that he, crusted with old sins, was yet standing happy and at ease in the full Light.

He was dead. You felt sorry for him; his temptations, his possible resistance, his trying collapses. He had been hungry and he had a good appetite; that was all. Yet how could you make a frail old wife, whose spirit was the only burning thing about her, understand? She sat there in her black dress and widow's white; with her silver hair and her quilled cap and her nice, small babble of sprigged tea-things. She was cold—

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of the body: in fancy she lighted to a graceful blaze.

Well! Here was the desk, and you had to open it. They had arranged between them to run through his desk this afternoon. It would be crammed full of superfluous and dead documents. He had been that sort of man; to docket everything, to make and keep quite unnecessary copies of all the letters he wrote.

You expected it in him. He had been an accountant and wrote a good hand and had a genius for bookkeeping. His whole life, to the visible, had been so sane, so steady and clean. Every morning at nine there was he on his stool in the brewer's office. At seventy he had retired upon a pension, and he took to tending roses. At eighty-eight, after a distasteful senility which had worn people out and depleted the balance at the bank, he had died. And, all his long wedded life, he had hung heavy round the neck of the old woman by the hearth. Say, rather, that he had been a great, gross child; crying out for food and running off into strange places for it.

At this the daughter could only dimly surmise. To the mother it was hidden and always must be. For she was complacent and limited, as your charming person often is. She had been flattered and petted and praised. Lemuel was the only person who had ever found fault with her—and he had done very little else. She aspired to be the amiable saint. Sitting still, as she did for so many hours in each day, lying broad awake, as she often did through alert, quite painless nights, she dissected herself and deftly turned each fault into some holy attribute. In speech she would often compare herself quite simply to famous saints, and when she read her Bible, it was she who moved across the pages, playing the uplifted part. She turned on a pivot toward her own soul.

Yet she had exquisite natural qualities, and she always sacrificed herself as a matter of course. So long as she could walk she had trotted round doing things for other people, and, even now, each day set a stone to some little particular service she had rendered.

You loved her. How could you help that, or want to help it?

Middle-aged Maria, sitting rigid at the table, asked herself this. For over forty years she had lived with her father and mother, breathing a nagging air. When she was tiny, suppressed scandal had been hinted at, and her child mind sat desolate in dark corners. When she grew up, her mother had made open complaint to her, had confided.

You had seen her cry—your mother; so often she, shamefaced, had cried. You had known her constant plight. You had watched her throw blossoms of tenderness by the very armful at that curmudgeon's foot. He had trodden them down and muddied them. He had a way of muddying. Even when, in old age, he tended roses in the long and narrow suburban garden, he had looked less for blossom than for blight. Certainly he had a hideous temper. That, moreover, had not been the worst.

Better open the desk! This affair—of looking through his desk—was the last thing to do. They had buried him, they had burned things. They had given away his clothes to the needy. Then, worn out, filled with strange feelings of freedom and solitude, they had come away down here into Surrey, for six whole weeks of perfect holiday. And they had brought the desk with them, to dissipate at their leisure.

His daughter looked from his desk round the whitewashed walls of this old room with the queer cupboards of black oak, with the dark, brief staircase secret there in a jut of the wall. She looked through the window. Outside was an orchard; falling blossom, high pasture grass. Purple and gold in that grass—of buttercup and orchis. Stars in the grass—of daisies. The gray delicacy of wild parsley! The rust-red of sorrel! All colored and beautiful things were growing out there in artless profligacy. It was a dim day, too, of the subtle and suggestive sort. A day that looked—sky and the warm mist—like dirty pewter.

She wasn't romantic—no man had put his hand in at the hole of the door and opened her heart. How should she know—anything! Single at forty-seven; all your day lived dislocated in a villa at Streatham! And yet! What was it that made her turn from the desk, with some literal repugnance—turn away and look, almost weeping, at the rich grass, at the

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weighted, pure whiteness of the trees?—just look at it all and think "if a woman might have lived in a place like this, with the man she loved and who loved her."

The country gave you strange feelings; it engendered a confused beating of the pulses; this strong clear air was to be distrusted.

"Do you mind the window open?" she asked her mother.

"Not if I have my white Maltese shawl first, darling."

She elicited service all the while—yet you remembered that, until her limbs got brittle, she also had served. To render service, to extract it—an air of purring and lapping: this she was.

The shawl was put about her shoulders. The lattice was set back against the outside wall. The single daughter, sighing, sat down at the table again.

"Open the desk, my dear," commanded the thin old voice from the sheltering chair.

"Yes—I'd better."

She brought out a bunch of keys and fitted one.

It was a lumbering mahogany desk with brass corners, with a brass plate engraved with his name and the date of purchase, "LEMUEL TUBBIN, 1861."

Somehow, in its clumsiness, its shabbiness, its air of the past, it reminded you of the man himself. For he had been big and loose-hung. His clothes got dusty all the time. At the last he had slobbered his food, and it had been unpleasant to sit at table with him; yet you had done it—as a family duty.

Maria looked over her shoulder into the grass again. Now with another life—of orchard, the chosen man and meadowland—your word would have been not Duty, but Joy: which was all the words, little three-letter thing!

She was afraid. She had not felt like this before. She opened the desk.

There it was—open! Nothing sprang out—but a funny smell of dead tobaccos and digestive lozenge; that had been him! Each woman's face, nevertheless, got eager: lined old bright face, with eyes and a beak like a bird's; middle-aged face, with fine features and bad coloring. The mother was dark, the daughter sandy. Lemuel Tubbin had been sandy. Maria had a stiff and gleaming growth upon the upper lip. The ribald would have said "mustache!" The look of it reproached her mother.

One need not be eager or afraid. He had not been a man of intrigue. His faults were frank enough. That had been the bother; he shouted them across Life's road—and this was hard to bear when you were proud, when you were an idealist, and wished the world to believe that you held your husband in the hollow of your hand. Only to her daughter had Lemuel Tubbin's widow piteously put out her cold, quite empty palm.

So he certainly hadn't hidden anything away in the desk. He had done things and said them. He had not written them.

After all, his worst sin was his temper—and the source of that was his digestion. They chose to think of him, now that he was dead, as a person of crystal spirit and belligerent liver.

His wife was staring at the desk now; looking very much the bird; with her keen eyes, fine nose, and toothless mouth, with the black and white plumage of her gown and widow's bands.

"Open it, my dear," she said.

"Yes, mother. In a minute—there is no hurry. We have all day to do it in."

"Take out the documents one by one, Maria; read them and pass them on to me to burn. Blow up the fire first."

She was almost laughing. She spoke quite gayly; for she had preserved her innocent joy in the little novelty, and it was this that had kept her alive through her sorrows.

Her daughter knelt at the wide hearth, puffing the fire. The swell and "shoo" of the bellows were soothing. Moreover, it gave one time. Anything to gain time, to divert the moment; yet why she did not know.

The wood flames, so odd on a summer day—but the old woman was always cold—went bobbing over the walls. They looked quite unholy in their utter incongruity. For it was hot dim July, and the pearly sky said thunder plainly, and the lark's wing as it flew thinned to vague gauze: till bird looked bat.

"Put the bellows down, Maria; that will do nicely. Now go back to the desk. Dear Lemuel, he was so careful, he had such excellent business instincts. It is

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rather a pity that he never was involved in some lawsuit—it would have found him so well prepared. That missive on the very top is from my brother Charles. I can see that from here. This"—she twisted her fingers—"is Charles's ring."

She held out the signet, adding proudly:

"The device of our family."

She was proud of her family, just as, quite purely and without affectation, she was proud of her virtues and her looks. She would smile and say, when her daughter tied her cap-strings:

"I'm not much to look at now, but I was once. There was no prettier girl in Lostwithiel than Miss Constance Mullion."

"Yes, it is from Uncle Charles, and only about putting up a fowl-house forty years ago. How silly to keep a thing like that!" said Maria.

The old woman took it and twinkled, saying:

"No doubt your father lent him money for that fowl-house. Charles was charming and always in difficulties. You don't see such handsome big men nowadays, but I think the women are finer than they were. Young women, I mean, of course, my dear."

"Here is something about fire insurance from Aunt Sophy. She died when I was ten."

"Poor Sophy!" her letter instantly fed the greedy fire. "This is her brooch I'm wearing; a beautiful cameo. I've lived so long"—the hooked face looked piquant—"that all their things come to me. Pass me another, Maria."

They went on chatting. They went on burning—such trifling things! Trivial letters, careful copies of letters. Maria was sick to death of faded ink and fine Italian slopings.

"There is nothing else that matters," she said at last. "We might just as well take the desk and tip it out over the fire."

And, as she said this, she touched a little packet in the corner. Her face flushed, her manner spoke concealment at once.

"What have you got there?" asked the sharp voice from the chair.

Had she been expecting something, too?

"I don't suppose it's anything, mother dear."

"Well, then, give it to me."

Maria was accustomed to obey—up to the breaking-point. Elderly unmarried daughters of imperious mothers do obey. The soft small packet changed hands. The old woman unwrapped it.

"Oh!" she said—and quavered afterward. "The turquoise ring!"

"The turquoise ring! Is that all? You've told me about it lots of times. Poor papa! You were hard upon him, I think. And what shall we do with it now?"

"I shall wear it—now."

His widow put it on her little finger; the others were swollen.

"He brought it me on the day following our betrothal; and put it on my finger and said, 'I don't like to see a pretty ring on a red hand.' It was summertime and I'd been gardening. I never wore it. A poisoned ring, my dear."

She surveyed it plaintively, and her old face was austere. It was so significant, that early blunt remark of his. It gave the note for all the others that followed. She recalled the thousand ugly things he'd said; they were, to her, far worse than the things he'd done. A woman could shut her eyes—it was sometimes politic. Your ears you could not shut.

The desk was empty at last, and fine gray ash lay heaped on the hearth. So there had been—nothing. One had been a fool to fear that there would be. Maria's muscles relaxed.

"We bought that desk together in the Lowther Arcade in—in—now what was the year? It was '61, and ten days after the Prince Consort died. I wore mourning, and I remember your father saying that black made me look yellow. I was never yellow, but he liked those pink, bouncing women who turn magenta-colored. At least he said he did. Perhaps he only did it to tease me."

"If you could have believed that, things would have run more smoothly," her daughter said, sensibly.

Her main business in life had been to sprinkle sense on their domestic pottage.

"Perhaps, perhaps. Yes, we had a little difference on the way to buy the desk. I was always very sensitive. Alfred Mason—you've heard me talk of him—used to say, 'Miss Connie is so

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fine!' Well, that is true; and when cut glass clinks against a pottery pipkin—"

"It gets broken—but you didn't. You are alive and father is dead."

The daughter's voice was blunt.

They sat silent, looking at the desk. It stood empty, innocent, and one ought to feel abashed. Maria was considering this. And she was in such a queer mood that she wanted to kiss the varnished wood and say, "You are clean; forgive me."

"What would you like me to do with the desk?" she asked, more gently.

"Oh, but, my dear," the old woman roused up and remembered. "We haven't gone through the secret drawer. I remember so well how patient and polite the young man in the shop was when he explained the working of the spring. Your dear father, as you know, was always fussy when making a purchase. We thought it most ingenious. Give it to me. Push it across the table. I haven't forgotten the trick."

"It's quite easy; I'll do it." Maria held on at the desk suddenly and her face was white. "They are always the same, these secret drawers in desks—and people only keep broken nibs in them!"

"Broken nibs! Don't you make too sure, Maria. You know nothing about it. I used to give Lemuel little tokens; blossoms from the garden, and so forth; silly things—after we had fallen out and made up again. We always quarrelled. He used to laugh in his hearty, rather grating way and say that he didn't mind the quarrels, but the makings-up he could not endure. Very likely he saved up my bits of petals in the secret drawer. You would not understand that, but married people would, and it is probable."

Leaning forward, essaying to move, she looked unutterably yearning. You felt so sorry for her; you felt devoted. You would have given your life to grant her peace; to turn, in memory at least, her cold hash of a matrimony into some spiced and piquant dish. Why should you not devote yourself to her and die for her—by intent? There was nobody else. Maria was pondering upon this.

"It's time for your afternoon nap, mother. Let me finish this by myself."

"Open the drawer—if you can; and if you can't, I will," said the old woman.

When she spoke like that you did not gainsay her.

Maria docilely prodded and tapped and pushed. She succeeded. Well, there it was, bare to the world, the secret drawer, and in it was a single paper. It looked a forlorn paper; it looked what it was—a long-ago thing and overlooked. He had put it there and he had forgotten. Maria divined this—and felt that her touch was sacrilege. He was dead and he was helpless.

This, then, was the dreaded document? Or was there nothing in the world to dread? Were these ideas of secrecy just illusory; just engendered by waving grass and swaying boughs, by the boding sky and the unwonted singing of birds!

"Any flowers inside; any little foolish things?" asked the blithe voice from the chair.

"No, nothing, nothing. Only a paper. Only a letter—that is, the copy of a letter, and in father's hand. Some business thing, no doubt."

Yet she knew that it was not.

"Ah, well! Let me see, Maria. I'll burn it."

The words were infinitely weary. Certainly, she had longed for hoarded rose leaves, and there was not one. When he assured her that he instantly flung such things aside, he had been telling the crude truth. She had seen him fling them—yet she had hoped that he returned, slyly, in ashamed solitude, and picked them up again.

Her daughter was reading. With increasing wonder she watched the close-compressed, sandy-fringed mouth; the rapid eyes beneath the lids.

"Give it to me, Maria."

What a blessed mercy it was that she was no longer nimble, that she couldn't start up from the chair and snatch it from you!

Such a letter! Such self-revelation—sweeping! Maria's calm, middle-aged heart beat furiously. Her mood—of the meadows, of the orchard trees—intensified.

"If one might live in a place like this, with the man you loved and who loved you."

She was inwardly reciting this as she read. It seemed some sacred, often-quoted phrase, and it strode across the

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letter. It seemed a thing belonging to your religion. It was sacred and alive. Yet it was nothing of the sort. It was just a sentence, weird, unusual, which she had evolved, unsuspecting, from the well-depths of her own dry soul.

She went on reading. She saw her father irradiated. Those rose-hued phrases of his! Beautiful burden of long desire! And to a woman who was not his wife nor her mother. A letter written before she was even born, and of which he had made a neat copy—endorsing it with names and dates. This seemed comic: belittling.

She could not condemn him for this letter; for here, at least, he had not sensibly sinned. This was a flood of the purest overflowings. Did men feel like this toward a woman: strong men when they loved strongly: prose men—when, for a little while, they fell into line with poets!

Maria could not say, nor could she condemn him. Her respectable, most virginal instincts were in suppression. They would blaze up all the more fiercely later on.

She held the letter—reading it, drifting into the mood of it. She was withdrawn—from the old prim room, from the old mother, with her pungent touch of austerity.

There was one phrase that sang—silver—in your head. All the beauties of the visible world, all those things which she saw through the window, they were compressed into it. And—common sense asserting itself—you mustn't let that little old cold bird of a creature in the big chair see this letter. That must be avoided at every hazard.

Maria folded it hastily up. She advanced to the fire, looking flushed. Her mother reached out. Her very body moved, and with more suppleness than you'd seen for a long time.

"I insist upon seeing it, my dear."

"Mother," she returned, piteously. "It is a love-letter."

"Then you shouldn't have read it. Your father's love-letters to me! I thought he burned them all. He said he did; but he must have kept copies. That seems so funny, doesn't it?"

As she spoke, she actually stood up unaided. Staggering sight! There she was, toppling a little, yet victorious, looking the proud baby. Her daughter's arm instantly encircled her.

"Good gracious, mother! You'll crumble like cake."

They both laughed—and in such a queer way.

"No, I sha'n't. Give me that letter. Don't wriggle your nose in that obstinate way, dear child."

"I—I didn't."

Maria sounded young and sulky; it was an absurd sound coming from such a battle-worn woman. The two had reverted—to the manner of chiding mother and headstrong child.

"Yes, you did. You always do when you try to oppose me. It's a fine nose—mine; the Mullion profile is famous, and you can't do anything obscure with a nose like that. Now come along. I can't keep firm on my feet much longer, and I mean to have it."

"Well—if you will! But it is a love-letter, Mamma, as I said before."

Maria had said Mamma and Papa when she was small, and she spoke so now. Her wax doll had also said Mamma and Papa—and nothing else. That was forty years ago.

The mother slipped down into the sweet shelter of the chair. She complacently spread out the letter.

"How silly of you to try to thwart me!" she said, with a ghastly gayety. "I always will have my own way. Poor Alfred Mason used to say—he died at thirty: 'You can't fight Miss Connie. She is the most fragrant feather-bed.' Now wasn't that pretty?"

She started to read, beating nervously with one withered hand on the arm of the ancient chair.

"Mother! It will kill you."

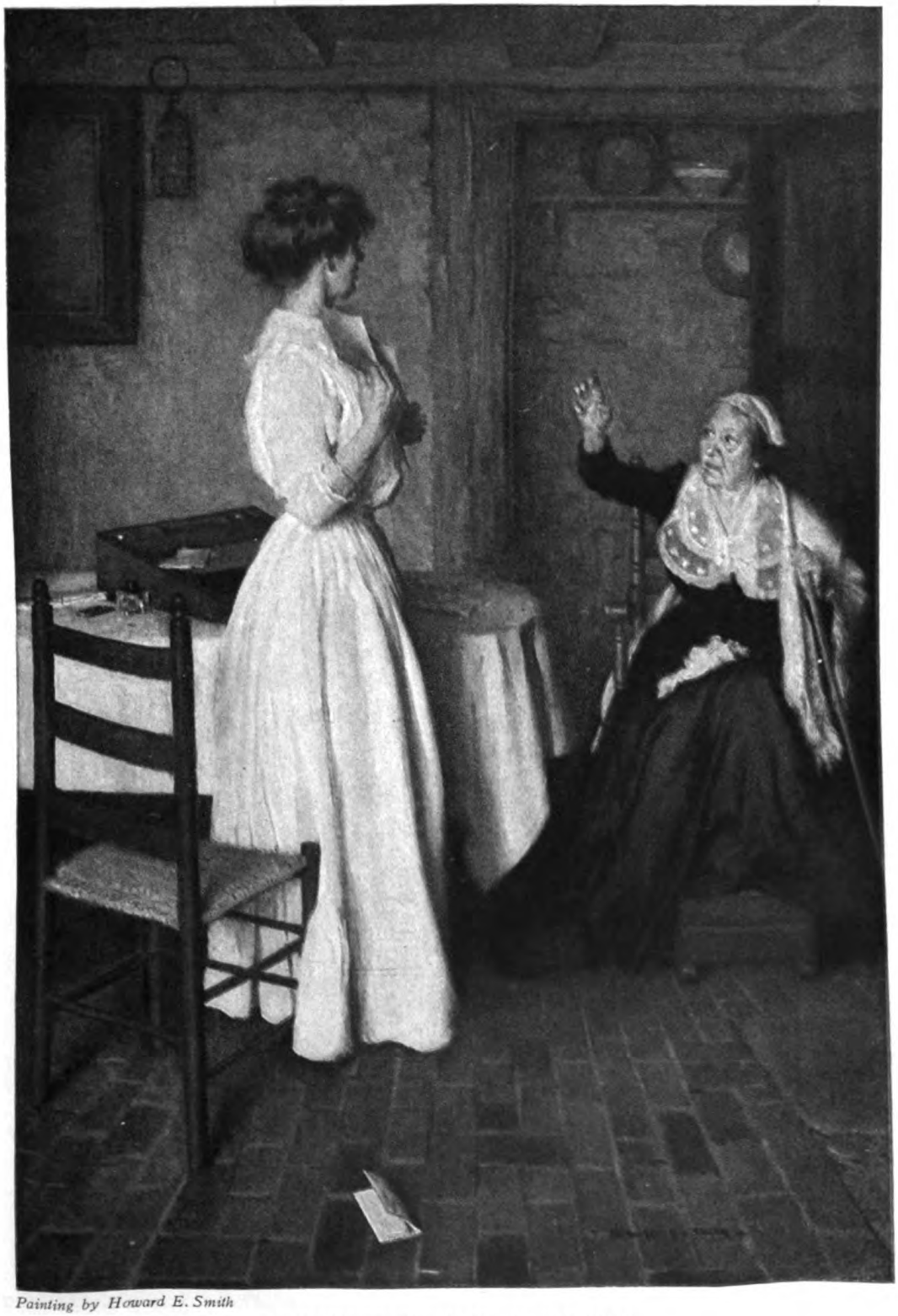
The old woman looked up. The fine old face—bird-like—belonged to a royal eagle now.

"Keep quiet, Maria, and leave me alone. Sit down."

You must of course obey. You just had to watch and to wait, to be ready. What would she do when she came to the superlative phrase? Would she cover her pain with jesting? Threaded right through her was that neat sense of the quip.

She went on reading; lips moving to

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Painting by Howard E. Smith

"I INSIST UPON SEEING IT, MY DEAR"

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each word, fingers tap-a-tapping at the chair arm.

She looked up at last—and what an eternal time it had been to wait for her!

She looked up. It was a terrible look.

"We were neighbors. She died many years ago," she said blankly, and the aged voice was all antique agonies—memories, piecings-together, lots of things. "They lived three doors down from us. Her children played with mine."

It was awful to look at her, to listen. They were all dead; their sins, their agonies, their pure and keen desires—where? That company of the past, kindred, neighbors—those who were neither—they were dead. She alone lived. She, who lightly twittered of them—touching up their qualities—sat desolate on the tree.

Maria looked from her mother to the letter. It had made her comprehend; it gave the key to the shape, the marvel, and the strange desires of the day you saw without the window.

"I—I never thought. I was always so trustful," the old voice said: she was absolving herself just as usual.

Certainly she, by her own actions, had sharpened the weapon which now was wounding her; she had put it into his poor wicked hand—the hand that was dead.

"I was so trustful," the voice repeated, in a pleased way.

Then Maria saw her mother spring up. Yes, it was a regular spring. This rheumatic old woman! You marked the perfect triumph of spirit. She was lissome, she was erect and young. Beyond everything else, she was scornful. She showed contours and colors; she who was past eighty. She who was left alive, while the others were peacefully dead.

You'd have sworn it was a young, a wounded, a deeply piqued woman standing there: not so much wounded as piqued. For she had only loved him dutifully as a wife should. She hadn't it in her to love any man—to a madness. She looked beautiful, and her daughter could now condone the innocent, egregiously vain things she so often said of herself. She trampled down all years and happenings. It wouldn't last. Maria thought of a corpse that goes to dust when you let the light in.

With a delightful pout, with a positive shrug, with a remark that you could not catch, but that you surmised was witty and most biting (she was adept at that), she screwed the letter up and tossed it on the wood ash. She stirred the fire with her foot to make a flame.

You'd like to preserve that twist of the hand, that flick of the foot! Maria was proud of her old mother—and abashed: for she hadn't any graces—nor had she experience, or the hope of agonies.

The old woman laughed out loud. She turned her head on her shoulder. Incomparable grace! Coquettes—who were young—did that kind of thing. Kittens did—and goddesses! It was a pose preserved on canvases.

Her feet, in the easy velvet shoes of age, padded, flat and soft, across the bricked floor. They travelled to the jut of the wall where the stairs lurked.

She went unaided. She who had declared herself crippled. Well—but she had been crippled and would be again. She would be even more old and shrunken than her actual total of years demanded after this transformed, this glorious young time.

Maria marked her—but she did not move. She could not. She was stunned and uplifted: the rose reflection of a romance, it touched even her. She was golden where she had been sandy!

Up went the old woman; slowly, yet no stumbling. Her daughter heard the wooden latch fall as she shut herself in her bedroom.

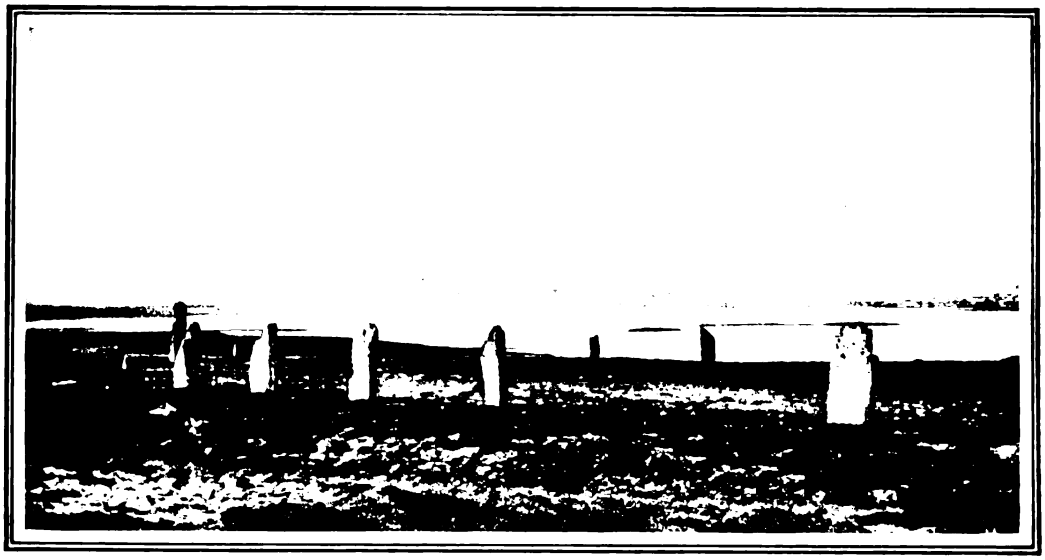
For her part, she continued to sit at the table. Her hands stretched across it and her eyes looked through the window. Her whole sad attitude was of stretching, of searching; of trying to soar, of yearning to see.

She stared out at the beautiful grass and trees for a long, long while.

The letter down there on the hearth had turned to the actual ash which—in essence—it had long been.

Up-stairs, there was unbroken silence.

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THE STANDING STONES OF STENNESS

The Orkney Islands

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

THERE are some islands which hint you the clue to their history, even in their summer moods, as if no smile could quite cover the scars dealt by experience and time. But the fifty-six islands of the Orkneys, fertile in the midst of their fertile seas, fragrant with wild flowers and the salt winds, musical with the songs of larks and thrushes, would scarcely suggest by their pleasant surfaces either the changes of people and governments and religions that have passed over them, or their turns from poverty to comfort. The ruins of their castles and forts and churches are eloquent enough of their wild and passionate and devout past; the black crag of Stromness and the gaunt tall cliffs of Hoy are as bold and magnificent scenery as can be found anywhere in the British Isles. But time has achieved a gentle human alchemy, and has made the Orkney Islands attractive rather than awe-inspiring—just a stimulating background for a hardy, kindly race of people who have long neglected their fierce ways and to whom life comes happily.

Yet it would seem as if their wild past would not let itself be entirely forgotten. Sometimes in the winter a bitter driving storm has swept away a sand-bank and laid bare the old bones of Norse warriors, ancient weapons in hand, a thousand years at peace under the soil they drenched with Celtic blood. And there is a small island, sacred in the middle ages to the holy men, and centuries afterward tenanted by cotters who used the place of the high altar for a hearth, deserted now except by white flocks of sheep. This island, little Eynhallow, should surely speak of peace. And yet above the songs of the birds sounds the thundering roar of the Roost of Eynhallow, boiling, tossing, and whirling in the ebb-tide, a terrible race which the seamen fear even more than they fear the Boars of Duncansby or the Merry Men of Mey. It is such a roost, or a shaft of light bringing out suddenly the sheerness of a fall of rock, or the Atlantic billows sweeping against the stupendous precipices of Hoy and Walls, or a fierce gleam in the eye of a packman at the Lammas Fair, that reminds one of the stirring history in

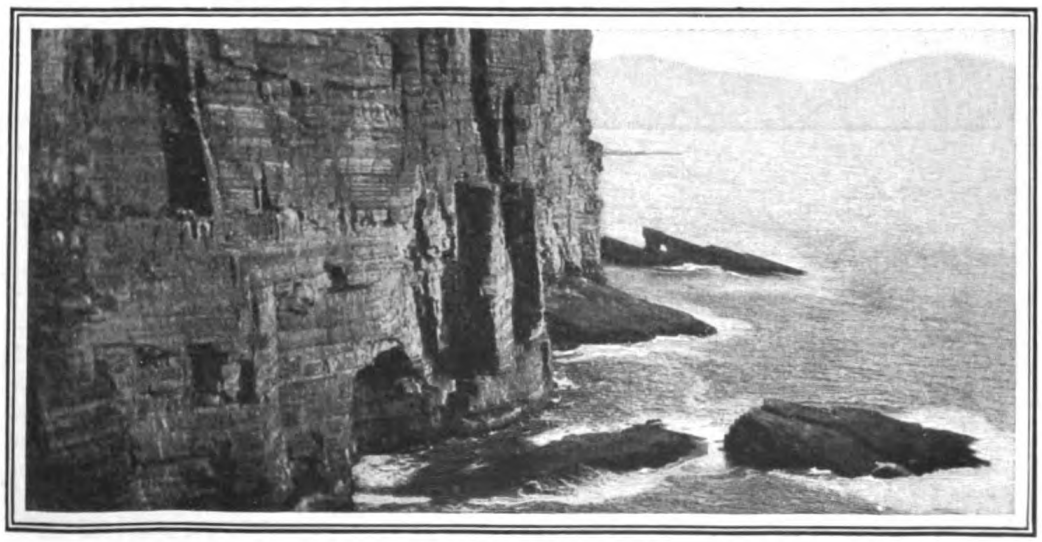
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the bones of the Orkney Islands and the Orkney men.

The islands fall into three divisions, the largest called Mainland or Pomona, the Northern islands, and the Southern islands. Mainland is in shape grotesquely like a headless lady, full-bosomed and small-waisted, from whom a chair has been suddenly removed, and who is slipping to the ground with a startled right arm and a fluttering flounce. She is so large that all the other islands could be fitted into her outline by any one with a picture-puzzle type of mind. But Pomona, with her brood of isles and islets about her, deserves respectful treatment, for that generous outline of hers is significant of prolific gifts and fulfilled promises. The life of her fourteen parishes and burgs is full of variety; to her belong the two towns, Kirkwall and Stromness, which do most of the business of the Orkneys, and which have vivid enough lives of their own, past and present. Deerness, Harray, Birsay, Sandwick, Stenness, Maeshowe, Ophir—they are all names rich with traditions and history and wonders, with old memorials that speak, and with ancient heaps of stone that still cover mystery.

Whoever will walk out two miles from bustling little Kirkwall, and ascend Wideford, the hill with the English-sounding pastoral name, will see how Pomona lies in relation to the other islands. The landscape is wonderful in color, in luminous distances, and in restfulness, suggestive of plenty and peace. Green fields slip in between blue waters and brown heathy uplands; some islands lie low in the water; others leap up into bold hills, and the broken coast turns and bends into wide voes, swept by white sails, ending at last in dim far headlands.

Pomona's brood of islands seem to get as close to her as they can, especially the lower islands. South Ronaldshay, the island of the old jarls and of the ruined chapels, and Walls are to the east; and to the west is the tall, long brown ridge of Hoy, parted by stretches of shining sea from Flotta and its other little neighbors. Beyond lies the silvery streak of the Pentland Frith, and behind it the low shores of Caithness, the southern land of the Norsemen. To the north is a maze of sounds and bays, holms and promontories; the dark heath-covered hills of Ronsay, Eday, Westray, Papa Westray, and North Ronaldshay are in sharp contrast with the green fields of Egilshay, Shapinsay, Stronsay, and Sanday. But always the eye comes back to the rich and varied sweeps of Pomona or Mainland. Deerness, on the east, strikes its head boldly into the sea, and Sandwick, on the west, sets a stark face against the eternal surge of the Atlantic. In between, the eye pauses on two great blue lochs between homely, peaceful

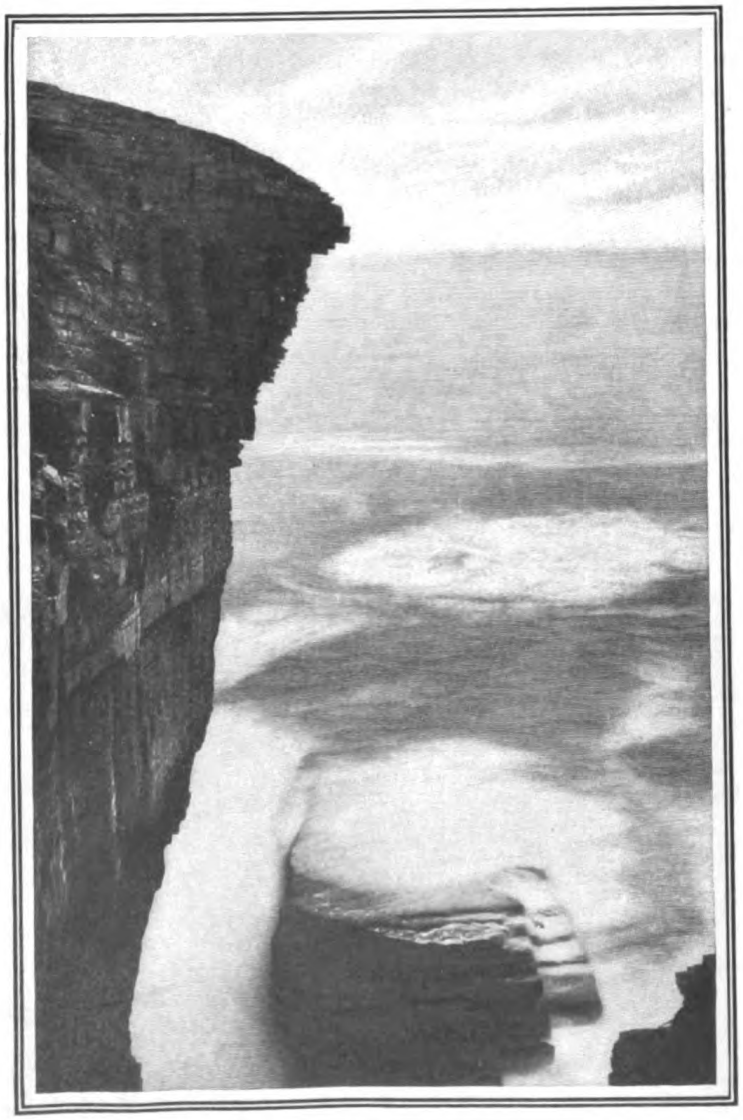


FOOT OF THE BLACK CRAG

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cultivated fields. And strangely at home in these cultivated fields are the green mounds of Maeshowe and the Standing Stones of Stenness. These typify at once the mystery and the peace of the Orkneys.

If one could see just the Stones, they would be awe-inspiring enough—these great memorials of some forgotten Celtic race. They extend in two circles, the larger, the circle of Brogar, once numbering sixty stones, some of them eighteen feet high. No one knows whence the stones came, nor when, nor what stupendous labor it cost to erect them. Here sounded the fierce prayers of Celtic and afterward of Norse worshippers, and the cries of sacrificial victims. The high stone of Odin, to which doubtless the victim was tied, had a round hole cut in its centre. But all those old heathen cries of hate and pain changed with the softening years, and for centuries lovers, Christian, but pagan too, called this hole the magic ring, and joining their hands through it, plighted their troth, a pledge of love as sacred as a marriage vow. And sometimes, finding vows fallible and one strange custom to be negatived by another, they cut their vows by going to the old church of Stenness, and passing through it, one departing by the north door and the other by the south. That old stone saw many a change in two thousand years, and now, broken up by a Ferry-louper or stranger from the south, it shelters the side of some stable. The other standing stones have likewise their relations to man and animals. At their feet the fishermen and boatmen eat their lunches, and on their tops, from which grow flowing beard-like lichens, the gulls rest, weary from diving in the blue lochs.

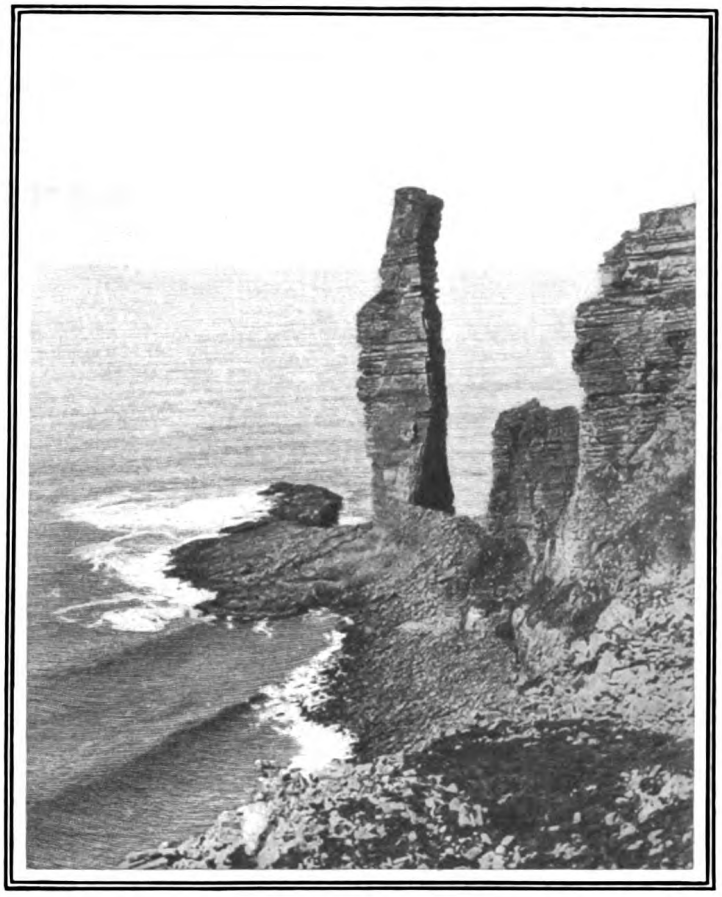


THE BLACK CRAG OF STROMNESS

The green mound of Maeshowe, in a green grazing-field, seems at first only a soft natural hill, with a little stone square at the bottom. But the little stone square is a low entrance into a stone chamber with three small cells branching from it. Perhaps it was used by the ancient folk who built it as a

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chapel first, and then as a tomb. Later, the sacrilegious Norsemen broke into it and used it for their own dead. It is a house of mystery. The very walls, covered with runes inscribed during the ninth to the twelfth century, are given widely different meanings by learned men. But one inscription may well illustrate the lot alike of the Celts and the Norse and the Scotch, and of all of us: "Ingibiorg, the fair widow! Many a woman has wandered stooping in here, though ever so haughty."



THE OLD MAN OF HOY

Green mounds, old castles, forts, and gray ruins, brochs, temples, and the church of St. Magnus, still in use—these are the speech of the Orkneys which tells of eighteen centuries of turbulent life. The green mounds found in many places, from the south even up to Papa Westray and North Ronaldshay, are the voices of Picts, that strange little Celtic race who came there some centuries B.C., and of whom so little is known, except what these green mounds cover. But their houses or tombs or whatever they were, and their brochs and towers, prove them to have been a hardy and warlike and intelligent people. Worshippers of the sun, and trusters in their stout stone implements, they must nevertheless have had souls open to the culture of the cross, for hither came an Irish missionary, Cormac, to carry to them the message of Christianity. After his visit, the Culdee missionaries established themselves in the various parts of Orkney, preferring the smaller islands, some of which were called in honor of them, such as Papa Westray and Papa Stromsay, and Deerness, which means priest's cape. Their ancient relics still remain in the monastery on Eynhallow; the curious round tower in Egilshay; bits of temples in Birsay and other places; and ancient bells and monumental stones.

But the cross and the Celts went down in blood in the eighth century, when the Vikings, those sea-kings of the north, first dared venture so far from their own shores, at which time the English monks added to their litany the prayer, "From the fury of the North Men, deliver us, O Lord!" They came to the Orkneys, and not only conquered and governed, but made an Orkney saga, including events from the ninth to the twelfth century.

Looking at the pleasant Orkney landscape and the gentle Orkney people, it is hard to realize that they spring from that fierce race, delighting in conflict and blood, and seeing for its heaven only

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increased feasting and blood and battle. The history of the Orkney Vikings is one long account of quarrels with the Norway crown for possession of the islands, and of disputes among jarls for the earlship, and of the harrying of Scotchmen and neighbors. Some of these tales are still told by Orcadian firesides. In Veira lived a collector of the Norway king's taxes, Kolbein Hruga, a hard man in a strong castle. To this day naughty children are told that Cobbie Row (Kolbein Hruga) will get them. In Ronsay lived Jarl Sigurd, famed for his successful warlike enterprises. In Gairsay dwelt that great sea-rover, Swein Asleifson, who fought and feasted and supported his eighty cotters by plundering his neighbors. In Orphir lived Earl Hakon who murdered his cousin, the saintly Earl Magnus, for whom the Kirkwall cathedral is named. In Hakon's banqueting-hall, the scene of many a carousal and vengeful deed, the disputes of Hakon's sons, Paul and Harald, the half-brothers, were settled with a sharp irony. Harald the Smooth Talker invited Paul the Speechless to a feast. On the morning before the feast Harald found his mother and his aunt working on a beautiful shirt, which they said was a present for Paul. "Why should such a splendid shirt be given to Paul and not to me?" cried the young earl. And before the women could prevent him he put on the garment. Presently he died, for it had been poisoned. It is a dramatic story which Björnson used to great effect in his drama *Sigurd,* and it can thrill the listening Orcadians as deeply as it thrilled their ancestors of eight centuries ago, who heard it told when sea winds were singing and sea ships were making ready for battle.

Strangely enough, practically the only stone memorials that remain of these fierce Norsemen are the Christian buildings which were put up after Olaf Triguesson, in the tenth century, by threats and a trick, baptized the whole population into a bewildered and indignant Christianity. In Birsay is the old site of Christ's Kirk, built in 1050. And greatest of all is the old cathedral of St. Magnus in Kirkwall, begun in 1137, and now serving as a Presbyterian church. Hard by is the bishop's palace, begun in 1263. And all these Christian survivals sort ill enough with the savage hearts of the north. Much more real seem the ancient graves hid out of sight under wind-sung Orkney sands or peaceful Orkney fields.

Peaceful as the fields are, the days of peace for Orkney were slow to come; for after Hakon, the last of the sea-kings, died, two centuries of Scottish families held the earldom, and at last the islands were pledged by Denmark to Scotland as security for part of the wedding dowry of Princess Margaret on her marriage to James III. Gradually the peasant nobles of Orkney were reduced to the position of tenant farmers. Under the Stuart earls their troubles were increased. Earl Robert was bad enough, but Earl Patrick, still called in the islands "Black Pate," and sometimes spoken of as if he had been dead scarcely a score of years—Black Pate excelled in exacting work, "without either meat or drink or hire," and in torturing the wretched people to get their last farthings.

For centuries the Orcadians have been farmers owning boats, just as the Shetlanders have been seamen owning farms. To-day the islands sell close to half a million dollars' worth of fish and other sea food, and it seems that they have always had more or less of sea luck. But until lately, as regards their main source of living, the farming, they were in very bad case, because of vassalage and oppression, false weights and imperfect machinery. Up to a few years ago the arable and pasture lands lay in "runrig" or were intermixed. In the harvest times each farmer distinguished his sheaves from those of his neighbors by the peculiar way he tied his band. The cattle and sheep were left to wander at will among the outlands, and many of the unherded young lambs were killed by eagles and ravens. When the cattle could find nothing more to eat in the outlands, they invaded the infields or cultivated land. Each owner had an elaborate system of marks to distinguish his animals, and in North Ronaldshay, where the sheep still feed in common outside the stone wall of the islands, their "lugs" are cut and cropped in a hundred curious ways.

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A GREAT MEMORIAL OF SOME FORGOTTEN CELTIC RACE

Most of the farmers in those old days were tenants at will, and the men who helped them lived in corners of the farm. A cottager had to pay his rent in ill-defined but never-ending personal services, as on many Orkney farms the crofter does to this day. Buildings were tumble-down, the face of the ill-fertilized land was nothing more than scratched, and such wretched farming as there was was often neglected for kelp-burning. But the redistribution of lands was the beginning of a new era for the Orkneys. Farms were enlarged, lands reclaimed, leases granted, and modern implements came into general use. To-day the Orcadians are turning their attention more and more to grazing, for which their homely fields are so well adapted.

Many comfortable farmhouses and crofts have been built in the Orkneys of warm gray stone with sound slate roofs. But some of the old cottages still remain. Piles of peat-stacks and tottering outhouses are huddled together in front of them to break the force of the wind. Curious round towers, once used as kilns for drying grain, are still attached to many of the houses. The doorway is sometimes as low as five feet, and as one enters it he turns to the left, because the other turning is for cows, when they need inside shelter. A "but and a ben," with perhaps a cupboard between, constitute the living-rooms. It is rare now to find the fireplace in the middle of the but or kitchen, with a hole in the roof for the departure of the smoke, but many buts have, besides the ordinary kitchen furniture, a box bed, fitted with lid-like doors, which the cotter and his wife close when they go to bed. The ben or parlor, containing the better articles of furniture, and sometimes the bed of the parents, is used on great occasions, such as weddings, christenings, and New-Year parties. It is an every-day, present-time world of placidity and prosperity which these Orkney farmers suggest, and yet there are some among them who have brought down the past: the udallers, those strange peasant nobles, known only among the Orkneys and the Shetlands.

These udallers were men whose ancestors got their farms more than a thousand years ago, under Norse laws, land they held in the "all-hood," acknowledging none but God alone for it,

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paying no duty, real or nominal, to feudal superiors, and requiring no written right. Such land has since come to be held under charter and sasine like property in the other districts in Scotland, but nothing can take away the ancient descent and distinction of the Orkney udaller. He was a peasant, for he tilled his own land, and claimed no superiority among his fellow neighbors; but he was also noble, for there was no order superior to his own. The rich prince might wed the daughter of the poor udaller; this prince might enforce the military services of the powerful jarl, but nothing short of actual invasion could compel the services of the udaller.

There are between two hundred and three hundred udallers in the Orkneys, some of them with very small holdings indeed. Most of them are in Harray, the one parish of the Orkneys which does not in any place touch the sea, and they are called "the hundred lairds of Harray." Even if they are "peerie" or little lairds, having a difficulty to make ends meet, they are given their titles, and the eldest son is called the young laird. Among these and other Orkney farmers there is many a man who in England would be a day-laborer.

But the ways of thought and the manners even of the udallers have little enough likeness to the wild ways of the old Norsemen. A people so well organized as they are, with their government insurance and annuities, their crofters' commissions, harbor commissioners, educational institutes, and associations for teaching the blind, and with their many market days well advertised for the sale of cattle and sheep, must surely have lost their impulsive warring spirit. Doubtless the centuries of struggle with the greedy Scotch and the consequent centuries of poverty broke their spirit and tempered their souls. Some of their virtues persist, such as their hospitality and physical strength; they have largely kept the Norse features and coloring, and they use many Norse words in their language. But it would be hard to find a more peaceful race. None of their disputes are much more serious than those of the Presbyterian and Episcopal children, who fight with such rhymes as these:



KNITTING SHETLAND SHAWLS

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"Piscy, Piscy, amen,
Kneel down and pray again."

"Presby, Presby, dinna bend,
Stick to the bench and your 'chief end.'"

Or than when nicknames are hurled at half-grown island boys by boys from other islands—The hawks of Hoy, the auks of Westray, the limpets of Stronsay, the seals of North Ronaldshay, the dogs of Birsay, the starlings of Kirkwall, the sheep-thieves of Rendell, and the crabs of Harray.

Gone too are the drinking customs, once so notoriously characteristic of island hospitality, an inheritance from the Norse carousals. Such habits have died since smuggling is at an end and it is no longer a triumph to cheat the excise. But there are men still living who remember drinking-bouts that would rival the feats of the mead-drinkers of King Hakon.



GRINDING WITH QUERN

Young and old, the people are industrious and intelligent, serious, a little shy, rather inquisitive, and very kindly. Their combination of reserve and inquisitiveness comes doubtless from the Scotch strain in their blood. Like all island people, they are eager to hear what is going on in the great world from which their seas divide them; they would always rather receive than impart information, and they listen with an almost disquieting attention. Their Scotch characteristics seem to show also in their thriftiness. "Keep something for a sair fit," says the old proverb, and some Orcadians act as if their future lives were to be one long sair fit. Old women have their private hoards, which they hide in stout blue stockings buried in chimney holes. There are peerie lairds and crofters content with the plainest of food who have accounts in the savings-banks of Stromness and Kirkwall. It may be that long years of poverty have made them afraid even yet to believe all the opulent promises of their smiling fields.

The people of Kirkwall and Stromness, the chief towns, differ from the people in the country only in showing more vivacity, perhaps more geniality, and a keener sense for bargaining, doubtless acquired from contact with the Scotch. Until they have assimilated the Scotch, Orcadians always resent their intrusion. They have a way of saying that all they get from Scotland is bad meal and poor ministers. Yet they continue to import not only their ministers, but their teachers and doctors, bankers and lawyers.

There is an air of singular sociability among the people of Kirkwall and Stromness, due perhaps to the way their towns are built. Kirkwall, set low, has a mile-long main street, without distinction of footway and carriageway, and so narrow that "two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet." From this main street, which expands into a large oblong space in front of the cathedral before it again contracts, there branch off to right and left curious paved courts and closes and long lanes. The houses at the heads of

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the closes generally have their gables toward the street, and behind them, here and there, is a glimpse of garden and shrubs, though the Orkneys in general are treeless. The shops used to resemble bazars, but they are now more like southern places of business. Kirkwall has a busy, bustling atmosphere, as if under all the geniality the people were thinking of that sair fit for which they must make money both from friends and "touricks," as some of them call the strangers.

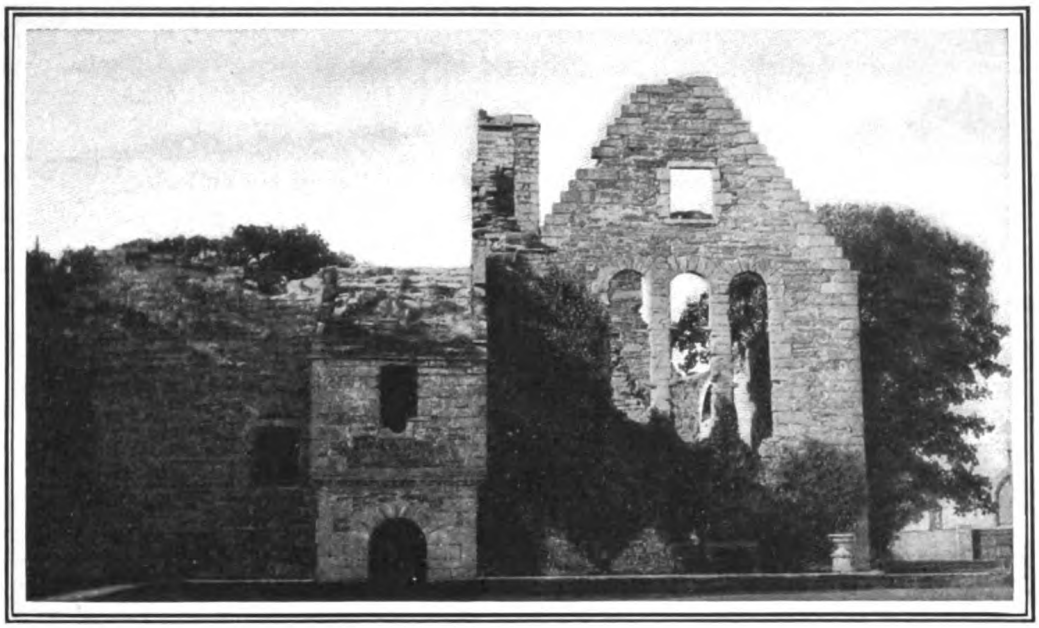
Stromness is not so bustling as Kirkwall, and has more of a country feel about it. The most picturesque place in the Orkneys, it occupies the slope of a steep hill overlooking the strait which separates Mainland or Pomona from Hoy, and it consists of one narrow home-like little street not a mile long. Nearly every house contains a shop of some description, and the windows are generally partly filled with bottles of oil, sun-bleaching. As in Kirkwall, little closes twist suddenly from the main street, mounting breathlessly up the steep hill, or running headlong into the sea. And there are still underground passages, used in the good old days of smuggling. There is something very friendly about little Stromness. The stone of the quaint gabled and turreted houses has golden or honey-colored lights at its heart, which contradict the gray surface color, just as the warmth of the Orcadians contradicts their reserve. The sea is a domestic institution, rippling familiarly up the short lanes between rows of houses and giving an occupant a chance to fish, or to step into his boat, from his back door. Here, too, there is the same sense of sociability as in Kirkwall. The street is warm with the laughter of children and friendly with the gossip of neighbors. While the people of the islands are in general democratic, society in the towns, as in most Scottish provincial towns, has its separate circles, its distinct centres. In the old days the county families used to have houses in town for the winter, just as they did in Lerwick, Shetland, and in some of the towns of Ireland. But if those days are gone, social distinctions have by no means vanished.

In the country the people are equally friendly, but their lonelier background makes them seem more distant, more sufficient unto themselves than the town people. At first the long treeless stretches of land, the quiet roads, the blue solitary lochs, seem solemn and even melancholy. Yet to the blue lochs come birds—greenshanks with their triple call, the cuckoo with its dream voice, dunlin and ruffs, whimbrels, plover and grebe and coot. Instead of trees, primroses and daisies, rose-campion, gold and purple vetch, yellow mustard, ragged-robin, thyme, and many other wild flowers, struggle delicately for the mastery of the roadside. Velvet mosses cling tight to the gray stone dikes, and larks, sparrows and starlings, linnets and golden-crested wrens, build in grasses and in the crevices of loosely built walls. In the air on a clear day circles a wide-winged falcon, and if what tradition says of the length of his life be true, what fiery beacon has he not seen flashed from howe to holm to warn of the approach of Norse invaders; what smoking sacrifices by the blue loch, and what forgotten battles on the salt sands of the sea!

Under the long June days this life has a glory all its own. Even when the sun sets, the light never goes; a ruddy gleam lingers on the horizon, and at midnight the dusk mellowness of the closing day mingles with the first spears of the white dawn. The larks seem never to sleep, singing their vespers and matins together. All this gives the country life enough, and the place seems just properly peopled when a few men and women move through the fields and along the paths.

One slow man, big and blond, of the Norse type, ploughs when he can with his face to the water, for he used to be a sailor, and he longs to go back, but he will tell you he lost his health, "divin' in the face of the sea at his work." He will tell you of his ancestors who, with so many of the Orkney men, went in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the men of the Hudson Bay Company, to Canada and he will serve to remind you that the Norse blood still sends its children faring far to other seas and lands. A little dark man and woman, with the black hair and bright color of their Scotch forebears, or per-

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THE EARL'S PALACE AT KIRKWALL

haps just showing their Westray blood with its Iberian strain, who are cutting peat or turf in the long afternoon, will with a little coaxing tell the story of Jarl Einar, or Torf-Einar, who, when wood began to disappear, showed the people how to use turf for fuel. They deplore the fact that people are beginning to use coal so much, and they mourn as we do in other lands because times are changing. Perhaps they will speak of the days of smuggling, and of Gow, the pirate, privately captured by James Fea, of Clestran, whom the government let suffer for his patriotism. Or it may be they know tales of wreckers, and of strange rich stores brought into the rough huts of the islanders. They tell you that if you could just see a holm or little island when the sheep are being sheared and the "lassacks" are talking and laughing, and the women getting the lunch ready, and the dogs barking, you would think that all the people of all the islands were there.

"The lassacks raise a turrible skrach, and sic a murgis thoo never saw a' thee born days. The country and the roads here are no so lonely."

The roads are no so lonely indeed if as many as two walk on them, and in the country the young men and women pass along them often enough, treading the old primrose path. In the Orkneys these paths all lead at one end to the sea or the kirkyard, but at the other end there is always a little home with blue reek in the chimney, a welcoming voice, and a waiting face by the fireplace.

The Orkney voice has always a warm, welcoming sound, in tune with the low velvet hills and the ripe harvests. The speech in general is merely an offshoot of the Scotch, with a larger infusion of good English than is found in districts near the border. A Quaker-like pleasantness is imparted to the talk of the Orcadians by the constant use of thee and thou, theesel' and mesel'. The chief peculiarity of the dialect is its accentuation, the intonations of the voice being marked by abrupt rise and fall so as to form a peculiar cadence. Many words of Norse derivation are still to be heard in the every-day speech. Some of the family surnames of Norwegian derivation are Halcro, Garrioch, Tulloch, Isbister, Moodie, and Twatt. The names applied to the different parts of a boat and fishing-gear are of this description, and also the majority of topographical names,

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such as voe, bay, and cleat, rock. The names the Norsemen gave the islands have been preserved with little alteration, as Hoy, the high island, Flotta, the flat island, Sanday, the sand island, and Burray, the island of the brochs. Westray was named for its position, the west island; and Auskerry, the east Skerry.

If they will, the Orcadians, in that soft speech of theirs, can tell you much of their past and passing customs. They are not ashamed of anything that is or has been theirs, but they rather like to be considered modern, particularly on the Mainland. Yet in most of the islands they still conduct their weddings in the old-fashioned way, celebrating them on a Thursday, when the moon waxes. After the ceremony, the "cogne" or "lem" is often passed—a wooden bowl filled with a mixture of whiskey, ale, and wine, in which each guest pledges the young couple. Then dancing and eating begin, lasting sometimes for two or three days.

Another old-time event still prevailing is the Lammas Fair, held in August. It is not the scene it once was, when it was crowded with foreign skippers carrying in smuggled whiskey; with fiddlers, dancers, and Lammas lovers, and when it all lasted two weeks, while a roaring business was done. Yet it is still animated during its three days of life. The road to Kirkwall is thick with riders, drivers in smart curricles or in ancient carts, droves of cattle, and groups of fresh-faced country girls and youths. In Kirkwall there are crowds of "sweetie" venders, refreshment tents, and hawkers of tinsel jewelry, and all of this makes up a sufficient show to keep the people together. In the well-conducted Orkney way, they give themselves up thoroughly to sociability. For the rest of the year they will be far from such a crowd of people, on their own quiet farms.

Nor have they ceased to keep holidays; Yule-tide, of course, is a season of great festivity. On Hallowe'en the youths still visit houses dressed in queer clothes, and the girls go with clews of worsted to deserted kilns, into which they drop the yarn with the timid question, "Who hads on to my clew's end?" And happy is the girl who hears the name she loves best called back. On Hogmenay, in some of the islands, bands of singers still go from house to house singing quaint old songs, while on New-Year's Day the youths of the different islands play football for an hour or two in the afternoon before an interested audience, which departs from its usual gravity and cheers like a crowd of Americans.

The Orcadians, again those especially on the Mainland, are likely to say that it is only in Hoy or North Ronaldshay that old superstitions persist. And indeed in Hoy not long ago they still believed in the evil eye, and in the evil tongue, too, more than one poor creature having fallen ill through mere imagination on being cursed by an enemy. No one must praise a child without saying "God keep it from harm," lest evil befall it. In Hoy and Graemsay, the island of the sailing-men, and in many other islands, there are still fishermen who will not say the word "kirk" when setting out upon a fishing excursion, for if they do so they are sure to have ill luck. If they must refer to the kirk, it should be by the name of "huelie" or the holy place. Nor must they say "minister," but "upstander." It is unlucky under such circumstances to see or mention a cat or to step on the tongs. The devil must be spoken of as "Auld Chield" or "Sorrow" or "Black Tief." A knife is called a "tullie" or "skunie," and is stuck in the mast to bring good luck.

The people of the more remote islands preserve many tales of the elves, and finnmen or sea fairies, and trolls or trows. An ill-conditioned person is sometimes compared to a trow, and an angry mother will say to her troublesome child, "Trow tak thee." Some families used to have attendant brownies, diligent little people, the most famous of whom was attached to the castle of Noltland in Westray. He wielded flail and sickle, built bridges, made roads, hauled up boats beyond high-water mark during storms, and brought a doctor when the lady of the castle was ill; but nowadays all he does is to celebrate the births and marriages and deaths of the Balfours by a kind of spectral illumination.

It is strange enough, looking at the

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sensible Orkney faces and the practical prolific Orkney lands, to consider what a short time ago spells and charms were supposed to prevail. There are still people to tell you of old women they have known who have stopped bleeding and toothache by speaking charms. Some of the old inhabitants of Stromness remember Mammie Scott, quite as famous as her predecessor, Sir Walter Scott's Bessie Miller. Mammie used to sell fair winds to the mariners, and her charm was usually a scarlet thread, in which were three knots, which the sailor untied as he needed more wind. The story goes of a captain who had sufficient wind after untying the second knot, but he untied the third, to see what would happen. What happened was a perfect hurricane, which drove him back to Hoy Sound, from which he had set out. Mammie Scott was so much respected and feared that whatever favors she asked of her neighbors were granted, lest misfortune should follow. It was well for old Mammie and for Bessie Miller that they lived in the nineteenth century instead of the seventeenth; otherwise they would have been tortured on Gallow Hill, Kirkwall, as were many ancient witches guilty of nothing but skill in plants and brightness of eye. For Orkney in its time was a terrible field for the slaughter of such poor old innocents.

There is one charm yet to be tried in the Orkneys—the charm of the vanishing island. By this charm was Eynhallow, the holy island, retrieved from the waters.

"Eynhallow frank, Eynhallow free,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the sea,
With a roaring roost on every side,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the tide."

Once this island was enchanted by the finnmen, and only to be seen at rare intervals. It became known in Ronsay that if any man, seeing the island, should hold steel in his hand, and taking boat, go out through the shouting tides, never looking at anything but the island, and not letting go the steel till he leaped on the shore, then that man would break the spell and win the island from the sea-folk for his own people. After many brave hearts had gone down in the roosts to the sea fairies, one came at last who won Eynhallow and left it standing in the middle of the tide.

Another vanishing island, Heather-Bleather, awaits such a man. No one will confess that he has seen it, but some old people who live by the roost have spoken to those who say they saw it rising green out of the rainbow waters. Yet such a man will scarcely come to the pleasant, contented Orkneys. Their days of shadow and disappointment would seem to have departed—and perhaps also their days of vision. The islands have been pagan-Celtic and Christian-Celtic, and Norse-pagan and Norse-Christian; earl-ridden, Scotch-ridden, and poverty-ridden. Now that they have fallen in the ways of peace and plenty, they are content to rest on the fertile bosom of their homely earth.

The Violets' Leaves

BY ALICE COREY

GREAT trees down-crowding where the bronze cliffs gleam
Fling high their flaunting banners red and gold,
An Autumn coolness tinkles in the stream
Where once sang Summer's voices manifold.

Yet through the colors that lure other eyes,
Drawing them where the gorgeous pageants start,
Some tender green, the violets' leaves, she spies,
That mark where bloomed these darlings of her heart.

O violets, sleeping while the gay leaves dance,
Did you not stir to feel her glance rest there,
Dreaming that April called you from your trance
To fill those hands that now of flowers despair?

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The Chaperon

BY ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER

SILAS RAND stood on the platform at Rand's Crossing—which, as the world's approach to a stretch of notable farming country, had long since ceased to have any pride merely in being his namesake—and watched the disappearing train. Something feminine in the cool swiftness with which it took the curves struck him as he gazed. It had the triumphant air that his wife sometimes wore when she was going out of the room after a verbal shot.

"She's gone!" announced Silas, with generous admiration.

He had thought himself alone—the morning train had left no passengers. The hack which had waited to carry passengers to the town of Millersville was going off with resignation. But Ezriah Meeks, the station-master, had lingered on the platform to prolong the excitement of "train-time," and he caught Silas's words.

"Is she gone for long?" he inquired, with respectful interest.

Silas enjoyed the full content of the mistake before correcting it. He was a farmer of the prosperous, comfortable class, but he had never acquired the roundness nor the restful stolidity which often result from prosperity.

"Who gone?" he began, with humorous deliberation, but ended by giving up the pretence of not understanding. "Lucy? Well, yes, she's gone too long to suit me and her mother. Did she mention"—an acquired caution, due to many reproofs at home for his loquacity, appeared in Silas's tone—"that she's goin' t' the city to hev her picture took?"

The station-master realized that if he wished to hear the news there was a need for diplomacy on his own part. He was not without a gift for it—bequeathed him perhaps by his mother, who had solved the problem of naming him for his two grandfathers, Ezra and Uriah, at a single stroke. "No," he said, cautiously. "I can't say that she did exactly"—he added, as a shade of reticence passed over the farmer's face. "I'm turrible busy around here," he hinted, "just before the train comes in."

The happy thought that lack of opportunity was the only thing that had prevented Lucy's confidence succeeded with

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her father. It fell in with his own desire to talk, and, as with many parents, his sense of humor weakened as the subject of discussion approached his child.

"She's gone to hev it did," he imparted, walking to a place on the platform from which he could keep an eye upon his horses. "Her and her mother has been plannin' it out," he went on, sitting down upon a baggage-truck, "down to the last *de*tail. It 'll take about a month, they reckon."

"I thought they struck 'em off in less time than that," said Ezriah. "Is it cabinet photographs?"

"No, it ain't cabinets," said Silas. "As far as I make out it's a painted photograph. There's only one of it. A porterate — that's the word." Ezriah gazed without blinking, but his face did not light up. "I hain't lent much time to it," Silas apologized, "but I hear 'em talkin' it over in the evenin's after the city paper's come. It was a kind of prize contest—a little kewpon in each day. I steer off from such things myself; they tantalize your wits only to disappoint you. But women will risk disappointment any day to be amused. I don't deny in this case that they got their reward."

"Was it something that you git with soap?" inquired Ezriah.

His friend gazed at him in astonishment. "With soap? Soap!" He recovered himself with difficulty. "Well, I guess I'd hev set foot down myself on soap. But Mehala! And Lucy! Why, they ain't a soap ar*tik*le made that Mehala 'd think was good enough to rest Lucy's little slippers on. This was, as I make out, a high-class thing—kewpons and all. It wasn't more than four lines in the paper every day, but four lines in a city paper, Mehala says, is better than a page. Only the right people see it then, she says."

"*She* seen it," agreed Ezriah, with the evident intention of flattery. He was a friend of Mehala Rand as well as of her husband, and he had had no intention of reflecting upon her taste.

Silas was mollified. "She's seen every word in the paper," he said, with affectionate pride, "since Brother Jed began to send it to us fifteen years ago. She's a reader—Mehala is—and Lucy's kind of inherited it. You and I'd 'a' missed them kewpons, Ezriah. They was away down on the society page. 'For the poor of St. Stephen's parish,' it said. A woman's society had the runnin' of the thing. You remember the bazar that the ladies of Hope Church held over here, and raffled off a cake. That's what this was, only there wasn't any bazar nor any cake. You puzzled out a kewpon every day, and sent it in with a triflin' sum, and the prize was your picture painted by a man whose business ginerally is to paint the rich, but who was willin' to give this to St. Stephen's poor. I reckon the women folks wheedled him out of it. They like to get their hands upon your pocketbook. They didn't give this picture to the winner for nothing—they was a ten-dollar clause attached to it. That's why I took to it. You don't git anything for nothing, I told the folks, but for ten—"

"Did Lucy git the prize?" asked Ezriah.



"I HEAR 'EM TALKIN' IT OVER IN THE EVENIN'S"

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"'Twas strange," said Silas, "with half the city goin' crazy over this man's work—we read about that one day in another place in the paper—this prize come to a rooral district."

"Maybe the society folks didn't try for it," Ezriah suggested. "I've heard there's a lot of false pride amongst them."

"Maybe so," said Silas. "And maybe Lucy and her mother was too shrewd for them. *They* did it for the fun at first—puzzlin' it out. Then it seemed a pity not to send the kewpons in. Lucy thought it was amusin'; her mother took it a good deal more serious. But they both"—Silas chuckled at the memory—"looked scared when the prize letter come."

"And Lucy packed right up and went," said Ezriah, expressing what his own impulse would have been.

"Well, no!" Silas rose and began to move toward his horses. His friend followed him hungrily. "No; that was where the rub come in. When it come to the p'int o' that, it seemed that Lucy had been countin' on her mother's porterate. And Mehala had been cherishin'—like the strawberry jam she's got down-cellar—the idee of hevin' Lucy took. She'd planned it out—Mehala had. She wanted Lucy in her new lawn dress. It made her nearly sick when Lucy said she wouldn't go. They never would 'a' reached a p'int o' view, I guess, if I hadn't settled it." Silas untied the horses and climbed into the buggy. For a moment it seemed that Ezriah was to be left starving for the last details.

"Did you pick Lucy out?" he asked, invitingly.

Silas reproved so easy a solution. "I was settin' one night listenin' to 'em arguin'. Lucy ain't much to argue: she just gives a kind o' sad little 'no.' But she means it. And Mehala was nigh hysteriky. I remarked that I guessed that was about what the poor of St. Stephen's parish and those women had expected it to come to. They thought the offer might be turned back in on them—none to blame but them that refused it!—and they wouldn't be out nothin' at all. There's some money in them kewpons—the Lord knows how they calculate it out! Mehala near collapsed to hear me talk so. But Lucy stiffened up a mite. I seen her mouth tighten like when on occasion she has to help me separate old Bossy and the calf. Lucy's a tender-hearted little thing, but she can *do* when she sets her mind to it. What does she say after a minute but thet she'll go! Mehala set there lookin' at her, like some one afraid to jiggle a piece o' chiny for fear that it might break. But Lucy kept her mind made up. She's goin' to visit Jed's folks while she's there. That was a part of Mehala's plan. I was glad it was settled so," said judicial Silas, "for Mehala's sake. Lucy looks right pretty in that new lawn dress. It's white and soft, with a sprig of blue in it—"

"She'll make a sightly picture," said Ezriah, drawing back from the muddy wheels and watching them begin to move. "Let me know when she comes back with it."

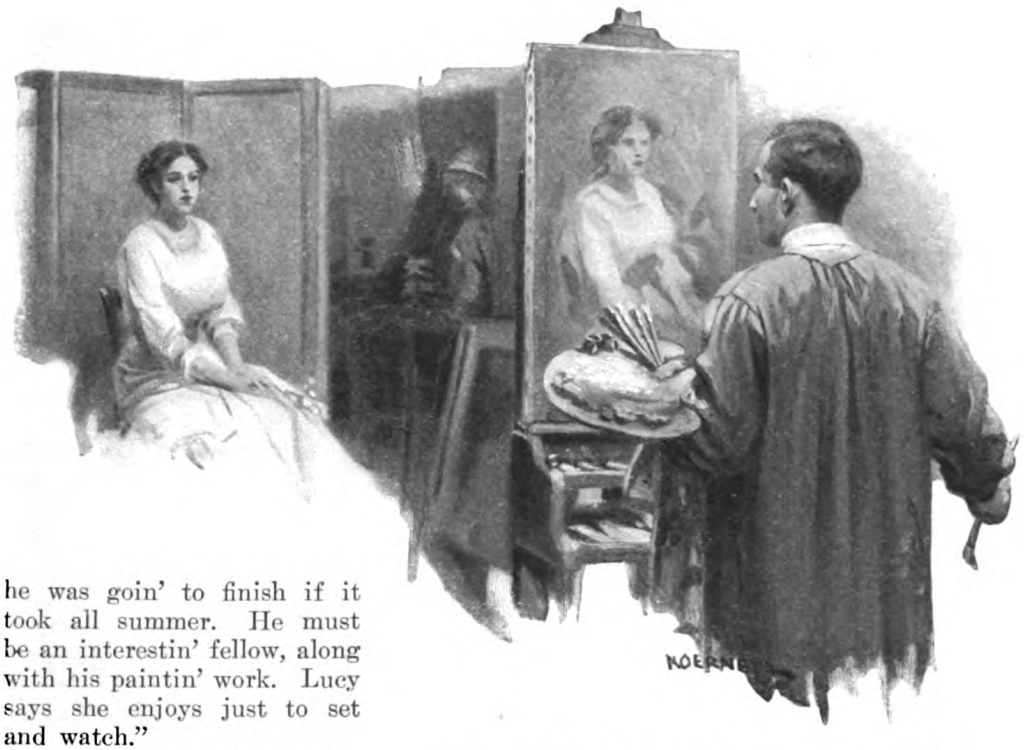
"I reckon you'd know when she was comin'," said Silas, "by the look o' Mehala's face and mine. We're lonesome as whippoorwills without her." He touched the horses reluctantly, as if he saw the lonely house ahead of him. "Mehala will be waitin'. She's had her way about the picture; I don't doubt she's kind o' regrettin' it now. Hevin' your own way ain't always the pleasantest thing in the world.

Ezriah was in no danger of mistaking the day that was bringing Lucy home. Silas arrived at the station an hour before the train, and, seated on the baggage-truck, added to his story of the portrait certain details furnished by Lucy's letters since the sittings had begun. The month allowed in Mehala's calculations had lengthened into six weeks, owing to the fact, as Silas put it, that "the settin's hadn't come regular, but only off and on."

"It's like the dentists, I presoom," said Ezriah. "Some days they hev you and some days they don't."

"A line o' miserable sufferers comin' in between," elaborated Silas, always pleased with a flight of the imagination. "This ain't, of course, a busy season for the artists," he went on, in a more practical vein. "Most of their subjects, it seems, are off to Europe. Some of the artists go along. But this one, Lucy says, is dreadful earnest in his work, and he's got some on hand, he told her, that

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"LUCY SAYS SHE ENJOYS JUST TO SET AND WATCH"

he was goin' to finish if it took all summer. He must be an interestin' fellow, along with his paintin' work. Lucy says she enjoys just to set and watch."

"Did she say how many settin's it would take?" asked Ezriah, giving a critical turn to his inquiries. "It don't seem scarcely reasonable that he should expect Lucy to take all summer to it, too. Does Lucy"—Ezriah was emboldened to a still more scientific doubt—"admire of his work?"

Silas drew down his brows in an effort to remember. "She says— Shoo! I thought I had her letter here. Well, she says she can't tell exactly what it's like, because it's just her. I guess I can tell, if it *is* her. She says the colors, though, stand out soft like the mist over the marsh in the early mornings. An' she says her mother will like the face. If it satisfies Mehala"—Silas gave a comprehensive sigh—"I reckon they ain't no question of the picture. Anyway, it's done. I'm glad o' that. Times when it looked to me, ez you say, ez it would take all summer to the job. Lucy would write, 'I go tomorrow,' or, 'I went yesterday,' to the stoodio, and there was no mention of any end to it. But it come apparently—like all things, except the judgment day."

"I hope Lucy didn't hurry the feller at the last," said Ezriah, treacherously turning upon his former attitude. "I've knowed good jobs spoiled by people gittin' nervous over 'em."

"I don't guess that Lucy 'll hev made any mistake," said Silas, happily. "She may 've got a bit homesick. When she was at the 'cademy at Meedville, she used to fret for Mehala and me. I'm glad the picture's done. We may run on for several months now before the women gets another idee."

Ezriah busied himself actively with the mail-bags as the train rushed in. He did not confess it to others, but he had a private superstition against expecting pleasure to arrive with any train; it was like waiting for your ship to come in.

But Silas was not disappointed; Lucy was the only passenger that did alight. Silas stood watching for her, only his eyes showing his pleasure when her small blue-gowned figure appeared. She looked for him eagerly as she came down the steps, and he claimed her with a humorous little gesture that made the women at the car windows stare with interest at the two.

She was a delicate-looking girl, in contrast with her father's sturdy vigor. But

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she had a vigor of her own—of the sort that makes for grace instead of strength or bulk. She looked like a healthy flower which has been sheltered in its growth. Silas and Mehala had evidently felt the responsibility of such a charge: they had been tender in their touch. The girl's face showed beneath a veil of shyness the fearlessness of innocent thought.

Outwardly she had, as much as anything else, a look which women would have united to call "nice." Her father—and perhaps men in general—would have thought the word too mild. Whatever she seemed to others, she was altogether pleasing to his eyes. He looked her up and down as he took her small travelling-bag.

"I come in the spring-wagon," he said, apologetically. "Your mother said 'twa'n't no way to bring you home. But the trunk was to be considered, and I had to make a trip to the mill."

Lucy put her hand lovingly into his arm. She looked tired and excited.

"As if I minded, father, how you've come! Only, do let's be quick. It is so good"—she spoke with faint but eager preoccupation—"to be at home."

Silas was gazing, with head on one side, at the trunk. "Is the picture in that?" He was radiant with good feeling and realized expectation. "I've been telling Ezriah about it. I reckon we couldn't take it out?"

"It isn't there," said Lucy. "It is—"

"Comin' by express," anticipated Silas, anxious to acknowledge that his hopes had been too high. "Well, I'd always ruther bring my parcels home under my arm. You do feel safer. But it ain't the way of this day and generation. Mehala won't expect it. She's more modern in her views."

"It 'll be safe enough if it comes my way," said Ezriah, helping Silas put the trunk in the wagon. "I sha'n't lose no time in notifyin' you."

Lucy had climbed without assistance to the wagon seat. She sat lightly erect, looking across the sunny wheat-fields. Silas clambered over the wheel and settled himself beside her. He glanced back at Ezriah, and was evidently about to extend another cheerful invitation to a private view, when he felt Lucy's hand laid suddenly upon his.

"Don't say anything more about the picture, father — please! I haven't brought it home."

Silas turned a jovial face toward her as the horses swung into the road. "Bless your soul, child; I never thought you would. I was only talkin' to Ezriah. We chat each other a good deal that way. I'd just as soon—I'd ruther it 'd come later than you. It's like gittin' two prize packages 'stid o' one."

Lucy had a patient look. "But, father—I thought I should save it to tell mother, but I believe it is easier to tell you—it isn't coming at all—the picture. I didn't stay to let it be finished."

Silas puckered his mouth to whistle, but he made no sound. His face had grown attentive. Now that he had time to think of it, he realized that Lucy had what he would have called a "worry on her mind."

"Didn't you like the picture, dearie?" he asked, in his mildest tone. He gave a flick of the whip across the horses' backs, to imply that the question was a casual one.

Lucy hesitated. "Like it? Oh, father—" an eagerness began to tremble in her tone, but she held it back. "You see, father"—she tried to make her tone judicial—"Mr. Arkwright is a great painter—a well-known painter—though he is not old. You couldn't question his work. He has painted famous people—"

"Paints blue satin better—likely," said Silas, "than a clump o' johnny-jump-ups in the woods." He was stiffening a little at the hint of self-depreciation in Lucy's words.

A smile came into Lucy's eyes. "He painted some flowers in my hands—blue gentians—that even you, father, would have thought came from our woods."

Silas sighted as if at the picture. "Blue gentians." He had a moment's wonder. "They don't grow in towns."

"No; he got them somewhere," said Lucy, with a girl's simplicity. "He wanted them for the picture very much."

Silas looked up suddenly from his reflections. "Did you pay him the ten dollars, Lucy?"

Lucy grew pale, and then painfully crimson. "No, I didn't—" The pleasure had gone out of her face. "I didn't—I couldn't, father. That was one of the things I couldn't do."

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"It didn't seem enough?" Silas nodded his head gently to indicate that he knew just what such scruples were. He kept on nodding it. "And yit — and yit — it seems as if he'd earned *it* — if 'twa'n't enough."

"Enough!" said Lucy. Her tone swelled with meaning, then fell as if before a task too great.

Silas was still shrewdly attentive. "Did you come away, honey, because you felt that way? As if you wasn't payin' for the picture right?"

His patience touched the girl's sense of duty. She answered simply: "No, I didn't, father. I did feel that at first, and it was hard. Mother hadn't imagined what it would be. She thought only about having the picture. But I tried to be sensible. I was ashamed of being ashamed. The agreement was what it was, and I tried to be business-like about it. Mr. Arkwright didn't make it hard. He didn't seem to think anything about the terms of the picture, after it was begun. He—he seemed glad to work upon it. And I meant—I meant to give him the ten dollars. But at the last—when I came away so—so suddenly—" Her voice began to falter.

Silas asserted a stronger claim. "What *made* you come away, honey?"

The girl's answer seemed irrelevant. "Some of his friends came one day—a girl and her mother—" Lucy suddenly broke off, and addressed her father in an almost impersonal way. "Father, do *you* believe that a person can do a wrong thing—or a thing that has the appearance of being wrong—without having any idea at all that it is wrong?"

Silas was drawn beyond his resistance by discussion: it was the tree of temptation for him; and though he was still concentrated intensely upon finding out what was troubling Lucy, he saw no harm in stepping aside for a moment to follow out a "line o' thought."

He seldom committed himself, however, early in an argument. "There's a heap o' crime committed in ignorance," he said, wisely, and paused to catch up a doubtful thread. "But there is things that looks wrong—a plenty—that ain't wrong, neither."



"THE PICTURE ISN'T COMING AT ALL"

"There are things that are wrong because they look wrong," said Lucy, with sudden intensity.

Her father bent a doubtful gaze upon her. "Not accordin' to regular law, honey." He gave her a whimsical but tender smile. "That's some kind of a woman's law."

"It's social law," said Lucy.

"Well, we ain't socialists," said Silas. He was uncertain himself whether he had made a joke or not.

The girl began again.

"Father, if a man should come along and pass through one of our gates, and leave it open; or let down the bars—"

"Some city foo—fellow?" asked Silas, following intently.

"What would you think of him?" asked Lucy.

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Silas considered. "Well, I should say —first—he didn't know no better—"

"You would despise him," said the girl, with a cold kind of triumph.

"No—no—" Silas rejected this as too harsh. "No, I shouldn't despise him. I should just say he didn't know no better, and—and—"

"But if he left the way open," cried the girl, unconsciously combining literal and figurative, "to misjudgment of not only himself, but of his—his people—"

Silas was intent for once upon the literal. "Of course, if he let something loose—" He paused, suspecting a pitfall. The girl's face was so bitterly intent upon him. Silas suddenly struck for a harmless way out. "I should just say, honey, that he warn't to blame to any *great* degree—though ignorance ain't no excuse in the eyes o' the law—exceptin' just, in my opinion, so far ez he was to blame fer *goin'* into places he didn't know about."

Lucy sank back against the narrow bar of the wagon seat. She waited a moment before speaking. "That's why I came home, father," she said, in a quiet, restrained voice. "Because—because I never should have gone."

The turn of conversation was too quick for Silas. "Never should 'a' gone?" he repeated, vaguely.

"Not in the way I did," said Lucy; "to the studio, I mean. Alone."

"Alone!" A sudden flash of trouble appeared in Silas's face.

The girl caught the gleam of it without analyzing it. "Perhaps you would say there was no harm done, father. It's just—just the way I feel about it. It's not the way things are done in the city, that's all. Girls don't go about so. It gives a wrong impression."

In his anxious bewilderment, Silas—for one of the few times in his life—spoke a word of blame to her. "What made ye go, then, Lucy?"

She saw no injustice in this. Her defence of herself was only half-hearted. "I didn't know about it. At least I had only read it—I remembered that afterward—in novels. I didn't think, somehow, of it as real, and as ever touching me."

Silas was recovering himself. "Well, I guess it ain't touched you yit"—his need of reassurance took the form of aggressive self-assertion—"to do ye any hurt."

"No," said Lucy. Her delicate face smoothed itself into a look of firm cheerfulness. She tried to speak with lightness. "No, it's only a matter of feeling better or worse over a blunder. It's making another to grieve about the first."

Seeing her so reasonable roused a thirst in Silas for some one to vent his wrath upon. "What made ye feel this, honey? Did that— I thought you said he—"

"It was the young lady that I spoke of," said Lucy, as if the detail were of no importance to her. "She came with her mother to see a picture. She found me resting—reading a book. She seemed"—Lucy flushed—"to like my portrait. I heard her say it was—lovely. Then—she said something to her mother. She didn't mean me to hear. I couldn't help it. Mr. Arkwright heard it, too—he was coming from the other room."

"What *could* she say?" asked Silas. He glanced from the girl's face down at her dress, and at her face again, helpless to find anything to warrant a sneer.

Lucy was patient, like a tired child, with his wonder. "It was something about a chaperon."

"A shappy-rean!" said Silas. It seemed to him an irrelevant reference to horses.

"It's the person who goes along," said Lucy. "That young lady's mother was her chaperon."

"Oh!" said Silas. A sudden and most unusual sharpness cut into his drawling tone. "Well, I'm glad she had somebody to take care o' *her*." His anger increased at the sound of itself spoken. "What did *you* say back to her, honey?"

Lucy gazed, astonished. "Why, father!" But a slight flush burned in her own face at the memory. "I didn't say anything, of course. I—I went away very soon. Mr. Arkwright introduced me to them. And—I said I had to go. I forgot about staying for the sitting. I meant to go back—or to write a note to say I hadn't realized—I meant to send the money. But I couldn't—somehow I couldn't do any of those things. I wanted to come home. And I did. And I can't go back, father"—the girl's self-control suddenly broke with a trembling little cry—"ever. You mustn't ask me to."

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"I sha'n't ask you to," said Silas. He was turning grimly over in his mind the new word he had learned. New words and new ideas made themselves quickly at home with him; he was so hospitable to them. "I reckon your mother could 'a' been one — one of those things," he ventured.

"Yes," Lucy agreed. "Mother, or Aunt Barbara—or you!"

"Me!" said Silas, overwhelmed.

Lucy showed a new dread as they drew near a curve in the hedge-bordered road which hid them from their house. "Mother will mind so much about the picture!"

Silas urged the horses on. "Mehala ain't no fool." He modified his statement unconsciously by adding, "We'll tell it to her gradual."

"I couldn't bear that she should be blamed," said Lucy, "that he—that they—should think she didn't know. It was my place to know. I am younger"—she was unconscious of expressing anything so broad as the social code of the new world—"and it was my place to know. She ought to blame me—I don't mind her blaming me. But she believed so in me—it will hurt her." The girl struck her hands softly together as if over an intolerable regret. "I can't bear to hurt her. But"—a sudden suspicion of her father's meditative silence made her flash round upon him fervidly—"I want her to be told the truth."

"The truth!" Silas was growing calmer, like a sailor who, after a hard voyage, begins to draw into port. He indulged a tender chuckle. "You nee'n' to worry. You know yer mother's quiet in her way. But if we tried to keep her back from it with red-hot irons, I guess she would get at the truth."

The road to Rand's Crossing was not, in late August, the road that it had been in mid-April and May. Silas and his horses, usually a complacent trio, yielded to an air of boredom as they jogged home from the mill one afternoon, a month after Lucy's return. Yet Silas was not altogether without reason for self-content. He had resisted turning aside at the station for a chat with Ezriah, and his conscience was patting him upon the back. It was like a reward of merit when, rounding a curve, he saw ahead of him an unfamiliar figure, hat in hand, walking in the grass beside the road.

He stared critically at the pedestrian. "Ain't got sense enough to keep his hat on fer shade 'stid o' takin' it off fer air when they ain't none. And kicks that weed-dust up around his legs because he 'magines that the road is worse." The farmer quickened the pace of his horses toward this misguided infant of the road.

"Hev a ride?" he called, as the man, without glancing round, stepped farther aside to let the wagon pass. "Used to gettin' out the way of kerridges," reasoned Silas, continuing his favorite amusement of analyzing human beings as scientists analyze peculiar bugs. "Reckon he thinks this is an omynibus."

The man in the road lifted a preoccupied face, which lighted up in a moment with pleasant gratitude. "Thanks. I should like it very much." He swung himself up over the wheel with a dexterity yet somewhat foreign to that form of exercise. "It was getting pretty stiff along here where there isn't any shade." His face betrayed beneath a superficial coat of crimson the dawning pallor due to unaccustomed exposure to the sun.

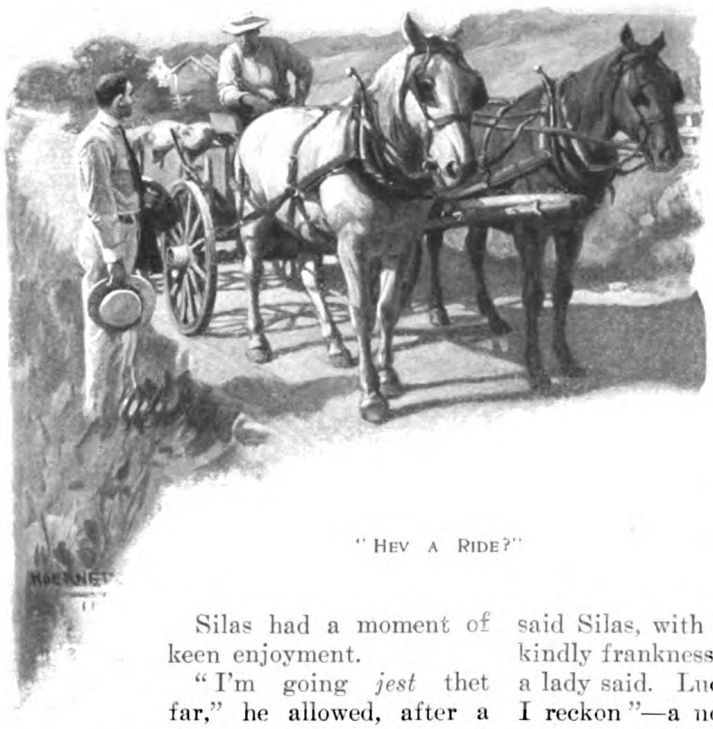
"It's the hottest road between Jerusalem and Jericho," said Silas. He busied himself with the buckle of the lines to allow the other a moment for recovery. "There's a breeze up here on the wagon seat, though. That's why I took pity on you down there on the level."

The stranger smiled. "I'm not such a bad walker when I'm in trim," he said, with the city man's fear of being considered unathletic. "But I've been sticking close to my work. It makes a man a little soft."

The farmer had none of this physical pride. "Don't reckon I've walked along this road for twenty years. Daisy and Nell are good enough for me." He slapped the horses.

"They are so much too good for me," said the young man—he was about thirty, Silas calculated from casual glances at his thoughtful, clean-shaven face—"that they might be drawing a chariot dropped from heaven. I wonder if you are going as far as to Mr. Silas Rand's?"

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"HEV A RIDE?"

Silas had a moment of keen enjoyment.

"I'm going *jest* thet far," he allowed, after a silence.

The stranger turned a quick, inquiring face. "Are you Mr. Rand himself?" There was a note of pleasure in his voice that conquered Silas. "I might have guessed it," the young man went on, with frank apology, "if I hadn't been so done up." He permitted himself an eager scrutiny of the farmer's face. "I was thinking—in fact, I was thinking up. I haven't thought up anything yet," he confessed, "to say. But I believed it would come to me on the road. And if the sun hadn't burned all my senses—" He broke off again with a hopeless smile at his own floundering. "I want to see Miss Lucy Rand."

Silas looked up with deliberation. "Did you come to see about that picture?" He also indulged himself in a fuller gaze into the other's face. It was a pleasant-featured, earnest face, which returned his gaze without boldness yet with openness. Silas concluded that he liked it; he allowed his keen blue eyes to twinkle forth a gleam of sympathy.

The young man caught at it with vehemence. "You know who I am, then, Mr. Rand? I am, of course, the painter of Miss Rand's portrait. I've finished it without any more sittings. I've run down to—to see about it."

"She got the two letters that you wrote, askin' her to let you finish it," said Silas. He gazed off into a neighboring field. "I guess she answered ye."

"Yes, she did," said the painter. He gave a short, unquiet sigh, and spoke as if to himself. "She could scarcely have refused me that."

"She got quite an upset down there," said Silas, with a rather dry but not unkindly frankness. "It was somethin' that a lady said. Lucy ain't used to criticism. I reckon"—a note betraying a real concern sounded through the farmer's casual tone—"we've sort o' spoiled her for the world. We didn't know none of the fashions. We always let her think that she was all right so long as she was sweet and good."

"She is like a spirit," said the painter, from some impulse of his own.

Silas gave a quick glance of uneasiness. "Yes, and yit she ain't a spirit. That's the way with girls. Half is angel, and the other half is interested in the affairs of *this* world. Lucy's always seemed above the little fault-findin's of women—she ain't missed *all* o' them even in this country place—but I 'clare the child looks pret' near sick reflectin' on the words o' that young lady down with you. I reckon she had a grand way. That goes right to a woman's heart."

"She has the way of thousands of people," said the painter, "who get their opinions ready-made; they haven't the power of individual judgment."

"I reckon the' was a *little* rancor in her speech," said Silas, wistful after the truth.

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The painter was sternly frank. He gazed at the passing fields for a moment, then shifted his position abruptly. "I was to blame," he broke out, in a low tone. "Wretchedly to blame."

Silas was thoughtful. "You mean you ought to 'a' told us?"

The delicacy of the pronoun struck the young man to the heart. "Yes, I mean"—he lost some of the poise which he had been trying to maintain—"I should have protected her. I knew she didn't know. And yet I didn't know that, either—or care! I tell you the truth, Mr. Rand"—the young man's words became more resolute as they became more coherent—"I never thought of applying any such ideas to her. She stood alone from the moment she came to see about those odd arrangements for the picture. I'd forgotten all about St. Stephen's Guild. But she made the arrangements—she made everything—seem simple and plain, so long—as you said—as they were good. Women of that sort," the young man finished, with a young man's positiveness, "are not meant to follow rules. They are meant to make them."

"There ain't no rule too good for Lucy," said her father. "That's what she's bound to hev us grant. Her aunt Barbara—that's the aunt she visited in town—laughed when Lucy told her how she felt. Barbara said, 'Them is ways for society folk.' But Lucy wouldn't hev it. She talked to me about it."

"She sees beauty in convention," said the painter.

Silas was quiet for a moment. "You come to know Lucy," he said, with a note of wonder—and with something of the right to question—in his level voice, "pretty well durin' the makin' o' thet picture."

"I came to—to—" The young man leaned forward, his elbows on his knees and his palms pressed together, and stared at the green dashboard of the wagon. Then he faced the farmer. "It was more than that, Mr. Rand. That's why I came down to see you—to ask you if you thought she—might—! It will seem too short a time to you. But"—he paused to make himself convincing—"I haven't cared much all my life for anything but my work; and I knew when she came! Perhaps it was because she was like a flower, or a spirit from the woods—I've lived a good deal out-of-doors. At any rate, I did know! And if she—" he recalled himself from his excited self-communion to his listener. "I should expect you to find out all about me, Mr. Rand. I'll wait—if she— We *were* congenial; until that wretched happening, I believed—" He drew himself together finally. "At least, I want to have my chance."

Silas had stopped him with a motion of the hand. "We're comin' to the house—around this curve—right there. The folks 'll come out as quick's they hear the wagon wheels. I didn't mean to shet you up, young man!" Between attention to the horses and to the strings of a patent gate which swung cleverly open ahead of them, Silas turned his head to give his companion a keen but kindly glance. "I won't say I ain't been influenced by your p'int o' view. I make up my mind quick—too quick, maybe, sometimes—about a man. But all I got to say is concerning what you've said to me—you save it to tell her!"

To which of the two figures on the farmhouse porch he referred it might not have been plain to an unbiased listener. Lucy and her mother had both appeared, the former coming ahead. At sight of the wagon she stood motionless upon the steps. Mehala moved ahead of her, gazing with an increase of interest. The men saw the girl put her hand upon her mother's arm and draw Mehala back to her. Silas and his companion—the latter had become unconsciously in Silas's mind a charge—left the wagon in care of a farm-hand whom Silas hailed cheerfully as "Job," and came through an inner gate across a stretch of clipped grass to the porch.

Lucy grew white as they came. But her face betrayed a light which was infinitely softer and more penetrating than a smile. Arkwright himself was pale; he went directly to her and held out his hand. They met, as young people do under excitement, oblivious of lookers-on.

"The picture is done," said Arkwright, selecting, as it were, the detail from a multitude of things in his mind.

Lucy replied with the same concentration upon a safe topic. "It has been a ridiculous trouble to you."

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"I picked him up out of a sun," said Silas, "that was tryin' to reduce him to a p'int where he couldn't paint a fly. Set and be comfortable, Mr. Arkwright." The farmer had renounced the necessity of being critical, the case being handed over to the womenfolk.

Arkwright stood looking at these two; Mehala had received him with a quietly scrutinizing eye. "There is a train back to town at eleven," began the painter, hurriedly. "I'm going to walk to it. I *can* walk like a man, under a moon. But —will you bear with me till then?"

Silas's lips had moved to frame the word "to-morrow," but Mehala anticipated him. "Silas would enjoy right well to take you over in the buggy." She made the visitor at home with a gesture which was gracious in spite of being rather dry. "You're not used to havin' supper in the city, Mr. Arkwright, before the sun goes down. But Lucy and I was just gittin' ours. We'll go in and lay another plate." She laid her hand on Lucy's arm; the two moved together easily, as women do who are used to working with each other.

Left alone with his guest after the simple meal, Silas smiled at him with rather sheepish comradeship. "I guess she thinks ye've come to see me," he said, and again the authoritative pronoun was clear only to himself.

He raised his glance to his companion and found the young man's eyes fixed upon him with a keen appeal. The farmer rose as a physician might respond to the call of pain.

"I guess I'll go and see about the pigs," he said, with resolution. Arkwright made no reply. Silas stopped in the doorway. "I'll send Lucy here," he said, with elaborate casualness. "She's always keen to set and watch the stars come out."

But inside the house he became less certain of himself. He made his way rather waveringly to the kitchen, where he found Mehala straining the milk from the buckets into large shallow pans. Lucy stood by, watching her.

Silas paused, anxiously studying the two. "I'm goin' out to help Job with the feedin'," he said at last. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "He's out there by himself. Air ye goin' to git out pretty soon?"

Lucy gave her father a tremulous glance. "We're going as soon as mother strains the milk."

Mehala straightened from her task and took off her apron. "I'm ready when you are," she said, rather grimly, to the girl. Silas was puzzled by Mehala. He watched her for a glance that would betray her secret attitude. She gave him no satisfaction. At the same time her air toward Lucy was not exactly a confidential one. If they were in collusion—Silas decided—they were silently so. He had almost the feeling that they were in collusion against him. He went toward the barnyard in a dejected frame of mind.

Mehala led the way to the porch. Arkwright rose and offered her his chair, but she took another—a long-backed rocking-chair which caught her by the shoulders and held aloof at every other point. Mehala seemed to find it as comfortable as she had any right to expect. Lucy—evidently according to habit—seated herself on the step at her mother's feet. Arkwright, after a hesitation, chose a place at the other end of the step, facing Lucy.

"It is scarcely safe to have thoughts in this silence," said the painter. "One feels as if they might be overheard. Is that the reason"—he addressed Mehala with a smile—"that people living in places like this are good?"

"They're not so good," said Mehala. She seemed alert for conversation. Her eyes were watchful in the dusk, like a cat's eyes—with the quiet, too, of a cat. "There's a lot of ugliness, Mr. Arkwright," she fixed the young man keenly, "in places that look peaceful like this. People that come out for a while and ride along between the hedges only see the pretty side. They'd see the other soon enough. There's ignorance—and dulness—"

Lucy exclaimed with quick amazement: "Mother! You know there's no place that you love so well!"

"You can love better sometimes for not bein' 's blind as a mole," replied her mother. She was diverted slightly from her course by the girl's interruption, but she remained intense. "We *are* slow. We are backward in the ways of folks."

"You lose very little by that," said Arkwright. His face, too, had grown slightly vigilant in the twilight.

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"We're not used to many kinds of vehicles," continued Mehala, her speech showing the influence of her husband's figurative mind. "We've only got one rule of the road—when we've got sense to have any at all—that's turn to the right."

"It's the only rule that is absolutely necessary," said Arkwright. "The others are outgrowths of it."

A crow flew across the fields in the silence, and above the house with a raucous cry. "There was a wicked thought!" said Lucy, looking up. She was not tense like the others. Her voice had a contented, relaxed note. For the first time her eyes and Arkwright's met in a smile, which seemed to make a bridge over which their spirits crossed.

Mehala's eyes were fixed upon them. She began to speak again with quiet vigor.

"I don't believe," she said, continuing her address to Arkwright, "that a person —brought up like me, for instance—could ever learn to follow all the little rules that have been added on. It's for them that have grown up in the country to live their lives there. It may be"—her voice showed a deep quiver—"that they ain't done wholly right by their children. Maybe they've kept them out of life. But, howsoever, it's for the children to abide by it. They couldn't learn the other way. They would *always* be transgressin'."

The painter was troubled and bewildered. But he kept to a simple path. "I don't believe there is any situation in the world, Mrs. Rand, in which *you* couldn't trust your instinct." He was beginning — he believed — to see the direction of her thought. But he drew her farther in it with a smile. "Could you hope the same of me?"

"I don't believe that any two people," said Mehala, ignoring the question in her emotion, "brought up in different ways could ever trust each other to know just the thing to do. To—to please each other. They'd see life—I read it in a book once! —from different angles. Little differences"—her voice became prophetic—"would rise up to trouble them. I—I should be afraid"—she became almost pleading in her sternness—"I should be terribly afraid to see it tried."

"It is not a new experiment," said Arkwright. His voice was strong, too, with appeal.

"It's a mighty dangerous one," said Mehala.

It had become a duel, at last, which was apparent. Lucy, with a sudden startled movement, like a bird's, became aware of it. She put out a quick hand toward her mother. Arkwright, as if to seize the moment before she should give a deciding word, leaned forward, speaking rapidly and firmly.

"I should trust *my* happiness to it. And I should promise," he went on, with a burst of daring, "all that was doubtful. It is determination that makes three-fourths of happiness, anyway—not circumstance. Determination and—what you feel. I know what I feel," he suddenly threw out. "It is the surest feeling I have ever had. And I hope—I believe I may hope—" he gave a fleeting glance through the dusk at the girl who



STRAINING THE MILK INTO LARGE SHALLOW PANS

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sat poised motionless. "What I do believe," he went on to Mehala, "is that two persons who have seen each other across a difference of circumstances—who, through a cloud of apparent impossibility, have seen each other's real selves—have a chance for happiness that few can hope for. They know each other as they are. And they—love—what they see." He bent across to Lucy and broke the silence which practically had held them away from each other ever since he had come. "You—you believe it, too?"

It was an expression of faith almost as much as a question. But Lucy felt the obligation of truth that it put upon her. She had laid one hand upon her mother's arm; she kept it there, and with the other found her mother's hand. Across this little circlet of protection she gave her eyes to Arkwright's gaze. "Yes, I do."

Her voice was soft and tremulous, but it was not the voice of a child. Mehala heard the maturer note in it. She rose to her feet, loosing herself from the girl's grasp rather uncertainly. Arkwright rose and faced her with eager concern.

"Can't you take me on trust, Mrs. Rand?" His boyishness was in his favor after his burst of positive opinion. "There are different standards of conduct and propriety. But there is only one standard of sincerity."

Mehala met him courageously. "I think—I believe—you're a good man." Her voice trembled, but she recovered some of her dryness of speech. "Anyway, there's no more to do. I've thought—I've feared—ever since Lucy come home. But I hoped it was a girl's fancy—to pass away. Then when you came—! I've my fears—I determined to tell 'em to you—that such a thing can't turn out well. But"—she gave the young man a half-smile which betrayed that she had not opposed him altogether easily—"maybe it can!" She turned her glance toward Lucy as if the girl were far away. "I'll go and see what makes your father stay so long."



THE PAINTER WAS TROUBLED AND BEWILDERED

Lucy made a sudden movement to delay her, but Mehala ignored it, and opened the screen-door. Inside the house she paused an instant. Her heart yearned toward the girl, as indeed it had yearned all the evening while she had withheld a word of sympathy. She felt now almost as if she had abandoned her child to a foe. The next moment she heard Arkwright's swift step across the porch. She waited breathless for a sound from Lucy; it came, a quick sob of happiness. Mehala moved farther out of hearing.

She heard Silas in the kitchen striking a match to light the lamp. He came slowly, carrying it into the parlor. Mehala

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met him in the door, took the lamp, and placed it on the table. Then she motioned Silas to a chair. He obeyed; he knew better than to precipitate the matter by questions when Mehala's face was tense like that. She did not keep him long in bewilderment; she forgot that she had snubbed him into silence toward her on the matter that had filled both their minds.

"They're out there," she said, in a whisper full of helplessness, "again, without"—she halted at the new word.

Silas's quickness of mind did not desert him in emotion. He saw the situation fully. A murmur of voices came softly from the porch. Silas turned his eyes toward the sound, and then back to Mehala's agitated face. When he spoke it was with unmodified cheerfulness.



"I RECKON THEY'VE GOT TO TAKE LIFE WITHOUT A SHAPPY-ROAN"

"I reckon," he said, without subduing his voice to Mehala's careful note—"I reckon they've got to take life without a shappy-roan."

Twilight

BY SARA TEASDALE

DREAMILY over the roofs
The cold spring rain is falling;
Out in the lonely tree
A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling;
My heart like the bird in the tree
Is calling, calling, calling.

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Célimène's Diamonds

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

FOR Inspector Joly a fisherman on the parapet of the Seine constituted an almost invincible fascination. It was quite impossible for him, when near the quays, to resist the impulse to join the stragglers watching the issue of the duel going on beneath the surface of the water. For he too was a fisherman, though of a different kind. To bait the hook and wait patiently was a part of his professional duty. Any one so occupied excited his interest and elicited his sympathy.

But it was curious to observe how completely these disappeared when the bait was taken. Success produced a sort of mental collapse. In his own operations, it is true, to succeed was to discharge a duty to society, to experience a satisfaction of a moral order. Yet when he asked himself how far this moral satisfaction accounted for his zeal, he was obliged to admit that the discharge of duty was not the source of his keenest pleasure. Observing one day the favorite cat of Madame Joly sitting patiently before the hole in the wainscoting of the pantry, he said:

"After all, the real pleasure is there."

"What did you say?" asked Madame Joly.

"I said that if I were not an Inspector of Police I should be a gambler."

"I think," she remarked, dryly, "if you gambled you would be on the side of the bank."

M. Joly always smiled, therefore, when his fellow fishermen were credited with patience—a virtue required when waiting compromises success, not when it contributes to it.

It was this virtue he was endeavoring to exercise one November morning as he sat in the salon of Madame de Caraman in Bourg-la-Reine. Of the reason for his excursion to the country he knew nothing beyond the bare fact that Madame de Caraman had lost a collar of diamonds, which it was his mission to restore. Being an early riser, he had taken the first train from Paris and had evidently intruded upon a household unaccustomed to early hours, for it was now eleven o'clock, and the solemnly uttered phrase "Madame la Vicomtesse will receive Monsieur presently" had borne no fruit. It vexed him to find that Madame de Caraman entertained so poor an opinion of official activity and appreciated so little the value of time. But he had taken matters into his own hands and made certain preliminary inquiries. From Paul, the butler, a little man prodigal of smiles and bows, he learned that Madame de Caraman and her cousin, Madame de Wimpffen, having dined in Paris at General Texier's, had returned at midnight; that on their return they had retired at once, while Captain de Wimpffen and M. de Sade had passed an hour at billiards before going to their rooms at one o'clock; that he, Paul, had thereupon closed the house as usual, and on the following morning, when making his customary round, had found the windows and doors securely fastened as he had left them the previous evening; that during the afternoon the rumor that Madame de Caraman's diamonds had disappeared filtered down through her maid, Jacqueline, to the lower servants; and at this point of his narrative Paul wrung his hands, his small round eyes blinking in unison.

"Alas, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, what a misfortune," he wailed, "that after being in the service of Madame la Vicomtesse for twenty years—"

"We are not speaking of the last century," said M. Joly, curtly, "but of night before last, when Madame de Caraman wore her diamonds at General Texier's dinner."

"Certainly, certainly, Monsieur l'Inspecteur; I myself observed them. For it was I who removed Madame's cloak

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and hung it with my own hands in the cabinet in the vestibule. Monsieur," he added, confidentially, "how, I ask you, came this cloak on the floor of the salon, where I found it when opening the windows in the morning? How the devil, I said to myself—"

"Never mind what you said to yourself," interrupted M. Joly, impatiently. "Bring me this cloak."

All his life he had been looking for one of those insignificant signs which escape the eye of the professional detective and set the amateur on the trail of the criminal. He had found them so much more frequently in his reading than in his practice, the traces left by the criminal had so invariably been of the vulgar commonplace order, that he had begun to despair of ever displaying the finesse of which he felt himself capable. But now, at last, he observed on the hem of Madame de Caraman's cloak two pine-needles, caught in the frayed silk of the lining; and as pine-needles were not to be gathered from the rugs of General Texier's apartment, he made a mental note of this fact and put after it the sign of interrogation.

While examining the butler in the salon he made also another discovery—a bit of blue glass.

"Monsieur Paul," he remarked, "the servants in this house do their work badly. There is a bit of broken glass on the floor under the piano."

"It is true," admitted Paul, making haste to pick up the indicated fragment. "I thought we had found every piece of it."

"One should be more careful. A sharp edge like this might easily penetrate the thin sole of a lady's shoe," observed M. Joly, taking the fragment from Paul's fat hand. "It appears to belong to a globe that has been broken."

"Monsieur is quite right. Madame has on her table de nuit a night-lamp with a globe of blue glass. Jacqueline was arranging the flowers brought by the gardener when I was putting the salon in order yesterday morning. 'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'some one has broken something. Here is glass on the floor.' She came over to assist me. 'Ah,' she said, 'that accounts for it. It is the shade of Madame's night-lamp which is missing.'"

M. Joly made a second note of interrogation and added the bit of blue glass to what he termed his mental rubbish-heap. These discoveries did not prevent him, however, from taking the ordinary routine precautions. The present possessor of Madame de Caraman's diamonds either was or was not an inmate of the house. He had therefore deemed it prudent to station one of the two local agents he had requisitioned on his arrival at the main entrance, with orders to permit no one to leave without his authorization; the other he sent on a tour of inspection of the wall surrounding the grounds, and, after himself examining the doors and windows of the lower floor, he retired to the salon to await the appearance of Madame de Caraman.

For a long time he sat in silence, amusing himself by taking an inventory of his surroundings by a process of mental photography of his own devising. The orchids in the crystal vases, the roses in the enormous bowl of Chinese porcelain, the precious trifles behind the glass doors of the gilded cabinets, the damaskeened clock between the Amazon in bronze and the shepherdess in Dresden, the indistinct figures of the stately dance on the misty background of tapestry, and the cherubs playing among the rose-tinted clouds on the ceiling having all been duly registered, he folded his hands over his waistcoat and closed his eyes, in order to dream of Monrepos—Monrepos being a small estate as yet existing only in imagination, to which he fully intended to retire with Madame Joly and his savings at a period of life as vague as Monrepos itself. To all appearances he was asleep—the sleep of the hound on the hearth-rug, who sees nothing and hears everything.

As the clock struck the half-hour he opened his eyes. Through the low open windows came the rattle of dishes and the sound of voices. Breakfast was being served on the terrace. Then some one said:

"What! In the salon? Show him out, by all means."

The transition from the modest garden of Monrepos to the terrace overlooking the valley of the Bièvre might well have filled him with envy, had not his entire attention been given to the three persons

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at the breakfast table. Between an officer in uniform and a tall aristocratic person with a waxed mustache sat a little lady in white, with so elusive a charm that the machinery which registered impressions that might prove useful to him failed to work with its customary automatic precision. It was the weak side of his nature to love flowers, of which the blue eyes of the lady in white reminded him; to adore children, whose straightforward honesty he discovered in the blue depths to which his gaze was constantly reverting. So unimportant a detail as a ravishing blue bow on the little shoe beneath the edge of the white dress assumed in his register a place altogether unwarranted. In the brief moment of silence which followed his appearance he catalogued the blue eyes as those of Madame de Caraman, the waxed mustache as that of her husband, while the uniform of the big-shouldered officer tilted back in the wicker chair certainly belonged to the garrison of the neighboring Fort of Châtillon. None of these people, he observed, asked him to sit down.

"You are—" began M. de Caraman.

"Inspector Joly."

"Good. The Prefect is prompt. It was only yesterday at four o'clock that I telegraphed him."

M. Joly said to himself that the promptness of the Prefecture was not that of Bourg-la-Reine, and that it had availed him nothing.

"Pray be seated," said Madame de Caraman.

"You have not yet seen Madame de Caraman, I suppose," said her husband.

Confused by the remark, M. Joly interrogated the blue eyes. "I have lost half a day," he replied stiffly.

"Not at all; you are in error, Monsieur Joly. No one loses any time in Bourg-la-Reine. Observe Madame de Wimpffen, for example. She grows younger every hour."

"Monsieur de Sade!"

So the lady in white was *not* Madame de Caraman, and the waxed mustache did not belong to her husband. M. Joly revised his catalogue.

"Oh no, Monsieur Joly, believe me, you have lost nothing. On the contrary, let me explain to you." M. de Sade selected carefully a cigarette from a silver case and tapped it lightly on the table. "Every investigation of this nature naturally proceeds logically from a basis of facts. You expect to obtain these facts from Madame de Caraman, since it is she who has lost this precious collar of diamonds. Well, you will be disappointed. Madame de Caraman will furnish lamentations, an indefinite variety of psychical phenomena—but facts—oh, never!"

"Monsieur de Sade!" interrupted the lady in white again.

"Come now, Diane, you know I speak the truth. Shall I prove it to you? Let us suppose Madame de Caraman takes a walk in the forest"—M. de Sade waved his hand in the direction of Fontenay—"and encounters, say, a bear. Would she be able to describe it to you? Of the emotions which the bear produced in her, oh yes, that I grant you. They would be very entertaining to listen to, and more numerous than those microbes which Monsieur Pasteur affirms dance on the point of a needle without danger of falling. But after all was said, you would know nothing about the bear—whether it was a grizzly from North America or a polar bear from the arctic circle."

A little frown of displeasure struggled loyally with the smile of amusement on the face of Madame de Wimpffen. Her companion in uniform laughed outright.

"I assure you, therefore, Monsieur Joly," continued M. de Sade, lighting the cigarette in his long white fingers, "you have lost nothing. Do not imagine I am one of those creations of the novelist who unravels a mystery from his inner consciousness; still"—blowing out the wax taper with the smoke—"while Madame de Caraman is finishing her toilet, it is possible, if you are so disposed, that I—"

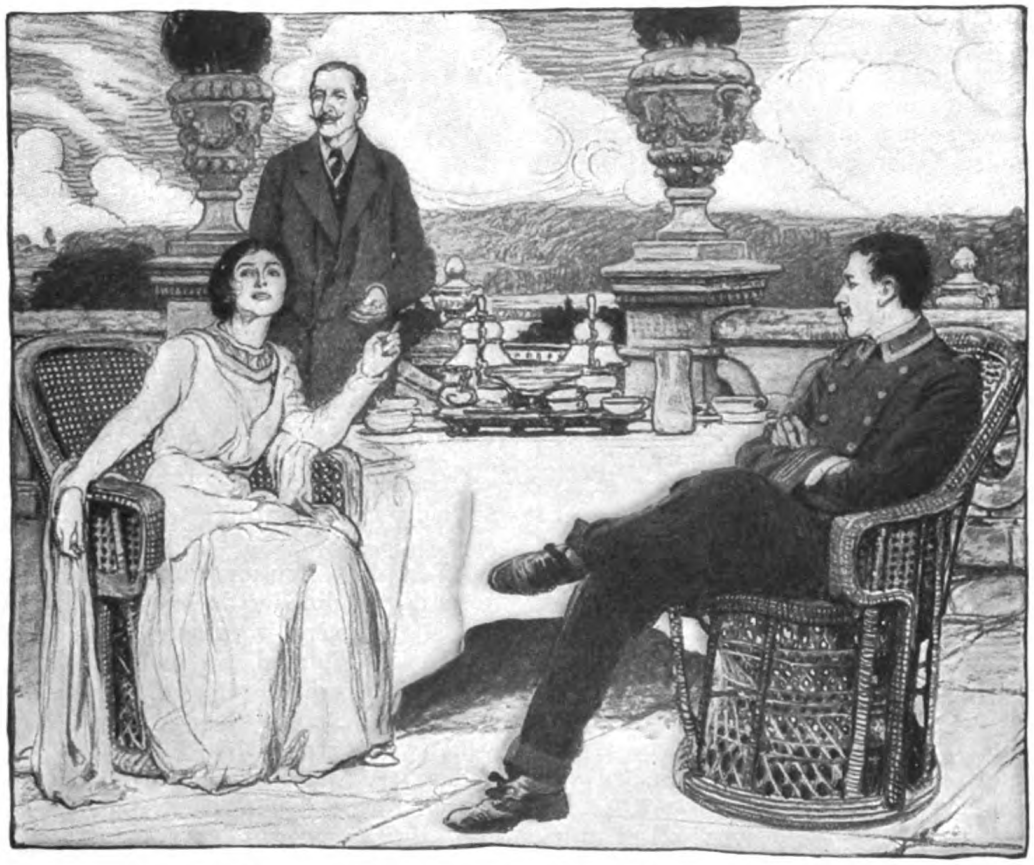
"Have you breakfasted, Monsieur Joly?" asked Madame de Wimpffen.

M. Joly looked up gratefully from the blue bows to the blue eyes. It was true that he was hungry. He resolved to have in Monrepos a bed of flowers of that same wonderful blue color.

"Serve Monsieur Joly breakfast," said Madame de Wimpffen to the valet.

And still looking into the blue eyes, M. Joly said, "I am at your service, Monsieur."

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"HAVE YOU BREAKFASTED, MONSIEUR JOLY?" ASKED DIANE

"Let us begin, then, with ourselves, for in these cases no one escapes suspicion. I present you first to Madame Diane de Wimpffen, who, with her husband and myself, is enjoying Madame de Caraman's hospitality. Madame de Wimpffen knows very well that if there were any flaw in her composition I should long ago have discovered it. There is none. Therefore she is the more to be suspected. Nothing is so abnormal as limpidity. You have only to consult the works of Monsieur Becquerel, the physicist. He will tell you the complex can be studied with profit, while the simple resists all analysis. As for Captain de Wimpffen, he is too clumsy either to commit a theft or to conceal one"—the Captain laughed again good-naturedly. "Moreover, he has no need of diamonds, since he has Madame de Wimpffen."

"Monsieur de Sade, you are making yourself ridiculous."

"We come now to myself," continued M. de Sade, paying no attention to this interruption. "I confess that I make a bad showing, for I lost forty thousand francs last week at the club. Naturally, the debt is paid. But how? That is for you to discover, Monsieur. It is well known that there exist people who willingly sacrifice the diamonds of others to meet their own obligations. I pass over that point, which is a delicate one, for another even more so. For I admit that I know that beside Madame de Caraman's bed—on the left as you face it, Monsieur Joly—there is in the wall an iron safe. How do I know that? Because only day before yesterday Madame de Caraman showed me her treasures, of which she is very proud. There are some remarkable curios among them—one especially, a miniature of exquisite workmanship, protected by the thin slice of a diamond of the purest water and surrounded by gems of the rarest quality. Personally I much prefer this heirloom

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to anything so banal as a collar of diamonds—a point, you observe, in my favor. But enough of myself. Let us pass to Madame de Caraman. Obviously she is above suspicion. For why should a woman steal her own diamonds? But why does a woman do anything? Who knows, perhaps Madame de Caraman, like many worthy persons, has made the acquaintance of Shylock on the Rialto of Paris. There is another possibility. The diamonds are not stolen, but lost. I have known women to lose possessions more valuable than diamonds with less regret."

"Come, come, de Sade," grumbled the Captain, "you go too far."

"Agreed. I wish only to exhaust every hypothesis. For myself, I do not for a moment believe the collar is lost. For if it were only lost, Madame de Caraman would say nothing about it, for fear of grieving her husband. For you will admit, Diane," said M. de Sade, appealing to Madame de Wimpffen, "that of all your cousin Célimène's admirable qualities, the desire to please is the most conspicuous—she even mistakes it for loving."

"You must not believe all Monsieur de Sade's nonsense," said Diane.

"Wait!" exclaimed that gentleman, suddenly. "I have forgotten Monsieur de Caraman—but that is not to be wondered at, since Madame de Caraman herself forgets him so easily. There, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, so much for the *dramatis personæ*. Now for the facts."

"They have their importance," said M. Joly, caustically, taking out his watch. "I have been in Bourg-la-Reine since eight o'clock, and it is now sixteen minutes of noon. If Madame de Caraman would deign to receive me—"

"Oh," interrupted M. de Sade, "as to that you need not be concerned. With Madame de Caraman you may rely absolutely upon the unexpected. You expected to see her—she disappoints you. You abandon hope—she appears suddenly."

"Monsieur de Sade, be serious," said Diane. "Besides, I have something to tell Monsieur Joly which may be useful to him."

"You are right, Diane," nodded the Captain, approvingly. "Interrogate us, Monsieur, since you are here for that purpose."

M. Joly was not slow to grasp his opportunity.

"Madame de Caraman missed her diamonds yesterday?" he began.

"Yes, at three o'clock. She wished to show me a vanity-box which Monsieur de Caraman had given her. On going to the safe beside the bed, she saw at once the diamonds were missing."

"And nothing else?"

"Nothing. The case was open, empty. Nothing else was disturbed."

"Do you happen to know when Madame de Caraman last saw these diamonds?"

"Perfectly—"

"Have a care, Diane," interrupted M. de Sade. "A too willing witness arouses suspicion."

"Perfectly, Monsieur. The day before yesterday we dined with General Texier in Paris. Célimène wore her diamond collar. We returned at midnight. My room adjoins hers, and we went up together. She rang for her maid, and while waiting asked me to unfasten her collar. I distinctly remember that she herself replaced it in the case and locked the safe."

"Of what kind is this safe, Madame?"

"That I cannot tell you. It has an iron door, and a key—just an ordinary key."

"And this key, do you know by any chance where Madame keeps it?"

"Probably under her handkerchiefs in the drawer of her dressing-table," suggested M. de Sade.

"No, I do not know," replied Diane, quietly.

"That is all you have to tell me, Madame?"

"No."

"The devil! Diane," exclaimed M. de Sade, "you have a secret and you have not told it!"

"I preferred to tell Monsieur when he should come." M. de Sade shrugged his shoulders. M. Joly said to himself, "You are an intelligent woman." "Raoul, tell Monsieur Joly what we have seen."

The Captain leaned forward on the table of Florentine mosaic, interlocking as he spoke his stout fingers.

"Monsieur l'Inspecteur," he said, "I slept badly that night. After a long dinner I require to smoke before sleeping

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"WHAT WE SAW WAS A LIGHT ASCENDING THE STEPS WHICH LEAD DOWN TO THE PARK"

soundly. At two o'clock I rose and opened my wife's door. 'Diane,' I said, 'are you asleep?' There was no answer. You see, from her room a window opens on a balcony. I wished to sit in the fresh air," said the Captain, inflating his powerful lungs. "I opened the window carefully, lit my cigar, and began to enjoy myself. Presently I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was my wife's. 'What are you doing?' she said. 'You see,' I replied, 'I am smoking. If you too wish to enjoy the night air, come, I will get your cloak.' I fumbled for some time in the wardrobe. In the dark, Monsieur, garments resemble cats, in this respect that they are all alike. At last I found something. 'Raoul,' she said, 'you have brought me an underskirt.' 'Never mind,' I replied, 'the night is dark and St. Martin will not see you'—for you know, Monsieur," explained the Captain, affably, "we are now in the summer of St. Martin. Well, we sat there for some time in silence. At last I said, 'Diane, am I dreaming?' '*I* am,' she replied. 'But look!' I whispered, seizing her arm. 'What is that on the terrace?' Tell Monsieur, Diane; you narrate better than I do."

"What we saw was a light ascending the steps which you see lead down into the park. At the head of the steps it crossed the terrace in the direction of this door where we are sitting and passed out of sight."

"An hallucination," said M. de Sade.

The Captain brought his fist down on the head of one of the centaurs in the frieze of the table. "Thunder of God!" he exclaimed, "I was wide awake."

Madame de Wimpffen laid her hand caressingly over the bronzed fist of her husband.

"Well, then, a miracle, if you prefer," laughed M. de Sade.

"De Sade," said the Captain, tapping the table with one of his stout fingers, "you know very well I am not easily deceived. When a light travels through the air at a metre's height it is because some one carries it, and if I do not perceive this person it is because the night is dark. Proceed, Diane."

"We went in at once. My husband lighted a candle with the intention of going down. While he was dressing I heard sounds in my cousin's room. 'Raoul,' I said, 'some one is moving in Célimène's room. I will go in and see what is happening.' I opened the door. She was sitting on the edge of the bed. 'Célimène dear,' I asked, 'what is the matter?' 'I am frightened,' she said. 'I have had a nightmare—but it is over—forgive me for disturbing you, and go to bed.' I embraced her. She was trembling. 'It was very foolish in me, but

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it is nothing—go to bed,' she said again. I embraced her again, returned to my room, and told my husband."

"You also made an observation which you have omitted to repeat, Diane," said the Captain.

Madame de Wimpffen hesitated.

"You said to me, 'Raoul, Célimène had on her face that foolish look of a child caught in a fault.'"

M. de Sade, humming to himself, walked to the terrace steps.

"Monsieur Joly," said Madame de Wimpffen, "the thoughts that one blurts out to one's husband are not to be taken into account."

Silence.

"We decided not to speak of what we had seen," resumed Diane. "Monsieur de Caraman is absent, and my cousin is easily disturbed. In the morning she made light of her adventure. She said she had had a bad dream. If the diamonds were not missing I should not speak of this now."

"There was a light in Madame de Caraman's room when you entered?" asked M. Joly.

"Certainly, else—"

"One moment, if you please. The night-lamp on Madame de Caraman's table de nuit has a blue shade, has it not? Did you observe this shade when you entered?"

A look of surprise swept over Madame de Wimpffen's face.

"No, Monsieur, I did not observe that. But now that you ask me—it seems to me—I think there was no shade. It is not a lamp; it is one of those candles with a globe which protects the flame from the wind."

"One question more, Madame. This light which you saw on the terrace, was it white? or did it perchance have a blue color?"

Madame de Wimpffen exchanged a quick glance with her husband.

"Monsieur Joly, what you are thinking of is impossible," she said, with dignity.



"I AM GREATLY DISTURBED BY THIS LOSS, MONSIEUR"

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"RAOUL AND I WERE FEEDING THE CARP IN THE POND"

"Madame," said M. Joly, smiling, "what I am thinking of you do not know, since I do not know myself. Monsieur de Sade has put so many ideas into my head that I cannot find my own."

The valet, appearing with the breakfast-tray, began to lay the table.

"If you do not wish to question us further, Monsieur," said Diane, rising, "we will leave you to enjoy your breakfast. I see Madame de Caraman's shutters are open. I am sure she will receive you presently."

No, M. Joly would ask no questions. He watched the two as they crossed the gray stone flagging of the terrace and disappeared with M. de Sade down the broad steps between the huge urns with their dark-green pyramids of cypress, then turned to his breakfast.

He was entirely satisfied with his wife's cuisine, yet he enjoyed immensely that of Madame de Caraman. The November air had the crisp softness of two seasons, and the Sauterne a flavor which reminded him that the 15th of the month was approaching—an anniversary day on which he always dined with Madame Joly at a certain café whose cellar was excellent.

The valet placed the box of regalias on the table.

He selected one carefully, made four small incisions with the point of his penknife—then reflected. He never smoked when on duty. He closed his knife, put the cigar in his pocket, and sighed.

The rustle of a dress on the marquetry floor of the salon came faintly through the open door. He looked up and saw a maid in black, with a white collar and apron. It is Jacqueline, he thought.

"If Monsieur will have the goodness to follow me—Madame la Vicomtesse will receive him."

At the door of a small boudoir hung with rose brocade M. Joly perceived one of those Bath chairs to be seen at the seaside, against whose background of rose-colored silk Madame de Caraman's morning-gown of lace made an effective contrast. A white hand marked with blue veins answered his bow by a gesture which said, be seated.

"You are the officer sent by Monsieur Levigne?"

M. Joly bowed again.

"Monsieur de Sade was good enough to telegraph for me. The Prefect is very kind. I little thought when I last saw him— I am greatly disturbed by this loss, Monsieur—"

"Joly, Madame."

"Monsieur Joly. It was a gift from my husband on my name-day. Such remembrances possess a value which cannot

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be estimated. Monsieur de Caraman will feel its loss as deeply as I do." In the wistful brown eyes resided an appealing expression. The same pathetic demand for sympathy lingered in the delicate lines of the mouth, as if reluctant to abandon them. M. Joly said to himself: Here is a well woman who is an invalid. "There is also the knowledge that some one has penetrated into my house, or, what is still more painful to believe, that I cherish a thief in my household. I cannot tell you how much this thought oppresses me." The pale oval face, animated by a sort of vivacious sadness, awakened in M. Joly's breast a sentiment of pity. "In the absence of my husband"—the white hands were smoothing out the troubled folds of lace—"I must rely wholly upon you, Monsieur."

Again M. Joly bowed, depositing his hat on the floor beside his chair and folding his hands over his waistcoat.

"You will, then, permit me to ask certain questions."

"Assuredly, Monsieur Joly. I am waiting."

"I do not need to tell you," he began, "that a thief who breaks into a house leaves some sign of infraction. There is none." Madame de Caraman became attentive. "There is the hypothesis of an accomplice who admits him. But for a thief who steals a collar of diamonds, to leave behind him still greater booty, is unusual, whether this thief enters by force or is admitted by an accomplice."

"But, Monsieur Joly," interrupted Madame de Caraman, "you forget—for certainly I have read of such cases—that while engaged in a robbery one may be disturbed—some noise alarms the intruder—"

"Madame," said M. Joly, "the Curé of St.-Médard calls me a sceptic, because in seeking to account for what I do not understand I adopt always the most natural explanation. He, on the contrary, always adopts the most unnatural one. It astonishes me that of two explanations he should invariably choose the least probable. For that reason I conclude that what he really prefers is the mystery itself and not its explanation, since his explanation always involves another mystery still more mysterious. Let us recapitulate. After locking the safe in which you deposited the diamonds on the night of your return from Paris—"

"You know all this!" exclaimed Madame de Caraman, leaning forward.

"From Madame de Wimpffen."

"Ah! you have talked with Diane."

"In order not to lose time," said M. Joly, politely.

"Proceed, Monsieur."

"After locking the safe, you secreted the key—for I suppose you secreted it—"

"Yes, under my pillow, where I always place it on retiring."

"And in the morning?"

"In my corsage, where it is now. You see," she said, holding it out to him, "Monsieur de Caraman also has a key, which he carries on his person. But he is absent."

"Well, then, how does it happen, Madame, if, between midnight of Sunday when you locked the safe and three o'clock of Monday when you opened it, this key which you hold in your hand remained in your possession—"

"But might not some one have possessed himself of a third key?" interposed Madame de Caraman.

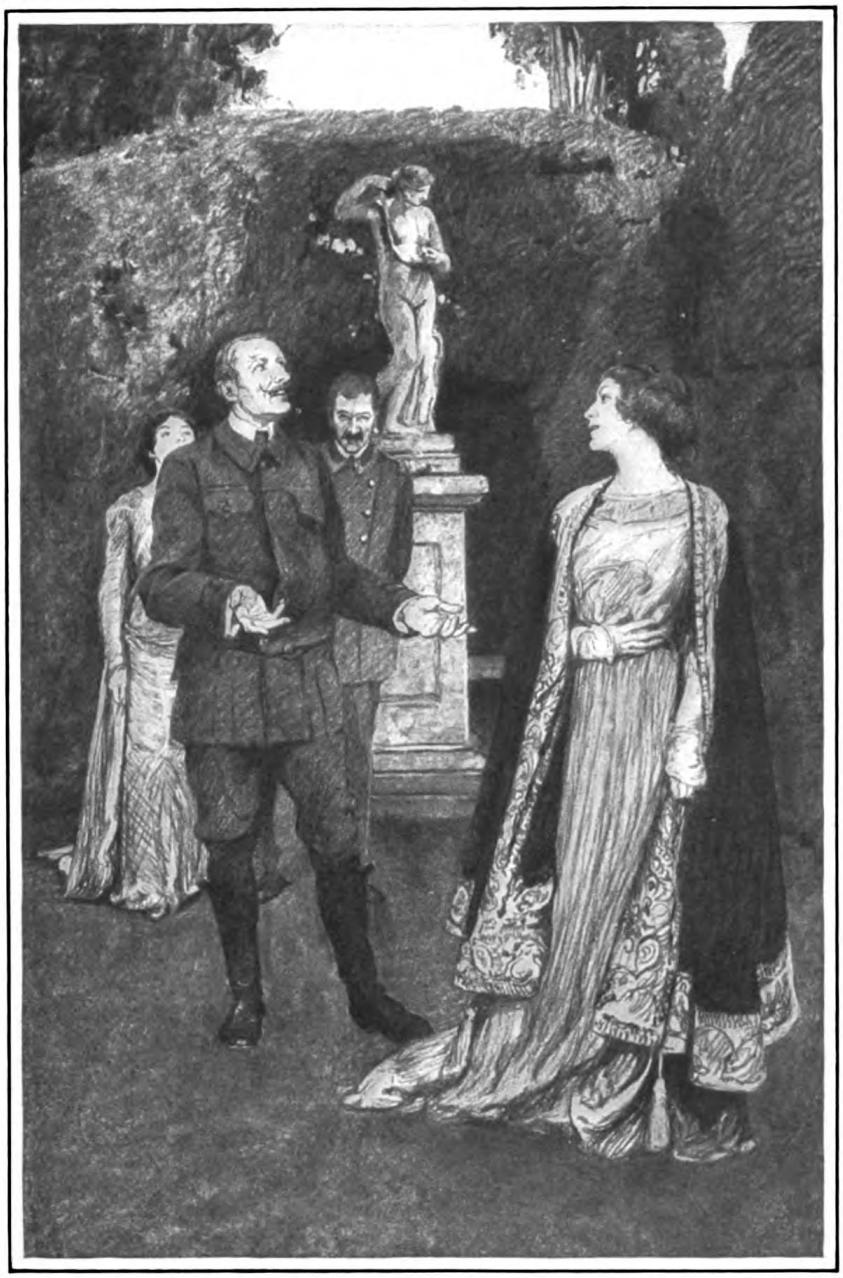
"I am coming to that," assented M. Joly. "There is, then, a third key, and a thief who is alarmed in the act of using it. At what hour is he thus alarmed? Was it by any chance at two o'clock, after midnight, when Madame is awakened by a bad dream?"

The slight figure stiffened like a snake about to strike, and the color of anger flamed in the pale cheeks.

"Madame de Wimpffen has told you this?"

"Why not?" pursued M. Joly, quietly. "There are bad dreams and bad dreams. In one of those dreams a woman takes the night-lamp from her table, descends the stairs to the closet in the vestibule, wraps about her shoulders the cloak which she finds there, and enters the salon. She even opens the window and passes out into the park. For Monsieur de Wimpffen from his balcony sees the light of her lamp crossing the terrace, and on the hem of her cloak, which on her return she drops on the floor of the salon, are found some of those pine-needles with which the pines I see below the terrace strew the ground—"

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"By what Canon of Art do we expose these charming Creatures to the Weather?"

"Monsieur!" gasped Madame de Caraman.

"Madame," said M. Joly, gently, "if you have anything to fear, if it is your desire, I will take the next train to Paris, and I will say to Monsieur Levigne: 'Monsieur le Préfet, there was an error. The diamonds have been found.'"

Indignation struggled with fear. "I have nothing to fear, nothing," she cried, "but you terrify me."

"I am convinced of it. Believe me, Madame, I am not so naïve as to suppose that a woman goes to an assignation in her own park, every foot of which she knows by heart, with a lighted candle in her hand, and if I had conceived so absurd an idea I should not have been so indelicate as to confide it to her."

Madame de Caraman began to laugh hysterically.

"But it is true. I found myself in

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the salon with my cloak over my night-dress—my candle in one hand. I was so terrified, I trembled so, the shade fell. At the noise I fled to my room—but the park, never, Monsieur, never."

"It is absolutely necessary that you should have gone to the park, Madame. That is indispensable."

"I must have been mad," she murmured, pressing her hands to her forehead, "mad."

"Fortunately the madness which one commits in one's sleep is not provided for in the Penal Code," said M. Joly. "What interests me most is something which you have forgotten—the diamond collar. If Madame would do me the honor to take a short promenade in that bosquet of pines, who knows—"

"It would be incredible."

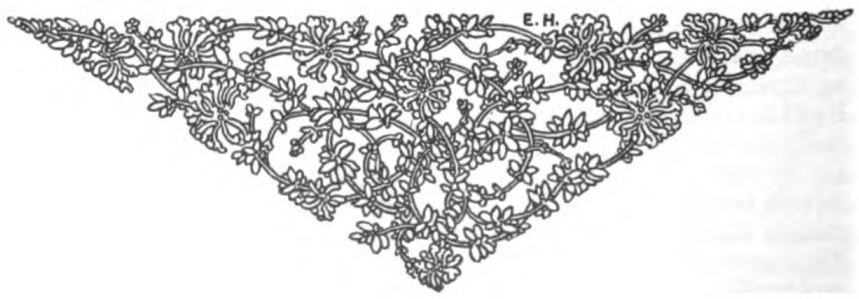
"Ah, Madame," smiled M. Joly, picking up his hat and bowing in his most gallant manner, "let us leave the incredible to the Curé of St.-Médard and follow the scent of those pine-needles in the hem of your cloak."

In the letter which Madame de Wimpffen wrote that evening to the Countess Anne occurred this sentence:

"We were feeding, Raoul and I, the carp in the pond, when we saw Célimène and the Inspector—that same Monsieur Joly who came to Freyr to arrest your gardener—descending the steps of the terrace. They traversed the pines to that enclosure which Célimène calls the *sub rosa*, a spot carpeted with myrtles and hedged with box and ilexes. In its green niches are statues, at one extremity marble seats, and at the other a fountain from which water is constantly falling into a shell of marble.

"A few days ago we were all sitting in this retreat, when Monsieur de Sade began descanting in the manner which you know. 'It is a violation of every principle of good taste,' he said, 'to people our gardens with these naked statues. The man who originated this barbarous custom should be stripped and subjected to the same punishment. By what canon of art do we expose these charming creatures to the inclemency of the weather! I warrant you that if ever the dryads and fauns of Greece existed they clothed themselves like our ancestors, in the skins of wild animals. Observe that poor nymph whose fair skin is discolored with mould. See how the stain of the birds and the refuse of the forest have fallen on her hair, and what foul stains mar the virginity of her bosom! Can any one imagine anything more cruel?' 'But, Monsieur de Sade,' said Célimène, 'these are creatures of the imagination.' 'A fine reason for exposing them to dirt and influenza! If I had created a being so lovely as that nymph, I would place her beside my fire in my boudoir, and not leave her to shiver in this solitude. If you should throw your mantle about those graceful shoulders she would look up into your face with a smile of gratitude. And not a single jewel! If you give a flute to Pan and a club to Hercules, why not a jewel to Venus?' 'But these beautiful forms have no need of jewels, Monsieur de Sade,' said Célimène. 'For whom are you speaking?' he replied; 'for yourself or for Madame Venus yonder? Fasten your collar of diamonds about her neck and I will wager you a thousand napoleons she will descend from her pedestal like Galatea and go to admire herself in the fountain.' 'I will try it,' said Célimène.

"And to think that she should do so!"



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Camphor: An Industry Revolutionized

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Director of Industrial Research and Professor of Industrial Chemistry
at the University of Pittsburg and at the University of Kansas

THAT the processes of civilization are transforming the world with a velocity which is undergoing a continuous acceleration everybody, as a matter of intellectual acknowledgment, would be willing to admit, but the meteoric character of the velocity of this change is perhaps almost only adequately realized by those representatives of the great industrial corporations who are incidentally acting as the agents of Providence in its accomplishment. North, east, south, and west, pampas, savannahs, sierras, wind-swept hilltops and breathless jungles, all the imagined inaccessible places of romance and mystery, are yielding to the engineer, the manufacturer, and the industrial agent, and yielding, too, at such a rate that we are assured that even within the knowledge of our great-grandchildren this diverse and parti-colored world will have assumed the dull, gray tones of a universally static condition, a condition in which there will be probably, in so far as the conveniences and ideals of our civilization are concerned, but little essential difference between Canton, Ohio, and Canton, China. This coming gray monotony of life is desirable, is regrettable, is inevitable, though we are sure that it, too, will yield ultimately and in its turn to varicolored segregations of life and manners in new and beautiful forms and in a new and better world.

Meanwhile, with the rapid passing away of the older or different civilizations under the aggressive dominance of our own, there is passing away much, both of forms of knowledge and forms of life, that is of the highest potential value, and that never can be recalled.

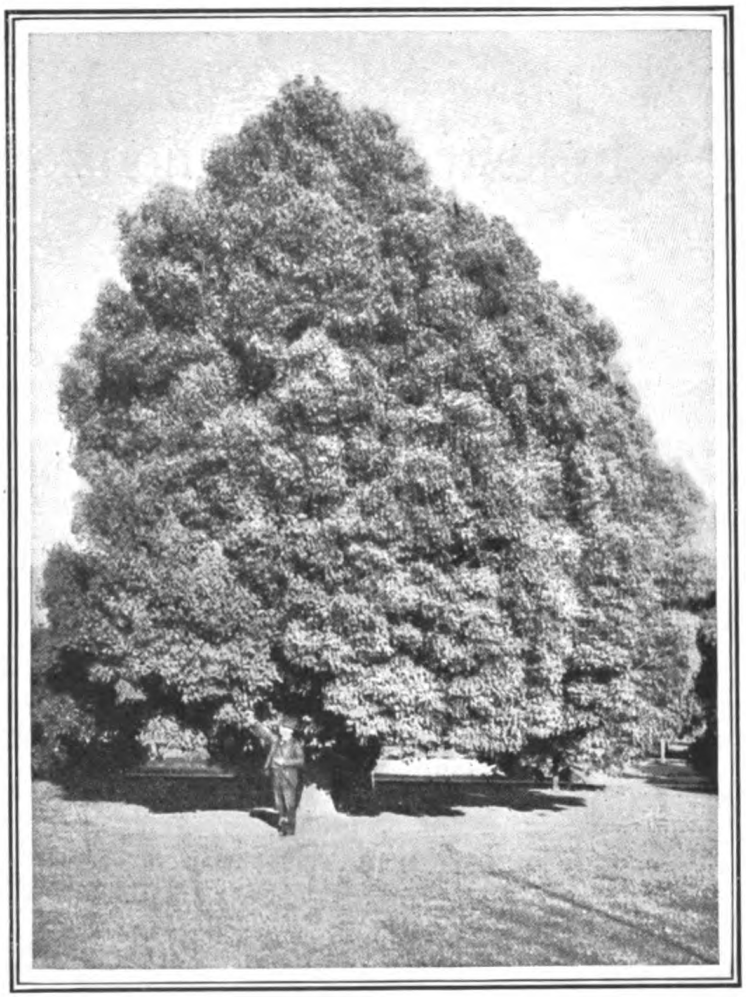
There passes into some one little country of the immemorial East some one rather tawdry form of knowledge of our rather vulgar civilization, and forthwith there vanishes from that country some other form of knowledge, its own, the painful product of toilsome centuries of innumerable men—valuable to them and potentially valuable to us did we know enough to use it; it may be a dye, a perfume, a medicine, an edible dish, a thought, or a code of conduct, but it is gone absolutely and irrecoverably. As with forms of knowledge, so with forms of life; there is never a month passes but some species disappears which it has taken, not man but nature, not centuries but æons, to accomplish; and with all its place in the balance of life, with all its possibilities of usefulness, it is gone into eternal oblivion. Not merely the far future but the immediate present cries out for the conservation of such.

To speak plainly and emphatically and within the circle of interest of a materialistic age, I say that if there are enormous pecuniary and material results to be obtained through forcing the products of our civilization upon foreign peoples (and about this there can be literally no question), there is just as much material gain to be obtained through taking over from those foreign peoples their own disappearing forms of knowledge and forms of life and converting them to the needs and uses of our own civilization.

In order to precipitate this idea into a concrete form I might cite many instances of the profit of introducing Eastern knowledge into Western life, or Eastern life into Western knowledge, but it would take many a book to chronicle such. Let us rather take some one example—and as one happens to fall pat within contemporary interest, I shall take the subject of *camphor*.

The pure, white, waxen camphor is to be found in every drug-store of every village of civilized man; every human

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A Camphor Tree

being knows it when he sees it and smells it. It has been employed for countless generations as a fever specific, as an agent of purification, as an insecticide, etc.; and in later times in immense quantities in the manufacture of celluloid, in the preparation of high explosives, and in many other ways which have just arrived. But always it has come to us out of the East, from Japan and Formosa and China, but mostly from Formosa. There it exists locked up in the cells of a certain tree, the *Laurus camphora*, which, growing to a height of forty to sixty feet, covers with the shade of its beautiful waxen leaves many thousands of acres of these semi-tropical lands. The traditional method of the extraction of camphor from the camphor tree illustrates the art of manufacture under its most savage and primitive conditions. A crude furnace temporarily constructed in the heart of the camphor forest, a rudely fashioned box to contain the chips and fragments of a neighboring camphor tree, the hollowed trunk of a tree to convey the steam and volatilized camphor from the chips, and an earthenware receptacle in which the camphor is condensed express the practice of the simple art of these people and their idea of the process of distillation by steam. Only trees at least fifty years old were felled for extraction, and only the wood of the tree was employed. How wasteful and mistaken was this traditional process will quickly be seen, but upon it, we must understand, for centuries we have been dependent.

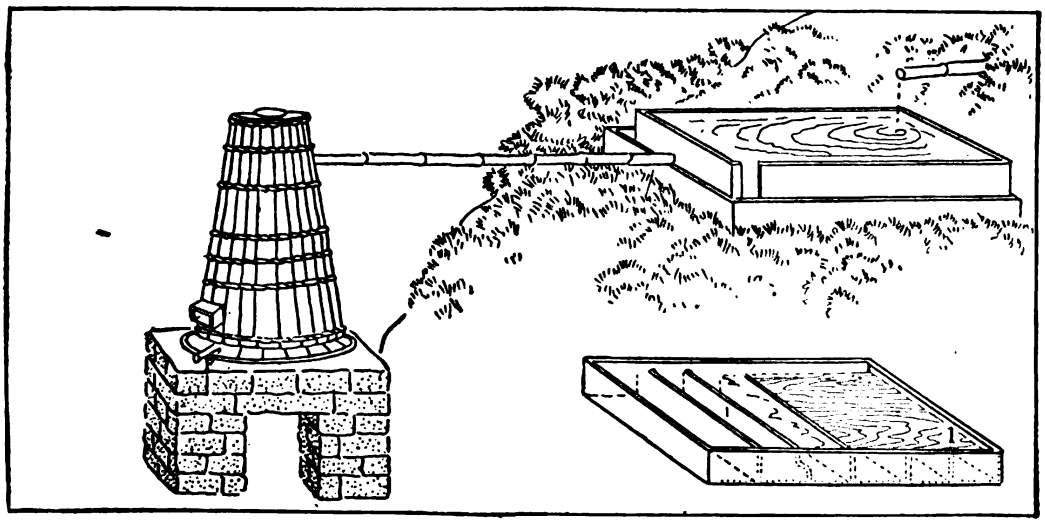
The Russo-Japanese war, however, with its vivifying influence upon the people of Japan, as well as the coercion of the resulting vast public debt, turned the attention of the Japanese to this important product, and thereupon quickly followed certain results. First, the production of camphor was constituted a government monopoly, employing a bureau of its own, and fixing absolutely the selling prices on a continuously rising scale; for example, from 2.61 M. per kilo in the year 1903 up to 4 M. per kilo in 1907. They then proceeded to stimulate the camphor industry by increasing the buying price from the producers. Next, as the camphor trees in Formosa were practically

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exhausted in the settled districts, they evolved and set in motion a scheme of reforestation on a huge scale; in 1906, 346,000 trees were planted, in 1907, 1,300,000, in 1908, 4,830,000, and last year, 5,060,184 trees were placed in the ground. Finally, in order to supply the present market, very expensive expeditions were organized against the savages in the unsettled portions of Formosa, where camphor trees abound. All this, one would think, would insure the validity of the monopoly desired, for the attempt seemed to be marked by all the intelligent foresight and the logical acumen that adorn successful monopolistic control. But the attempt to create a permanent monopoly in any natural product is a challenge to the world at large, and the failure of the Japanese government to establish it might fairly have been predicted. I shall use the "reasons why" for this failure not only for their general significance, but, as well, to exploit the interesting question of camphor itself.

First, it should be understood that camphor is a definite, individual chemical substance, and that while this fact would not interest the denizens of the forests of Formosa, it does most surely interest the denizens of chemical laboratories. For every individual substance has a story to tell to the chemist—a story just four chapters long.

Chapter I—How it may be isolated and analyzed; Chapter II—What is its constitution, or how its atoms are related to one another in its molecule; Chapter III—How it may be synthesized —*i. e.*, made in the laboratories out of other substances and by methods with which the plant or animal has nothing to do; and Chapter IV—How it may be made on the large scale—*i. e.*, manufactured in such a fashion as to compete with the natural product. With the termination of the fourth chapter the covers are closed. But the decipherment of camphor has been one of the most difficult undertakings of chemical science. From 1785 on, it has employed the skilled labors of generations of chemists. Its constitution was fought out through the claims of thirty warring formulas. In 1903, however, and, through the irony of fate, just when the Japanese had piously begun to raise the price of natural camphor, its constitution was established beyond cavil by the triumphant synthesis of the artificial product under the hands of Komppa. In view of the enormous difficulties of the subject, it is a reasonable statement that this making of a camphor in the laboratory, identical with the camphor of the camphor tree, constitutes one of the greatest contemporary triumphs of mind over matter. Komppa's synthesis was purely academic and wholly uncommercial, but it sealed the fate of the Japanese monopoly, as might readily have been



A JAPANESE CAMPHOR-STILL

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divined by so astute a people. For no sooner was it accomplished than it excited the attention of a new army of investigators—the industrial chemists. The patent offices of the world were soon crowded with alleged commercial syntheses of camphor, and of the favored processes companies were formed to exploit them, factories resulted, and in the incredibly short time of two years after its academic synthesis, artificial camphor, every whit as good as the natural product, entered the markets of the world, to establish there, for those who have eyes to see, this cardinal truth that no body of men can reasonably expect to permanently monopolize the sale or growth of a natural product on an export basis.

And yet artificial camphor does not—and cannot—displace the natural product to an extent sufficient to ruin the camphor-growing industry. Its sole present and probable future function is to act as a permanent check to monopolization, to act as a balance-wheel to regulate prices within reasonable limits. The necessity of this somewhat undignified rôle for a chemical process lies within the nature of the process itself. Every artificial synthesis of a natural product must have some starting-point, some substance upon which to build. If that substance exists in large quantities in coal-tar, or in petroleum, or other cheap and everywhere available material, the future looks dark for the natural product. If, on the contrary, the starting-point resides in some material from which it is difficult to extract it, or which is itself in great demand or on a rising market, the utility or validity of the process is correspondingly limited. Now, all the processes of artificially manufacturing camphor start with *pinene* or some allied substance. But the great source of *pinene* is oil of turpentine, and to any one who knows the enormous extent to which oil of turpentine is adulterated, the increasing demands for it, its increasing scarcity, together with the widespread alarm over deforestation, it needs no demonstration that now and in the future it will be on a constantly rising market. While it is undoubtedly true that new and improved processes will cheapen the price of synthetic camphor, it must always start on the basis of a parent substance which is too expensive, with an expensive plant, expensive reagents, expensive labor, and with the consumption of considerable power. What still further limits the power of the synthetic industry lies in the parallel factors of valuable by-products of the camphor tree in the form of oil of camphor, and in a remarkable discovery which has improved the camphor-growing industry; of these I shall speak again.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were confronted with another factor equally valid in preventing the monopolistic control of the world's needs. There existed, belting the world, other lands having similar conditions of soil, rainfall, temperature, elevation, and cheap labor. *Camphor could be grown elsewhere.* In Ceylon, preliminary experiments in the Botanical Gardens at Hakgala were so convincingly favorable to the planters that to-day thousands of acres of young camphor trees lie here and there everywhere over the island, growing luxuriantly, and established permanently as a source of the island's wealth. Similar conditions are rapidly obtaining in Malaya. In Italy, the *Laurus camphora* has been grown as a shade tree for a hundred years, and, stimulated by this monopolistic menace, Giglioli has recently, in a comprehensive monograph, *La Canfora Italiana,* not only demonstrated that the camphor tree has been and may be grown with the greatest ease in many sections of Italy, and that its camphor content is well up to the normal, but he has, through a masterly exposition of the conditions of its growing, placed within the hands of the Italian people of the landed class a new and profitable source of an assured income. Particularly interesting are the experiments of the Biological Station at Amani, German East Africa. There, the director of the station has not only readily succeeded in growing camphor, but through a certain discovery he has made he bids fair to have revolutionized the industry. In our own country the plant has been grown for years as a shade tree in California, and so it has, as I am informed by numerous letters, in Texas and Florida. In these States, too, the Agricultural Department at Washington has for some years con-

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ducted successful experiments in camphor-culture, and to such an extent that it feels warranted, now, in devoting time to the elaboration of an efficient still for the economic extraction of the camphor, by which any American camphor-grower may extract his own material. In Florida there is a flourishing camphor plantation at Satsuma. In the island of Jamaica the successful growth of the camphor tree in the Hope Gardens at Kingston attracted the attention of a scion of one of the oldest families on the island, and five years ago, in a favored valley of his estate, he planted his experimental seeds. There, among three thousand acres of earthly Paradise, and in a home so old that its cellars are loop-holed as a buccaneering stronghold, he earnestly watched over what the Caribbean breezes and sunshine evolved of the race of old Japan. After five years of watching and yearly planting, it was found that the trees, one, two, three, four, and five years old, hundreds of them, were all strong, straight-limbed, glossy-leaved, flourishing with all imaginable health and vigor. The camphor tree would certainly grow in Jamaica. But would it yield camphor and oil of good quality and in proper amount? The growth of a plant in a land foreign to it by no means infers that it will reproduce its essential oils. It is known, for example, that down in Mexico they have for years been transplanting from India the *Cannabis Indica,* or Indian hemp, the material of a powerful drug; yet after two or three years of growing it turns out that this tree invariably reverts to *Cannabis Americana,* the extracted drug of which is wholly different, and the attempt, therefore, is at present a failure.

In order to solve these questions, then, I brought back with me to the University of Kansas nearly a ton of material, which we worked up to the last ounce. We extracted the best of the camphor and the oil of camphor from the wood of the trunk, from the branches, the twigs, the green leaves, the dry leaves, and the dead leaves, and we obtained results which afforded us profound astonishment and great joy. We thought we had made a great discovery, and as a matter of fact we had, though, unfortunately for us, these results had just been anticipated by the work of Messrs. Campbell and Eaton in Malaya, and by the director of the Biological Station at Amani, East Africa. Since, however, our results absolutely confirm the work of these gentlemen, and since they are so important to the whole great camphor-growing industry, I give them here. As a matter of fact, and speaking in averages, our results analyzed out as follows:

Wood	0.61% of Crude Camphor
Twigs	1.05% of Crude Camphor
Green Leaves	2.37% of Crude Camphor
Dried Leaves	2.52% of Crude Camphor
Dead Leaves	1.39% of Crude Camphor

These results are extraordinarily high, owing partly to the fact that the material had undergone a considerable amount of drying in its long transport from Jamaica to Kansas, and partly, too, I believe, to the ideal conditions that obtain in Jamaica for the growth of essential oils. But it is the proportional amounts to which I draw attention. The wood of the camphor tree contains an insignificant fraction of the camphor contained in the green, dry, and dead leaves. This is to be correlated with the indisputable fact, as proved by Mr. Malcolm of Jamaica and others the world over, that the leaves can be harvested regularly without any injury to the tree. These two facts, taken together, place both the huge camphor monopoly of Japan and its synthetic manufacture in Germany and elsewhere in a position that would be laughable were it not rather pitiful. Both types of organization proceeded on the assumption that the centuries-old traditional method of extraction was the only one. In order to continue it, the Japanese felled only trees fifty years old and extracted the drug from the wood only, leaving the leaves out of consideration. In order to carry out this destructive work, they ran deadly electric wires through the forests to keep out the savages, they placed armed men with every camp of camphor-workers, and they paid these workers 90 cents a day for a native Formosan and $1.99 a day for a Japanese. The price of labor in Jamaica is a shilling a day. Now, as a matter of fact, in a five-year-old tree the mass of its

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leaves weighs 7.05% of the total bulk of the tree. The proper method, therefore, without destruction to the tree, is to regularly harvest its leaves for their excessively large camphor content; costly expeditions into savage interiors and the total destruction of mature trees are wholly unnecessary. Not only so, but through the investigations of Herr Lommel of the Biological Station at Amani, there appears an additional fact of extreme importance. As he says, "the great desideratum in camphor-growing is to lessen just as much as possible the expense of harvesting the leaves. To strip them off the tree or the branches by hand is a time-consuming and more or less costly operation. If, instead of that, one can pick them up off the ground, the labor of harvesting will be minimized." He has discovered that the naturally fallen leaves of the tree contain an exceptionally high per cent. of camphor, and his conclusions the labors of Giglioli and our own absolutely support.

To everybody, then, living in the semi-tropical belt and possessed of suitable conditions of soil, rainfall, and cheap labor, camphor-culture, through harvesting and extracting the fallen leaves, offers generous returns, and returns, too, that are not likely to be lessened through over-production; for each year brings new and increasing demands for both camphor and oil of camphor through the advances of industrial chemistry in discovering and providing new uses for both.

Because of these facts, then, it is little wonder that, following the recent report of Schimmel & Co., the great German house engaged in the manufacture of essential oils, the efforts both for the monopolization of camphor and for its profitable synthetic production are hopelessly defeated. The moral, of course, is, "Look before you leap," into all the factors related to the production of a natural product, remembering particularly that the biological and agricultural stations, that in ever-increasing numbers are dotting the surface both of civilized and uncivilized lands, have justified their existence many thousands of times over. Through their efforts a new industry has been added to the resources of many and diverse races of people.

To end as we began, If there are enormous pecuniary and material results to be obtained through forcing the products of our civilization on foreign peoples, there is just as much material gain to be obtained through taking over from these foreign peoples their own disappearing forms of knowledge and forms of life and converting them to the needs and uses of our own civilization.



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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XI

AFTER Mrs. Maitland had had an interview with the Dean, she went off across the yard, under the great elms dripping in the rainy January thaw. Following his directions, she found her way through the corridors of a new building whose inappropriate expensiveness was obvious at every turn. Blair had rooms there, as had most of the sons of rich fathers. The whole place smelt of money! In Blair's apartment money was less obvious than beauty—but it was expensive beauty. He had a few good pictures, and on one wall was a wonderful tapestry of forest foliage and roebucks, that he had picked up in Europe at a price which added to the dealer's affection for travelling Americans. The furnishing was in quiet and, for that period, remarkably good taste; masculine enough to balance a certain delicacy of detail—two exquisite Tanagra figures, some water-colors and pastels of women in costumes of rose and violet gauze, the heavy odor of incense smouldering in an ivory jar, and much small bijouterie that meant an almost feminine appreciation of exquisite and costly prettiness.

Mrs. Maitland came tramping down the hall, her face set and stern; but suddenly, almost at Blair's door, she stood stock-still and listened. Some one was singing; she knew the voice—beautiful, joyous, beating and pulsating with life:

> "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine."

She moved over to a window that lit the long corridor, and stood beside it, listening:

> "Or leave a kiss . . ."

Sarah Maitland stared out into the rain; the bare branches of the trees whipped against one another in the wind, but she did not see them. She leaned her forehead against the glass, and listened to the golden voice. A warm wave seemed to rise in her breast, a wave of cosmic satisfaction in this vitality that was *hers,* because he was hers! Her eyes blurred so with emotion that she did not see the rocking branches in the rain. All the hardness of her face melted into exultant maternity under those melting cadences:

> "Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
> And I'll not look for wine;
> The thirst that from the soul—"

She smiled, then turned and knocked peremptorily at her son's door.

Blair, pausing in his song to comment on a thirst that rises otherwhere than in the soul, roared out a jolly command to "come in!" but for an instant he did not realize who stood there; nor was his mother able, at first, to distinguish him in the group of men lounging about a room dim with tobacco smoke. He was standing with his back to the door, pulling a somewhat reluctant cork from a bottle of sherry gripped between his knees.

Blair was immensely popular at college, not only because of the easy generosities of his wealth,—which of course were often only a pleasant form of selfishness that brought the fellows about him as honey brings flies,—but because of a certain sympathetic quality of mind, a genius for companionship that was almost a genius for friendship. Now, his room was full of men. One of his guests was sitting on the window-sill, kicking his heels and swaying rhythmically back and forth to the twang of his banjo. One had begun to read aloud with passionate emphasis, a poem, of which

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happily Mrs. Maitland did not catch the words; all of them were smoking.

The door opened, but no one entered. One of the young men, feeling the draught, glanced languidly over his shoulder,—and got on his feet with extraordinary expedition! He said something under his breath. But it was the abrupt silence of the room that made Blair turn round. It did not need his stammering dismay, his half-cringing—"Clear out, will you, you fellows!"—to get the men out of the room. They did not know who she was, but they knew she was Somebody. She did not speak, but the powerful personality seemed to sweep in and clear the atmosphere of its sickly triviality. She stood blocking up the doorway, looking at them; they were mostly Seniors, but there was not a man among them who did not feel foolish under that large and quiet look. Then she stepped a little aside. The movement was unmistakable. They jostled one another like a flock of sheep in their effort to get away quickly. Somebody muttered, "Good afternoon—" but the others were speechless. They left a speechless host behind them.

Mrs. Maitland, her rusty old bonnet very much on one side, watched them go; then she closed the door behind them, and stood looking at her son, who was still holding the corkscrew in his hands. Her feet were planted firmly wide apart, her hands were on her hips; her eyebrow was lifting ominously. "Well?" she said; with the echo of that golden voice still in her ears, her own voice was, even to herself, unexpectedly mild.

"I didn't expect you," Blair managed to say.

"I inferred as much," she said dryly, and then: "So this is the way you keep up with your classes?"

"There are no lectures at this time of day," he said. "If you had been so kind, my dear mother, as to let me know you were coming"—he spoke with that exaggerated and impertinent politeness that confesses fright—"I would have met you. Instead of that, you—you—you burst in—" he was getting whiter and whiter. The thought that the men had seen the unkempt figure, the powerful face, the straggling locks of hair, the bare hands,—seen, in fact, the unlovely exterior of a large and generous nature, a nature which, alas, he, her son, had never seen;—that they had seen her, and guessed, of course, that she was his mother, was positively unendurable to Blair. He tried to speak, but his voice shook into silence. The situation was excruciating to a man whose feeling for beauty was a form of religion; but his mortification was nobler than mere self-consciousness; it had in it also the element of horror for a profaned ideal, for his mother was an æsthetic insult to motherhood.

"I've no fault to find with your friends being here, if they don't interfere with your studies," Mrs. Maitland said.

"Oh," he said rather blankly; then his shame of her stung him into fury; "why didn't you tell me that you—"

"I've been to see the Dean," his mother said; "sit down there and listen to me. Here, give me a chair; not that pincushion thing! Give me a chair fit for a man to sit on,—if you've got one in this upholstery shop."

Blair, with trembling hands, pushed a mahogany chair to her side. He did not sit down himself. He stood with folded arms and downcast eyes.

She was not unkind; she was not even ungentle. She was merely explicit: *he was a fool.* All this business,—she pointed to the bottle and the empty glasses,—all this business was idiotic, it was a boy's foolishness. "It shows how young you are, Blair," she said kindly, "though the Lord knows you are old enough, in years, to have some sense!" But if he kept the foolishness up, and this other tomfoolery on account of which she had had to leave the Works, and spend her valuable time talking to the Dean, why, he might be expelled. He would certainly be suspended. And that would put off his getting into business for still another year. "And you are twenty-four!" she said.

While she talked she looked about her, and the mother-softness began to die out of her eyes. Sarah Maitland had never seen her son's room; she saw, now, soft-green hangings; great bowls of roses; a sideboard with an

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array of glasses; a wonderfully carved ivory jar standing on a teak-wood table, whose costliness, even to her uneducated eyes, was obvious. Suddenly she put on her spectacles, and, still talking, rose, and walked slowly about the room, glancing at the water-colors. By and by, just at the end of her harangue,—to which Blair had listened in complete silence,—she paused before a row of photographs on the mantelpiece; then, in the midst of a sentence, she broke off with an exclamation, leaned forward, and seizing a photograph, tore it in two, across the smiling face and the bare bosom, across the lovely, impudent line of the thigh, and flung it underfoot. "Shame on you! to let your mother see a thing like that!"

"I didn't ask my mother to see it."

"If you have thoughts like this," she said, "Elizabeth did well to throw you over for David."

Blair lifted one eyebrow with a glimmer of interest. "Oh, David has got her, has he?"

"At any rate, he's a *man!* He doesn't live like this"—she made a contemptuous gesture—"muddling with silks and paintings, and pictures of bad women! What kind of a room is this for a man? Full of flowers and stinking jars, and cushions, and truck? It's more fit for a—a creature like that picture"—she set her heel on the smiling face—"than for a man! I ought never to have sent you here. I ought to have put you to puddling." She looked at him in growing agitation. "My God! Blair, what are you—living this way, with silks and perfumery and clay baby dolls? You've got no guts to you! I didn't mind your making a fool of yourself; that's natural; nobody can get to be a man till he's been a fool; but this—" She stood there, with one hand on the mantelpiece beside the row of photographs and bits of carving and little silver trinkets, and looked at him in positive fright. "And you are *my* son," she said.

The torrent of her angry shame suddenly swept Blair's manhood of twenty-four years away; her very power stripped him bare as a baby; it almost seemed as if she had sucked his masculinity out of him, and incorporated it into herself. He stood there like a cringing schoolboy expecting to be whipped. "One of the men gave me that picture; I—"

"You ought to have slapped his face! Listen to me. You are going to be looked after,—do you hear me? You are going to be watched. Do you understand?" She gathered up the whole row of photographs, innocent and offensive together, and threw them into the fire. "You are going to walk straight, or you are coming home, and going to *work*."

It was a match to gunpowder; in an instant Blair's temper, the terrific temper of the uniformly and lazily amiable person, flashed into furious words. . . .

To record them is not for edification. The quarrel of a child and a parent is always hideous. It is a warfare of the blood itself; it is the struggle of an indestructible Unity to tear itself to pieces; it can never really succeed, though it may appear to do so. The mother soul and the child soul are one, no matter how loudly they may assert that they are two. Therefore the horror of the struggle, its brutalities of word and look—of truths told, which in the telling turn to lies; of lies to cover precious shames;—these things are unbelievable, except to one who has cringed at the sight and sound of them. There is no use in portraying such a scene. Let it go. . . .

Even Sarah Maitland flinched under the lash of her son's tongue. She left him with a bang. She saw the Dean again, and her recommendations of espionage were so extreme and so unwise that he found himself taking Blair's part in his effort to save the young man from the most insolent intrusion upon his privacy. She went back to Mercer in a whirl of rage—but in sombre silence. She had scorched and stung under certain truths her son told her about herself; she had bled under the lies she had told him as to her feeling for him. She looked ten years older for that hour in Blair's room. But she had nothing to say. She told poor, frightened Nannie that she had "seen Master Blair"; she added that he was a fool. To Robert Ferguson she was a little more explicit:

"Blair has not been behaving himself; he's in debt; he has been gambling. See that all these bills are paid. Tell Watson to give him a hundred dollars more a

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month; I won't have him running in debt in this way. Now what about the Duluth order?"

CHAPTER XII

MR. FERGUSON made no protest in regard to Blair's increased allowance. "If his mother wants to ruin him, it isn't my business," he said. The fact was, he had not recovered from his astonished resentment at Sarah Maitland's joke in Mrs. Richie's parlor. He thought about it constantly, and asked himself whether he did not owe his neighbor an apology of some kind. The difficulty was to know what kind, for after all *he* was perfectly innocent! "Such an idea never entered my head!" he thought angrily; "but, of course, if there has been anything in my conduct to put it into Mrs. Maitland's head, I ought to be thrashed! . . . Perhaps I'd better not go in next door more than two or three times a week?" So, for once, Robert Ferguson was distinctly out with his employer, and when she told him to see that Blair had a hundred dollars more a month, he said, in his own mind, "be hanged to him! What difference does it make to me if she ruins him?" and held his tongue—until the next day. Then he barked out a remonstrance: "I suppose you know your own business, but if *I* had a boy I wouldn't increase his allowance simply because he was in debt."

"I want to keep him from getting in debt again," she explained, her face falling into troubled lines.

"If you will allow me to say so—having been a boy myself—that's not the way to do it."

Sarah Maitland flung herself back in her chair, and struck her desk with her fist. "I am at my wit's end to know what to do about him! My idea has been to make a man of him, by giving him what he wants, not making him fuss over five-cent pieces! He's had everything; he's never heard '*no*' in his life. And yet,—look at him!"

"That's the trouble with him. He's had too much. He needs a few noes! But he's like most rich boys; there isn't one rich man's son in ten who is worth his salt! If he were *my* boy," said Robert Ferguson, with that infallibility which we all feel in regard to the way other people's children should be brought up, "if he were my son, I'd put him to work this summer."

Mrs. Maitland blew her lips out in a great sigh; then she nibbled her forefinger, staring with blank eyes straight ahead of her. She was greatly perplexed. "I'll think it over," she said; "I'll think it over. . . . Hold on; I want to ask you something: your neighbor there, Mrs. Richie, seems to be a very attractive woman—'fair and forty,' as the saying is—only I guess she's nearer fifty? But she's mighty good-looking, whatever her age is."

The color came into Robert Ferguson's face; this time he was really offended. Mrs. Maitland was actually venturing—! "I have never noticed her looks," he said stiffly, and rose.

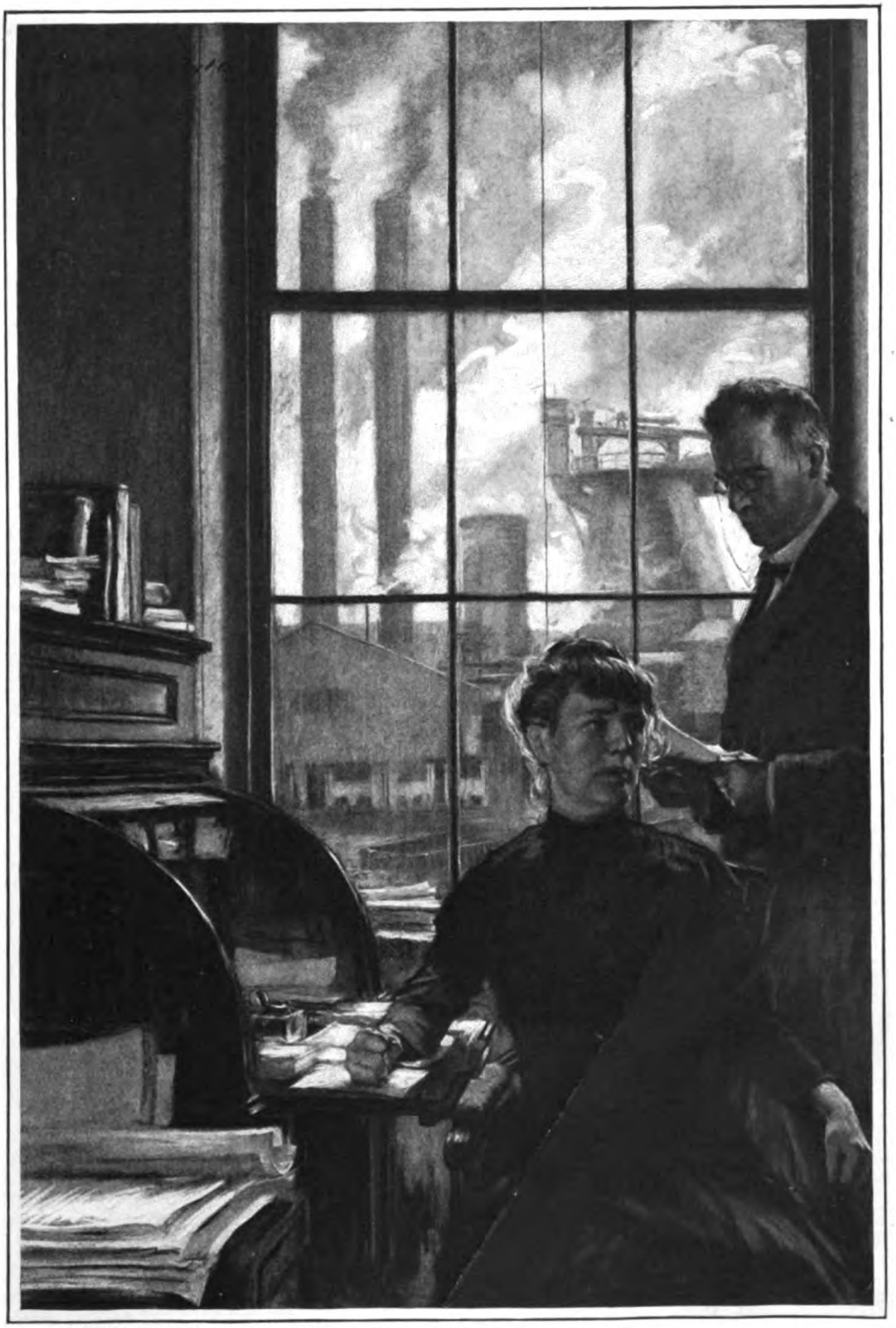
"It just struck me when I caught you in there the other day," she ruminated; "what do you know about her?" Buried deep in the casual and entirely amiable curiosity was a suggestion, but Robert Ferguson did not hear it; she was *not* going to venture! He was so relieved, that he was instantly himself again. He told her briefly what little he knew: Mrs. Richie was a widow; husband dead many years. "I have an idea he was a crooked stick;—more from what she hasn't said than what she has said. She adopted David after the death, so I understand, of a child of her own; she has no relations apparently; some friends in Old Chester, I believe."

"Oh, she has friends, has she?" Mrs. Maitland said; "I was wondering—" But she did not say what she wondered. "She's a nice woman, Robert Ferguson, and a good woman; *and* a good-looking woman, too, 'fair and'—well, say 'fifty'! And if you had any sense—"

But this time Robert Ferguson really did get out of the office.

His advice about Blair, however, seemed superfluous. So far as behavior went, Mrs. Maitland had no further occasion to increase his allowance. His remaining months in the university were decorous enough, though his scholarship was no credit to him. He "squeaked through," as he expressed it to his sister gayly, when she came east to see him graduate,—three years behind the class in

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I AM AT MY WIT'S END TO KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIM!"

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which he had entered college. But as to his conduct, that domiciliary visit had hardened him into a sort of contemptuous common sense. And his annoyed and humiliated manhood, combined with his æsthetic taste, sufficed, also, to keep things fairly peaceful when he was at home, which was rarely for more than a week or two at a time. Quarrels with his mother had become excruciating experiences, like discords on the piano; they set his teeth on edge, though they never touched his heart. To avoid them, he told Nannie,—chuckling at her horror,—he would lie like the devil! His lying, however, was nothing more serious than a careful and entirely insincere politeness; but it answered his purpose, and "rows," as he called them, were very rare,—although, indeed, his mother did her part in avoiding them, too. To Sarah Maitland, a difference with her son meant a pang at the very centre of her being—her maternity; her heart was seared by it, but her taste was not offended, because she had no taste. So, for differing reasons, peace was kept. The next fall, after a summer abroad, Blair went back to the university and took two or three special courses; also he began to paint rather seriously;—all of which was his way of putting off the evil day of settling down in Mercer.

Meantime, life grew quite vivid to his sister. Elizabeth had once said that Nannie was "born an old maid"; and certainly these tranquil, gently useless years alone with her stepmother had emphasized in her a delicate exactness and literalness of mind that was sometimes very amusing to the other three friends. At any rate, it was a pallid little personality,—perhaps it could not have been anything else in the household of a woman like Sarah Maitland, with whom, domestically, it was always either peace,—or a sword! Nannie was incapable of anything but peace. "You are a 'fraid-cat," Elizabeth used to tell her, "but you're a perfect dear!" "Nannie is unscrupulously good," Blair said once; and her soft stubbornness in doing anything she conceived to be her duty, warranted his criticism. But during the first year that David and Elizabeth were engaged, her stagnant existence in the silent old house began to stir; little shocks of reality penetrated the gentle primness of her thought, and she came creeping out into the warmth and sunshine of other people's happiness; indeed, her shy appreciation of the lovers' experiences became almost experiences of her own, so closely did she nestle to all their emotions! It was a real blow to her when it was decided that David should enter a Philadelphia hospital as an interne. "Won't he be at home even for the long vacations?" Nannie asked, anxiously; and when she was told that hospitals did not give "vacations," her only consolation was that she would have to console Elizabeth.

But when Robert Ferguson heard what was going to happen, he had nothing to console him. "I'll have a love-sick girl on my hands," he complained to Mrs. Richie. "You'll have to do your share of it," he barked at her. He had come in through the green door in the garden wall, with a big clump of some perennial in his hands, and a trowel under one arm. "Peonies have to be thinned out in the fall," he said grudgingly, "and I want to get rid of this lot. Where shall I put them?"

It was a warm October afternoon, and Mrs. Richie, who had been sitting on the stone bench under the big hawthorn in her garden, reading until the dusk hid her page, looked up gratefully. "You are robbing yourself," she remonstrated. "I believe that is your precious white peony!"

"It's only half of it, and I get as much good out of it here as in my own garden," he grunted (it takes your breath away to sit on your heels, and dig a hole big enough for a clump of peonies with a trowel!); "besides, it improves my property to plant perennials; my next tenant may appreciate flowers," he ended, with the reproving significance which had become a joke between them.

"Oh," said Mrs. Richie, sighing, "I don't like to think of that 'next tenant'!"

He looked up at her a little startled. "What do you mean? *You* are not going to Philadelphia with David next April?"

"Why, you didn't suppose I would let David go alone?"

"What! You will leave Mercer?" he said. In his dismayed astonishment he dropped his trowel and stood up.

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"Will you please tell me why I should stay in Mercer, when David is in Philadelphia?"

Robert Ferguson was silent; then he tramped the earth in around the roots of the white peony, and said, sullenly, "It never occurred to me that you would go, too."

"You'll have to be extra nice to Elizabeth when we are not here," Mrs. Richie instructed him.

"Nice? *I?*" said Elizabeth's uncle, and snorted; "did you ever know me 'nice'?"

"*Always,*" she said, smiling.

But he would not smile; he went back to his garden for some more roots; when he returned with a wedge taken from his bed of lemon-lilies, he said crossly, "David can manage his own affairs; he doesn't need apron-strings! I think I've mentioned that to you before?"

"I think I recall some such reference," she admitted. He was so cross that her voice trembled with friendly amusement.

But he went on growling and barking: "Foolish woman! to try the experiment, at your age, of living in a strange place!"

At that she laughed outright: "That is the nicest way in the world to tell a friend you will miss her."

But Robert Ferguson did not laugh. In fact, as the winter passed and the time drew near for the move to be made, nobody laughed very much. Certainly not the two young people, who had had nearly a year together, for since he left the medical school David had been working in Mercer's infirmary, and they both felt as if the world would end for them when they ceased to see each other several times a day. David did his best to be cheerful about it; in fact, with that common sense which his engagement had accentuated, he was almost too cheerful. The hospital service would be a great advantage, he said. So great that perhaps the three years' engagement to which they were looking forward,—because David's finances would probably not be equal to a wife before that,—the three years might be shortened to two. But to be parted for two years—it was practically parting, for visits don't amount to anything;—"it's tough," said David. "It's perfectly *terrific!*" Elizabeth said.

"Oh, well," David reminded her, practically, "two years is a lot better than three."

It was curious to see how Love had developed these two young people: Elizabeth had sprung into swift and glowing womanhood; with triumphant candor her conduct confessed that she had forgotten everything but Love. She showed her heart to David, and to her little world, as freely as a flower that has opened overnight—a rose, still wet with dew, that bares a warm and fragrant bosom to the sun. David had matured, too; but his maturity was of the mind rather than the body; manhood suddenly fell upon him like a cloak, and because his sense of humor had always been a little defective, it was a somewhat heavy cloak, which hid and even hampered the spontaneous freedom of youth. He was deeply and passionately in love, but his face fell into lines of responsibility rather than passion; lines, even, of care. He grew markedly older; he thought incessantly of how soon he would be able to marry, and always in connection with his probable income and his possible expenses. Helena Richie was immensely proud of this sudden, serious manhood; but Elizabeth's uncle took it as a matter of course; —had he not, himself, ceased to be an ass at twenty? Why shouldn't David Richie show some sense at twenty-five?

As for Elizabeth, she simply adored! Perhaps she was, once in a while, a little annoyed at the somewhat ruthless power with which David would calmly override a foolish wish of hers; and sometimes there would be a gust of the old temper;—but it always yielded at his look or touch. When he was not near her, when she could not see the speechless passion in his eyes, or feel the tremor of his lips when they answered the demand of hers, then the anger lasted longer. Once or twice, when he was away from home, his letters, with their laconic taking of her love for granted, made her sharply displeased; but when he came back, and kissed her, she forgot everything but his arms. Curiously enough, the very completeness of her surrender kept him so entirely reverent of her that people who did not know him might have thought him cold—but Elizabeth knew! She knew his love, even when, as she fulmi-

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nated against the misery of being left alone, David merely said, briefly, "Oh, well, two years is a lot better than three."

The two years of absence were to begin in April. It was in February that Robert Ferguson was told definitely just when his tenant would terminate her lease; he received the news in absolute silence. Mrs. Richie's note came at breakfast; he read it, then went into his library and shut the door. He sat down at his writing-table, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigar between his teeth. He sat there nearly an hour. Then he threw the cigar into his waste-basket, knocked his glasses off with an angry gesture, and said, softly, "Well, I'll be hanged." It was at that moment that he forgave Mrs. Maitland her outrageous joke of more than a year before. "I've always known that woman was no fool," he said, smiling meagrely at the remembrance of his anger at Sarah Maitland's advice. "It was darned good advice!" he said, but he looked positively dazed. "And I've always said I wouldn't give Life the chance to play another trick on me!" he reflected; —"well, I won't," he assured himself, obstinately. "This is no silly love-affair; it's good common sense!" Ten minutes later, as he started for his office, he caught sight of his face in the mirror in the hall. He had lifted one hand to take his hat from the rack, but as he suddenly saw himself, he stood stock-still, with upraised arm and extended fingers; Robert Ferguson had probably not been really aware of his reflection in a looking-glass for twenty-five years. He saw now a lean, lined, sad face, a morose droop of thin and bitter lips; he saw gray hair standing up stiffly above a care-worn forehead; he saw kind, troubled eyes. And as he looked he frowned. "I'm an ugly cuss," he said to himself, sighing; "and I look sixty!" In point of fact, he was nearly fifty. "But so is she," he added, defiantly, and took down his hat. "Only, *she* looks forty!" And then he thought of Mrs. Maitland's "fair and fifty," and smiled, in spite of himself. "Yes, she is good-looking," he admitted.

And, indeed, she was; Mrs. Richie's quiet life with her son had kept her forehead smooth, and her eyes—eyes the color of a brook which loiters in shady places over last year's leaves—softly clear. There was a gentle placidity about her; the curious, shy hesitation, the deep, half-frightened sadness, which had been so marked when her landlord knew her first, had disappeared; sometimes she even showed soft gayeties of manner or speech which delighted her moody neighbor to the point of making him laugh. And laughing had all the charm of novelty to poor Robert Ferguson. "I never dreamed of her going away!" he said to himself. Well, yes; certainly Mrs. Maitland had some sense, after all. . . . When, a week later, blundering and abrupt, he began to acknowledge Mrs. Maitland's "sense," Mrs. Richie could not at first understand what he was talking about. "Mrs. Maitland knew more than you gave her credit for? I thought you gave her credit for knowing everything! Oh, you don't want me to leave Mercer? I don't see the connection. *I* don't know everything! But you are very flattering, I'm sure. I am a 'good tenant,' I suppose?"

"Please don't go."

She laughed at what she thought was his idea of a joke; and then said, with half a sigh, that she did not know any one in Philadelphia. "When David isn't at home I shall be pretty lonely," she said.

"Please don't go," he said again, in a low voice. They were sitting before the fire in Mrs. Richie's parlor; the glass doors of the plant-room were open,—that plant-room, which had been his first concession to her—and the warm air of the parlor was fragrant with blossoming things. There was a little table between them, with a bowl of violets on it, and a big lamp. Robert Ferguson rose, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down at her. His hair, in a stiff brush above his forehead, was quite gray, but his face in its unwonted emotion seemed quivering with youth. He knocked off his glasses irritably. "I never know how to say things," he said, in a low voice; "but—please don't go."

Mrs. Richie stared at him in amazement.

"I think we'd better get married," he said.

"*Mr. Ferguson!*"

"I think I've cared about you ever

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since you came here, but I am such a fool I didn't know it until Mrs. Maitland said that absurd thing last winter."

"I—I don't know what you mean!" she parried, breathlessly; "at any rate, please don't say anything more about it."

"I have to say something more." He sat down again with the air of one preparing for a siege. "I've got several things to say. First, I want to find out my chances?"

"You haven't any."

His face moved. He put on his glasses carefully, with both hands. "Mrs. Richie, is there any one else? If so, I'll quit. I know you will answer straight; you are not like other women. *Is there anybody else?* That—that Old Chester doctor who comes to see you once in a while, I understand he's a widower—"

"There is nobody; *never* anybody; but—"

"Ah!" he said, triumphantly; then frowned: "If your attachment to your husband makes you say I haven't any chance—but it can't be that."

Her eyes suddenly dilated. "Why not? Why do you say it can't be that?" she said in a frightened voice.

"I somehow got the impression—forgive me if I am saying anything I oughtn't to say—but I had kind of an idea that you were not especially happy with him."

She was silent.

"But even if you were," he went on, "it is so many years;—I don't mean to offend you, but a woman isn't faithful to a memory for so many years!"—he looked at her incredulously—"not even you, I think."

"Such a thing is possible," she told him coldly; she had grown very pale. "But it is not because of—my husband that I say I shall never marry again."

He interrupted her. "If it isn't a dead man nor a live man that's ahead of me, then it seems to me you can't say I haven't any chance—unless I am personally offensive to you?" There was an almost child-like consternation in his eyes; "am I? Of course I know I am a bear."

"Oh, please don't say things like that!" she protested. "A bear? You? Why, you are just my good, kind friend and neighbor; but—"

"Ah!" he said, "that scared me for a minute!" Well, when I understood what was the matter with me (I didn't understand until about a week ago), I said to myself, 'If there's nobody ahead of me, that woman shall be my wife.' Of course, I am not talking sentimentalities to you;—we are not David and Elizabeth! I'm fifty, and you are not far from it. But I—I—I'm hard hit, Mrs. Richie;" his voice trembled, and he twitched off his glasses with more than usual ferocity.

Mrs. Richie rose; "Mr. Ferguson," she said, gently, "I do appreciate the honor you do me, but—"

"Don't say a thing like that; it's foolish," he interrupted, frowning; "what 'honor' is it, to a woman like you, to have an ugly, bad-mannered fellow like me, want you for a wife? Why, how could I help it! How could any man help it? I ought to have asked you long ago! I can't think why on earth I didn't, except that I supposed we would just go on always living next door to each other, and—and I thought anything like—*this,* was over for me. . . . Mrs. Richie, please sit down, and let me finish what I have to say?"

"There is no use, Mr. Ferguson," she said; but she sat down, her face falling into lines of sadness that made her look curiously old.

"There isn't anybody ahead of me; so far, so good. Now as to my chances; of course I realize that I haven't any,—to-day. But there's to-morrow, Mrs. Richie; and the day after to-morrow. There's next week, and next year;—and I don't change. Look how slow I was in finding out that I wanted you; it's taken me fifteen years! What a poor, dull fool I am! Well, I know it now; and you know it; and you don't personally dislike me. So perhaps some day"—his harsh face was suddenly almost beautiful—"some day you'll be—*my wife!*" he said, under his breath. He had no idea that he was "talking sentimentalities"; he would have said he did not know how to be sentimental. But his voice was the voice of youth and passion.

She shook her head. "No," she said, quietly; "I can't marry you, Mr. Ferguson."

"But you are generally so reasonable," he protested, astonished and wistful;

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"why, it seems to me that you *must* be willing—after a while? Here we are, two people getting along in years, and our children have made a match of it; and we are used to each other,—that's a very important thing in marriage; why, it's just plain common sense, after David is on his own legs in the hospital, for us to join forces! Perhaps in the early summer? I won't be unreasonably urgent. Surely"—he was gaining confidence from his own words—"surely you must see how sensible—"

Involuntarily, perhaps through sheer nervousness, she laughed. "Mrs. Maitland's 'sensible arrangement'? No, Mr. Ferguson; please let us forget all about this—"

He gave his snort of a laugh. "Forget? Now *that* isn't sensible. No, you dear, foolish woman; whatever else we do, we shall neither of us forget this. This is one of the things a man and woman don't forget;" in his earnestness he pushed aside the bowl of violets on the table between them, and caught her hand in both of his. "I'm going to get you yet!" he said,—and his voice was as eager as a boy's.

Before she could reply, or even draw back, David opened the parlor door, and stood aghast on the threshold. It was impossible to mistake the situation. The moment of sharp withdrawal between the two on either side of the table announced it, without the uttering of a word; David caught his breath. Robert Ferguson could have wrung the intruder's neck, but Mrs. Richie clutched at her son's presence with a gasp of relief: "Oh—David! I—I thought you were next door—"

"I was," David said, briefly; "I came in to get a book for Elizabeth."

"We were—talking," Mrs. Richie said, trying to laugh. Mr. Ferguson, standing up with his back to the fire, was slowly putting on his glasses. "But we had finished our discussion," she ended breathlessly.

"For the moment," Mr. Ferguson said, significantly; and set his jaw.

"Well, David, have you and Elizabeth decided when she is to come and see us in Philadelphia?" Mrs. Richie asked, her voice still trembling.

"She says she'll come east whenever Mr. Ferguson can bring her," David said, rummaging among the books on the table. "But it's a pity to wait as long as that," he added, and the hint in his words was inescapable. But Robert Ferguson did not take hints.

"I think I can manage to come pretty soon," he retorted.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN Mr. Ferguson said good night, David, apparently unable to find the book he had promised to take in to Elizabeth, made no effort to help his mother in her usual small nightly tasks of blowing out the lamps, tidying the table, folding up a newspaper or two. This was not like David, but Mrs. Richie was too absorbed to notice her son's absorption. Just as she was starting up-stairs, he burst out: "Materna—"

"Yes? What is it?"

He gave her a keenly searching look; then drew a breath of relief, and kissed her. "Nothing," he said.

But later, as he lay on his back in bed, his hands clasped behind his head, his pipe between his teeth, David was distinctly angry. "Of course she doesn't care a hang for him," he reflected; "I could see that; but I swear I'll go to Philadelphia right off!" And before he slept he had made up his mind that was the right thing to do. That that old man, gray and granite-faced, and silent, "that old codger," said the disrespectful cub of twenty-six, should take advantage of friendship to be a nuisance,—"confound him!" said David. "The idea of his daring to make love to her! I wanted to show him the door. . . ." As for his mother, even if she didn't "care a hang," he was half shocked, half hurt; he felt, as all young creatures do, a curious repulsion at the idea of love-making between people no longer young. It hurt his delicacy, it almost hurt his sense of reverence for his mother, to think that she had been obliged to listen to any words of love. "It's offensive!" he said angrily; "yes; we'll clear out! We'll go to Philadelphia the first of March, instead of April."

The next morning he suggested his plan to his mother. "Could you pack up in three weeks, Materna?" he said;

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"I think I'd like to get you settled before I go to the hospital." And Mrs. Richie's instant and relieved acceptance of the change of date made him more annoyed than ever. "He has worried her!" he thought angrily; "I wonder how long this thing has been going on?" But he said nothing to her. Nor did he mean to explain to Elizabeth just why he must shorten their last few weeks of being together. It would not be fair to his mother to explain, he said to himself; —he did not think of any unfairness to the "old codger." He was, however, a little uneasy at the prospect of breaking the fact of this earlier departure to Elizabeth without an explanation. Elizabeth might be hurt; she might say that he didn't want to stay with her. "She knows better!" he said to himself, grinning. The honest truth was, and David faced it with placidity, that Elizabeth might get huffy over not having things explained to her—this was David's word —(but David knew how to check that "huffiness"!).

They were to walk together that afternoon, and David manœuvred for a few exquisite minutes alone before they went out. At first the moments were not very exquisite. . . .

"Well! What happened to you last night? I thought you were going to bring me that book?"

"I couldn't. I had to stay at home."

"Why?"

"Well; Materna wanted me."

Elizabeth murmured a small, cold "Oh." Then she said, "Why didn't you send the book in by Uncle?"

"I didn't think of it," David said candidly.

Elizabeth's dimple straightened. "It would have been polite to have sent me a message, to say the least," she said.

"I took it for granted you'd know I was detained."

"You take too much for—" she began, but before she could speak the words that trembled on her lips, he caught her in his arms and kissed her; and instantly the little flame of temper was blown out.

"That's the worst of walking," David said, as she let him draw her down on the sofa beside him; "I can't kiss you on the street."

"Heavens, I should hope not!" she said. And then, forgetting what she thought was his forgetfulness, she relaxed within his arms, sighing with bliss. "'Oh, isn't it joyful,—joyful,—joyful—'" she hummed softly. "Isn't it wonderful to love each other the way we do! I feel so sorry for other girls, because they are not engaged to you; poor things! Do you suppose anybody in the world was ever as happy as I am?"

"*You?*" said David, scornfully; "you don't count at all, compared to me!" Then they both laughed for the sheer foolishness of that "joyfulness," which was so often on Elizabeth's lips. But David sighed. "Three years is a devilish long time to wait."

"Maybe it will be only two!" she reminded him in a whisper. But this was one of David's practical and responsible moments, so he said grimly, "Not much hope of that."

Elizabeth agreed, sadly, and got up to straighten her hat before the mirror over the mantelpiece. "It's hideously long," she said. "Oh, if I were only a rich girl!"

"Thank Heaven you are not!" he said, with such sudden cold incisiveness that she turned round and looked at him. "Do you think I'd marry a rich woman, and let her support me?"

"I don't see why she shouldn't, if she loved you," Elizabeth said calmly; "I don't see that it matters which has the money, the man or the girl."

"I see," David said; "I've always felt that way—even about Mother. Materna has wanted to help me out lots of times, and I wouldn't let her. I could kick myself now when I think how often I have to put my hand in her pocket."

"I think," cried Elizabeth, "a man might love a girl enough to live on her money!"

"I don't," David said, soberly.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "don't worry. I haven't a cent, so you can't put your hand in my pocket! Come, we must start. I want to go in and see Nannie for a minute, and Cherry-pie says I must be in before dark, because I have a cold."

"I like sitting here best," David confessed, but pulled himself up from the sofa, and in another minute Miss White, peering from an upper window, saw them

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walking off. "Made for each other!" said Cherry-pie, nibbling with happiness.

They had almost reached Nannie's before David said that—that he was afraid he would have to go away a month before he had planned. When he was most in earnest, his usual brevity of speech fell into a curtness that might have seemed, to one who did not know him, indifference. Elizabeth did know him, but even to her the ensuing explanation, which did not explain, was, through his very anxiety not to offend her, provokingly laconic.

"But you don't go on duty at the hospital until April," she said hotly. "Why do you leave Mercer the first of March?"

"Materna wants time to get settled."

"Mrs. Richie told me only yesterday that she was going to a hotel," Elizabeth said; "she said she wasn't going to look for a house until the fall, because she will be at the seashore this summer. It certainly doesn't take a month to find a hotel."

"Well, the fact is, there are reasons why it isn't pleasant for Materna to be in Mercer just now."

"Not pleasant to be in Mercer! What on earth do you mean?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you. It is something that is her own affair."

"Oh, I didn't mean to intrude," Elizabeth said coldly.

"Now, Elizabeth," he protested, "that isn't a nice thing to say."

"Do you think *you've* been saying nice things? I am perfectly certain that you would never hesitate to tell your mother any of my reasons for doing things!"

"Elizabeth, I wouldn't leave Mercer a minute before the first of April, if I wasn't sure it was best for Materna. You know that."

"Oh, go!" she said; "go, and have all the secrets you want. *I* don't care."

"Elizabeth, be reasonable; I—"

But she had left him; they had reached the Maitland house, and, pushing aside his outstretched hand, she opened the iron gate herself, slammed it viciously, and ran up the curving steps to the door. From the doorstep, as she waited for Harris to answer her ring, she looked back: "I think you are reasonable enough for both of us; please don't let me ever interfere with your plans!" She paused a minute in the hall, listening for a following step,—but it did not come. "Well, if he's cross he can wait outside," she told herself sharply; and then she burst into the parlor. "Nannie!" she began,—and paused, abashed, on the threshold;—"I beg your pardon!" she said. Blair was standing on the hearth rug, talking vehemently to his sister; at the sound of the opening door he wheeled around and saw her, glowing, wounded, and amazingly handsome. "Elizabeth!" he said, staring at her. And he kept on staring while they shook hands. They were a handsome pair, the tall, dark, well-set-up man, and the girl almost as tall as he, with brown gilt-flecked hair blowing about a vivid face which had the color, in the sharp February afternoon, of a blush-rose.

"Where's David?" Nannie said.

"I left him at the gate. He's coming in in a minute," Elizabeth said; and turned to Blair. "I didn't know you had come home."

Blair explained that he was only in Mercer for a day. "I'm in a box," he said drolly, "and I've come home to have Nannie get me out."

"Nannie is always ready to get people out of boxes," Elizabeth said, but her voice was vague. She was listening for David's step; still it did not come, and her face began to burn with mortification at the slight of his delay.

"Where *is* David?" Nannie demanded, returning from a fruitless search for him in the hall.

"He's a lucky dog," Blair said, looking at the charming, angry face with open and friendly admiration.

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know about his luck. By the way, he is going to Philadelphia the first of March, Nannie," she said carelessly.

"I thought he didn't have to go until April?" Nannie sympathized.

"So did I," Elizabeth said. "Perhaps he'll tell you why he has changed his mind. He hasn't deigned to give me his reasons yet."

And Blair, watching her, said to himself, "Same old Elizabeth!" He began to talk to her in his gay, teasing way, but she was not listening; suddenly she interrupted him, saying that she must

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go home. "I thought David was coming in, but I suppose he's walking up and down, waiting for me."

"If he doesn't know which side his bread is buttered, I'll walk home with you," Blair said; "and, Nancy dear, while I'm gone, you see Mother and do your best, won't you?"

"Yes," poor Nannie sighed, "only I do wish—"

But Blair did not wait to hear what she wished; he had eyes only for this self-absorbed young creature, who would not listen when he spoke to her. At the gate she hesitated, looked hurriedly about her, up and down the squalid street, and did not answer, — did not apparently hear, — some question that he asked. Blair glanced up and down the street, too. "Evidently David doesn't appreciate his opportunities," he said.

Elizabeth's lip tightened, and she flung up her head; the rose in her cheeks was drowned in a fierce scarlet. She came out of her absorption, and began to sparkle at her companion; she teased him, not too much; she flattered him, very delicately; she fell into half-sentimental reminiscences that made him laugh, then stabbed him gently with an indifferent word that showed how entirely she had forgotten him. And all the time her eyes were absent, and the straight line in her cheek held the dimple a prisoner. Blair, who had begun with a sort of good-natured, rather condescending amusement at his old playmate, found himself, to his surprise, on his mettle.

"Don't go home yet," he said; "let's take a walk."

"I'd love to!" she said.

"Mercer is just as hideous as ever," Blair said; "suppose we go across the river, and get away from it?"

She agreed lightly: "Horrid place." At the corner, she flashed a glance down the side street; David was not to be seen!

"Will David practise here, when he is ready to put out his shingle?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't keep track of his plans."

"He is just as good as ever, I suppose?" Blair said, and watched her delicate lip droop.

"Better, if anything." And in the dusk, as they sauntered over the old bridge, she flung out gibe after gibe at her lover. Her cheeks grew hotter and hotter; it was like tearing her own flesh! The shame of it! The rapture of it! She hated herself for doing it, and so did it again and yet again. "I don't pretend to live up to David," she said.

Blair, with a laugh, confessed that he had long ago given up any such ambition himself. On the bridge they stopped, and Blair looked back at the town lying close to the water. In the evening dusk lights were pricking out all along the shore; the waste-lands beyond the furnaces were vague with the night mists,— faintly amethyst in the east, and bronze and black over the city. Here and there in the brown distances flames would suddenly burst out from unseen stacks, then sink, and the shadows close again.

"I wish I could paint it," Blair said dreamily; "Mercer from the bridge, at twilight, is really beautiful."

"I like the bridge," Elizabeth said, "for sentimental reasons. (Now," she added to herself, "now, I am a bad woman; to speak of *that* to another man is vile.) . . . David and I," she said, significantly,—and laughed.

Even Blair was startled at the crudeness of the allusion. "I didn't suppose David ever condescended to be spoony," he said, and at the same instant, to his absolute amazement, she caught his arm and pulled his hand from the railing.

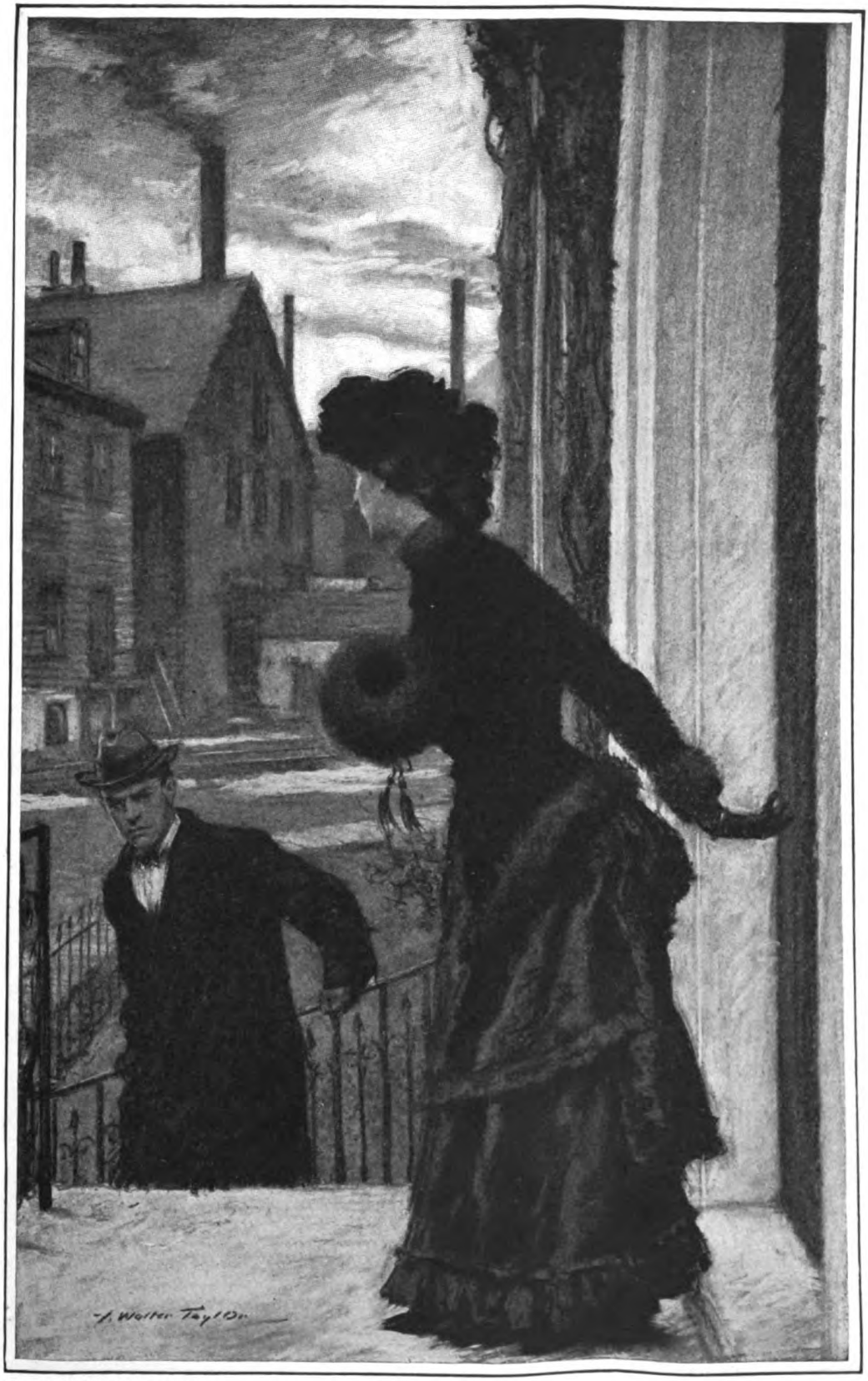
"Don't touch that place!" she cried; and Blair, amused and cynical, laughed under his breath.

"I see; this is the hallowed spot where you made our friend a happy man?"

"We'll turn back now, please," Elizabeth said, suddenly trembling. She had reached the climax of her anger, and the reaction was like the shock of dropping from a dizzy height. On the walk home she scarcely spoke. When he left her at her uncle's door, she was almost rude. "Good night. No; I'm busy. I'd rather you didn't come in." In her own room, without waiting to take off her things, she ran to her desk; she did not even pause to sit down, but bent over, and wrote, sobbing under her breath:

"DAVID: I am just as false as I can be. I ridiculed you to Blair. I lied and lied and lied—because I was angry.

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I THINK YOU ARE REASONABLE ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US"

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I hated you for a little while. I am low, and vulgar, and a blasphemer. *I told him about the bridge.* You see how vile I am? But don't—don't give me up, David. Only—understand just how base I am, and then, if you possibly can, keep on loving me. E."

When David read that poor little letter, his face quivered for an instant, and then he smiled. "Materna," he said—they were sitting at supper—"Materna, she certainly is—perfect!"

His mother laughed, and put out her hand. But he shook his head. "Not even you!" he said.

When he went to see Elizabeth that evening, he found her curiously broken. "David, how could I do it? I made *fun* of you! Do you understand? Yes; I truly did. Oh, how vile I am! And I knew I was vile all the time; that's the queer part of it. But I piled it on! And all the time it seemed as if I was just bleeding to death inside. But I kept on doing it. I loved being false, because I knew it would hurt you. I loved to blacken myself." She drew away from him, shivering. "No; don't touch me; don't kiss me,—I am not worthy. . . . Oh, David, throw me over! Don't marry me, I am not fit—" And when he caught her in his arms, she said, her voice smothered against his breast, "You see, you didn't come in at Nannie's. And it looked—as if you didn't care. It was humiliating, David. That was what started it, I suppose; although last night you didn't bring me the book, or even send any message; and that was sort of—careless. Yes, I really think you were a little horrid, David? So I was—hurt, I suppose, to start with. Oh yes; it was silly, I know; but—"

He kissed her again, and laughed. "It was silly, dear."

"Well, but listen: I am not excusing myself for this afternoon, but I do want you to understand how it started. I was provoked at your not explaining to me about going away a whole month earlier than you need; I think any girl would be a little provoked, David. And then, on top of it, you let Blair and Nannie see that you didn't care to walk home with me, and—"

"But good gracious!" said David, amused and tender, "I thought you didn't want me! And of course it would have been absurd to hang round, if I wasn't wanted."

"Oh," she cried, sharply, lifting her wet face from his breast, "don't you see? *I want you to be absurd!* Can't you understand how a girl feels?" Then suddenly she forgot the wound to her vanity, in the deeper pain of self-abasement. "But, after all, why should you show Nannie and Blair that you care? Why should you wait? I am not worth caring for, or waiting for, anywhere, any time! Oh, David, my temper—my dreadful temper!"

He lifted her trembling hand and kissed the scar on her left wrist silently.

"I ought not to see you to-night, just to punish myself," she whispered brokenly. "You don't know how crazy I was, when I was talking to Blair. David, I was *crazy,*—do you understand? Oh, why, *why* when I was a child, didn't they teach me how to control my temper? I can't now; I'm too old to change."

David smiled. "You are terribly old," he said. Like everybody else, save Mrs. Richie, David accepted Elizabeth's temper as a matter of course. "She doesn't mean anything by it," her little world had always said,—and put up with the inconvenience of her furies, with the patience of people who were themselves incapable of the irrationalities of passion. "Oh, you are a hardened sinner," David mocked.

"You do forgive me?" she whispered.

And at that he was grave. "There is nothing I would not forgive, Elizabeth."

"But I have stabbed you?"

"Yes; a little; but I am yours to stab."

Her eyes filled. "Oh, it is so wonderful, that you go on loving me, David!"

"You go on loving me," he rallied her; "in spite of my dulness and slowness, and all that."

But Elizabeth was not listening. "It frightens me to get so angry," she said, with a sombre look. "It was just the same when I was a little girl; do you remember the time I cut off my hair? I think you had hurt my feelings; I forget now what you had done. I was always having my feelings hurt! Of

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course I was awfully silly. It was a relief then to spoil my body, by cutting off my hair. This afternoon it was a relief to put mud on my soul."

He looked at her, trying to find words tender enough to heal the wounds she had torn in her own heart; not finding them, he was silent.

"Oh, we must face it," she said; "*you* must face it. I am not a good girl; I am not the kind of girl you ought to marry. I—"

"I'll not go away in March!" David interrupted her passionately;—after all, what is a man's mother, compared with his girl? Elizabeth's pain was intolerable to him. "I won't leave you a day before I have to!"

And for a moment her wet eyes smiled. "Indeed you shall," she said; "I may be wicked—oh, I am!—but I am not really an idiot. Only, David, *don't* take things so for granted, dear, and—and don't be so awfully sensible, David."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Dead Magdalen

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WINDS of the south
On her rose-mouth
Their last fond breath have blown;
She has forgot they let her die alone.

Yes, better dead;
But mark! the head
Somehow too flowerlike lies;
The trodden blossom looks so when it dies.

I do not say
The summer day
Were gladder, lived she now;
But Nature feels those heel-marks on her brow,

And piteous eyes
Look from the skies.
'Twas such a fall of hair
The Master looked on, once, and found it fair.

"Fitter to rest
Upon my breast,
This bruisèd flower, than they
Who trod it in the dust, and went their way."

The Master meek,
So may he speak;
And she may bloom again
By him, sad-eyed as when he walked with men.

God's sun and air
Made her so fair.
Sweet, too, the poisonous flowers;
June mothers them. Heaven hide her shame—and ours!

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Anne—Just a Plain Woman

BY ANNE WARWICK

"PERHAPS Anne—" suggested Michael.

"Why, yes—certainly, Anne," seconded Doromea, eagerly. "Of course Timothy's our friend, but Anne knows that we have just this last chapter and —all we need do is to ask her."

"Um-m. What is she doing?"

"She was trimming a hat on the west porch a few minutes ago."

"*Trimming a hat?* Why, she never has one on her head!" Anne's husband looked at his unfinished manuscript aggrieved.

"I think it was Gladys-Marie's hat." Doromea struggled back of plot to remember. "It had a look of Gladys-Marie—an incoherent sort of cloche, you know, that was meant to have been a sunbonnet."

Michael laughed. "If you weren't my sister I should be afraid of you," he said, looking at her admiringly. "You see too deep—even in hats."

"But I cannot trim them," answered Doromea, seriously. "Anne can—she can make the most delicious hat out of an old square of lace or something. I can't even tack a plume in place and have it look like anything but a curled poker."

"You can only help write books," smiled Michael, "and this one"—he smoothed the thick pile of closely written paper—"is the best you've ever helped to write. Er—suppose we just go and speak to Anne."

The two figures, ludicrously alike in spite of the tall stoop of one and the trim roundness of the other, hurried around the house to the west porch.

"Is the book finished?" asked Anne, posing buttercups with an upward glance of amazement.

"No—that is, not quite—just that one more chapter, you know; but—"

"It must be finished to-day," concluded Doromea, firmly, "and—the post came a few minutes ago and there was a letter from Timothy."

"Yes?" Anne's voice warmed. She had never seen Timothy, but Michael and Doromea had made him sound very nice.

"Timothy," said Doromea, mildly indignant, "with all his excellences, has an abominable habit of not arriving psychologically at all." (Michael beamed—there was not a phrase of Doromea's turning whose cleverness he ever lost.) "He is coming this afternoon on the four-thirty," plumped Doromea, with no cleverness at all.

"I had better meet him with the cart when I go to Aunt Hester's," Anne reflected, "unless—perhaps you had planned to meet him yourself, Dorry?"

"No"—Doromea magnanimously overlooked the abbreviation of her cherished name—"no, I hadn't. Of course you've never seen him, but—"

"There's no one else to get off," Anne answered, simply.

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I meant you have never met him, or anything." Doromea always floundered in her explanations to Anne—perhaps because she found it necessary to make so many.

"Well, that needn't worry her any," put in Michael. "Timothy will make her feel at ease right away." And he smiled at Anne with an affection back of which lurked an impatience to be off and at work, now that incidental disturbances were disposed of.

"Then you'll meet the four-thirty," reminded Doromea, impressively.

"But you're coming in to lunch?" called Anne, seeing them about to start off. "It's almost time."

"I don't know if we'll bother with lunch to-day," returned Michael, absently. "You can ring, but don't wait for us if we don't come."

"Gladys-Marie wants to go to the city," commenced Anne, but the sharp corner of the porch cut off her audience; "and I must read to Aunt Hester and shell the peas," she finished. "Gladys-Marie!"

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"Yes'm—yes, my lady." There was but one woman in the world to whom Gladys-Marie would acknowledge such subservience, but one woman before whom she would appear instantly—and awesomely.

"Here's the hat, Gladys-Marie. Run along with it and have a good time, only come back so that you can get dinner; and, Gladys-Marie, perhaps you had better leave a little lunch on the buffet. I don't believe the others will be quite ready to eat with me."

"Never are," muttered Gladys-Marie, handling the hat as though it were Venetian glass. "Sit with their noses glued over an old pad o' paper all day long, 'n' the house 'n' the meals 'n' Lady Elinore 'n' me c'n go to—c'n go hang, 's what I mean," she apologized to Anne. "Oh, I know you think I'm the pert one with me nerve carried round in me side pocket, but I c'n see, I can; 'n' if ever I see perruls cast before swine—Gee! it's plainer 'n any Sunday-school chromo ever tried to be."

She looked back at the pearl in question with a kind of wrathful tenderness. But the Lady Elinore, apparently, had not heard a word; only the soft part in her warm gold hair was visible above the sewing in her hands.

"She's awful sweet," sighed the worldling, pityingly, "'n' twice as smart with hands as I am. But—my word! she ain't clever! The way she lets herself get done an' don't even squirm about it pickles me!"

The fussy little train steamed off with an important backward lunge, as though to say, "There! I did the very best I could for you!" And Anne, who alone with the station-master saw what it had deposited, could understand how it lingered on the siding and switched back and forth several times after it had given every pretence of departing. For the spare, shortish person it had set down at the small station made of the station a suddenly very wonderful place indeed.

"You are Timothy," said Anne, gravely, going forward. "I came to meet you—I am Anne, you know."

"I am very glad to know." When the spare person smiled like that the station-master straightened his tie and began to whistle. "For you to come to meet me is the most cordial introduction we could possibly have had. Is that your cart?"

"Yes." Since Timothy mentioned it, Anne thought it was not such a bad cart, after all. "If you will put your bag inside I will get the milk-can."

"Oh, *I'll* get the milk-can, miss," offered the station-master, hastily, as though he were not in the habit of lounging over his pipe while he watched Anne carry it night and morning. "There you are!" He swung it up with a flourish.

"Thank you," said Anne, and her eyes were bluer than before. "Did you hear him call me miss?" she asked Timothy almost before they rattled off. "He thinks I'm a girl."

"I should say he was of a sound psychology," pronounced Timothy. "I suppose he hasn't seen Michael following you about, then?"

"No." Anne drew the reins a shade tighter. "You see, Michael has been finishing his book—he and Doromea, I mean; and that keeps them very busy. I come down for the milk by myself—unless sometimes Gladys-Marie comes along."

"And Gladys-Marie is—"

"My maid. She is very fond of dime novels and chews gum. I think you will like her."

"I am sure of it." Timothy's gray eyes had bent a little closer upon Anne's serene naturalness. "Do Michael and Doromea like her?"

"They have no time for her. They are too busy making up characters for the book."

"I suppose you help at that, too—"

"I?" Anne's blue gaze marvelled at him. "Oh no—I am not clever enough to help Michael. Doromea is the only one who does that. Isn't she pretty—Doromea?"

"Yes," said Timothy, so fulsomely that any woman would have known at once. "But I wish she would stop being clever," he added, after a minute.

"Men always want wives who are not clever, don't they?" Anne meditated. "So many people said that when Michael married me. Are the women in your stories clever, Mr.—Timothy?"

"Never," asserted Mr. Timothy, solemnly—and traitorously to Doromea.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"YES, I KNOW—I MET HIM"

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"They—they are just plain women?"

"Just plain women. That is why women never buy the magazines they're in."

"But men do?"

"Oh yes—men who have married the clever ones like to remember that there are the other kind. And men who have married the other kind—your kind" (this time it was Anne who straightened the little frill at her throat)—"like to be reminded how sensibly they have done for themselves."

"Michael does not read your stories," said Anne, turning a sharp corner carefully. "He says he does not understand them in you."

Timothy's quaint twisty mouth grew twistier for a moment. Then he said, "That is because he does not understand me in them—or you, or anybody else one sees day after day—and never sees at all."

"One doesn't see you day after day," objected Anne. "If one never saw you at all, though, one would always be sure that one had—that one had wanted to." She looked up at his glasses without coquetry. "Doromea and Michael have talked a great deal about you."

Timothy groaned. "And said clever things about me, I suppose—epigrams?" He waited, as for the worst.

"I think so. Yes, Doromea said you were a literary Roycrofter—that is an epigram, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so—or a Mission-made metaphor. I wish"—Timothy's voice grew wistful—"she had said she hated me."

"Said she hated you? Oh! I see"—Anne remembered—"you want her to be in love with you."

"She is in love with me," admitted Timothy, modestly. "Only she thinks it's beneath her—being in love at all, I mean. She thinks it isn't subtle."

"I suppose it isn't," Anne meditated, allowing the horse to walk in zigzag laziness across the road and back. "That must be why I don't mind it," she decided, as they came in sight of the house. "I've been in love ever since Michael asked me to try to be—and a long time before that."

Timothy looked at her again more closely. "Michael should write better books," he murmured, getting down to open the gate.

"So you really didn't mind our not meeting you?" Doromea's anxiety was most appealingly clothed in a rose-sprigged frock. "You see, Anne offered, so we thought—"

"You thought you couldn't be more gracious to me," finished Timothy, glad that Doromea's hair curled over the ears as unsubtly as ever. "By the way, where is Anne?" He looked about the wide homely porch, where a work-bag and a tennis racquet spoke of some one, evidently just a plain woman.

"She is getting dinner." Doromea shifted uncomfortably to another chair. "I wish I could help her, but I can't even boil an egg—and not have it crack! Anne is so practical."

"And so impractical," appended Michael. "Fancy letting Gladys-Marie go to the city when Timothy was coming! And of course there was no one by whom to send the manuscript, once we had finished it. Anne had gone over to read to Aunt Hester, and Doromea hadn't the least idea how to hitch up."

"Neither had you," added Doromea, a little warmly.

"Naturally not—having been brought up in the city with you."

"Poor people!" Timothy's gray eyes commiserated them. "But now that the book is done, you can begin to learn something?"

"I mean to find myself," said Doromea, loftily. "And I shall have to go off alone for the whole day in order to do it."

"That would be very rude—and no help at all to you. Why not take Gladys-Marie along?" Timothy meant it—though he had never seen Gladys-Marie.

"I would, if she were not so typical." Doromea was quite serious. "Nowadays one must insist upon the unusual, or grow usual oneself. Even one's maid is an influence."

Michael looked triumphantly at Timothy—they were used to holding some argument together as to Doromea's cleverness.

"I see—then how important we usual ones are, aren't we?—for if it wasn't for us, all of you'd be usual, too!" Timothy's smile included Anne, who came out just at that moment, completely covered with a checked blue apron.

"*Anne*—Timothy!" Doromea's voice showed what she thought of aprons.

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"Yes, I know—I met him." Anne sat down, innocently, and began to fan her flushed face. "Dinner's ready," she added, as an incident.

Both Doromea and Michael jumped up at once. "We didn't have a bite of lunch," cried Michael, plumping down into his chair and attacking the olives rather crudely. "By the time we had finished the book, you had gone to Aunt Hester's—" he turned to Anne.

"Yes," said Anne, setting down the water-pitcher. "There was lunch on the buffet, you know."

"I told you!" Doromea triumphed at Michael. "I said Anne wouldn't forget—but you wouldn't even go and look."

"Oh well—" Michael's voice was a shade less agreeable than usual. "I knew she was busy in the garden all morning, and trimming Gladys-Marie's hat—I didn't suppose she'd think. Anyway, what does it matter? The dinner's tremendously good. Come, Timmie, tell us what you've been doing—more Plain Stories?"

"Not so many more." Timothy wondered inadvertently if Michael had put Anne's elbows in the book—they were exceedingly nice elbows. "You see, there aren't so many Plain People left to write about. Every one's going in for being extraordinary, these days—psychic or something." He looked at Doromea inquiringly.

"I go to New Thought lectures," defended Doromea, promptly.

"Do you?" Timothy asked Anne.

"I don't have time—besides, I'm afraid I wouldn't understand. I never went to college or anything."

"Oh!" said Timothy, approvingly.

"You see, Anne"—Doromea interposed with a quick kindliness—"Anne always lived in the country before she came to New York to keep house for her grandfather—that winter we met her—so she isn't as interested in the new mental trend. You must take it up when we go back, though, dear; after all, it's the thing that counts—one's psychic education."

"I should say that depended on what one counts with." But Timothy said it so low that nobody heard him.

"Psychic education"—Michael crumbled his roll thoughtfully. "In the book there's a woman (Faero's her name) who is absolutely the most perfect psychic completion you ever encountered. Simply a *ripping* creation, isn't she, Doromea?"

"Wonderful!" Doromea sighed admiration; then she smiled, and all her dimples came out, which was to Timothy much more important. "You see, this woman, this Faero, has a way of seeing things—the most subtle, evanescent sort of things that nobody could possibly see—"

"Eh?" Timothy bolted, involuntarily.

"And it's she who gathers up all the threads of the plot—there really isn't so much plot, Michael—"

"No, not so much plot—" Michael paused vaguely over a stalk of asparagus. "People are sick of plot nowadays. They want something less apparent, less—"

"So this Faero is a sort of psychic gleaner," went on Doromea, eagerly. "All the subleties other people let fall unnoticed she picks up and treasures, until the mental of her, the infinitely fine sensitive perception that's stretched to the vibration of a thin, thin silken string—"

"Gee whiz! Now ain't I the late one! Me walkin'-papers 'n' the cashless mitt's all I deserve, I guess—but honest, Lady Elinore, if y' could uv seen that Theatorium show! My word! it had Sothern 'n' Marlowe lookin' like two ice-cream freezers—yes'm! Why, when that girl, Phylo-Floretta, jumped out of a forty-six story buildin', into her waitin' lover's arms, with Popper hangin' out the winder threatenin' air-ships—my eye! I says to Mamie, I says, this may be riskay, but it's life, I says! 'N' y' c'n take it from me it was, too—oh!" From the window Gladys-Marie became suddenly aware of new audience, and hunted for her vanity-bag to see if her hat was on straight.

"A quaint person," commented Doromea, when the buttercup hat had passed on, to the tune of *The Rosary*, "though a trifle hectic in her descriptive parts."

Michael glanced again triumphantly at Timothy.

"I must go and see her about breakfast," said Anne, rising.

"I thought you would play to us." Michael's voice was wistful as a child's. "Anne always plays to us after dinner," he explained to Timothy.

"I don't play," disclaimed Anne; "I

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAN EVER LEARN TO BE AS CLEVER AS ANNE?"

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only hum a little. There—tuck yourself up—I'll play for a while." She brought his pipe over to the hammock, and arranged two chairs undemonstratively tangent, before she went in to the piano.

Timothy, who had wandered into the yard, gazed at Michael; he was puffing peacefully as the simple little Irish ballad came to emphasize his comfort.

"Does the Lady Elinore always sing like that?" Timothy asked Gladys-Marie, who appeared (quite without reason) on the side porch.

Gladys-Marie listened. "I guess it's you," she said, finally, fumbling with her pompadour. "Sometimes she sounds kind a sad, but—I guess nobody could help pinchin' their gladness a little when you're around—" Her eyes under the pompadour went from Timothy to the two chairs Anne had left. One of them was occupied. "Her hair curls real pretty, don't it?" she added, generously—for Doromea and Gladys-Marie had a vegetable understanding only. "An' that rose-color is awful becomin'—"

Timothy threw away his light and turned toward the rose-sprigged chair. "It is a pretty dress, isn't it?"

"Lady Elinore made it," returned Gladys-Marie, proudly. "Sure it's a pretty dress!"

Doromea and Michael and Timothy sat on the porch. "I can't think it has been really two weeks since you've been here." From the steps Doromea looked at Timothy a bit dolefully. "But it must be—since it was two weeks ago we—we sent the book off. Must you actually go tomorrow, Timothy?"

"It seems a breach of sense to admit it," Timothy agreed, looking at her through the gloaming, "but my editors imagine that the summer has created some new Plain People—at least they want me to come and see."

"I suppose so," Doromea sighed. "I wish some one wanted me to come and do something," she added, vehemently, under her breath. "Goodness knows there's been nothing to do here, since the book's been finished. Anne seems to be busy every minute," she observed, aloud, "but I don't sew or cook or row, or anything — I don't even play the piano!" this with a gust of indignation, as some very good playing came through the window.

"It's the book's fault." Michael's voice sounded rather weary. "If I hadn't held you to the book every minute, you might have learned these other things. But I never imagined for a moment that the publishers would reject it—it seemed so much better than the first one, so much subtler—"

"What did they say about it?" Timothy moved to where he could not see the quiver of Doromea's lips.

"They said"—Michael repeated with the monotony of one who has gone over the lesson many times—"that they were much surprised and not a little disappointed over the decided inferiority of this book compared with the other; that I seemed to have striven for an effect rather than for a truthful portrayal of actual life. Oh, they tore it up sharply enough!" he concluded, breaking off as though the recital choked him.

"They did say," Doromea comforted, wiping her eyes back of Michael's cushions—"they did say there was some clever dialogue in it—you remember, Michael, where Faero talks with the rector? They mentioned that especially."

"Yes—yes"—Michael caught at the consolation—"where she says, 'One can be so many worse things than bad,' and—Why, Anne said that, Doromea; funny, isn't it? Don't you know, when we were talking about that stable-boy who stole—the one who had been in the Reformatory? You said you thought he was the baddest boy in the world, and Anne—why, yes, of course!"

"What else did they say was especially good?" Timothy's voice suggested, with suspicious impersonality.

"Why, farther on, the scene between the kitchen-maid and the policeman—that was a story of Gladys-Marie's, Anne told us—awfully natural, you know, and—er—local-colorish. They like that."

"Yes, and the bit about the ladies' clubs." Doromea would not allow Michael to omit anything.

"Surely, that—that was funny, you know—" Michael laughed heartily for the first time since yesterday, when the book had come back. "That was a conversation Anne had with — Doromea!" He sat all at once bolt upright in his

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hammock. "Every one of those things was Anne's! Every single one of them—do you know that, Doromea?—and the publishers said they were the only clever things in the book!"

"*Anne*—clever?" Doromea stumbled, dazed with the dawning of it. "Why—why, Michael!"

"Yes"—Michael was standing up now, and almost excited—"yes, those were Anne's things—the clever ones—and all the rest was rot. We sat in there racking our brains over subtle things to say, and all the time, if we'd just listened to Anne, we could have written a perfectly extraordinary book—the cleverest book in the world! It's maddening—it's—"

"Do you know why it would have been the cleverest book in the world?" asked Timothy, quietly—for Anne's singing stopped just then. "Because it would have been the story of just a plain, ordinary woman—and that's the rarest woman one can find to write about—women like Anne, and that little Patsy sister of mine, and a host of others. Why don't you go in," he said to Michael, gently, "and ask her to help you find her?"

As Michael slipped through the long window, Timothy moved to the step below Doromea. "Aren't you convinced that she's the subtlest woman, too—this plain, ordinary woman?" he asked. Doromea's curly head was bent very low. "Don't you think you might like to cook, and sew, and trim hats sometimes?"

His voice was so wistful that Doromea wiped her eyes quite frankly this time. "I—I am perfectly wild to trim hats," she burst out, laughing between her sobs. "Oh, Timothy, I am so sick—sick—*sick* of trying to be clever and think up things! I am really the dullest, plainest woman in the world."

"I hope so," said Timothy, gravely, taking the unskilful little hands. "I need a heroine most awfully. You see"—turning her about to face the library windows—"Michael has found his." For Michael was standing by, while Anne lit the lamp and undid a heavy pile of manuscript.

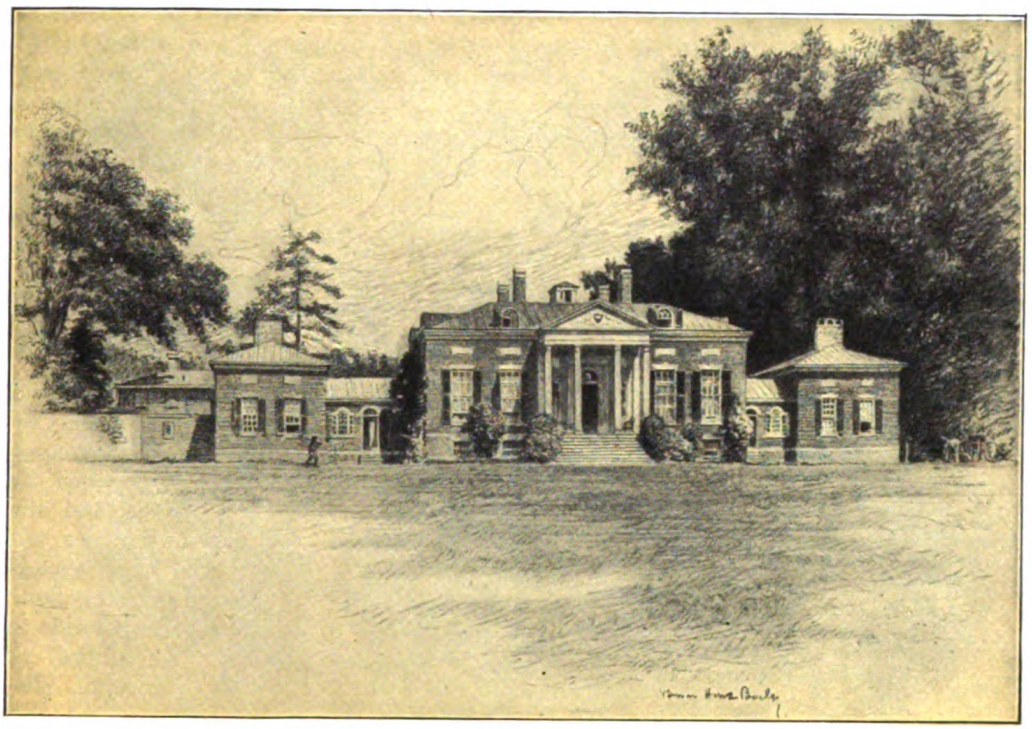
"Anne—just a plain woman—" Doromea's voice caught—but with a yearning desire. "Even Gladys-Marie had the sense to tell me that she had the Duchess heroines beat by a lope! Do you suppose, Timothy"—her hands crept to his shoulders pleadingly—"do you suppose that I can ever learn to be as clever as Anne?"

Separation

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

EVEN as I move about from empty room to room,
Tears of remembrance well unbidden to mine eyes:
Alike the dawn of daylight and the midnight gloom,
The fading of sweet flowers and fragrance of their bloom,
Strike to my heart unending agonies.
I lift my hands to God; thine own have pressed them:
I ope my lips in prayer; thine own have blessed them:
My heavy eyes look round in vain for eyes like thine to rest them:
Ah, dear dumb spirit, come back, come back from death;
And wake the weary silence of the world with whispering of thy breath.

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THE CARROLL MANSION

Baltimore

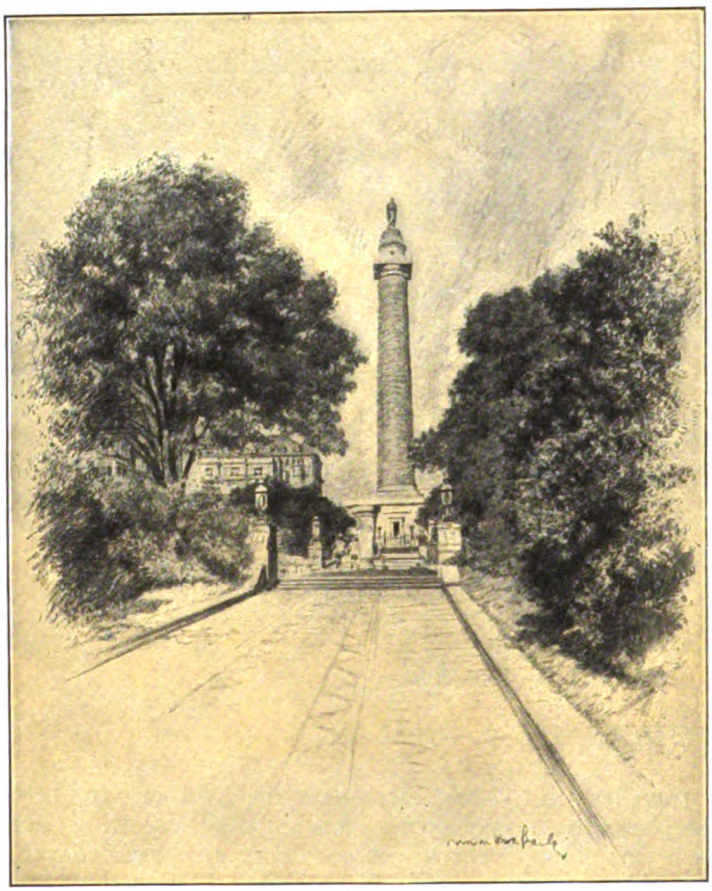
BY HARRISON RHODES

FOR the sentimental traveller in our country one of the pleasantest adventures will always be his start down the Atlantic seaboard and his eager watch for the first signs that he has come into the romantic South. There has been an amazing change of feeling in these peaceful post-bellum days; it is scarcely fantastic or paradoxical to say that it is the Northerner now who is tenderest of the memories of that earlier, lovelier South. Yet the Northerner, on his romantic journey, is only too apt to think that until he has at least crossed the Potomac he is still in his own country. Indeed, it is often only orange trees and palms which will finally convince him. But latitude and climate are not everything; North is North and South is South in spite of them. Even if the snow flies as his train pulls into Baltimore, he should descend from it, for he is passing the South's metropolis, her strongest, richest city—near the Northern frontier, it is true, but proudly asserting her right to act and to speak for the South, even though in those old war days she was racked and torn by two loyalties, burnt and martyred by the flames of two patriotisms.

Baltimore's present "Southernness" is not perhaps the kind of thing wholly demonstrable. True, you will at once hear the unmistakable accent upon everybody's lips. And you will find the black race on every hand, often in picturesque destitution and the classic dishevelment and bandanna head-dress, but oftener in amazing prosperity and, especially in Druid Hill Park of a Sunday, in dazzling and immaculate raiment. But the Southern quality which for the sentimental traveller hangs over everything like a veil is more elusive. There are streets of red brick houses which, but for the grace of God, might be on Beacon

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Hill in Boston. There are white marble steps no more shining than those in the Quaker neighbor, Philadelphia. There is no hint of decay or neglect to suggest the nearness of the easy-going sub-tropics. Yet somehow it is possible to detect a softer grace, a Southern richness of bloom. These are the people who so naturally speak of their door-steps as "pleasure porches," and call a strip of beach along the Chesapeake a "pleasure shore." In fact, there is always a hint of leisure about Baltimorean activity—the "rush hour" comes early. And there seems all through the day more time than in most places for the smaller courtesies; probably nowhere are so many women overburdened with heavy market-baskets helped to mount the car steps. Those market-baskets, too, hint at good living, "Southern style." But Baltimore's title of "gastronomic capital of America" must be treated later, more at length, and in a style more impassioned and lyric. It must be enough now to say that there is all through the town a sense of that richer cuisine, that more frank enjoyment of the pleasures of the table, which here with us, just as in France, to cite a suitable gastronomic example, tells you that you are headed Southward.

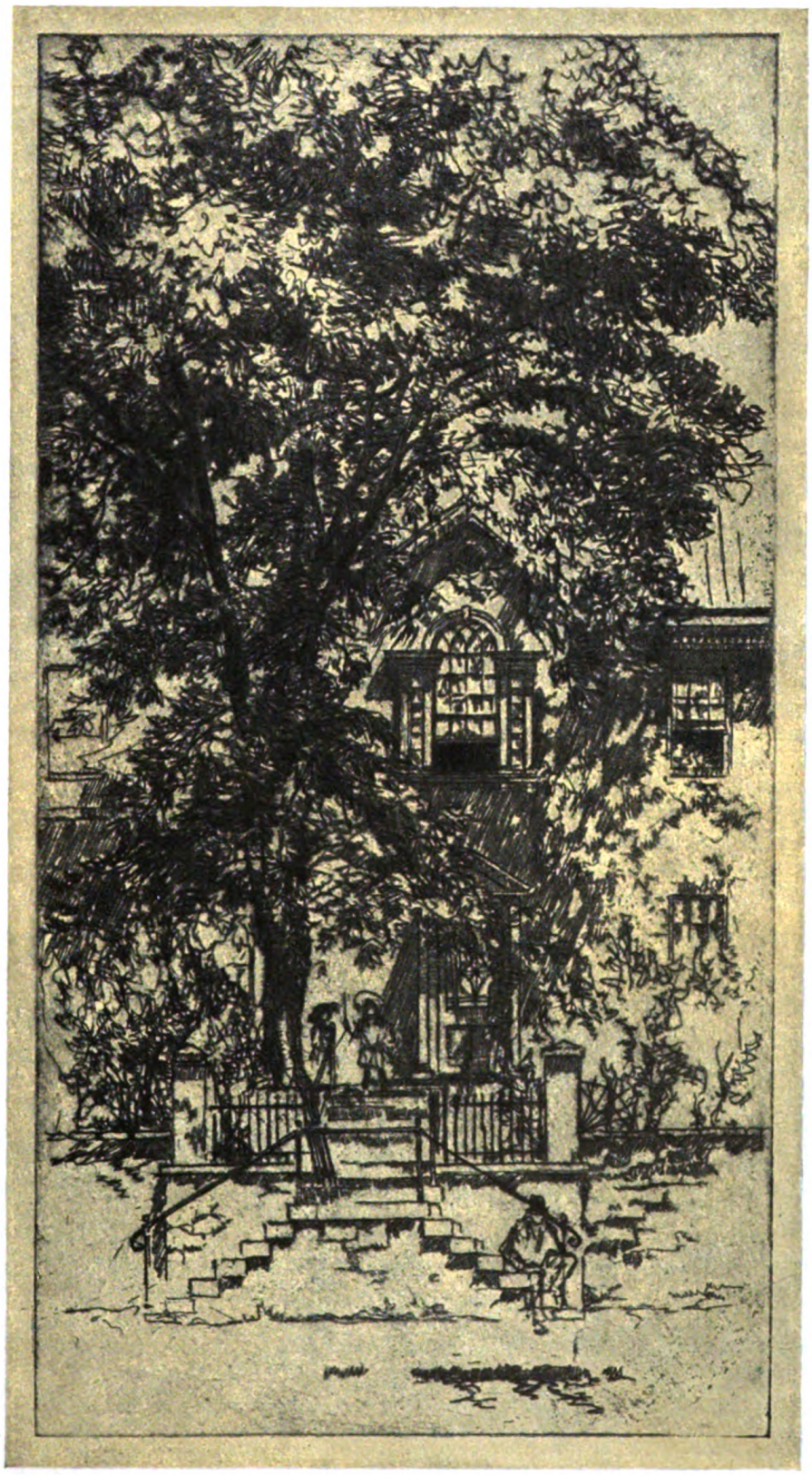


WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Baltimore's streets are little vexed by tourists, for the most part undisturbed by the rumble and the megaphones of "sightseeing wagons." Lounging along them it is possible to have something of that pride of discoverer and explorer which to any true lover of towns and sights gives such a warming proprietary feeling. Baltimore is so near at hand that it seems obvious—and is neglected. It has, it must be admitted, few definite "sights," except an admirable gallery of paintings, which is unaccountably kept closed for almost half the year. There is, if you like, little to see—just the town itself. But the town itself is so very pleasant!

At the very beginning it is almost inevitable that one should speak of the monument to Washington. It is around it, sitting upon its green hill, that the town groups itself, and to it, in a way, that one's memories of Baltimore cling. The monument still manages, in spite of the passing of almost a century and the coming of steel construction and sky-scrapers, to dominate the Baltimorean scene. It will probably be the centre of the view from your hotel window. You will see it in its small park, surrounded

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THE RECTORY
Etched by Charles H. White

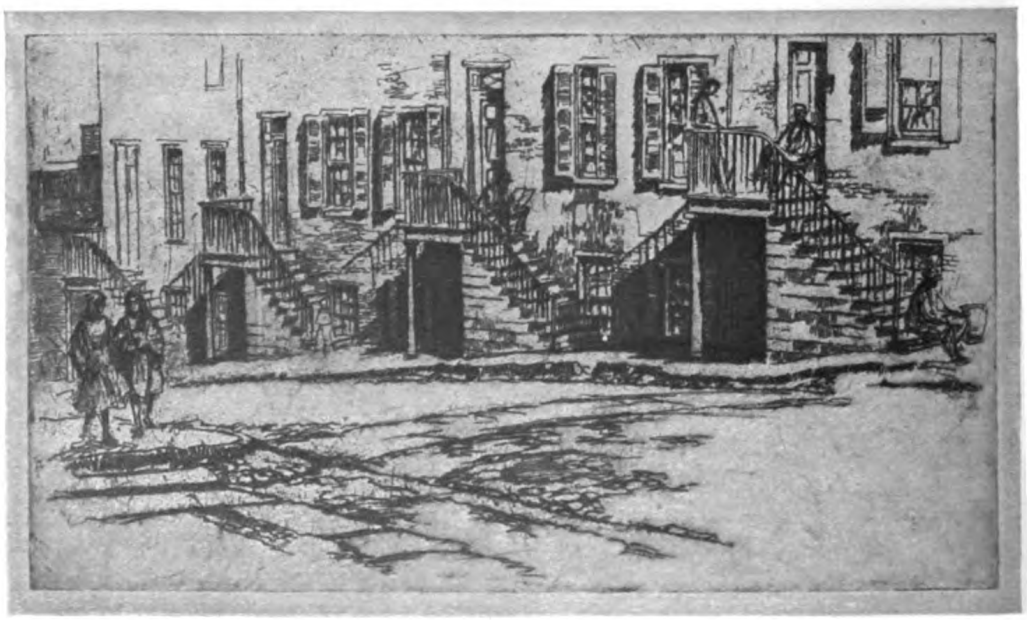
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by respectable pleasant streets of spacious old brick houses, and beyond it the gilded domes of the old Roman Catholic cathedral, giving a curious exotic touch to the picture, while they also remind you of the Calverts and the early days of the Catholic colony. You may perhaps see flying against the blue sky a flag with the colors of the Calverts; colors worn, too, in the Maryland thickets by the Baltimore oriole. But the eye will come back to the gray pledge of Maryland's loyalty, the first memorial set up in the whole country to the great Washington.

The column is perhaps of no great intrinsic beauty, its proportions have even been described by the irreverent as "dumpy," but anything so skilfully placed would have an effect, and, in fact, the shaft has the solemn, yet good-natured, dignity of which the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth knew so well the trick. It has very definitely "an air." You take off your hat to it, with some show of old-fashioned politeness, and you realize that you are in a "gentleman's town."

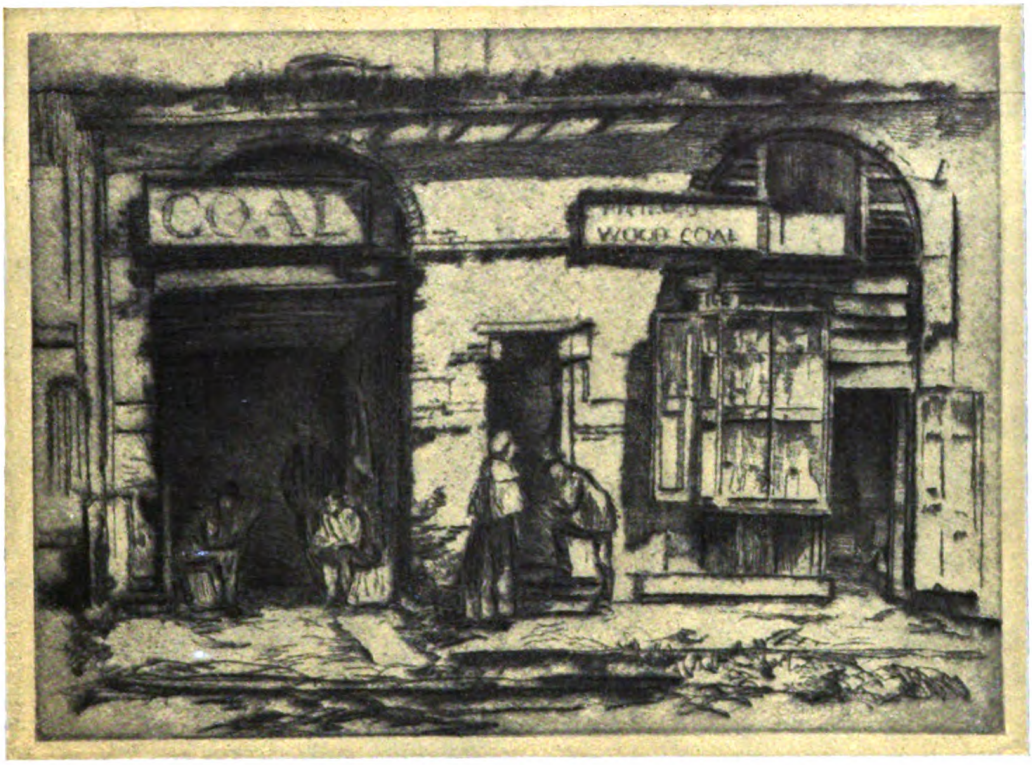
Mount Vernon and Washington Places form a Maltese cross of green, in which there are statues of local men of note, a Barye lion, and some good bronze groups of Peace and War contemplating a scene now so manifestly devoted to the former. Down the hill in front goes a path broken by steps, statues, and a fountain, and bordered by green bushes and rose-trellises. There is a pleasant legend of a gay return from the ball, when, to win a mad bet, a famous belle of an earlier day plunged into the marble basin of the fountain, a lovely naiad in a satin frock. Such memories, however, do not disturb the present decorum of the scene. Indeed, from the foot of the hill, to see the Father of His Country keeping guard over his city of Baltimore is a serenely solemn thing. You remember that it was over Fort McHenry down the bay that the star-spangled banner floated which inspired our national song, sung for the first time in the old Holliday Street Theatre, on a site where you may now hear the villain of modest-priced melodrama tear a passion to tatters.

Curiously enough, however, for all the memories of '76 and 1812, there is scarcely a town in the country which still so definitely keeps its English characteristics and seems so to have preserved the continuity of its traditions. The mere names of the streets are a delight. Alpaca Alley, Apple Court, April Alley, and Apricot Court—the alphabet begins well. There are, of course, the names which suggest history, Calvert and Howard Streets, and Cathedral Street shed-



"Pleasure Porches"

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A Corner for the Etcher

ding peace. Also Charles Street, which, humorously enough, is prolonged by Charles Street Avenue, and this by Charles Street Avenue Extension. But there are also Crooked Lane, Comet Street, and Crab Court, Cuba Street, China Street -- remember the days of Baltimore clipper-ships — Featherbed Lane, and Fawn Street. Friendship is a street, an alley, an avenue, and a court. There is Lovegrove Alley now, and there used to be Lovely Lane. Johnny-Cake Road still leads to Johnny-Cake Town. Jew Alley, Madeira Court, Maiden Choice Lane, Nero Alley, Pen Lucy Avenue, Pin Alley, Plover Street, and Plum Row—can London itself do better? And naturally there is Petticoat Lane. Plowman Street, Sarah Ann Street—but the list already gives the authentic British flavor of Baltimorean nomenclature.

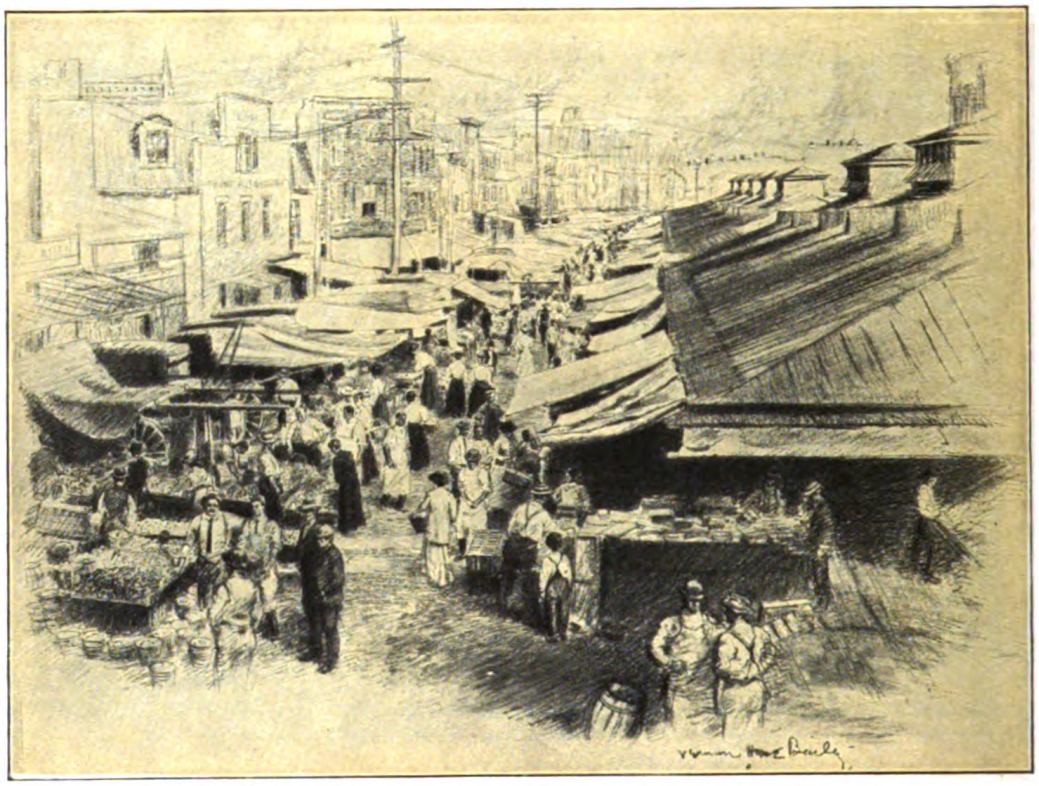
Charles Dickens noted the British quality in the Baltimore of his day.

"The most comfortable of all hotels in the United States," he says, "is Barnum's, where the English traveller will find curtains to his bed, for the first and probably the last time in America."

There is more, not complimentary to the rest of the country, about finding enough water for washing in the bedrooms. And it is possible to argue about the good of bed-curtains. Still, as a contemporary bit of evidence on our special point it is interesting.

There has never been a great foreign population in this part of Maryland, beyond a respectable sprinkling of Germans. The names above the shops are largely English names, and the faces in the streets are for the most part American faces, a state of things unknown to the present generation in such towns as Boston, New York, or Chicago. It has been easy, under such conditions, for old customs to survive. Even in the newspapers old phrases still are found. An auctioneer, for example, advertises the sale of furniture belonging to "a well-known family now declining housekeeping." Madeira and port are still occasionally drunk in Baltimore, not merely from the ancestral cellars of old-school gentlemen living about Mount Vernon Place, but at modest wine-dealers' bars by the ordinary clerk or artisan, who ev-

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BELAIR MARKET

erywhere else in the country would either fuddle himself with spirits or ruin his digestion with ice-cream sodas. Occasionally, as happens in America, can be found a custom long passed by in the older country. You might hunt the length and breadth of England without finding what you may see in Baltimore, the sign-board of a barber who professes himself ready to do "cupping and leeching," this queer eighteenth-century trade surviving almost at the very gates of the great Johns Hopkins Hospital and its modern medical school.

At the top of the steps up to the monument you perhaps saw a colored vender of flowers, making a gay patch against the green and gray. He was probably the only flower merchant from whom it would be the correct thing to buy at that place. For there is always in Baltimore one shop to which one should go. Immemorial custom, the continued patronage of the gentry, have settled where you must purchase everything, from a fresh egg to a tiara. Yet the other shops have a trim and satisfactory air, and somehow the respectability of those of a prosperous county-town in England.

The English connection was a close one in the early days, even after the Revolution. The daughters of one single family became the Marchioness of Wellesley and the Duchess of Leeds. You will find some beautiful portraits, by painters such as Sir Thomas Lawrence, both of Baltimoreans of that day and of their friends across the Atlantic, friends highly placed and famous, in the deserted and dusty rooms of the Historical Society. The hillside street where the rather depressed-looking mid-Victorian building of the society stands is one of the few in Baltimore which seem forgotten and dilapidated. No one appears to visit the pictures, almost no one the library, where a few readers lurk in the gloom to which you penetrate to see an admirable portrait of Washington. To the romantically inclined, these visitors there can be no others than the last representatives of proud but decaying Baltimorean families. Indeed, to a

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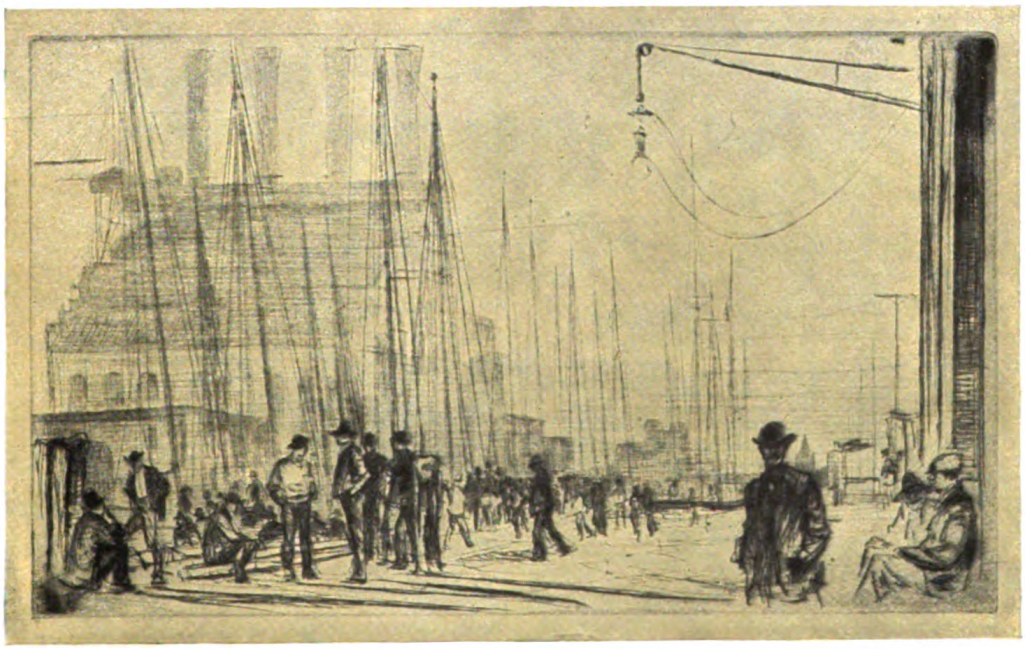
sympathetic eye the town constantly suggests, quite as it should, the persistence of a colonial aristocracy.

There are legends, of course, as there are in every Southern town, illustrative of the pride of birth, all charming stories, but mostly of one pattern. There is one house, however, of which they tell you tales a little different. It belonged once to a family of Portuguese Jews, emigrants from a country where their race, more than anywhere else in the world, traces its lineage back into the mists of immemorial antiquity. They were strict religionists, even maintaining a private synagogue in their house near the very street where the Cardinal may still occasionally be seen taking the air. They were proud socially, too, and were received on equal terms by the Gentile aristocracy. Their odd pathetic story is of the gradual dying out of the family. They were too orthodox to marry any but Jews, they were too well-born to condescend to any of their fellow religionists in this country. The daughters, strictly reared in the family religion and the family pride, faded one by one to spinsterhood, all but one lovely girl, of whom they tell the romantic tale that she ran away—and was forever forgotten. For a time *mésalliances* on the part of some hot-blooded son preserved the name. Then finally it was lost, and only these queer memories survive.

The numberless antique-furniture shops will, naturally enough, provide daily tales of an impoverished lady just on the point of parting with exactly the piece you were looking for. And though you may have a moment's suspicion that the whistling and hammering in an upper room come from a cheerful German workman now fabricating — and "antiquating" — the furniture of this unhappy gentlewoman, if you have a nice nature, you will believe in her.

It is paintings, however, the sale of which is oftenest accompanied by all the eccentricity which is the privilege of a long-existent society. There was a Vandyck, if you please, to be had last spring at the best ladies' hair-dressing establishment, and a Murillo on sale in the parlor of an employment agency. You might believe in their authenticity or not, as you liked, but there they were. And there is even more.

There is still probably to be found in one of the least-frequented corners of the town an extensive collection of paintings, which has not spared the Italian, English,



LONG DOCK

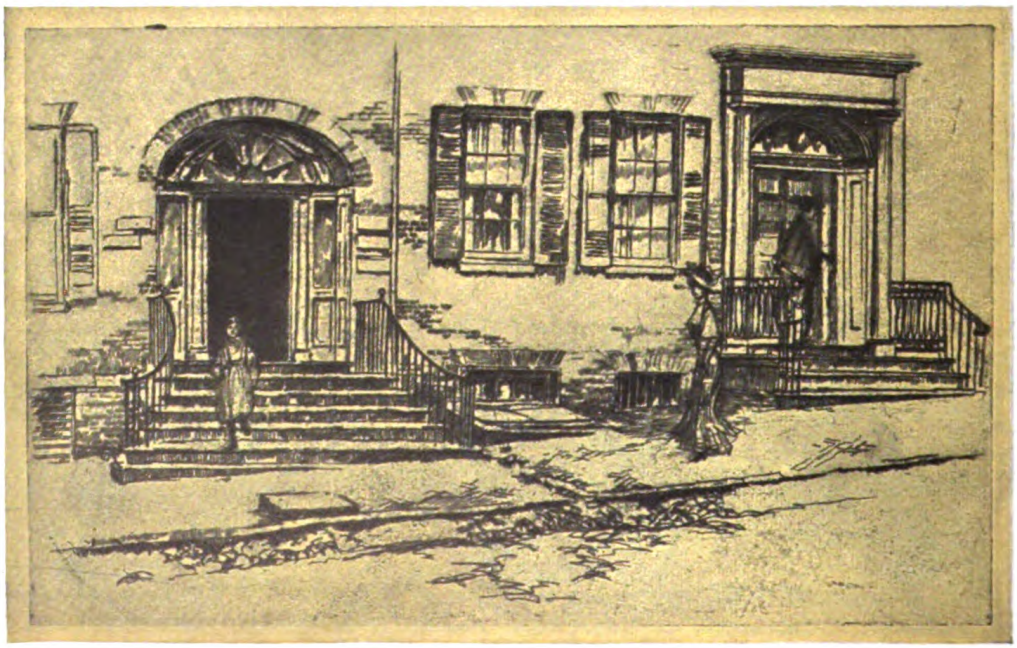
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Dutch, French, nor Spanish schools of art. It is on sale—after a fashion. That is to say, it is not offered, but to any one who might casually stumble on it, the owner would confess, with some hesitancy and shyness, that she would like to turn it into money. She is a pleasant, middle-aged lady, dressed in a fashion that somehow makes you think of *Godey's Ladies' Book*. She is no professed connoisseur of art. But her father was fond of paintings, and these "used to be about the house." She was always fond of the Murillo, but she herself liked the blue of the Titian better before the picture was repainted by that Italian from New York who did so much cleaning up for her father. (As to the Titian she is unmistakably right. As things now stand the version of the same subject in the Uffizi at Florence is the better painting.) Still, she likes the pictures, all of them, and is not modern enough to be troubled by any doubts as to their authenticity. Indeed, has not the portrait of the Dauphin of France been recognized as such by several visitors unmistakably foreign, and possibly, so she suspects, emissaries of the French government? And did not an agent of the Boston Museum of Art once obtain access to the collection disguised as a steel-worker on strike? There is a local expert of some skill in this matter of paintings, and it was once delicately hinted to the lady of the collection that if he were to examine and guarantee her pictures their sale might be easier. She, bless her for it! drew herself up delicately, and made an answer which the sentimental tourist himself could never have invented and put in the mouth of any proud aristocrat.

"I scarcely think his opinion could be very valuable," she objected. "His family lived near ours for many years, but we did not visit them."

The writer does not wish for the local expert's opinion, either. He believes in the authenticity of every canvas, and only wishes he could buy them all.

The new Baltimore risen from the ashes of 1904 is praiseworthy but not picturesque. The energy, however, and the progressiveness behind it are an essential part of the town's character. They had the first water-works here, the first lighting by gas, the first telegraph, and the first great railway. And it is just this blend of the enterprise so generally termed Northern with the easy Southern acceptance of the pleasant things of life which gives Baltimore its special note. These and another perfect-



DOORWAYS IN PLEASANT STREET

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WORKING-MEN'S HOMES

ly individual thing, the town's fashion of being a great port of the sea.

Baltimore is, if one may put it that way, the most inland of places at which you may take ship. Though through at least half the town there is the pervasive sense of salt water and sea-borne traffic, it is not of the Atlantic that one thinks. It is true that Baltimore's ships plough the waves of that and other, remoter, oceans. But Baltimore is the Chesapeake Bay's.

There is a pretty little park called Federal Hill—a fortified encampment of Northern soldiers during the Civil War, now a pleasant sunny promenade, with grass-plots, trees, and flowers in huge stone vases—from which you get the best view of the harbor, the Patapsco River stretching away in many miles of long, lazy curves toward the great bay. Below you lie sailing craft, and down where the channel deepens you can catch sight of the funnels of great liners. At the left the harbor ends in a narrow basin, almost enclosed by the land, and there at the levee the bay steamers lie. Every morning and evening they start, big boats for Norfolk and lesser craft for every branch of that wonderful great bay, for every broad river that penetrates tide-water Virginia and the eastern and western shores of Maryland. Small, battered, puffing antiquities they often are, these Chesapeake steamers, depositing you finally in the middle of the night or at dawn at some remote, unknown up-river landing. But only by such irregular, almost illicit means of communication can you reach queer towns forgotten by the railways, old manor-houses where one may imagine old furniture, old wine, old-fashioned hospitality, and old gentlefolk to exist as they did a cen-

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tury ago. Indeed, one may imagine anything about the Chesapeake and its shores, for they are unknown and forgotten. Lately the richness of the agricultural lands has begun to attract settlers again. Not all of Baltimore's immigration goes West now. By the water-front you may occasionally see a flat-bottomed, snub-nosed boat starting, loaded with a whole colony of German farming families, for St. Mary's County or the Eastern Shore.

The levee, alive with hurrying passengers, and colored stevedores and roustabouts moving at lesser speed, is always tempting the sentimental tourist to embark upon strange explorations. Who would not see the Nanticote, the Choptank, the Wicomico River? Who does not long for the Patuxent, the Pocomoke, and the reaches of Tangier Sound? Then there are as well the West and the Severn rivers, with stately residences on their green banks, and Annapolis, that loveliest of little capitals. There are boats that go up that broad Potomac to Washington, or slowly mount the Rappahannock and the York rivers, taking you into the very heart of that forgotten Virginian country. And always there is in Baltimore the haunting sense of this great contributory province, land of unknown possibilities and fading memories.

Concretely, it is the great bay and its shores which pile Baltimore's markets high with the best and cheapest food our country knows. The Chesapeake itself sends "fruit of the sea"—to borrow a pleasant Italian phrase—of every description, and from a very early spring to a late autumn the market-gardens and the orchards of Anne Arundel and St. Mary's, counties pleasantly named, pour fruits and the freshest vegetables from a real horn of plenty. You may eat Maryland peaches as early as June, and Maryland strawberries as late as October. And the air above is the chosen haunt of gamebirds actually eager to be roasted over the fires of Baltimore. The phrase must be repeated again, "gastronomic centre of America." For the grateful city quite unreservedly avails itself of its advantages; it seems to be in a perpetual carnival of marketing.

It is not merely that in Baltimore's clubs and in the houses of her aristocracy is "good cheer" so abundant as to be famous. Every one knows the tales of feasting, and has heard the legends of high betting on races between favorite terrapin, devoted to sport during the half-hour before they enter the pot. Rare old wines, incomparable oysters, snowy crab-flakes, ruddy canvasbacks—all these help to compose a picture of mellow tone. But what is even pleasanter to contemplate is the high-heaped larder of the humblest Baltimorean.

Of course it is not possible for the casual observer to be behind every kitchen stove and under every dinner table in so large a town; he must trust to his observations in the market-place and to what chance acquaintances of the streets and shops can tell him. But he sees the humblest baskets go home filled to overflowing with things which are luxuries elsewhere. He knows that the moderately circumstanced can eat soft-shell crabs by the dozen, and the really impoverished buy oysters by the barrel. He will spend happy mornings lounging about the low, rambling, picturesque markets. Here at dawn country wagons still lumber in from the great highroads with "garden-truck," and in the late afternoon go home with tired but happy parties of marketers in rustic clothes and real sunbonnets. Here is a never-ending, cheerful confusion, and the satisfying sense that no one is going hungry.

Indeed, Baltimore, among great cities, would seem to be the paradise of the small income. Nothing is perhaps really cheap in this country nowadays, but by comparison life in the Maryland metropolis is actually within the reach of all. Supplies, to employ the term most comprehensively, are abundant. And house-rents are low.

The term house-rents is used advisedly. In all other towns of so great a population you must say flat-rents. But in all Baltimore there can scarcely be more than a dozen "apartment buildings"! This statement is meant literally, not as a picturesque exaggeration; though for a New-Yorker, for example, it is only by a far flight of the imagination that such a condition of things can be conceived. Baltimore is, broadly speaking, a city of small houses, the pleasantest large settlement of the moderately rich and

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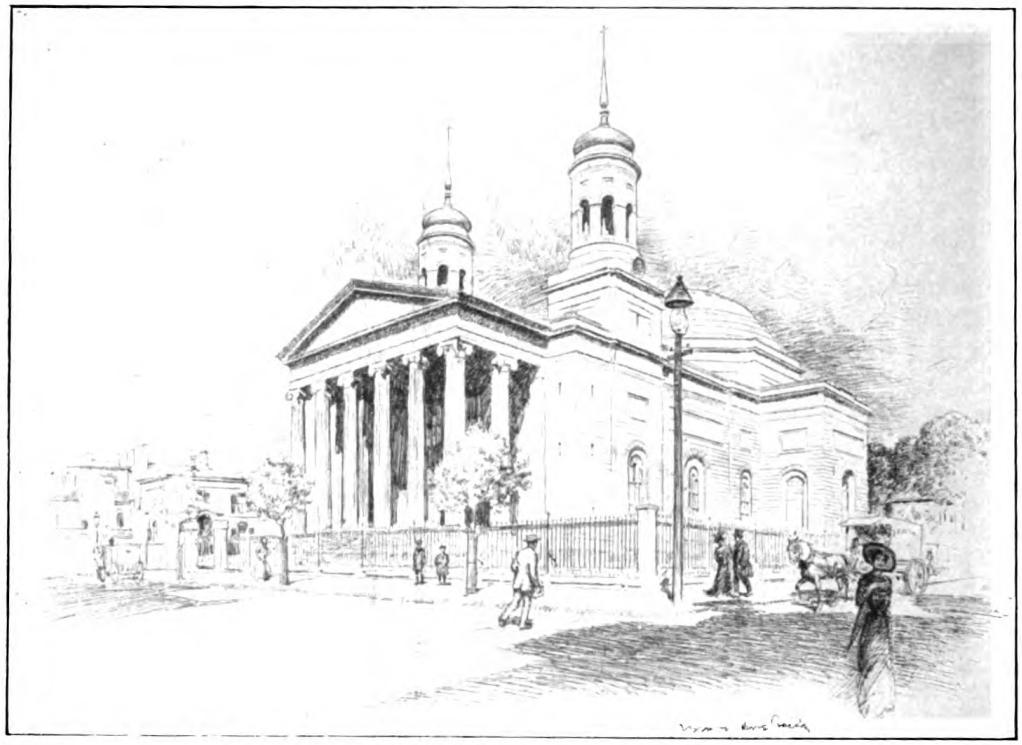
THE HARBOR FROM FEDERAL HILL

the moderately poor in our whole country. There is plenty of money in Baltimore, but there are few great fortunes; the plutocrats do it there on a modest ten millions, and in something considerably less pretentious than a New York or Chicago palace. The standard of expenditure is low. This helps the masses, too. And the curious land-tenure system which still survives from colonial days makes it possible for the man of modest means to own his own house. There are almost no freeholds in Baltimore; all houses are subject to a ground rent. From certain points of view this may be an iniquitous system; it nevertheless enables a family to "settle itself" at the beginning of its career.

On a modest working-man's income you may live in a delightful toy-like little red-brick house with fresh paint, green shutters, and the whitest of white steps. Your house may be only ten feet wide and a story and a half high, but it is a dignified, self-respecting habitation, and your castle as no flat can ever be. Near you, in whatever quarter of the town you may live, are probably pleasant squares planted with wide-branching trees, or streets gay with grass-plots, flower-beds, fountains, statues. Only in Baltimore do such boulevards run through regions of the tiniest, simplest houses. All this, if you are to view towns with some wish for the well-being and happiness of humanity, makes Baltimore a really comforting place.

There is still more matter for philosophizing in these charming slums. To the sentimental tourist it seems impossible to overestimate the artistic, ethical, and sociological effect of the white doorstep, which in both Philadelphia and Baltimore is the most prominent feature of the urban scene. Ideally, it is of marble; failing this, of fair planks of wood. There it stands, ready to be scrubbed each morning, to be painted each spring. It is the outward and visible sign of thrift, neatness, a kind of guarantee that within, too, there are cleanliness and all the domestic virtues. And happily for Baltimore, with the exception of a few sinister and ill-omened new streets in the outskirts, the white doorstep is universal. It adorns wealth. It mitigates poverty. It will be an evil day

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THE CATHEDERAL

for Baltimore when she gives up this emblem of her civilization.

All that can be said about the comfortable situation of the Baltimorean applies, perhaps more strikingly, to that of the black Baltimorean. There is no intention here to discuss the South's problem. But the sight of streets of good three-story houses occupied, in apparent peace and prosperity, by the negroes, who have bought a whole respectable white neighborhood, is at least interesting evidence in the case. And from the point of view of the individual quality which it gives Baltimore, the money the negroes get is spent, much of it, in heightening the "local color" by the gayest garments.

This is no article comprehensively descriptive. If it were, there would be a catalogue of old buildings, itineraries—to parks where grass-grown earthworks of the war of 1812 sleep in the sunshine, and old manor-houses that are now pavilions around which children play and idlers like the sentimental tourist lounge—and innumerable serviceable hints for the stranger. But all that it hopes to do is to stimulate some one's curiosity, to detain some passer-by, and perhaps to point out to some native, whose eye has grown dull from custom, what a delightful town he lives in. Indeed, all over the country there is great need that justice should be done to the indigenous sights. For so many years we have done ample justice, and more, to Europe, that the moment may be coming to pause occasionally by the side of some lovely fragment of our own past, to meditate upon the fact that the unnoted years as they go by are making us an old country, and that over the face of our civilization is creeping a richer, more romantic bloom. Some day that famous traveller from New Zealand will be prowling among our eighteenth and nineteenth century relics. Is it not to be hoped that before he discovers us we may discover ourselves? And as a beginning must be made somewhere, why not at Baltimore, sitting at once modestly and proudly by her great bay of Chesapeake, and putting pleasantly before you her long history of an American town? She can prove to any one who will give her half a chance what a good, a dignified, a charming thing it is to be an American town.

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His Face

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THEY tell you Lincoln was ungainly, plain?
To some he seemed so: true.
Yet in his look was charm to gain
E'en such as I, who knew
With how confirmed a will he tried
To overthrow a cause for which I would have died.

The sun may shine with naught to shroud
Its beam, yet show less bright
Than when from out eclipsing cloud
It pours its radiant light;
And Lincoln, seen amid the shows of war
Clothed in his sober black, was somehow felt the more

To be a centre and a soul of power,—
An influence benign
To kindle in a faithless hour
New trust in the divine.
Grave was his visage, but no cloud could dull
The radiance from within that made it beautiful.

A prisoner, when I saw him first—
Wounded and sick for home—
His presence soothed my yearning's thirst
While yet his lips were dumb;
For such compassion as his countenance wore
I had not seen nor felt in human face before.

And when, low-bending o'er his foe,
He took in his firm hand
My wasted one, I seemed to know
We two were of one Land;
And as my cheek flushed warm with young surprise,
God's pity looked on me from Lincoln's sorrowing eyes.

His prisoner I was from then—
Love makes surrender sure—
And though I saw him not again,
Some memories endure,
And I am glad my untaught worship knew
His the divinest face I ever looked into!

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Eileen

BY BELLE RADCLIFFE LAVERACK

I SHALL call her Eileen, because that is what she always called herself and that is what her father had always called her, and surely they were the two who knew the most about it. But on the school records her name stood as Martha —Martha Higgins — and as Martha she was known in the Higgins household and in the neighborhood; but remember, to us she will always be just Eileen.

This is how Eileen came to be incorporated with the Higgins household. Four—no, five—years ago her father had died. "Sort of faded away like," said the neighborhood. He had been a minister of the gospel. From across the waters he had come, bringing Eileen with him — a dreamy, sad-eyed, perhaps a broken-hearted man, and in some way he had drifted into the great city and into the little parish in that crowded, dingy quarter of the city. Here he had lived only a little while, and then—what was to become of Eileen? The parish met and discussed it, and then Mrs. Higgins discussed it with Mr. Higgins, and then they went to the Elders, or whatever they are called in that particular kind of denomination, and announced — or Mrs. Higgins announced—that they would adopt Eileen.

"She'll be ever so useful by and by," she had said in her talk with Mr. Higgins. "Seein' as how we've only boys, it 'd be nice to have a girl. I do need some one to help me with the house and with the babies. That girl that the Jenkins adopted—Annie—just see what a help she is to Mrs. Jenkins; just as spry and handy about things. I'll change her name, though. Eileen's sort of queer and moonshiny—Martha's what I'll call her, Martha Higgins; that sounds good and sensible."

This had happened when Eileen was only five years old; now it was five years later, and Eileen, being ten, was pronounced—nay, more than pronounced, she was proclamated, publicly recognized, as a failure. In the home of her adoption she was a constant, an irritating disappointment. And, indeed, according to any Martha standard to be attained and maintained, Eileen was a failure; if we define success as adaptation to one's environment, then scandalous indeed was her unsuccess.

These are some of the things that Eileen did—or rather didn't do, for it was what Eileen didn't do that caused the Higginses and the neighborhood to shudder. But listen to Mrs. Higgins herself talking it over with Mrs. Jenkins, the proprietor of the immaculate Annie. Mrs. Jenkins had heard the same plaint many times before, but she always enjoyed the woes of Mrs. Higgins and their implied contrast to her own extraordinary good fortune.

"Oh, she's hopeless," sighed Mrs. Higgins. "Just hopeless is what she is. I puts her to fryin' the chops, and when I comes back, there is the chops all black as cinders; and what was she doin'? 'Watchin' the clouds comin' out of the kettle,' she says, 'and melt away like clouds in the sky,' she says in that queer voice of hers. Or I puts her to wipin' up the floor, thinkin' there's no harm she can do there; and when I looks in to see how she's gettin' on, if she ain't settin' just where I left her, starin' at the shadder the plant there in the winder is makin' on the floor! 'It's dancin',' she says, smilin' up at me. 'It's holdin' out its skirts and dancin' and courtesyin' to me,' she says. Now, ain't that crazy? And then I thinks maybe she could do a little o' the babies' washin', so I gives her a little tub and sets her goin', and what does she do? Plays with the soapsuds in the tub—that's what she does. 'They're foam flowers,' she says. 'The kind that used to grow along the shore where father and I used to live,' she says. 'Father, he told me about them—the

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white foam flowers.' I'm just sick of her, that's what I am. In a few years she can go to work somewhere and take care of herself."

"Don't you ever lick her?" inquired Mrs. Jenkins. This was, of course, a superfluous question, but Mrs. Jenkins enjoyed details.

"Don't do no good," groaned Mrs. Higgins; and details followed.

Oh, there's no doubt about it, Eileen was queer. If you had happened to be in the neighborhood some morning, and had met a very thin and very white-faced little girl whose old shawl, of a faded green color, was fastened about her as no one else's shawl was fastened, and whose gray eyes, under black brows that curved like a sea-gull's wing, seemed fixed on distant things; and if this little girl were singing or crooning to herself a strange little song as she wandered along; and if the carrots, which she had been sent to buy in a hurry, were dropping one by one out of the bag as she went—why, that was sure to be Eileen.

"Where do you learn the songs you sing?" she would be asked, and always the answer would be, "I never learned them; I just know them."

But there was one respect in which Eileen was not quite as hopeless as in all the others—even Mrs. Higgins would acknowledge that sometimes—and that was in her dealings with the babies. There was always a Higgins baby; vast, ponderous babies they were—Eileen bent and swayed under the weight of them like some slender stem under a burden of snow.

To her each baby was like unto another. She invariably called it Jimmy, regardless of sex, because that had been the name of the first baby. Exasperating, this, to Mrs. Higgins. It—the baby—was always nicer just at the beginning; it appeared and you were given it to hold, and you sat in a big rocking-chair and rocked it and sang to it; then it grew heavier and heavier, until when it grew too heavy you put it down on the floor, and it would begin to get about by itself and would probably take hold of the stove just when you happened to be thinking of something else. Then by and by it gradually raised itself up and took to pushing a chair about; and then—another baby, and the cycle recommenced.

That things went differently sometimes with the other families and with other babies, Eileen soon observed. There had been the Murphy baby: it had not grown heavier; it had grown smaller and smaller and its cry weaker and weaker, until there had come a day when you were told that if you hadn't been a bad girl you would be taken in to see it; but, of course, you had been bad, so you stayed outside with the little crowd; and they carried a white box out of the Murphy house and put it in a white carriage and drove away, while you, standing on the sidewalk, shivered, you didn't know why. Eileen thought very much about this. The baby never came back. Where had it gone?

Now, on the evening of the above recorded conversation of Mrs. Higgins with Mrs. Jenkins the neighborhood was in an uproar. Eileen had done the very worst thing she had ever done: she had mislaid the Higgins baby!

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Higgins came home. Eileen she found bending over the little box of seeds that she had planted at school. Out of the earth tiny green blades were coming, and Eileen was talking to them and fingering them adoringly.

"Where's the baby, Martha?" asked Mrs. Higgins. Eileen looked up, looked around the room, looked at Mrs. Higgins, and then her little figure seemed to shrink and her eyes grew big and black. To see Eileen's eyes when she was frightened was to think of some quivering little mountain lake just before the storm strikes.

"I don't know where he is," she gasped. "I don't remember where I left him."

Mrs. Higgins put her hands on Eileen's shoulders. She was a large woman and her grip was very heavy. "You don't know?" she said. "You don't know where you left my baby? Think! Think!"

Eileen's black brows came together over her storm-driven eyes, and her little hands clenched tightly. Terrible it always was, this trying to remember!

"We went out," she said, slowly, as if feeling her way back along the past hours. "I carried Jimmy and we went and went, and it was very hot; and sometimes when I was tired I put him down, and there was a window where there were birds

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singing, and we looked at them; and then there came a music man, and then I don't remember any more."

Mrs. Higgins relaxed her hold on Eileen's shoulders and seized her by the hand. "Come along," she said, starting for the door. "Come along with me and show me where you went," and she strode out of the room and out of the house, dragging Eileen after her. "Which way?" she demanded when they reached the sidewalk, and Eileen, who had just stumbled down the steps and who didn't know up from down by this time, pointed.

The evening was very hot and sultry. All the doors and windows were crowded and the streets thick with children. Through this throng swept Mrs. Higgins, breathing wrath and denunciation, a very Hecuba of despair, with Eileen—to badly mix our figures—swinging at the wheels of her chariot. Here was an invigorating novelty indeed for the listless populace—a lost baby, a frantic mother, an offender haled to justice—many of varied tongues and sizes rallied to the standard of Mrs. Higgins.

When they reached the bird-store, their first landmark—for by pure luck Eileen had pointed in the right direction—an alarmed proprietor came from his supper in the back of the shop to meet them. He was a Frenchman, and the sight of the gesticulating crowd about the door reminded him unpleasantly of scenes lived through in his native France. But when he saw Eileen he smiled, for he was very fond of her.

"What!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had grasped the reason for their coming. "Zat zo great babee lost! How could zat be lost! No, he has not been left in my shop. Ze leetle girl and ze great babee zay hafe not been here zis afternoon; yesterday afternoon zay were here. Mais, not to-day, no!"

A fresh sensation — the front ranks thrilled. Mrs. Higgins, in the very front, turned upon Eileen.

"You hear that?" she said through her teeth. "He says you wasn't here this afternoon. Well, if you wasn't here, where was you, then?"

Eileen looked up at the bird-store man, her friend. She put her free hand upon his arm. "Wasn't it this afternoon?" she whispered. But even as she asked came the staggering realization that it had not been this afternoon, but yesterday, as he said.

The bird-store man looked down at the despairing eyes and at the hand on his arm, so thin that it reminded him of one of his birds' claws; then, to his everlasting honor and the honor of his race, he lied—superbly.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "How I am stupid! How I forget! Zay were here zis afternoon, for a long time zay were here. I have to go out and I leave zem here. Ze babee I have not seen. Mais, he can be here somewhere. It is zo easy to lose a babee. Often I lose zem myself. It is quite probable my wife she know. Marie!" he called. "Marie, viens ici!"

All this time the door in the rear of the store had been ajar, and black eyes, several pairs of them, had been peering through the crack. Now the door opened wide, revealing Madame, and three or four small people clinging to her skirts. From the room beyond came the sound of a baby's cry. At the sound of the cry Mrs. Higgins, dropping Eileen's hand, sprang forward, the crowd pressing behind her. Eileen was forgotten—forgotten by every one except the ready Frenchman, who, unnoticed, pushed her through an opening in the counter.

"Go out by zat leetle door," he whispered, "and run quick. By and by you come back here."

Now, the shop was on a corner and "zat leetle door" opened upon a very narrow alleyway. Down this alleyway fled Eileen, unthinking, unknowing whither, the terror of the hunted in her heart. When she at last stopped it was because there sounded a clap of thunder so loud and so near that it seemed to be right across her path. She looked about her; it had grown very dark, and there where she found herself it was all strange. She had never seen the place before nor any of the people who were hurrying past. No one paid the slightest attention to her, every one being very busy getting their doors and windows shut and themselves and their children in before the storm. Drops began to fall, heavy, menacing drops; it was impossible for her to go back now to the bird-store man. Where *could* she go? Near her was an open door and she went in.

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It opened, she found, on a narrow passageway, and, as by this time the rain was sweeping in at the door, she ran on to the other end. Here was another door, also open. Through it she saw a little, very muddy yard, and across the yard a shed. Eileen darted for the shed, for the farthest corner of it, and dropped down on the pile of—of—she didn't know what—that was on the floor. Crouching here, her arms over her head, she waited, while outside the storm roared and growled and stamped as it went hunting about trying to find her—Eileen. Every now and then she opened her eyes for a second, and then she saw the lightning that was lighted to help find her, Eileen; and the raindrops that were sent to get word of her were all hurrying about and were trying to beat in the little roof that covered her. And it was all sent, all being done, by Mrs. Higgins, whose voice in your ear was as the voice of the thunder, and the gleam of whose eyes was as the sting of the lightning.

Excepting that she trembled, Eileen kept perfectly still. Any moment she expected to be discovered. What would happen to her then she didn't know, only it would be the worst thing that had ever yet happened to her. But about her the great storm prowled in vain; then, still snapping and snarling, it began to move away—fainter and fainter it sounded. Eileen uncovered her face. Only once in a while now the lightning looked in at the door, and very few—and they very tired—rain-drops continued to knock against the shed.

Eileen was very tired, too. Feeling about on the floor, she found an old sack, and rolling it up for a pillow, she lay down. It wasn't safe to go out yet. Mrs. Higgins might at any time unloose the storm again upon her. Perhaps it was waiting outside now, ready to spring at her.

But, although she felt safe for the moment, Eileen wasn't happy at all. Now that the terror was passed she could think again, and as she thought she began to cry. Where was Jimmy? Where had she left him? Where was he in the midst of the storm?

Of all the dynasty of the Jimmies he had been her favorite, the only thing not in his favor being his size, and even that was gratifying to her, because people often stopped to praise him and to ask if he wasn't very heavy.

He had been a real companion, Jimmy had. He always seemed to like to do just what she liked to do. He would sit contentedly for hours while she sang to him about the clouds that were passing over their heads. He loved the birds in their funny little cages; he loved the goldfish in the big bowl at the fish-store and tried to grab them. The goldfish at the fish-store! *That* was where she had been this afternoon. Now it all came back to her. There had been a man who told her stories about the fish and she had put Jimmy down and he had gone to sleep; and there had come a music man—not *the* music man, but one who had made sounds unlike any she had ever heard before, very strange and fascinating—and she had followed him; but whither? And had she taken Jimmy with her or had she left him sleeping placidly beside the goldfish bowl?

Oh, why did she always forget! No one else ever forgot. Eileen was lying all this time opposite the door of the shed, and as she stared out into the black night she noticed that it was growing less black. She began to distinguish the outlines of the buildings—they were not very high—and above them the sky was brightening. Some one was moving away the clouds. Eileen smiled. It was the moon; and the moon was to her what it was not to any one else, it was to her the white soul of her mother. Her father had told her so. His telling her had been the one thing she remembered clearly of their life in that other country before they crossed the sea. It had been a dark night, as this night was, and there had been a sound of waves on a beach; then it had grown brighter and her father had pointed upward. "Look," he said, and she had looked; and out of the sky had come something wonderfully white. "What is it?" she whispered, and he replied very low, "It is the white soul of your mother, Eileen, come to watch over us." And she still came to watch over Eileen, although at strange and quite unexplained intervals and in equally strange and unexplained shapes and sizes. She had come now because from afar off down the sky she had heard the noise of

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the storm and had known that Eileen had need of her. Very gently she made her way through the hushed clouds; very gently she dismissed them, only one remaining, a very little one that she probably wanted to keep near her; and to her side she called a clear white star.

Now Eileen had decided, after much meditation, that if the moon was the white soul of her mother, more lovely, more radiant than was any other soul, why, then the stars must be the souls of other people, babies most of them; and the clear white one that now lingered near her mother and that seemed to love to play beside her, why, that must be the soul of the Murphy baby.

Tenderly the white moon looked in upon Eileen. All about her she poured her calm, assuring light. Then higher and higher she floated—floated out of sight; and all the light went with her, all excepting one long ray that, like a slender sentinel, waited watchful at the door.

Thus protected Eileen fell asleep.

It was daylight when she awoke with a start. Some one, she was sure, was calling her. "Wake up," she had heard in her sleep. "Come! Come! Wake up!" So she arose obediently, but very slowly. She was stiff all over. There was the little dirty shed, there was the little dirty yard, there was the shabby house across the yard. No one was awake yet. Everything was quiet and nowhere, *nowhere* was Mrs. Higgins.

Cautiously Eileen peered out of the door. Oh, but some one was awake, after all! There over the shabby house was the cloud, the same little cloud that had waited by her mother's side last night. It was not white now, it was pink all over, like Jimmy's cheeks when he woke up in the morning; the little cloud must have just awakened, too.

"Did you call me?" asked Eileen. Now that she thought of it the voice in her sleep had been a small cloudy voice.

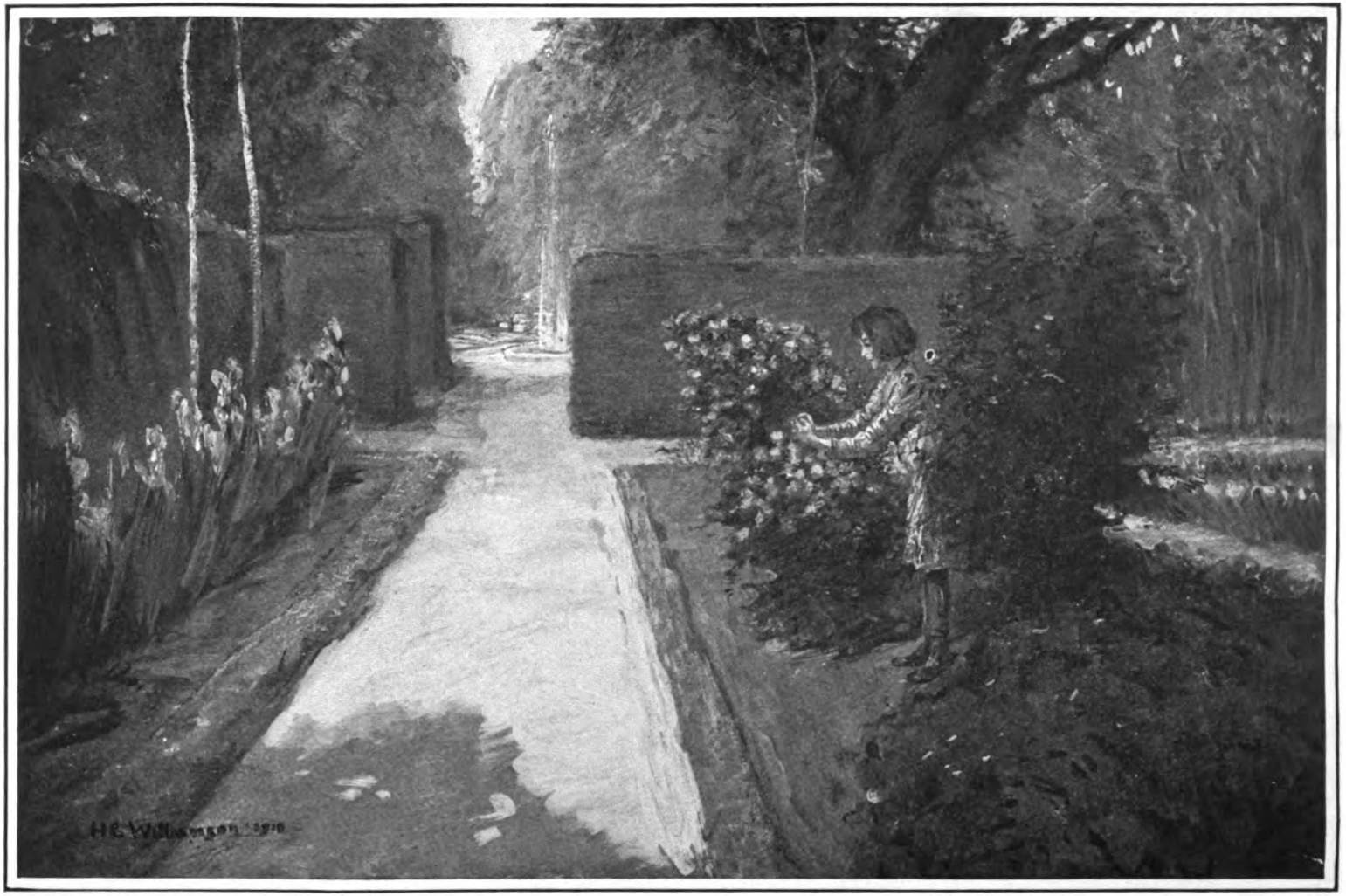
The cloud did not answer, but it began to move slowly and as it moved it beckoned. "Follow me." it seemed to say. "Follow me." And Eileen, without a shadow of hesitation, stepped out and followed. She had been guarded through the night and now she was to be guided straight to where Jimmy was. Eileen had often before followed the clouds. Disastrous, shipwrecked little expeditions they had been. More than anything else she loved them. Lovely, winged messengers bearing word from lands never seen to lands never seen. Upon what errands were they bound? Who had sent them? They, too, seemed to forget sometimes and to go dreaming purposeless across the unpaved, unpeopled sky country. Sometimes they would let fall the rain-drops they were carrying, and then they looked sad and she felt very sorry for them. What would their Mrs. Higgins say? But there was no lack of purpose in this particular young cloud that was now guiding Eileen. It opened its fluffy wings, it puffed out its round cheeks and fairly scampered over the otherwise deserted sky.

The streets were almost deserted, too. Eileen, her eyes always on the cloud, didn't notice where she was going; but she did notice after a while, with a great misgiving, that the cloud was growing smaller. It had long ago begun to lose its rosy color and was becoming pale—paler and paler—smaller and smaller—it was going to die.

In despair she stood gazing up at it expiring there before her. But as she stood there gazing up, there came floating down from out of the sky a beautiful sound—a beautiful song—a song such as some sky bird might sing. Perhaps it was the voice of the dying cloud—its swan-song — she had always known they could sing.

It grew louder and came nearer—nearer—until it seemed just above her. Eileen, turning her eyes from the now blank sky, saw that she was standing by a high brick wall. There was nothing unusual about this (here was a world of walls), but there was something unusual about this particular wall. Over the top of it trees were blowing; green, heavy boughs were actually hanging down, almost touching her, and in one of these trees the cloud bird was singing. Eileen nodded understandingly. The dear little cloud was not dead, after all; it had only vanished for a moment, and had now reappeared in the big tree as a singing bird, still to lead her. The trouble was that the tree was inside and Eileen was

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

VERY GENTLY SHE PUT HER HANDS ABOUT ITS SOFT PETALLED FACE

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outside the wall. It was too impossibly high to climb, and she couldn't fly—previous experiment had taught her that—so she began its circuit.

At first it was all smooth and red and impenetrable, but after she turned the corner it became more mysterious, consequently more hopeful. Trees and shrubs grew close against it—not so close, though, but that Eileen found she could walk along between them and the wall. Once upon a time there must have been a path there. Then just where the shrubbery was thickest she came upon a little wooden gateway.

It couldn't have been opened for a long time, for it was almost covered with vines. The latch was stiff and rusty, but the gate opened with almost magical ease—only the tender little hands of the vines clinging to it and trying to hold it back. Eileen entered and the gate closed behind her.

She didn't stir for a few moments. She only shut her eyes tight and then opened them again very stealthily—yes, it was still there:

Heavily shaded paths stretching away on each side of her. Before her, too, a path green with moss leading to a sunlit space beyond.

Oh, that sunlit space beyond! Would it vanish before she came to it? Would it not be safer to stand just where she was standing and look at it and look at it? It was so easy to frighten away a beautiful dream. So she waited, scarcely breathing, but the bright vision faded not.

Slowly she began to walk toward it—a ragged little moth drawn by the radiant star—walked right on out of the shade of the path into all that wonder of light and glowing color right into the heart of the dream.

Oh, but it was beautiful in the heart of the dream! Flowers lived there, flowers and flowers. On all sides of her they spread. There was green grass there, too, and high waving trees, and in the centre of it all a clear, round pool of water. In the water white clouds were floating, resting there. Was this, then, where the clouds came from? And was this where the stars went in the daytime? Everywhere, on the petals of the flowers, on the blades of grass, they were hanging, little sparkling stars. Eileen took a deep breath. How sweet the dream was to smell, too!

She started to go about among the flowers. They did not seem in the least afraid—rather, it appeared they liked her being there and turned to look at her as she passed. Now she came to where the roses lived. Even if it all crumbled away she must touch one, just one. It was pink and wide open. Very gently she put her grimy little hands about its soft petalled face; but it did not shrink, it did not fade away. What a dream it was!

It was a wonderfully silent dream, too. It made no noise, excepting that it sang always like birds, the voice of the cloud bird soaring high above all the others like a little beacon of song sounding faithfully, waiting to pilot her small bark errant into the patient harbor.

Slowly she drifted down the wide path that, like some quiet channel, flowed onward between softly colored fragrant shores, drifted, until she came to another path. Here she turned, for the cloud bird was calling at the end of this green alley, and there was the sound of raindrops, careless rain-drops that had nothing to do. She could see them there now, dancing up and down in a lovely basin of water. And what else did she see?

A pile of stones rising in the centre of the basin, and upon the stones a round, dimpled, white figure without any clothes on. Its head was thrown back; it was laughing triumphantly but silently. In its fat arms it was clasping something tightly—a fish, that was what it was—a big fish; and in the water goldfish were swimming about. It was a baby sitting there. It was Jimmy!

Just in front of him Eileen came to anchor, while overhead the cloud bird spent himself in a splendid celebration of triumphant song. It was no mean achievement to have steered Eileen into port!

Eileen went forward and held out her arms. "Jimmy," she said. But the baby made no answer; he just continued kicking out his fat legs and laughing his silent laugh, clasping all the while the fish. Then she sat down on the grass to think it out.

He had waked up after she left him at the fish-store. Beside him was the goldfish bowl with its glittering contents. He had plunged for them, he had fallen in,

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he had been drowned, he had died, and here he was.

They were always very white after they had died, she had been told, and very still, but they smiled and looked happy. Jimmy certainly looked happy, as if he wanted nothing else in the world.

She had wondered and wondered where they went after they died. This, then, was where they went; they went into a dream that never woke up. And what was a dream that never woke up? Why, was it not heaven?

But if this were heaven, how more than strange it was that she, Eileen, should be here, she who had been told again and again that she was so bad she would never be allowed in!

It must be—thus she argued—because there was no one else here to take care of Jimmy. He couldn't do anything for himself yet. If he were to drop the fish, for instance, who could get it for him? Eileen felt very proud of Jimmy perched upon the rock. He was *so* clean, *so* fat. Somehow she didn't feel sorry he was dead. Why should she? He looked absolutely contented.

She went on with her thinking. This being heaven, then the Murphy baby must be somewhere about, and her mother and her father and other people, all having a good time in their quiet way. She would go and look for them.

So once again she set out upon her pilgrimage. She had hardly started before she noticed at the other end of the shaded path an open door and broad steps leading up to it. Noiselessly she approached, noiselessly she ascended the steps, then she stopped; it was very strange, but there it was. In some way it would have to be fitted into the scheme of things.

She was looking into a large wooden-raftered room—one side of it was all windows. There were a few figures in the room, white, motionless, always silent, as befitted the nature of the place. They were for the most part a very sad-looking lot. Poor people, they must have died in dreadful ways.

There was a body without any head. There was a head without any body. One, a very large lady, interested Eileen especially. She had wings, but she had lost both her arms and her head. She must have killed herself while trying to fly. There were, besides, one or two figures so covered up with bandages that you couldn't see what was the matter with them. But there was one person in the room who was neither motionless nor quiet, nor yet injured. This one stood not far from the door, so absorbed in what he was doing that he never saw Eileen at all. He was a very terrestrial object—tall, thin, somewhat stooping, without any coat on and with sleeves rolled up. He was doing something to the head of a baby; evidently a very young baby, for it wasn't white yet. It looked not unlike the way the Jimmies did the first time you saw them.

As the young man—for Eileen decided that he was nothing more unusual than that — worked, now touching the baby gently, now walking off a little to look at it, he whistled softly; then he would stop whistling and sing for a moment, then go back to the whistling again.

"Hark! Hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings!" sang the young man.

Eileen admired this performance very much. Perhaps he wasn't human, after all. But, although he knew so much about music, he didn't know much about babies, she decided. If he were making this one, or even fixing it over, he was giving it a great deal too much hair. She must tell him.

So, "They don't have hair as long as that," she said. "Not until they are white."

The young man stopped his whistling and turned toward her; then he did just what Eileen did when she first walked into the dream. He shut his eyes for a moment and then he opened them again. Yes, she was still there! She was so forlorn, so grimy, she was so utterly unlike anything about her that it was as if a rent had been made in the rich fabric of her background and through it he caught a glimpse of the dingy world without. But when he went over to the steps and looked down at her, right down into her eyes, the dingy world vanished, and he found he was looking into the garden again and through the garden into something fairer that lay beyond.

"Do you really think the baby's hair is too long?" he said, smiling at her. "He's older than he looks. Won't you come in and examine him for yourself?"

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Eileen entered the room and went up to the baby and began to study him gravely, while the young man, leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets, watched her.

"Yes," she said at last, "he is older than he looks. He has a good many teeth."

"Do you know very much about babies?" asked the young man.

"Oh yes," said Eileen. "That is why I am here. They had to have some one to look after Jimmy."

"Jimmy?" he questioned. "Jimmy?"

"Perhaps you don't know him yet," replied Eileen. "He only came yesterday. He's sitting out there with the goldfish—"

From where they stood they could see down the vistaed path the figure of Jimmy rampant upon his rock sable.

"Oh!" said the young man. "So that's his name. I'm glad to know it." He walked over to the steps while he was speaking. "Come and sit down," he said, "and let's talk. I'm sure we have lots to talk about."

Eileen sat down beside him and they looked at each other.

"What are you?" she asked.

"I?" replied the young man. "I'm a sculptor."

A sculptor! What heavenly thing might that be!

"What do you do?" she next asked.

The sculptor had taken a pipe out of his pocket and was filling it very deliberately. Everything he did was deliberate.

"Oh, mine is a heavenly occupation," he replied. "I take clay out of the earth, just common clay, and make beautiful things and people out of it."

"Do you help God?" she questioned.

He lighted his pipe, and after puffing away at it for a few moments: "Yes," he then said, "I help God. I'm one of His apprentices. I like to think He couldn't get along without me."

"Did you help God make Mrs. Higgins?" asked Eileen. "She isn't beautiful."

"No," replied the sculptor, "I didn't have anything to do with her. It must have been some one else. God has some very poor assistants."

"I suppose," said Eileen, thoughtfully —"I suppose that God stays here all the time. He never used to come to where I lived."

"Yes," answered the sculptor, "I suppose He is here all the time, only I'm generally too busy to notice Him. But I have seen Him here often in the cool of the evening. He always walks in gardens in the cool of the evening. And now," he went on, "it's my turn to ask questions. Tell me what you are and what you do."

So Eileen, in that strange, old-world voice of hers, with her hands clasped about her knees and her eyes dark with hostile memories, told him that she was Eileen. Told him of the malevolent power that made for evil and that worked under the sinister name of Higgins. Told of Jimmy forgotten, of the flight, of the storm, of the protecting moon and the guiding star, of her coming at last into heaven.

Her epic concluded, there was silence between them. The sculptor had stopped smoking. His pipe had gone out, and he was gazing before him over the woven lights and shadows of the path.

"It is heaven, isn't it?" he said. "I actually forget it sometimes."

"Do you forget, too?" asked Eileen.

"Oh Lord!" said the sculptor. "Do I forget! There are some people who think I don't do anything else. But do you know what I think?" he continued, turning toward her. "I think that we people who they say forget are really the ones who remember. We are remembering all the time and thinking all the time of what the rest of the world has forgotten. They'd forget everything that's worth knowing if it wasn't for us, and if we weren't working so hard all the time to remind them. We are really the rememberers, aren't we: and it's they who are the forgetters? They think we've lost our way, and all the time we are the only ones who know the way; and it's because we let the clouds lead us. Now just think of it!" he exclaimed. "You lost Jimmy and through losing him you found heaven. That was worth while, wasn't it? Looked at in that way, heaven is really the place of lost souls."

The idea pleased him and he laughed. Eileen didn't laugh. She was being forcibly and persistently reminded of something which up to this time she had

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overlooked; something that wouldn't let her think of anything else. She looked up at the sculptor wistfully.

"I've just remembered something," she said. "I would like to forget it, but I can't. I've remembered that I didn't have any supper, and that I didn't have any breakfast. Is there anything to eat in heaven? Because if there isn't I've got to go back."

"No supper!" exclaimed the sculptor, "and no breakfast, either! Well, I should say you couldn't forget that! Only the greatest rememberers that have ever lived could forget that. Of course there are things to eat here—milk and honey and everything else. And by the way," he went on, "there are baths in heaven, too. Do you ever remember having had a bath? Wouldn't you like one now?"

"Yes," replied Eileen, "I remember. I would like to have one now if it will wait until after I have had the milk and honey. I want to see honey."

"All right," said the sculptor, starting up and going into the big room. "There's a lovely person here whose name is Celestine. Celestine came here to take care of me, just the way you've come to take care of Jimmy. Celestine," he said, speaking very gently, "had a little girl—a little girl about as old as you are, and she died last year and came to heaven. I'll show her to you later; she's out there among the trees. I have an idea that some of her small things will be just right for you. Oh, Celestine!" he called, opening a door, and taking Eileen's hand they left the room together.

Presently he came back alone, and with his hands deep in his pockets stood pondering something.

"I suppose," he said to himself, "I ought to advertise for that baby. When things are lost or found you always put it in the paper. Those people are probably so ignorant that they'd never think of it and so hideously poor that they couldn't pay for it if they did."

Taking a note-book and a pencil from his pocket, he again sat down on the steps.

How on earth did you write such a thing!

What he finally evolved was this:

"Lost—A baby—just before the storm on Thursday evening, in a fish-store. Baby answers to the name of Jimmy Higgins. Finder will please return to 55 Fairweather Place. It being a large baby, finder and returner will be given a large reward."

It looked very well, he thought, when it was done. As soon as Celestine had finished her ministrations to Eileen he would send it to a newspaper. Then he went back to his whistling and to his work with the common clay and forgot everything else.

A knocking at the door recalled him: three, four, five times some one knocked before he became conscious of the sound.

"Come in," he called. Eileen entered, Celestine behind her. She had on a white dress. She had on white things underneath. She had on white stockings. She felt just like a cloud.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the sculptor. "How nice you look! There's nothing like it, is there? Nothing in heaven or earth like soap and water. Never forget that, Eileen, whatever else you forget. Come here and let me look at you. How well everything fits, doesn't it?"

Then he turned to Celestine and said something in that heavenly language they used together, and Eileen knew by the sound of his voice and by the tears in Celestine's eyes that they must be speaking of the little girl who used to wear the soft white dress that she was wearing.

"Now what are you going to do, Eileen?" asked the sculptor. "I've got to work like everything."

"I'm going to look for the Murphy baby," replied Eileen. "Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't," answered the sculptor. "I'm awfully poor at remembering names. You may run across him any moment out there."

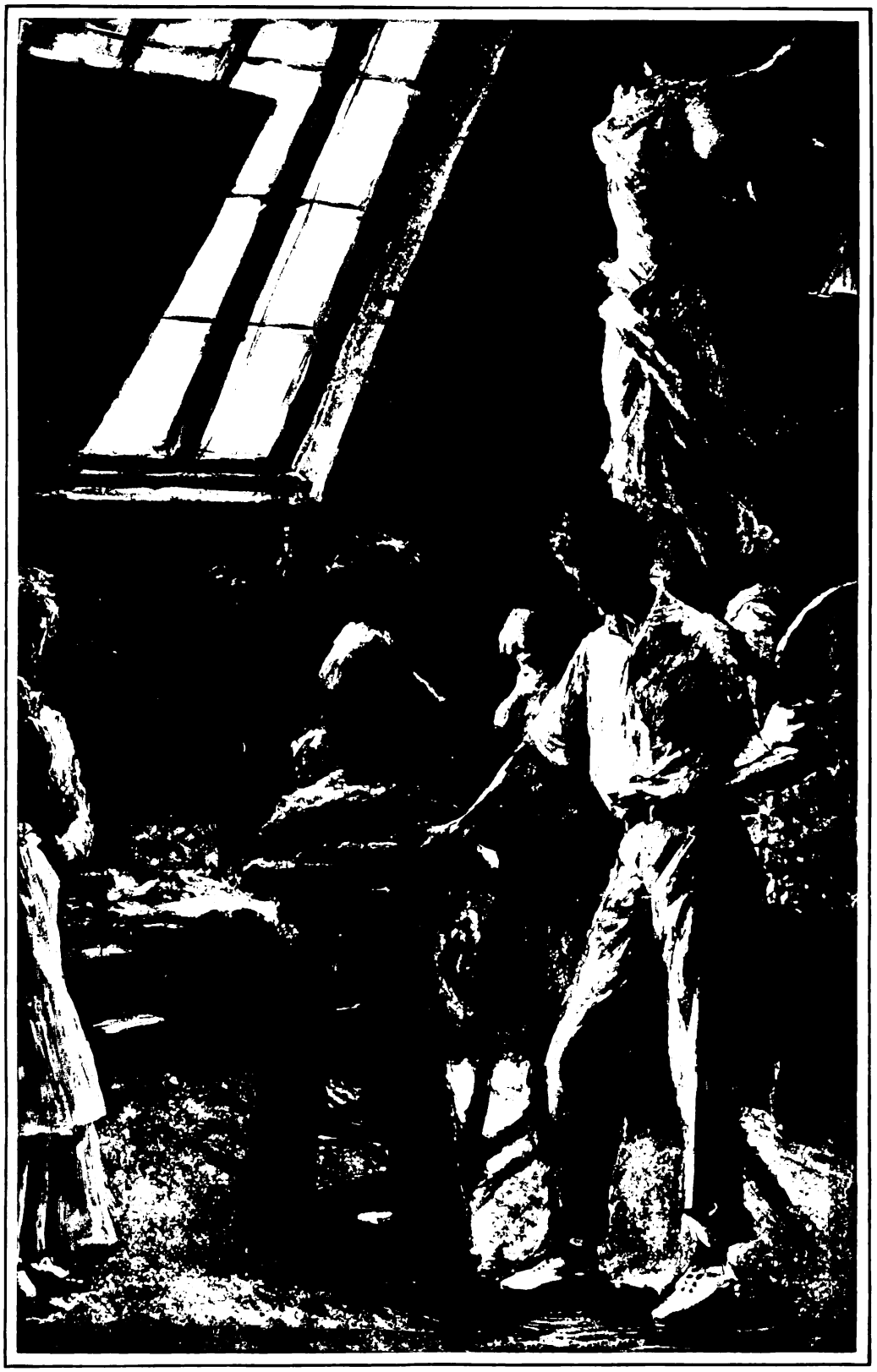
Eileen went down the steps and then stopped.

"I had an orange all to myself," she said, dreamily. "It was very yellow, and honey is yellow, too. Celestine says it is made out of flowers and sunshine. I think I will go and sing to Jimmy about it. I'd forgotten all about Jimmy."

That evening, when the sculptor was dressing, Celestine brought him the newspaper. He didn't want Eileen to see it—a newspaper would be a jarring note in heaven.

Yes, there was his advertisement. He

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

"BY JOVE!" EXCLAIMED THE SCULPTOR. "HOW NICE YOU LOOK!"

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viewed it with pride, for among the commonplace notices of missing dogs and shopping-bags it certainly was very striking. Then he read through the "Founds" carefully but unsuccessfully. No one had come across a baby in a fish-store.

There was, however, on another page a statement which attracted him. This statement was to the effect that the little girl, Martha Higgins, who had disappeared from her beautiful home on Thursday night, had not yet been heard from. That Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, the adoring parents, were distracted; that the canal was being dragged, and that the police were hot on the trail. There was a picture of the distracted parents—Mr. Higgins seated, Mrs. Higgins standing beside him, a palm tree and a waterfall in the background.

"Martha Higgins!" thought the sculptor. "That's a curious coincidence that there should be two children of the same name lost at the same time—a Jimmy and a Martha. It may be Jimmy's sister: but then—" Well, he gave it up. He would ask Eileen. The ways of the world were too much for him. Besides, he couldn't think and dress at the same time. Dressing demanded concentration. There he was again putting on the thing he had just taken off.

When he was ready he went out to join Eileen.

A supper table just large enough for two was set out on the grass. Here she was waiting for him.

"The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers."

Shadows such as only come at the end of a perfect day were gliding over the garden. Far away in the west through the trees glowed the sunset; it looked like another garden. The sculptor sat down and for a few moments watched Eileen with great satisfaction. Who or what, he wondered, had taught her the guiding of her spoon aright?

He poured out two glasses of milk. "Eileen," he said, handing her one, "did you ever hear of a little girl named Martha Higgins? Did Jimmy have a sister named Martha?"

Eileen's eyes widened. "Martha Higgins?" she said. "Why, that was me. That was what they called me after I was adopted."

The sculptor threw back his head and laughed and laughed.

"Oh Lord!" he exclaimed, "that's funny! Do you know, Eileen, that out there in the world they're very much excited about you? You're lost, they think, and the canal is being dragged for you; and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are having the time of their lives mourning for you, and the police are after you and—"

He got no further. Eileen sprang to her feet, and with a long-drawn wail flung herself upon him.

"Don't let them take me," she sobbed. "Don't let them take me in the covered wagon. Don't let them take me back to Mrs. Higgins!"

The sculptor put his arms about her. "Why, of course they won't take you," he said. "The brutes! We'll just let them go on hunting for you out there and all the time we'll sit back of the wall safe in heaven and laugh at them. I wish we could get on the wall and throw things at them, too, don't you? That would be fun, wouldn't it?"

Eileen lifted her head. She smiled doubtfully.

"But there's one policeman," she said, her voice still quivering, "that we mustn't hit. His name is Bill, and I like him. He carried Jimmy for me one day when it was raining."

"Oh no, we won't hurt Bill," assented the sculptor. "We'll send word to him to tie a handkerchief around his arm, or to wear a green feather or something, so that we'll know which he is."

"And we mustn't hit the bird-store man," said Eileen. "He is a very nice man. He loses babies, too."

"Oh, I wouldn't hit the bird-store man for anything," laughed the sculptor. "I want to know the bird-store man. He is the kind to be encouraged. And now where is your handkerchief? Let me dry your eyes, and let me see if I can fasten on your napkin as well as Celestine does. Oh, here she comes now. Tell her what fun we're going to have, sitting on the wall and throwing things. She'll join us. She's a fine shot and she likes to laugh."

But Celestine had something serious to attend to. She spoke to the sculptor and he arose.

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"Excuse me, Eileen," he said. "There is some one here to see me. Celestine will stay with you while you finish your supper. Eat every bit of it—do you hear?" And he strode into the house and into Celestine's little tiled kitchen, closing the door behind him.

By the table sat a large woman. In her arms she was holding a large baby. The sculptor, in looking at them, thought it was rather hard to decide which was the larger.

"Good evening," he said, pleasantly. "So you saw my advertisement. Is this Jimmy Higgins?"

The woman stiffened. "Yes," she replied, "I seen it. But this ain't *Jimmy* Higgins; it never has been *Jimmy* Higgins; it never will be *Jimmy* Higgins. This is Albert Edward Higgins."

The sculptor knit his brows. "But I don't think I quite understand," he said.

"'Tain't very difficult," she answered, dryly. "Martha, she called 'em all Jimmy."

"Oh!" said the sculptor. "What an excellent idea! What a lot of trouble it must have saved her!" Then the truth flashed upon him. "Can it be," he said, bowing courteously, "that I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Higgins?"

The formidable one inclined her head. "The same," she replied.

"Well, tell me," said the sculptor, "where did you find Jimmy? Where had she left him?"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Higgins, sighing wearily, "she had left him up-stairs on the bed, where he belonged; and then she went out and forgot she left him there; and all the time we was huntin' for him, there he was at home yellin' for his supper."

The sculptor suddenly seemed to remember that one of the windows needed attention and began working furiously at it, pulling it up and down.

Mrs. Higgins watched him. He felt her scorn. "If," she said—"if you can leave that window alone for a minute I'd like you to tell me where Martha is."

The window came down with a bang. "Martha," he said, gravely—"Martha is no more."

This aroused her. She put the baby on the floor and stood up. She certainly was appalling.

"Do you mean she is dead?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the sculptor, "Martha is dead and Eileen has been born again. Eileen is in heaven."

"I don't know what you are talking about," rejoined Mrs. Higgins, her voice rising. "You talk the same crazy way Martha used to. But I do know this: I know I adopted Martha. She belongs to me, and I've a right to know what's become of her and to have her back if I want her. If you've got her here you'd better hand her over or I'll have the law on you!"

Something leaped up in the sculptor, something that he very seldom knew was there. He faced Mrs. Higgins.

"Give Eileen back to you!" he said. "What do you think I am? There's not much good that I can do in the world and there are mighty few of its wrongs that I can right, but I can right this wrong. I won't have a butterfly put to work a treadmill if I can help it. You'll never have Eileen again, I assure you of that."

Mrs. Higgins grew quite alarmingly red in the face and her breath came quickly. "Then," she said, "you're no better than a common kidnapper, that's what you are. I suppose you know what happens to kidnappers?"

"No," replied the sculptor, "I haven't the least idea. I should think, though, that under some circumstances kidnapping might be quite an honorable calling."

Mrs. Higgins did not answer. She stooped to pick up Albert Edward from the floor.

The sculptor stepped forward. "Let me help you," he said, but she motioned him away.

"Don't," she said. "He's very heavy. You might strain yourself."

With the baby in her arms she started for the door.

"Wait a moment," said the sculptor. "I haven't finished yet. You don't really want Eileen back, you know you don't. But I want to be fair with you. Now I'm going to propose something. I'm going to propose buying Eileen from you. I want you to make me out a bill for all that you think you've spent on Eileen since you owned her and deduct from that all the hours of work you've gotten out of her; and then if it seems to me

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pretty fair, why, I'll settle with you. What do you say to that?"

Mrs. Higgins thought for a few moments, her eyes very bright and hard.

"All right," she said at last. "I'll do that. I hope you'll like your bargain."

"Good," said the sculptor. "Shake hands on it. Bring the bill as soon as you can; to-morrow, if possible."

When Mrs. Higgins had departed, "By Jove!" he said to himself, "no one can say I'm not practical. Eileen will be a ransomed soul." And he went back to his supper.

Eileen had left the little table, and when he had finished he sought and found her by the pool among the roses. She looked up at him, but she didn't speak, and he sat down beside her on the stone rim.

"What are you thinking of, Eileen?" he asked in a little while.

"I was wondering," said Eileen—"I was wondering why I cannot find my father here. He would have liked it more than anything else."

"Tell me about him," said the sculptor. "Do you remember him very well?"

"Not very well," she replied. "Mrs. Higgins used to say that he was like me; that he forgot everything, too; and once I heard some one say that he died of a broken heart. What makes people die of a broken heart?"

"Ah," said the sculptor, softly, "it's only those who remember greatly who die of a broken heart. Your father must have been a great rememberer. What was it he was remembering all the time? Do you know?"

"Perhaps," replied Eileen, "he was remembering my mother."

The sculptor was silent. Eileen turned toward him.

"The way you look out of your eyes," she said, "is the way he used to look out of his eyes. I think maybe somehow you and he are the same, and so he's here, after all."

"That may be," replied the sculptor, quietly. "I should be very proud if that is the way it is."

Interval

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I WONDER what the spring is like,
If I shall see again
The glitter on the hawthorn
Of the bright April rain.

I wonder what the sun is like—
I saw it long ago,
And once I saw the moon, and saw
The angel of the snow.

I saw the stars, like ants of gold,
So many and so small,
Oh, life all made of loveliness,
Must I forget it all!

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The Conservation of Human Effort

THROUGH MODERN SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

FROM the time when man first began to work for man, there has been a constant conflict for labor on the one hand to secure the highest possible wages, for capital on the other to secure the lowest possible cost of production. Men have taken as an hypothesis that an actual gulf yawns between the two conflicting forces; they have assumed that the best they could do was to build new bridges of the materials at hand each time the old ones were swept away, when they should have recognized that the seeming chasm is but a mirage, speedily dissipated by the penetrating rays of that new light which is now shining upon industrial relations.

It has commonly been accepted that the interests of capital and labor ought to be identical, yet, as a matter of fact, they have rarely been so considered. The new force, which is called Modern Scientific Management, says, "If they are not identical, then make them so," and having flung the banner bearing this slogan to the wind, it has thus separated itself from systems and systematizing, from card indices, vertical filings, and cost tabulations. It recognizes all these as necessary details of system, which in turn is a necessary ingredient of Scientific Management, but as a *science* it concerns itself with cause and effect rather than with records or figures, which are usually obtained so late that they possess only historical value.

Welfare work has been successful in improving the physical conditions and environment of labor, but it has not accomplished the ultimate results toward which it directed its efforts. An industrial establishment in the Middle West, which has carried its welfare work perhaps further than any other, is to-day operated by workmen far less satisfied than they were before. This is not the expression of consummate ingratitude which it is commonly considered; it is rather the natural protest, as old as the world is old, against having some one other than itself spend labor's money. Capital proclaims its desire to cooperate by expending the necessary sums to improve labor's environment; labor accepts these improved conditions as purchased out of money which might otherwise have come to it in the form of increased wages. Labor, therefore, not capital, has paid for these improvements, but capital has taken upon itself to say how the expenditures should be made. If wages had been increased, labor would have accepted this further evidence of good-will with appreciation, but under no other conditions.

Until now, even modern industrial methods have considered this double demand of labor as unreasonable and impracticable. Capital could pay higher wages or could give improved conditions, but not both. Scientific Management, however, blazes the path to the common meeting-ground, where the seemingly impossible is accomplished—not as an altruistic expression on either side, but as an act of supreme business judgment on the part of both—by the equal division of the burden which has been and always will be too heavy for labor or capital to bear alone.

Scientific Management, while new, is not young. It came into being thirty years ago at the Midvale Steel Works, where labor, on the defensive from principle, found its master at the end of a bitter struggle, and learned the surprising lesson that the foreman who conquered declined to take the usual advantage of his victory, but instead showed the workmen, as their friend, a new system which demonstrated the possibility of having their interests, and those of the corporation for which they worked, the same. When conditions can be estab-

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lished under which capital and labor can live together in harmony instead of discord, with the productivity doubled, and the workmen receiving from 33 1-3% to 100% higher wages than are paid in other similar lines; when for thirty years no strike has been recorded in factories where the principles of Scientific Management have been in force, where contented workmen seldom relinquish their positions, the means by which these conditions (already affecting thousands of employees) are created and maintained, must attract the serious attention of thinking men.

The mechanism of management, as exercised by the present movement, is too extended to be included within the scope of any single article, but its essence, which is the philosophy of management, may advantageously be considered as coming under these heads:

1. The development of management as a true science.
2. The scientific selection of the workmen.
3. The scientific education and development of the workmen.
4. Intimate friendly co-operation between the management and the workmen.

Under the first head arises the pertinent question as to why science, which has produced such marvellous advances in other lines, should not earlier have been applied to labor. The giant strides which surgery has made during the past two decades could never have been taken had dependence been placed, as in the mechanic arts, upon simply the ingenuity of each generation to develop quicker and better methods, with no attempt to secure uniformity in the new means evolved. An industrial establishment employing from 500 to 1,000 workmen has beneath one roof perhaps thirty separate trades. Each man, working at each separate trade, performs his task in accord with traditional knowledge, handed down to him by word of mouth or learned by observation of those around him. Collectively, these workmen possess a mass of technical knowledge far beyond that in the possession of the management. The foreman, therefore, assigns the work, and leaves the method of execution to the workmen. The inevitable result of this is that in a single department there may be fifty or a hundred different methods employed in performing the same kind of labor. The foreman makes no attempt to reduce this number. His duty, as he understands it, is to induce each workman to use his best endeavors, his initiative, his skill, his ingenuity, his industry, and his good-will so as to yield the largest possible returns to his employer. Yet, obviously, out of these various methods there must be one which is faster and better than the others. To discover this one way is the province of Scientific Management, by means of study and analysis, and then to effect its gradual substitution for the less efficient methods.

The scientific method insists upon an almost equal division in the daily performance of the work as between the management and the men. There are many elements which the management can perform better than the workman, and these are properly assigned. Every task of the operative is preceded by preparatory co-operation on the part of his employer. When the order reaches him, every detail has been provided for: he has no questions to ask; the proper tools are placed beside him, and the materials themselves are near at hand. All his time is spent upon productive labor, and his output is proportionately increased. He is told how many minutes each operation should require, this time being scientifically determined, and by performing his task within the given time he secures a welcome bonus for himself. The management shows him how this may be accomplished with no undue demand upon his strength.

Several causes have previously operated against securing from the workman a "fair day's work," the greatest of these being the greed of the employer and his ignorance as to what constitutes a day's work. No man can give his best efforts, day after day, when these efforts do not bring proper recognition. The conscientious workman is happier when giving his best in quantity and quality, but it is against human nature to do this when he sees a less skilful or less conscientious man beside him receiving the same wages for a smaller day's work. It is this unfair attitude on the part of the employer which has in the past forced

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the workmen to combine for self-protection, and has also encouraged labor unions to restrict a man's output to the limitations of the slowest operative. But with the recognition by the employer that extra output entitles the workman to extra remuneration, self-respecting labor refuses to be held back by its less able or less active associates.

Touching more specifically upon the methods of Scientific Management, a few details will be enlightening: The single foreman is superseded by several different men, each of whom, acting in close conjunction with the "planning-room," has his own specific duties as an expert demonstrator throughout the shop. The planning-room prepares the detailed instructions, while these demonstrators, selected for their knowledge and skill in their particular specialties, make sure that the instructions are properly carried out. They assist the workman whenever needed, showing him the best and quickest methods, and studying the individual temperaments and capacities, with a view to changing a workman from one grade of work to a higher one if he possesses qualities which warrant it, or to a lower one if he proves unequal to the task before him. This constant and personal observation incites the ambitious workman to his best endeavors, as he knows that any special proficiency which he may show will result in his rapid advancement, and every such advancement is an object-lesson to the other, less ambitious workmen about him whom he has left behind.

One of these demonstrators makes certain that the drawings and instructions are clearly understood; another, how best to set the job in the machine, and how to eliminate any unnecessary personal motions; another sees that the machine is run at the most efficient speed, and that the particular tool is used in the proper way to enable the machine to complete its product in the shortest time; others cover every possible point required in producing the greatest output and in maintaining the required standard of workmanship under the most ideal conditions.

Reference has just been made to the elimination of unnecessary personal motions, and this is so important an element in Scientific Management that it deserves greater amplification. Familiarity breeds more than contempt; it breeds lack of observation as regards one's self. Many of the daily acts of every individual would appear ridiculous if he were called upon to explain the reason for their performance; and even with his attention called to them, the average man would pass them off lightly as the result of a "habit." This universal custom, a "habit" in itself, is perhaps unimportant in trivial matters or in individual cases, but when multiplied by thousands of employees, and collectively operating against the expense account of a single organization, the figures become appalling, and demonstrate a national waste of human effort which demands conservation.

The essence of Scientific Management, then, as already considered, is to assist the workman by showing him how to eliminate unnecessary motions, by a close co-operation on the part of the management in laying out his work for him in advance; by showing him how to make every portion of his work, however simple, a scientific performance; by studying his own individuality to the extent of assisting him to correct methods which militate equally against his own highest efficiency and the obtaining of the highest efficiency of the machine he operates; by bringing him to a realization that traditional knowledge of his specialty is a lower grade of skill than that knowledge gained by modern scientific study.

On the other hand, Scientific Management undertakes to correct faults of administration as well as inefficient methods of execution, demonstrating to the employer the cash value to himself of this close co-operation with his workmen. He is shown that greater product is obtained from workmen who perform their tasks under conditions which tend to make them happy and contented, which give them opportunities to advance themselves to points marked only by their personal limitations; where they can maintain their self-respect and with his help increase it, in that they can hope to become the most skilful operatives in their particular specialties, and to earn higher wages than any employer could afford to pay under other conditions.

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With every machine, human or mechanical, running each day at its maximum degree of productivity, the employer can afford to share his largely increased income with those who have co-operated with him to secure it; and the workman cannot begrudge his employer the augmented profits, since he not only has received his share, but because he knows that the increase is the result of the efforts of the management quite as much as his own.

The great business successes of the past have been achieved by the genius of single individuals, who have excelled their competitors in some one clever characteristic. A thoughtful consideration of the qualities possessed by the great captains of industry of the past twenty-five years will show that one was a great salesman, another a great financier, another a great organizer. Their successes do not mean that the great businesses which gave them their fortunes were scientifically managed. For example, two concerns in the same industry recently combined, after negotiations which had extended over several years, in the course of which it developed that each principal entertained the utmost contempt for the other's abilities. When a careful examination of the two sets of books was made, it was found that one proprietor was producing his goods more than forty per cent. cheaper than his rival, while the other made up the difference by his superior ability in buying, selling, and management. The combination enabled each to exercise his particular skill in the interests of the whole, with a net saving of forty per cent., which was previously lost.

This loss permeates every industrial organization. Each superintendent and foreman has unconsciously a greater interest in some particular department or factor of the work than in the others, because his knowledge in this branch has reached a higher point of excellence. That department, or factor, will be run always at its maximum of efficiency, oftentimes in striking contrast to the glaring inefficiency of the others.

Scientific Management assumes that the day has passed for the great personal achievement of the individual as opposed to the co-operation of many, in which each man scientifically performs that function for which he is best fitted, from the highest to the lowest. It is true that he is taught to perform this function in one particular way, but this by no means destroys his individuality. He is shown that this one method is the best yet devised, but he is encouraged to demonstrate any original improvement, which, if adopted, carries with it a reward for himself, and is an advancement of the science. No one thinks of condemning the exact methods of surgery. The student is taught that one instrument, and one only, is to be used for a specific purpose, and that the stroke is to be made in one particular way. If, later, he can show his colleagues an original method which is better than that accepted by science, then his method becomes the standard, but only after exhaustive scientific consideration. So it is with Scientific Management. No claim is made that the highest point of efficiency has been reached, but rather that knowledge has been secured as to what the highest efficiency is and what it must remain until some new method, measured against it, demonstrates its superiority. And, most important of all, it teaches men how to handle themselves, increases the financial value of their personal asset, and puts them in the way to discover that which is now unknown. The ambitious workman of the past has sought to advance himself by attending night school, and in other ways which are a strain upon the time which he requires for rest and recreation. Scientific Management gives him this opportunity, under the most skilful instructors, while actually employed in his day's labors, fitting him, at the expense of the concern which employs him, to become qualified to earn higher wages from the very source which gives him his education.

Theory becomes convincing only when supported by practical application. Bricklaying, one of our oldest trades, is today carried on, except where Scientific Management has transformed it, with the same materials, implements, and methods which were employed before the Christian era. Science promptly inquires why an intelligent man should lower a hundred human pounds to elevate a four-pound brick, and receiving no satisfactory

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answer, supplies the bricklayer with a simple scaffold which keeps the pile of bricks always at the proper height. The workman takes the brick in his hand and tosses it twice or thrice, to find its best face; science has the bricks laid upon the scaffold with the best face out, eliminating lost time and motion. The workman uses mortar of varying consistency, which requires tapping with the edge of his trowel; science provides for mortar always of the same consistency, and does away with the tapping. The workman assumes any position to which he may accidentally become accustomed; science studies out the exact position for each foot in relation to the wall, the mortar-box, and the pile of bricks, and teaches the workman to pick up a brick in his left hand at the same moment that he takes a trowelful of mortar in his right. The net result of all this is that science requires five motions to lay a brick, where the workman averages eighteen, and the educated bricklayer can now lay 350 an hour, as against 120 for the workman who remains outside the beneficial zone of Scientific Management.

In one city in England the bricklayers' union has restricted its members to laying 275 bricks per day when working for the city, and 375 per day when working for private individuals. Probably no one of these workmen realizes that his day's work is dishonest, or that he has committed a greater crime against himself than against his employer. He justifies himself by the knowledge that if he increased his speed he would simply receive a lower rate per brick, and his less skilful brother would be detrimentally affected. Scientific Management removes all necessity for deception. A "fair day's work" is determined by scientific analysis instead of by guesswork, and is so estimated as to become no burden to the faithful workman. It means steadier, not harder work. Whatever he accomplishes is measured in scales which are neither "doctored" nor out of order. The management knows what it is requiring, and the workman knows that it knows.

The average man would hardly think that science could be applied to any performance so simple as shovelling, yet a moment's consideration will convince him that a shoveller should be fitted to his shovel as carefully as the ball-player is fitted to his bat, or the oarsman to his oar. What except traditional ignorance, rather than knowledge, hands the same length shovel to the tall workman and to the short, and expects each to produce with it the maximum degree of efficiency? What difference does the load make, and what weight of load enables the workman to perform the largest day's work?

These questions were answered at the Bethlehem Steel Works. Eight or ten different kinds of shovels were provided by the management after careful scientific examination. Experiments demonstrated that a shovel-load of twenty-one pounds enabled the workman to produce the greatest average results, so it was evident that the same shovel could not be advantageously employed to move iron ore and rice-coal. In addition to the variations in the length of the handles, therefore, similar variations were introduced into the scoops, so that whatever the substance, the shoveller could take up only the proper load at each lift. Here are the results of one year's work:

	Old Plan	New Plan
Number of yard laborers	400–600	140
Average number of tons per man per day.....	16	59
Average earnings per man per day.....	$1.15	$1.88
Average cost for handling each long ton...	$0.072	$0.033

One naturally inquires how much additional expense was incurred for the extra superintendence, foremanship, clerical work, and time study; but this is all included in the low cost of $0.033 per ton.

The attitude of the workmen toward Scientific Management is brought out by a recent investigation from this standpoint in the Link-Belt Company of Philadelphia. Here the "differential rate piece" plan (*i. e.*, rates per piece varying in proportion to the speed at which the task is performed) is fully established and is in active operation. The burden of the testimony given by the workmen was the same: they had to work more steadily, to pay strict attention at all times to their work, to follow their instructions implicitly; but they made more money than they could earn in any other shop, the "bosses" helped

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them, the company gave them a "square deal," and the greatest calamity they could imagine would be the necessity of giving up their jobs.

With these practical examples, this brief exposition of the Philosophy of Management is concluded. There is nothing new under the sun, but there are differences in methods of application. Scientific Management divides the functions of labor, and distributes them in such a way as to secure absolute interdependence of capital and labor; it applies science to the most minute detail, and establishes standards through the means of analyses and codifications instead of traditional guesswork; it transforms the mental attitude of the management and the workman, giving to each a supreme respect for the other; and it establishes itself upon a movable basis, but one which can only move upward.

Frederick W. Taylor, the father of Modern Scientific Management, still a young man, has many years ahead of him in which to enjoy the gratification of seeing his life theories and efforts become greater and more forceful elements in the development and control of the vital industrial problems of the world. Having stepped aside from active participation, he is able, because of his independent position, to render even more effective service to the army which is constantly becoming larger and more insistent. When the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him his doctor's degree, the characterization of the man explains with peculiar fidelity the basic strength of his work:

Frederick Winslow Taylor: Thorough and industrious in preparation for his life-work, patient in investigation and experiment, logical in analysis and deduction, versatile in invention, his labors have brought system out of disorder in the organization and management of industrial establishments, and with his epoch-making discoveries in the arts of treating tool steel and the cutting of metals have enormously reduced the cost of production of machinery. A writer of distinction, The American Society of Mechanical Engineers has done well to make him its president.

Those who have questioned Mr. Taylor's slogan of "good principles follow good habits" have seen it proved true; those whose conviction has been matched with their courage are reaping the financial rewards; while others, hidebound by their "traditional" ignorance, will trail along until grim necessity, or legislation enacted to conserve human effort, forces them to recognize that science is absolutely vital to successful business organization and conduct.

The Flight of Man

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

LO, on the bare and pathless sky is cast
The shape of mighty wings; in spaces bright
The air yields place to man's Titanic flight,
Companion of the cloud and of the blast.

Oh, for the eyes that watched the skylark spring
From earth to heaven, a line of song and fire;
Oh, for such lips of tuneful power, to sing
The starward flash of man's supreme desire!

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The Hero

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AFTER this I shall always believe the most glaringly absurd farce on the stage is true. For nothing could be so incredible as that any group of sane, grown-up people could have got into the snarl of misunderstandings that we did over the case of Lieutenant Rathbone. I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't been at the very centre of the tangle. Of course, to understand just how humorous it was, you would have to know a great deal of what went before and came after, that I couldn't very well tell just now. And, anyway, I seem to be the only one that thoroughly appreciates it. Mr. Kent, who usually has a very keen enjoyment of a joke, never quite saw this one.

For some months before, he had not been eager about my nursing, although before I began, when he was at the height of his enthusiasm for social service, he had quite approved. He was no less enthusiastic about every one doing something—in general—but he was never able to be sympathetic about the individual cases I took, and was indignant every time he called on me or wanted me to go somewhere and found me on a case. And he was so horrified every time it was a question of a man patient under sixty that I found it simpler not to take them.

So, when he himself suggested that I should nurse his cousin, Lieutenant Rathbone, I was surprised, until he told me that the Lieutenant was at the Navy-yard at Boston, and that he himself was going to spend the week-end and a few more days—five days in all—with Colonel Grant, the commanding officer of marines, at whose house his cousin was being cared for. And he was going that same week.

"As long as you are going to nurse somebody," he said, trying to grumble but not being able to, "you might as well be where I can keep an eye on you." He spoke lightly, but there was a still glow under the calm of his face that made me know it really did mean something to him. And I knew just how he felt—it was pretty nice to think of being in the same house all that time, when we hadn't seen anything of each other for months, only in snatches.

"I don't know exactly what is the matter with Eric," he went on. "They are non-committal about it—some sort of nervous collapse, I believe. But I understand he doesn't have to have much done for him—I looked into that before I suggested you. It's too bad; it had looked as if he would be able to marry Ridgely's daughter, after all. By the way"—he said this with the elaborate carelessness that never deceives anybody—"I forgot to tell you, he is engaged to a particularly nice girl, and is quite properly foolish about her. Eric always was a thoroughgoing chap."

Then I knew the rest of it—why he was willing to have me nurse the case. He needn't have been so cautious, though. I never would have believed that I could be so completely indifferent to taking care of a real hero. But now I hardly felt excited at all, although it was a case that was interesting from a medical standpoint and from every other.

Mr. Kent hadn't arrived when I got to the Navy-yard at Boston. It was an interesting-looking place, and the little whiff of salt in the air that reached one occasionally was invigorating after the soft enervation of the spring-time at home. Mrs. Grant met me in the drawing-room of their big roomy quarters. She was in a great hurry, because she was due at a meeting to make arrangements for an entertainment to be given for the benefit of a reading-room for the enlisted men, and after that had a tennis party to give orders for, and a riding party to organize so one of the younger officers would get engaged. She

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couldn't do much more than greet me heartily, show me to my room, and turn me over to a maid and to the doctor.

Doctor Sturtevant was a ruddy, well-set-up, breezy gentleman who didn't look to me as if he took his professional duties too seriously. I found out afterward that this impression was a fairly just one, for his life pursuit was a never-ending game of golf with Colonel Grant. Even his interest in Lieutenant Rathbone's case was due, not so much to admiration for his heroism as to approval of the prime physical condition that seemed to have made his recovery one of the wonders of the service.

"I tell you, Miss Alyson, I never knew anything to equal it," he said. "It isn't the mere animal courage that everybody made such a fuss about at the time —one expects that. But as a feat of endurance— Well, it's unpardonable that Rathbone won't golf; there isn't a player in the service would have his staying power. Those coolie Chinese are the devil when they are all stirred up about something they don't know anything about, and it wasn't a particularly peaceful job getting young Grant away from two or three hundred of them. You know, of course, that the job of the marines is to hang around where there's a chance of a scrap, hoping to get killed in sufficient numbers to call people's attention to the fact that the Monroe doctrine has been pinked in a new place and Congress would better get busy. It was a son of Colonel Grant here that was hurt in this case; that's the reason Rathbone can have anything he wants in these parts. And the dogged endurance of it, swimming the unspeakable waters of that damned canal—I beg your pardon, but it was, you know; they had been throwing the carcasses of their cattle, that had been dying of some kind of a pest, into it for a week. It took Rathbone eight hours to get back to the *Helena*, swimming at first and wading after they tore his arm all up—bleeding all the while, though he managed to screw up the artery somehow. And he carried the youngster all the way with his good arm. And kept him out of the water, too!"

"I'm so glad to know just how it happened," I said. "I—"

But Doctor Sturtevant was warming up to his story.

"But where I as a surgeon take off my hat to him is the fact that he pulled through. Even if he had stood losing so much blood, if he hadn't been keeping himself fit as a bruiser, the gangrene would have got him—of course no human being could have escaped after having his wounds soaked with that water for hours. And the siege in the shambles of a hospital-ship with the cheerful proposition of treatment for gangrene— Well, he went down from a hundred and eighty to ninety-four pounds—that tells what he went through! But, bless you, when he started in to gain he stoked up at the rate of two pounds a day for a week, and after that one pound per diem. He holds the record for convalescence at Mare Island all right!"

"But why does he need a nurse now, Doctor Sturtevant?" I asked. It was thrilling to hear about such experiences, but, after all, I did have to get my instructions.

The doctor's cheerful, tanned face took on as serious an expression as it was adapted to do.

"We have rather a critical condition to meet just now. After being apparently well on the road to complete recovery he collapsed—cerebral anæmia set in—"

"I never knew of a case—"

"You are not apt to—of any duration. For when the patient is so reduced that that sets in, there isn't apt to be any need of treatment—this side—"

"But won't he recover?"

"Oh, he's technically convalescent now. We stopped the injection of salt water into his veins long ago. The trouble is that he had to be kept on a reduced diet so long and he can't make blood fast enough. It's only that at times, when there isn't blood enough to circulate to the extremities and feed the brain too, his mind just gets tired and quits. His sight is affected too—retina isn't supplied with enough blood to visualize correctly. He tells me that he often gets objects in outline—people are bodiless ghosts."

"Wouldn't he have had better treatment if he had stayed in the hospital?"

"Oh, poor chap, he got so blue. And we all thought he would get well faster

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if he had something to occupy him. So Grant got him detailed here, and he even tries to work a little. When his feet are higher than his head his mind is as clear as yours or mine, and he visualizes correctly and knows all about the mental condition he has been in. But after a time of that his feet get icy cold, and he has to pull them down and have them warmed up. And when they're down he is liable to think or say anything at all. Then he goes all over the vicious circle again. There really isn't anything to do but wait—"

"But what do you want me here for?" I was getting more and more confused.

"I want you to feed him well, amuse him. You might massage that arm pretty vigorously. The wound has healed, but the arm is stiff yet. And—Well, I suppose I would better explain the conditions, and then you will see why it is necessary to have a nurse with him. Rathbone is engaged, you know, to Miss Ridgely. Now Rear-Admiral Ridgely has the regulation navy grouch against the Marine Corps. He considers being a marine officer a shade worse than not being in the service. So, though he can't find anything personally against a man who has been advanced five full points for gallantry, if the slightest suspicion of Rathbone's having any mental trouble should get out, I don't believe there is any doubt but that Ridgely would use that as a pretext for breaking off the match. And that, though every surgeon in the service assured him that the condition was a temporary one. So you see your main duty will be to keep Rathbone from making an ass of himself before people—"

"That's an inspiring occupation," I couldn't help laughing.

"A necessary one. The Grants know about his condition, of course, but nobody else. Luckily Miss Ridgely has been up in the Berkshires since a few days after his return, and then she only saw him for a few minutes. By the time she sees him again I expect him to be all right. If a breath of this gets out it will be brought straight to the Ridgelys. So you see—not a word to any one. Now I've got to work off another visit before I go to the links." And he was off.

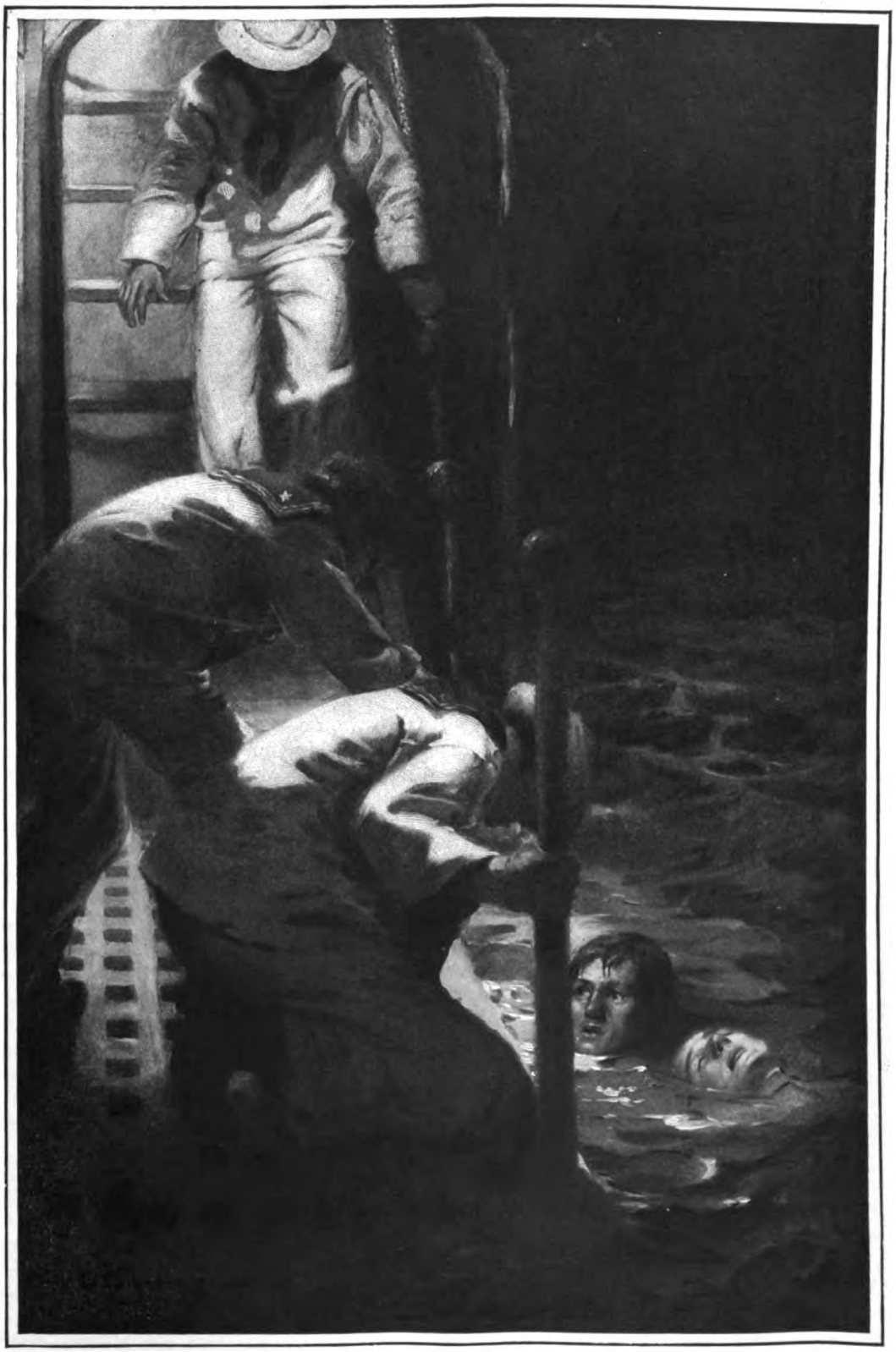
Lieutenant Rathbone was in his room writing letters, the maid told me. When she took me up there I thought I had never seen anything as bare and austere as that room. The rest of the house was much like other houses, only it was wider and lighter and more roomy than most. There were hangings and rugs and big comfortable easy chairs and sprawly wicker ones that made you think of long, lazy summer afternoons with a book. But if there ever had been anything comfy in that apartment the Lieutenant had evidently had it taken out. The air was not impeded by any softening window-hangings—not a bit of it. The shades were rolled up to their highest, and there wasn't even a cotton bedroom rug on the glistening floor. Not a thing was allowed on the mantelpiece but a business-like travelling-clock in a leather case; the spread on the bed was one of the dimity kind they use in hospitals, and the bed was just a narrow cot that looked hard. A whole platoon of shoes on trees, that had evidently overflowed the closet, was arranged accurately on one side of the bed; on the other was an enormous tin bath-tub. The bookshelves were full of methodically graded books. And on the dresser were five pictures in silver frames—all of the same girl—I could see that even if I didn't look.

A man was sitting with his back to me, writing at the broad, shiny oak desk.

"I am the new nurse," I said, and he jumped to his feet and greeted me with automatic courtesy. He was so big and so erect that at first he overawed me. But as he looked at me his forehead wrinkled in a pained, tired sort of way.

"I don't know why I am to have another nurse," he said, unhappily, as he sank again into his chair. "I suppose they told me, but I must have forgotten it—" he was looking tentatively down at his feet and from them to the top of the desk and then, dubiously, back to me. Then he seemed to realize that this reception couldn't be very comfortable for me, so he smiled reassuringly. "Not that it isn't a pleasant chance," he said, "whatever may have brought you." He was lost again, with his eyes rather wistfully on his letter. "I hope that you will find plenty to—amuse you here." His amiable intention was so evident that I felt as if I must help him out.

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

'IT TOOK RATHBONE EIGHT HOURS TO GET BACK TO THE 'HELENA'"

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"Don't worry about me," I said, briskly. "I shall find plenty to do. For one thing, I can cook good things—" his face brightened. "The doctor thinks you ought to have five meals a day—" a gleam came into his eyes. "And he wants your arm massaged so you can have the use of it as soon as possible. I will go down now to interview the cook." His eyes followed me with the overaffectionate reverence with which a child endows the person who has at his disposal ice-cream or candy. Poor fellow, I suppose he felt just about starved all the time.

As it was pretty near lunch-time I thought I would make myself popular with him right away and bring him something up—the cook said he usually had his meals in his own room. So I broiled a two-inch-thick porterhouse and creamed some spinach and cooked two eggs in a really delicious way. I made cocoa all of milk and just the right kind of buttered toast. And I thought up a nice little sweet with whipped cream; I felt—perhaps because his weakness gave him that puzzled, boyish look—that he must have a sweet tooth. And any one who saw the look of beatific satisfaction with which he ate the dessert after he had cleared up every other plate I brought him—the only thing he didn't like was the cocoa—would have felt that the guess was a happy one.

It was after all that, and before he had time to feel hungry again, that he asked me my name.

"Miss Alyson," I had said, when the queer, puzzled look began to come again to his face.

"Alice—" he began, confusedly.

"Alyson," I corrected him.

But by this time he was looking at me with wide-open eyes. And such a—funny look came into them. It was rapturous—but unbelieving and piteously dazed. He jumped to his feet.

"Why—how could I have been so blind! It is you—you came—just when I was writing to you—longing to have you here—"

He came toward me, but I retreated toward the desk, keeping my eyes on him in as cool and professional a manner as I could. Of course I knew it was only his poor brain that had got tired and his eyes that weren't visualizing right. But—I couldn't help it—it did make me feel—jumpy—that look in his eyes.

"I am Miss Alyson," I said, firmly, "the nurse. And—may I mail that letter for you?" I put my hand out for it—I just wanted to bring him back to real things—and couldn't help seeing the address: "Miss Alice Ridgely." That explained why he had got confused in that unexpected way; it was the likeness in sound between "Alice" and the first two syllables of "Alyson." I glanced involuntarily at the girl on the dresser. Was there a resemblance? I believed I could see that the photograph looked a little—in general outline at least—like the last one I had had taken, the one that Mr. Kent thought was so good.

He hesitated, and looked so lost and helpless that I just wanted to pat him, the way you do a big, blundering, faithful mastiff when it doesn't understand what you are throwing the stick in the water for. But I acted as if nothing unusual had happened.

"I think you had better lie down, while I go and settle things in my room a bit. I'll be back in time to bring you up a little lunch at three, and the best thing you can do is to take a nap."

I got him on to a leather couch that looked more comfortable to me than the bed, felt his feet and found that they were cold, put a hot-water bottle under them, and wrapped him up well. That raised his feet a little and his head was low. That, of course, was the reason why the haze cleared out of his brain, and he knew perfectly well who I was and wasn't puzzled any more. He gave me perfectly direct and definite instructions about some messages he wanted sent for him. And there wasn't any of the pathetic sort of dependence that had made me feel all at once as if I had known him forever and had been taking care of him for a long time. He spoke with a quick decisiveness that made me realize that he was the man who had saved his comrade at such fearful odds, the hero that people were talking about as one of the most gallant officers in the service. But when I had to help him to turn over a little to get a more comfortable position, and when he couldn't get his poor stiff arm to his head to push a lock of hair out of his eyes and I had to do it for

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him, I realized he was going to be pretty dependent for a long time yet.

The next day Mr. Kent came. And until unpleasant things began to happen about Lieutenant Rathbone it was quite as nice as I had thought it would be. Perhaps it was nicer, for you never can quite imagine beforehand the little thrill you feel when you see some one whom you like very much.

I think Colonel and Mrs. Grant must have known something about us—about me, for they both seemed rather amused when I came into the dining-room the first morning and was so surprised to see Mr. Kent that I showed it—he had come a whole train earlier than he had said he would. They were very kind. And it certainly was the easiest case that anybody ever was on. The only hard thing I had to do was to straighten Lieutenant Rathbone out every little while about my not being Alice. There was an element of suspense about it. But I understood perfectly well how it had happened, because Mrs. Grant, when I said I hadn't met Miss Ridgely because she had come out since I went into training, commented on her looking quite noticeably like me. So, as the case was so easy and everybody was so kind, I had almost forgotten that I had a patient at all—except, of course, when I was on duty. And Henry Kent and I had more time to talk in that one day than we had had for months—in a lump. We had been canoeing up the Charles, when the moment came that I brought Lieutenant Rathbone in his supper and saw that something had gone wrong.

The Lieutenant had been trying to do more than usual that day—he had got out some fortification plans to look over—and was overtired. So his poor eyes were very heavy and hazy. Henry Kent had gone right to him as soon as we came in from the river. He was still there, but was walking up and down the room in a suppressed, agitated way that I didn't understand at all, until the Lieutenant looked at me with a tenderness that I would probably have found very appealing under any other circumstances—if I had been Alice, for instance—and said:

"Why did you stay away so long? You know I miss you!"

I didn't pay any special attention to this. I knew that he was just confusing me with Miss Ridgely; and then, anyway, patients are apt to get childishly dependent. I said lightly:

"I am sorry, but it was just the usual time. I wasn't gone more than two hours. But the canoe shipped a good deal of water and I had to change my shoes. I asked Mr. Kent to tell you."

He turned on Henry Kent.

"You have been canoeing? With her? And you didn't tell me? You know how it is with us, Hal—I have been telling you about her. It's taking an advantage, I say—when I am laid up here like this!" He gave a glance at his helpless arm that seemed heartrending to me.

Mr. Kent didn't seem to find it pathetic at all. He just looked more furious than I ever remember having seen any one before. He started to say something that would have been perfectly withering. But then he gave a reluctant look at the patient, realized—I felt it—that he couldn't say it to a sick man, contented himself with throwing a savagely indignant glance at me, and was leaving the room.

"Wait!" I said, and he halted—eagerly. "He just thinks I am—" I was going to say "Miss Ridgely." But I remembered in time that I mustn't tell any one about the patient's mental condition, and finished idiotically—"kind to him."

That seemed to make Henry Kent rabid. He snapped out:

"That helps matters! I know all about the effect your 'kindness' is likely to have on him!" He flung himself out of the room. And that was certainly the most impolite thing any man ever said to me. It hurt my feelings.

As soon as he had gone and it didn't matter, when I had Lieutenant Rathbone settled with a book on the couch with his feet higher than his head, his brain worked all right and he visualized correctly. He knew perfectly well who I was, and asked me to mail another letter he had been writing to Miss Ridgely. Although it was irritating that he never would lie down when any caller was in the room and that this couldn't have happened a few minutes earlier, my heart got lighter again, and I laughed to myself at the tragic, hopeless feeling I had about the situation a few minutes before.

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"It can't be anything but a temporary condition at most," I thought. "And perhaps it won't hurt Henry Kent to think there is some one else for a little while. All that will be necessary will be to get the doctor's permission to tell him the truth, and then everything will be straightened out."

But it is all very well to say it is only a temporary condition. The temporary condition you are in is the only thing you can know at one time, and there is nothing to prove that it won't last forever and blast your whole life. The next morning began worse than ever.

They had a long talk together right after breakfast. All that day they were thrown together. Mrs. Grant, who knew that they had always been great chums, naturally thought his visitor would be good for the patient. But if Mr. Kent was good for Lieutenant Rathbone, Lieutenant Rathbone certainly was not good for Mr. Kent. When I went into the room to massage the patient's arm—and I did it as early as I could, for I did want to put an end to the dreadful confidences—Mr. Kent's eyes were hot and looked as if he hadn't slept for a week. I suppose it was a hard position, when you come to think about it—to have an invalid telling you things that make you angry, and not be able to say anything back because he is an invalid. But it was so silly of him not to understand me better. So I began to get angry too.

I could remember every little misunderstanding we had had since the day we met, and it seemed to me that they all showed that he really had a very ugly disposition. I did make one effort to set things right when I brought up the mail with a letter in it from Miss Ridgely. I made it conspicuous and handed it to him with quite an air of archness. But he didn't even open his mail; he put it aside indifferently, while he said something about the care I took of him, in a tender way that made me perfectly discouraged. And Mr. Kent probably caught sight of the postmark and inferred whom it was from!

After lunch I did have one glimmer of hope. Mr. Kent took out a cigar and handled it lovingly. Then he asked the Lieutenant if he would smoke. I thought:

"How lovely! If they smoke and I leave the room they will be sure to put their feet on the table. Then the patient's feet will be higher than his head, and he will be rational again. And perhaps Mr. Kent will find out the truth."

I was just going to say, "I don't believe it would hurt Lieutenant Rathbone a bit," when I remembered that I had no instructions from the doctor to let him smoke. So I had to say that it wouldn't do. But if ever I had to use selfdenial to do my professional duty it was then.

When I went to my room that evening a dreadful, hopeless feeling had begun to settle about me. What if the situation must be explained sometime! We were growing apart. We were beginning to show to each other the ugly side of our natures—of course *I* hadn't been anything yet but calm and dignified. Still I could feel myself growing angry, and when you are angry you never know what is going to happen. Maybe it would make such a division that we could never get over it. And even if it wasn't as bad as that, here were two of the five whole days when we had been going to have such a good time gone. At the very best it would take one day to get things straightened out. There would be only two days left, and one of those the day before he was going to leave and so spoiled before it was begun. With that I got desperate, and so really began to think how it could be settled.

There was the doctor; of course the simplest thing would be to get his permission to tell Mr. Kent. But suppose he should skip the next day's call!

"I'll call him up and ask him!" I thought. But I couldn't think at that moment of any pretext for consulting him that would not seem far-fetched. And how could I make any man understand why I wanted the matter explained to Mr. Kent? He would be sure to think all sorts of things. If I had to confide in any one, I would rather have it Mrs. Grant. But I had seen so little of Mrs. Grant! She seemed kind and nice, but she evidently was a very busy person. And Mr. Kent and I had not—were not—I mean there didn't seem to be any good reason for my wanting him to know that the Lieutenant wasn't in his right mind when he gave the impression that there

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was anything sentimental. Oh, I just couldn't see any way out of it that wouldn't use up three whole days in misunderstandings and embarrassments.

By the time I had reached this conclusion it was almost midnight. And you know how frightfully gloomy things can look when you are all alone and troubled at twelve o'clock. Everybody's light but your own goes out, and you feel as if the whole world knew you were awake and had deserted you. In self-defence I went to bed and tried to stop thinking. And although I usually go to sleep so soon I can never remember anything distinctly except shutting my eyes, that night I heard one o'clock strike before I went to sleep!

Of course things looked better the next morning. Before breakfast I thought over the situation, and decided that I would first find out whether Lieutenant Rathbone could not smoke, so he would sit with his feet higher than his head and tell Henry Kent how things really were; if that failed I would call Doctor Sturtevant up on the phone and ask him if I could not explain to Mr. Kent the patient's mental condition—I thought up several good reasons why this was necessary; if that failed I would try Mrs. Grant. I didn't let myself think at all of the reasons for not doing any of these things. It all seemed very simple. But just wait and see how it turned out!

The day started off favorably. Henry Kent and I had breakfast alone together. Colonel Grant had had his breakfast and had gone to keep office hours; the Grant children never came to the table, they took all of their meals in the nursery, and one got a glimpse of them only now and then. Mrs. Grant sent down word that one of them had a temperature, and that she couldn't leave him just then. So Mr. Kent's face lost a little of its gloom, and I would have had a delightful time pouring his coffee for him and seeing that his eggs were right, if we both of us had not had this thing on our minds. The table-talk was humorous, unintentionally so—goodness knows, neither of us was light-hearted enough to say anything funny. First, Henry Kent, after being elaborately general in his conversation, would fix his eyes on the table-cloth and remark, "You don't find Eric a troublesome patient, I hope?" in a tone of friendly consideration. Then I would say: "Oh no, although, like all sick persons, he has unreasonable fancies. Do you really find him improved?" This was to lead up to a discussion in which Mr. Kent might accidentally discover the patient's mental condition—of course without my telling him anything. But Henry Kent made entirely the wrong interpretation. He said stiffly, "I suppose it is natural for you to be over-anxious." And that is the way it would go, and I didn't accomplish a thing. What Henry Kent thought he found out I don't know—only the breakfast ended in gloom and suppressed bad temper.

So, as soon as he went up-stairs to see his cousin, I tried my first expedient. But it was afternoon before I finally got the doctor on the phone, and then his voice sounded hurried.

"Smoke?" he repeated. "He wants to smoke, you say? Well, I don't know that it would hurt him. Wait, though—give me the morning bulletin. Sleep all right? Appetite? That's good; he can hardly eat too much now. Heart-action?—all right. Let him have one cigar a day. Something else, you say? Oh, you can talk about that when I make my call. In a hurry now. I'll be up later in the day. Mrs. Grant has phoned me. It isn't anything pressing, is it?" And he rang off before I had time to answer.

I wasn't as much disappointed as I would have been if I had not hoped so much from the patient's smoking. I hurried in to tell them. It was really pathetic to see the way Lieutenant Rathbone fondled the cigar that Mr. Kent gave him. I knew they wouldn't get comfortably settled if I were in the room, so, though it was annoying to feel that, without me to direct the conversation, it might not get around to Miss Ridgely, I made preparations to go to my room for a little rest. This was giving up the afternoon I might have had with Mr. Kent—only it wouldn't have been much pleasure to have it, the way he was glowering. So I was sacrificing the present moment for our future good. But the minute I started out of the room Lieutenant Rathbone wheeled around, fixed his eyes on me in the most ardent fashion, and said:

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"You are not going to desert me, are you, Al—Miss Alyson? I don't feel strong enough to be left alone this afternoon."

What could any one do? I was his nurse, after all, and I couldn't leave a patient when he said he was not able to be left. So there I sat, on pins and needles, while they wasted the precious life of that cigar! And, just because they couldn't get over being gentlemen even when it would have been so convenient for them not to be, their feet were decorously *planted* on the floor.

After a while I thought the patient's attention flagged a little, and as there was still half of his cigar left, I thought it might be a good plan if I tried, a second time, to make my escape. But as I was going out of one door Mrs. Grant slipped in through the other. Of course they both rose to meet her. His feet were farther down than ever!

I did begin to feel discouraged. It seemed as if there were a conspiracy against me. But in the quiet of my own room I got hold of myself. The afternoon wasn't gone yet, and there were the two other ways that I hadn't tried yet. At that moment I heard a tap at the door. It was Mrs. Grant. Her face was flushed.

"I have just come to explain why I won't be able to see you for a long time. I am so worried. My next to the youngest has developed scarlet fever. I can't bear to give him up to a nurse—he is nothing but a baby really—so I have got to go into quarantine with him. I changed my clothes to run out and do a few last errands—the doctor said he would stay with the boy a few minutes. I feel sure that I can leave Lieutenant Rathbone in your hands with safety, but it is hard, having it come just now. While the doctor can't be certain—it certainly looks like scarlet fever—and there has been so much around—"

With that distressed face before me I simply couldn't ask her to tell Mr. Kent about Lieutenant Rathbone then.

"Will Doctor Sturtevant see my patient before he goes?"

"Why, no; I suppose he will have to change his clothes and disinfect before coming into another sick-room—"

To think of having forgotten that!

"And Georgie isn't strong. I'm so afraid it will go hard with him!"

She was leaving, her eyes full of alarm. So, of course, I had to forget everything else and tell her how light all the cases of scarlet fever were this year.

But when she had gone I was too despairing to move for a moment. My last hope had been taken from me!

The next morning I found the patient much more clear-headed. But the mail brought a bombshell. When I took his breakfast tray to him he was staring at an open letter.

"What do you suppose I have done?" he demanded. "Here is a letter from her—from Miss Ridgely—"

My heart gave a jump. Surely his brain was working better. He knew I was not the other one.

He went on:

"Something I have written has displeased her." He stopped, evidently realizing that he was not just talking to himself. But the next instant something farther on in the letter banished his scruples. "Why, what girl does she mean? What have I been writing? And —she is angry!"

He raised a white face to me. He looked positively terror-stricken. It was odd to remember just then how brave he was, that he was a hero. He was so distressed that, although his affairs weren't anything like as sad as mine, I wanted to help him.

"Lieutenant Rathbone," I said, impressively, "please sit down."

He did so mechanically.

"Now put your feet up—that table will do."

He stared at me. But he obeyed meekly.

"Now I am going to explain affairs to you." So I did—that is, I told him about his mistaking me for Miss Ridgely, leaving out all the particulars—and all about Mr. Kent.

"I think I understand," he said, finally. "But surely I am all straight about it now."

"We will see. You are, with your feet up. We will have a lesson now. Put your feet down."

He did so, slowly and cautiously. When they were fairly landed his expression of anxious conscientiousness did not alter. This looked encouraging.

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

I TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS MISTAKING ME FOR MISS RIDGELY

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"Now who are you?"

"Eric Rathbone of the Marine Corps."

"And who is Miss Alice Ridgely?"

"The sweetest girl in the world."

"And what is your relation to Miss Ridgely?"

"I am going to marry her, Heaven and the Rear-Admiral being willing."

"What is my name?"

"Miss Alys--Alice--" he wavered, and as he looked at me I realized that a less sternly impersonal expression had come into his eyes.

"I will have to prompt—'Miss Aly—son.'" I spoke the word slowly and distinctly.

Without hesitating, he repeated it carefully after me.

"And who am I?" My breath came fast, for this was the crucial point.

"You are the swee--"

"No, I am not!" I interrupted sharply. "Not to you at least. I am your nurse, Nancy Alyson. My name is not Alice, and I am here to make you do what I say. Now repeat that—looking at me."

He began bravely, but stumbled and began to get confused again, and the wrong expression started to come into his eyes.

"Say it without looking at me," I amended, hastily. That he was able to do. "And you really understand that?" I asked him doubtfully.

"I do—really—back somewhere in my mind." Earnest effort was in his face. "But, you know, when I look at you for any length of time, I begin to get confused, my head goes round—I suppose it is weakness. But you are so pre—" I frowned and he stopped, puzzled. He reflected, and understanding came to him—"precious like Miss Ridgely." He finished, with an air of conscious and injured virtue on his face.

"Well, I think you have made a fair mark in your examination," I said, with grudging praise. "And I only hope it will last. Suppose—suppose you try telling some one—say Mr. Kent—about Miss Ridgely when he comes in to see you—just as an experiment—to see if you are sure."

"All right." He nodded his head dutifully.

"And then, if your head stays clear for two or three more days and you visualize correctly, we'll see if we can't persuade Doctor Sturtevant that you don't need a nurse any longer—"

"Does that mean that you will go away?" He didn't look properly enthusiastic, so I hastened to say:

"And then perhaps he will let you take a little trip, say to the Berkshires, to see Miss Ridgely—"

The right kind of a glow began to come into his eyes.

"Then sit down now, and write a letter to Miss Ridgely that will make everything right, no matter what you have been saying. Only—I hate to suggest it—but I think you would better let me see the letter before you send it, to be sure you don't get anything else in."

He tried to grasp this in his earnest way that made you feel how splendid he was underneath all this passing confusion of the senses.

"I think I would better do that with my feet up, just to make sure. And you can read it when you come in again. I think I can manage it all right. Only—" As he said this he ducked his head like a schoolboy, and wouldn't meet my eyes—"We'll put a blotter over—just the beginning and the end. You are sure you don't mind?" He raised his eyes to mine anxiously.

He certainly was the most lovable big, honest boy--I did hope Miss Ridgely was nice enough for him. But splendid, simple men like that are so often imposed on. I smiled reassuringly.

"No, indeed, I don't mind a bit. In fact, this makes me realize more than ever how very nearly well you are." Then I began to think how I could have Henry Kent spend the hour after lunch with him, and I could come in after the Lieutenant had explained everything, and how we could have a little time for a walk, after all. It all seemed very simple.

I brought the patient's luncheon up rather early. Just as I was going to open the door I stopped. There were queer sounds within--a woman's voice. For a second I wondered if it were Mrs. Grant. Then I knew it couldn't be. The sounds were of sobbing and laughing and—other things all together. I halted involuntarily and heard:

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"And so—and so—I just had to come—"

"You—darling—I haven't had time yet to realize that it's—you. And yet I haven't been doing anything for weeks but watch that door, trying to imagine what it would be to see you coming in—"

"But what *did* you mean, then, about that other—?"

"*Alice!* I can't imagine what made you get such an idea. As if I could—"

"Well, I don't know what you meant. And now I don't care—much. At least I don't when you—"

"All right, I will!" There was the—sound again—and laughter—happy—smothered. So I realized that I mustn't eavesdrop a minute longer.

Miss Ridgely was still standing very near to the Lieutenant when I got my tray and myself into the room. She was so moved that she didn't even pretend that she had not had her head on his shoulder. She gave me one eager glance. Of course it was true that my hair wouldn't go up right that day. But still she needn't have looked so reassured, so triumphant. It almost made me want her to see the look that had been in his eyes when he looked at me—just once. But naturally I was glad it wasn't there any more. I did wish that Henry Kent would come in.

In a minute it seemed to me—it really was just while I was being introduced to Miss Ridgely—the room filled up with people, everybody in the house. It was like the way the stage always fills up at the theatre at the last, just when everything is going to be explained, and just before the hero and heroine come to the centre-front. First Colonel Grant and the doctor came in—they had just finished one game and thought they would have luncheon before beginning another. Then Mrs. Grant hurried in to inquire about the patient, explaining that she had left Georgie for an hour to go out for her airing. While these were greeting Miss Ridgely, all talking at once, Mr. Kent sauntered in, looking sulky and unhappy, but sufficiently—attractive in spite of it all. And there he stayed at the other side of the room, evidently undecided about remaining, not knowing what he had stumbled into. And I realized again how much more I liked wavy fair hair than brown, and how finely he carried himself, quite as erectly as any military training could have made him, and not so stiffly.

Lieutenant Rathbone and Miss Ridgely were in the middle of the room. Miss Ridgely was getting all flushed, trying to think what reason to give for having come so suddenly. So I looked toward the patient and caught his eye. I wanted to tell him that he must try his lesson. Miss Ridgely met the glance and frowned. She was one of the black-eyed girls that always make a specialty of vivacity and go out into sombre mediocrity when they are not pleased. But I said to the Lieutenant:

"Who is Miss Ridgely?"

He looked perturbed and a little frightened, and automatically sank down into his easy chair and put his feet up. He didn't quite dare to risk answering with them down, and it was too serious a matter to consider forms then. Miss Ridgely was beginning to be amazed, but her wonder was changed into a very pretty confusion when he said fervently:

"The sweetest girl in the world." And when I saw the lovely tenderness in her eyes and the trembling of the childish lips, I began to like her and to realize how pretty was the little flashing thing.

"Now put your feet down!"

There was a moment's pause, filled with more sorts of different emotions on the part of more persons than such moments often are. Miss Ridgely's emotion naturally was frozen by a fresh accession of amazement. Colonel and Mrs. Grant waited, suspense on their kindly faces. Doctor Sturtevant came a little nearer and bent forward. Mr. Kent, in bewilderment, came to join him, questions written all over his face.

Slowly, solemnly, the Lieutenant put one foot to the floor—the other. I watched him anxiously.

"*Now!*" You could have heard us, each one, breathing. "Who is Miss Ridgely?"

His eyes sought hers, seriously—oh, so tenderly. "The sweetest woman in the world. And—soon—to be my—wife." His voice went down on the last word to a deep sweet tone that made us all vibrate to the reverent joy compressed into it. My own voice shook.

"And who am I?"

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The long, tense breath that we heard was from Henry Kent.

"The sw—" I coughed to attract the Lieutenant's attention. I must say I trembled in that moment. He caught my anxious eyes, and then his gaze wandered to Henry Kent's rigid face. A gleam came into his own eyes, a blessed little smile of humorous comprehension twitched at his lips. "The swiftest little tug that ever pulled a battered hulk into harbor," he finished, with the utmost smoothness. From that time I never had any doubt that the patient's mind was working accurately again.

Before I had time to appreciate the relief, Doctor Sturtevant came forward. He turned to me.

"How long has it been since this marked improvement set in?" he asked me.

"It began this morning, about an hour after breakfast."

"Well, of course, there will be an occasional interval of relapse, but I fancy I can give a clean bill of health all the same. And we don't need to trouble this little girl's father with any of the details. Here, Mrs. Grant, I think you would better get her away where she can be quiet." His eyes saw more quickly than one would have imagined. We all turned at the words. Miss Ridgely's face was white, and bewildered tears were coming to her eyes. And we all began to realize what the long strain had been to her and what must be the effect of the utter confusion of this scene. "And I imagine this is as good a time as any to tell her what Rathbone has been through," he added, cheerily.

Mrs. Grant put an arm around the girl to draw her away. I saw Henry Kent talking to Doctor Sturtevant. So I knew that everything was being explained and that the best thing for me to do was to get the patient to eat his luncheon. He, too, was looking whiter than he should. So I pulled a little table up to him, and put the tray on it and poured out the cocoa—how he did hate cocoa! And as soon as I uncovered the beautifully broiled chops and some delicious creamed chicken with mushrooms on toast—I had used thick yellow cream for it—he was quite ready for the meal. But just as Mrs. Grant and Miss Ridgely got to the door he called out, with gay mastership in his voice:

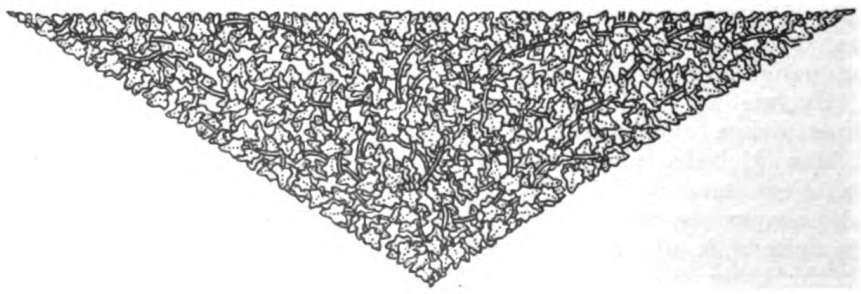
"All right—I'll let you have her now. But just wait. It's only going to be two months, you know!"

Everybody stopped short and turned toward him. Something of the relief from the nervous tension of the whole perfectly absurd scene got into us all. And with one accord, in a chorus—even Miss Ridgely joining in, in spite of her being as yet ignorant of what it all meant—laughing, guying him, and rejoicing with him in the same breath, we called out:

"Do you say that with your feet down?"

He drew his eyebrows into a frown of burlesque harshness and rapped out grimly:

"With *both* feet down!"



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The First Americans

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.

Department of Geography, Yale University

IN the beginning the Hohokam dwelt in the land. They were the first Americans—before the Pilgrim Fathers, before the Spaniards, before the Indians. They were the Unknown People who lived in the United States so long ago that their name is utterly lost. Out in the Southwest old tribes of Indians like the Zuñis and Navajos know nothing of them save by vaguest tradition. The Pimas and Papagos of southern Arizona, who occupy part of the land that once was theirs, know that another race possessed the country long ago. More they cannot tell. They and their fathers, for hundreds of years, have seen what we see—the scanty remnants of ancient villages. For the inhabitants of the villages they have no name except the Hohokam—that is, the "Unknown." The modern archæologist describes the implements and pottery of the Hohokam. He cannot do much more, for their houses are laid low. Except in a few places, such as the ruins of Casa Grande near the Gila River, the very walls have vanished. Casa Grande itself may be the work of a people later than the main body of the Hohokam. We can never know the whole story. Yet little by little we may learn its chief facts. Arizona and the adjacent regions are full of ruins unknown to scientists and even to the people who live within a mile of them. They are so nearly obliterated that there seems at first sight little to repay study. Archæology begins the task of reconstructing the past; geography must finish it. Modern geography enables us to determine the mode of life which must prevail, especially among primitive peoples, under given conditions of physical environment. If we can correctly picture the geographic environment of the Hohokam, we may learn much of the history of our earliest fellow countrymen.

One of the old Hohokam villages was located near Rillito in southern Arizona, at the Point of the Tucson Mountains, seventeen miles northwest of Tucson. Southward and eastward from Charco Yuma, as the place is called, the distant view is hidden by dark volcanic hills, rugged and hard to climb, although only a few hundred feet high. Northward, half a mile from the hills, the bushy plain is broken by the sandy channel of the Santa Cruz River. Beyond the dry bed of the stream smooth slopes, green with the useless creosote bush, the commonest plant of the Arizona desert, rise gently to the foot of the lofty Santa Catalina Mountains. Between the hills and the river the Hohokam planted their village. Morning by morning, as the sun rose over the high wooded mountains, the black-haired women, dressed in woven tunics of cotton, took jars of red earthenware and went down to the river for water. Only in times of drought, or when they were tired and hurried, did they run to the village pond and scoop up the muddy water stored there for the day of need. Filling the jars from the river, they placed them aloft on their heads or shoulders, or in slings on their backs, and bore them away to the houses. There, stooping low in the smoke over little round hearths of burnt clay, they baked flat cakes of ground corn and gave to the men and boys ere they started to water the bean-fields, or to hunt high up in the forests. The labor of cooking and cleaning was light in that ancient village, but other more toilsome tasks took most of the housekeepers' time. As soon as the corn cakes were eaten, the endless cares of the women brought them out once more to the sunlight. Some, who were rich and exclusive, came from homes of sun-dried adobe, but most left mere shacks of rough branches, well wattled with mud from the ditches, and came to the gossiping-stone—the stone of the grinding and pounding. It lay in the

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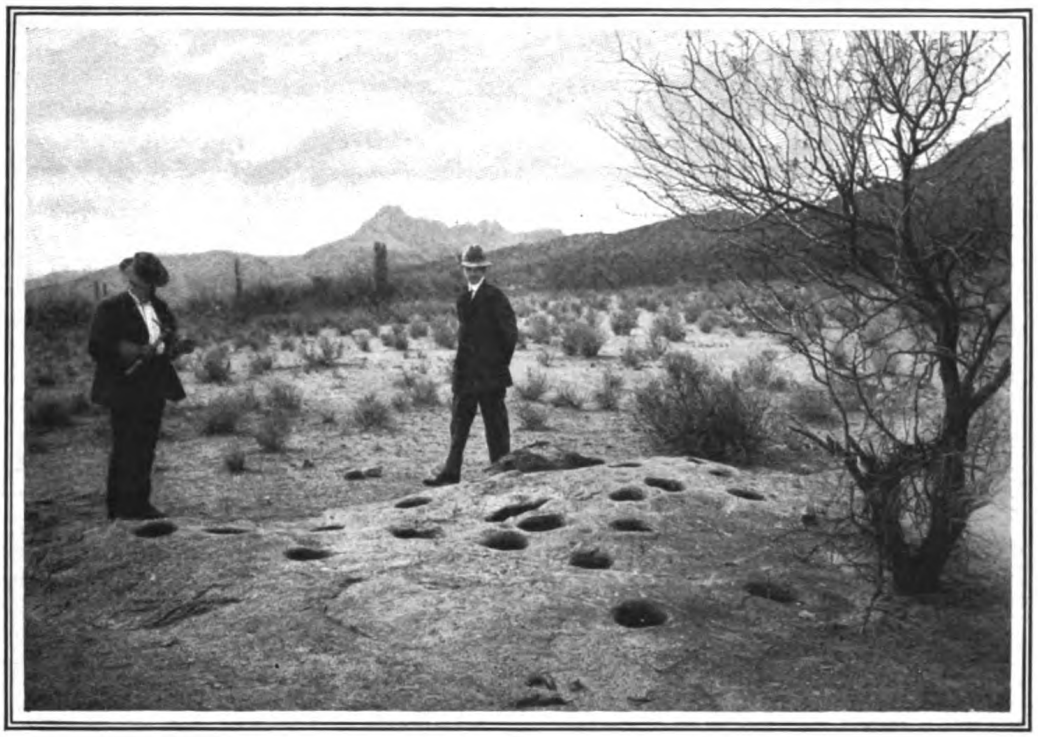
heart of the village, half-way between river and mountains, an enormous block of black lava embedded in silt of the river, and smooth on the upper surface from ages of wear by the water. Each of the women and girls had her pestle of granite, most skilfully fashioned for pounding, or perchance a mani of lava—a stone shaped expressly for rubbing. Twenty or more sat down on the great flat stone in the sunshine, and placed by their sides, on the left, small baskets of figured wicker. In them were corn and beans, or the seeds of the sweet, verdant mesquite. Others, for whom no place was left on the stone in the centre, sat round about on the ground, rubbing their well-squared manis on the flat rocks known as metates, and making flour of dry roots, or of seeds of the pigweed and cactus. Nothing was known to them of mills, or of flour made from wheat or from barley, for they were the ancient Hohokam, the people of long ago.

Imaginary as such a picture may seem, it is based on historic probability. Races with light hair and blue eyes cannot long persist in hot, sunny regions like Arizona, unless sheltered from the sun to a degree possible only among the most highly civilized peoples. The Hohokam lived long in Arizona, for pottery is plentifully strewn in their villages, and often forms thick layers. In the course of generations the darker elements of the population must have come to preponderate, even if the original invaders were of somewhat light complexion. Therefore we infer that the hair of the Hohokam women was black. Among the ruins one finds now and then a circular potsherd about an inch and a half in diameter with a hole in the centre. It is a spin-bob, exactly like those used formerly, and even to-day, in Asia. In the hole the spinner inserts one end of a short stick, the other extremity of which is notched. He thus makes a bobbin. Pulling some fibres of cotton or wool into a loose string, he fastens one end in the notch, holds the other, and gives the bobbin a twirl. Thus a twisted thread or string is formed. It is wound on the bobbin as fast as need be, and is ready for weaving. Domestic sheep were unknown in America before the arrival of Europeans. Cotton is indigenous to America. Hence we infer that the Hohokam spun cotton. If they spun it, they probably wove it. One of the first uses of woven cloth would be for tunics for the women.

We might proceed to show how every detail in the description of the women and their work rests on a basis of scientific probability. Let us go on, however, and carry our imaginings a little farther. As the scorching Arizona sun rose higher, the din of the pounding and rubbing subsided, and the sound of the women's voices grew persistent. They talked, as womankind must, of their children, and then of their husbands. One told of the fine, slender sahuaro poles her boy had brought home, long enough to knock the fruit from the tallest giant cactus. "Have you seen how little fruit there is this year?" said another. "It is five years since the crop has been good. They say that the savage tribes to the north are beginning to starve. Unless we have more rain, the same will happen to us. It was those terrible people from the north who plundered the village where my son bought his wife. I am glad the hills are so near us, and that we have good shelters among them. I am going to hide a jar of beans in our shelter, and have some new water-jars ready to carry up if the enemy attack us. Ah me, why don't the gods send rain?"

As the talk drifted on, the Hohokam women were grave and merry by turns, but through all ran a strain of foreboding. The prophets had prophesied evil, and now the scorners would see that they had spoken truth. "What a pity," said one old woman, "that all the great men are dead! If Man-Who-Can-Shoot were living, and the warriors who followed him when I was young, we should have no fear of any accursed tribes of the north and the mountains. I saw the deer that gave Man-Who-Can-Shoot his name. You know the place. He stood on the top of the rock, just where he later carved his own footprints. The deer was far away, and half hidden in the bushes, but the gods helped him. He shot exactly in the direction of the arrow. I mean the bow and arrow up there on the Picture Rocks, close to the footprints. He was a real chief; not like the girl-hearted, smooth-faced boy whom

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THE STONE OF THE GRINDING AND POUNDING

we now have. Ha, ha! That's a good name for him—Man-Who-Ran-For-His-Life. It was a hard walk for my old bones, and the sun was hot, but I went to the Picture Rocks to laugh at that new picture. Ha, ha, ha! Those long arms hanging down to the bent knees. And those big feet running away. He looks as frightened as a baby. You can just see him looking back over his shoulder at the old buck mule-deer running behind him."

A girl blushed hotly as the beldame spoke. "You wicked old woman. How dare you speak so of the chief? You know well that he missed his shot because some jealous coward threw a stone at him just as he let fly his arrow. Who saved us from the enemy last year? Who ever did so much as Man-Who-Ran, or became a chief so young?"

As the innocent girl and the sour old woman faced each other, no one imagined that they stood for two great epochs in the history of the first American nation. The woman, having lived in comfort, died where she was born. The girl spent most of her life in the midst of cruel famine and war, and finally was driven out as a wanderer with her brave lover. It was no more his fault that he was defeated than that he failed to shoot the deer. Hunger is stronger than the strongest warrior. Hunger made his enemies fierce, and hunger drove him forth to wander southward for years at the head of a band of reckless followers. He found no settled home. A later generation found a fruitful land in which to settle, but before they settled they drove out another tribe, and compelled it, too, to wander homeless.

To assign a date to the deeds of the Man-Who-Ran would be hard. A thousand or, more likely, fifteen hundred years may have elapsed since his day. He may serve as a type of his race, even as Abraham stands as the typical representative of the wanderings of the early Israelites. He exemplifies the power of drought and hunger in depopulating a country. The great stone of the grinding and pounding can still be seen at Charco Yuma. Many and many a morning, for generation after generation, the women must have gathered there, for

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most of the holes are fully eight inches deep. The enemy attacked the Hohokam at times, for on the hills back of the gossiping-stone I visited not only a place where the woman may have hidden her beans and broken the painted jar whose fragments still litter the ground, but hundreds of other small defensive enclosures surrounded by low stone walls. They were evidently built that the villagers might flee to the hillside for refuge. The men surely hunted game, and made pictures of themselves and their prey on the rocks near the trails or the forts.

We know about Man-Who-Can-Shoot from the pictures of his feet and his bow and arrow, carved on the Picture Rocks, half-way from Tucson to Charco Yuma. There, too, can be seen the grotesque running figure of Man-Who-Ran-For-His-Life, pursued by an angry buck.

The essential truth of the story here sketched is proved in another way. Once upon a time Charco Yuma East of the Mountains was a great village, and Charco Yuma West of the Mountains was a great village. Now they are villages no more, and have not been within the memory of tradition. At some remote time something drove the Hohokam out, and they have never returned to reclaim their abandoned heritage. If they tried to do so now, they would starve. Great villages are an impossibility among tribes which live merely by hunting, or by gathering the wild products of mountain and plain. They can exist only where broad acres of fertile land are close at hand to furnish food, or can be called upon from a distance to give food in exchange for minerals or manufactures. Modern man has a multitude of resources unknown to the Hohokam. Before the Spaniards came to America the western hemisphere contained no wheat nor barley, nor any other cultivated grain save Indian corn. There were no horses to carry burdens, and no cattle or sheep to eat the dry grass of the field and convert it into meat, milk, hides, and wool. Iron, also, was unknown, and no tools were in existence by which deep wells could be dug to furnish water in time of drought, or by which wagons and cars could be constructed to carry food from the full to the hungry. Yet modern man with all his resources cannot live at Charco Yuma as the Hohokam did. There is not water enough. Instead of the thousands of fertile acres needed to support the population of the two villages of Charco Yuma, there are now only a hundred or two comprised in a single farm. All the rest of the land, although of the best quality, remains unused for lack of water to irrigate it. Two or three ranchers, having dug wells from thirty to a hundred and fifty feet deep, are able to keep cattle; and one or two are attempting to pump water for irrigation with gasoline-engines. These things were of course impossible for the Hohokam. Herein lies a marvel—the Hohokam with resources the most primitive could live in large numbers where modern man with abundant resources



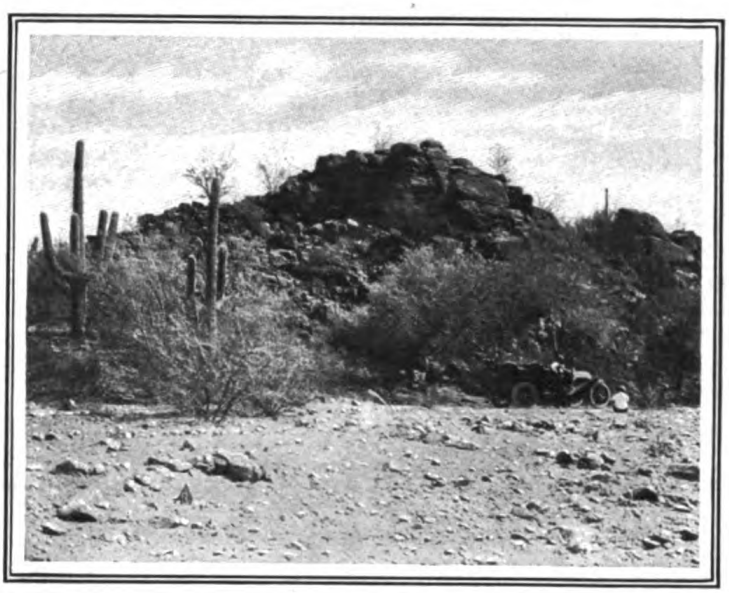
PAPAGO INDIAN WOMEN MAKING BASKETS

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cannot find a living for a tenth as many people.

In the hope of solving the marvel I made inquiries of many Americans and Mexicans as to whether they knew of other traces of ancient villages in the Santa Cruz valley. The majority had never heard of any. A few said that they had seen bits of pottery or rows of stones, but nothing worth mentioning. Only an occasional man of broad information replied: "Oh yes, you can find bits of pottery and arrow-heads everywhere along the banks of the river and its main tributaries. You know the Indians always used to keep on the move, and wherever they camped they have left some trace. You can't find anything that amounts to much." Then I inquired of the Indians, and their answers carried me a step farther. "Yes," they said, "there are old villages here and there. They are not what you would call ruins, merely low heaps of earth and thick beds of pottery. We do not know who built them. They do not belong to us or to our ancestors. We know only that our fathers have told us that these were the villages of a race who lived long before we Papagos came to possess the land. Perhaps they were Pimas. Anyhow, our ancestors drove them away, and forced them to migrate far down into Mexico. How did they get water in these dry places? How can we tell? The squaws must have climbed three or four miles up into the mountains to bring it from some springs up there."

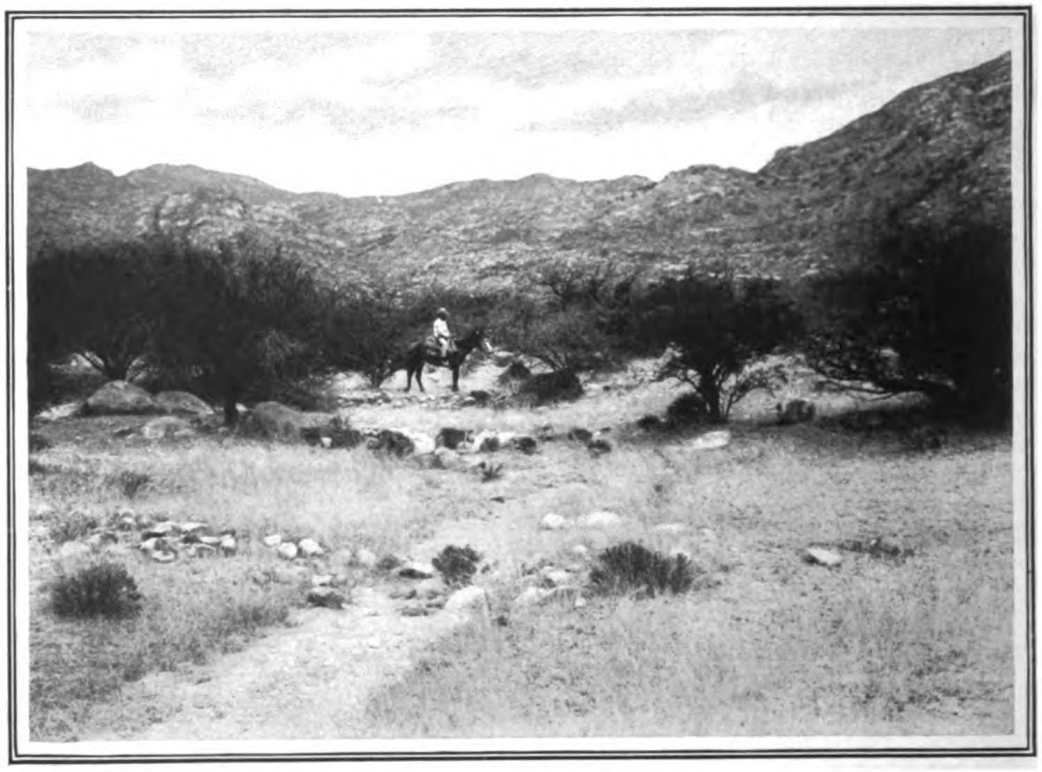
Pima Indians still dwell in the Gila valley just north of the region under consideration. Their land, even more than that of the Papagos, is full of traces of a highly civilized race who dwelt there in ancient times. "We did not build the ruins," they say, "nor did our fathers, nor any men of our tribe. They are the work of the people of long ago, the Hohokam—which means the Unknown, in our language. We know nothing of them except that once they were great, and all this land was theirs, and then they were driven away."



THE PICTURE ROCKS NEAR TUCSON

In addition to making inquiries about the Hohokam I went out to discover as much as possible for myself. Under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington I made a systematic study of several valleys in southern Arizona and northwestern Mexico. The number of ruins proved to be extraordinary. The vast majority lie in situations where now it would be impossible to locate villages, and where, during part of the year, not even drinking-water could be obtained. The abundance of the ruins has not hitherto been realized, because they are insignificant in appearance, even when they extend over large areas. Archæologists have been interested only in ruins in which portions of buildings are still in evidence. Hence there has never been any systematic study of other ruins, although they are of the highest importance because of their great number, and because they afford many clues not only to the real mode of life and state of

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ANCIENT TERRACES FOR CULTIVATION IN THE UPPER RINCON VALLEY

culture of the Unknown First Americans, but also to the physical conditions which moulded that early civilization.

In order fully to appreciate the changes which have taken place, not merely in the Southwest, but in a large part of the continent of North America, since the time of the Hohokam, it is necessary to understand the extreme aridity of Arizona. Think of a place where water is so scarce that the Indians actually utilize that which drips from the jars or ollas! A photograph, not reproduced here, taken by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, shows a Yaqui dwelling, from the front corner of which has been hung a porous jar full of water. Evaporation cools the water and makes it drinkable. A little water drips from the bottom of the jar, and is utilized to irrigate the few stalks of corn which grow beneath it. In spite of the exertions of modern engineering, only about half of one per cent. of the total area of the new-made State is actually under cultivation. Without irrigation agriculture is out of the question; and irrigation is, of course, strictly limited by the paucity of the rainfall, and the consequent small size of the streams and great depth of the level of permanent ground water. During times of flood the Santa Cruz River is two-thirds as long as the Hudson. During most of the year, however, the seventy or eighty miles from Tucson to the point where the stream empties into the Gila are dry, as are certain stretches higher up. According to Prof. R. H. Forbes, director of the Arizona Experiment Station, the total area under cultivation in the valley of the Santa Cruz and its tributaries amounts to about six thousand acres, or less than ten square miles. He considers that in Arizona under modern improved methods of agriculture one person is added to the population for every two acres of land brought under cultivation. Under primitive methods, however, where wheat and barley, the chief winter crops, were unknown, and where there were no horses to enable the farmers to plough and cultivate, and no cattle to utilize crops such as alfalfa, at least three acres would be required

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for each inhabitant. Therefore he thinks that under primitive methods of agriculture and present conditions of rainfall the Santa Cruz valley would be able to support only about two thousand people. The chief cultivated areas lie in the neighborhood of Tucson and above it. Down-stream, from a point five miles below Tucson, the irrigated land, at the most liberal estimate, amounts to not over five or six hundred acres, simply for lack of surface water except during occasional floods. A large irrigation project, capitalized at ten million dollars, is now under way and may succeed in much increasing the area, but that has nothing to do with the present problem. It represents conditions absolutely unlike those of the past. In the dry season of 1910 not over thirty or forty acres yielded a harvestable crop in response to the winter rains. Evidently in these days, under the best of circumstances, the part of the Santa Cruz valley below the immediate vicinity of Tucson could not support over three hundred people if the population depended entirely upon agriculture.

Let us see what conditions prevailed in the days of the Hohokam. At that time the now almost uninhabited fifty miles below the main irrigated areas of Tucson contained at least seven distinct villages. Still others will probably be discovered. The first village, near Jaynes Station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, must have been almost a city. Broken bits of pottery, old grinding-stones, pestles, stone hammers, flint arrow-heads, and low mounds which evidently once were houses, extend for over a mile along a slight ridge of gravel between two areas of low-lying fertile bottom-land, easy to irrigate and cultivate if the river contained water. Abundant traces of human occupation indicate that the houses must have been close together and must have been occupied hundreds of years. This one village can scarcely have had less than one or two thousand inhabitants. Adjoining it on the east we traced an old canal for more than a mile on the gravelly ground between the bottom-lands of the Santa Cruz and its tributary, the Rillito. Along the line of the canal we found not only numerous remnants of houses, but hollows with low walls around them, apparently small reservoirs built to furnish water to the inhabitants whose houses were far from the main streams. A couple of miles down the Santa Cruz, at the so-called Nine-Mile Water-Hole, where the last permanent spring is now found in the bed of the river, another village was located, not so large as the preceding, but nearly half a mile long. On the opposite side of the Rillito we found traces not exactly of a village, but of a series of houses scattered along the edge of the arable land at intervals of a few hundred feet. If all these ruined sites were occupied at one time, which was probably the case, as we shall see later, the population of this one small region can scarcely have been less than two or three thousand. That the inhabitants cultivated the low land on all sides of them can scarcely be doubted, for the houses are



ANCIENT PICTURE-WRITING ON THE WALLS OF A FORTRESS

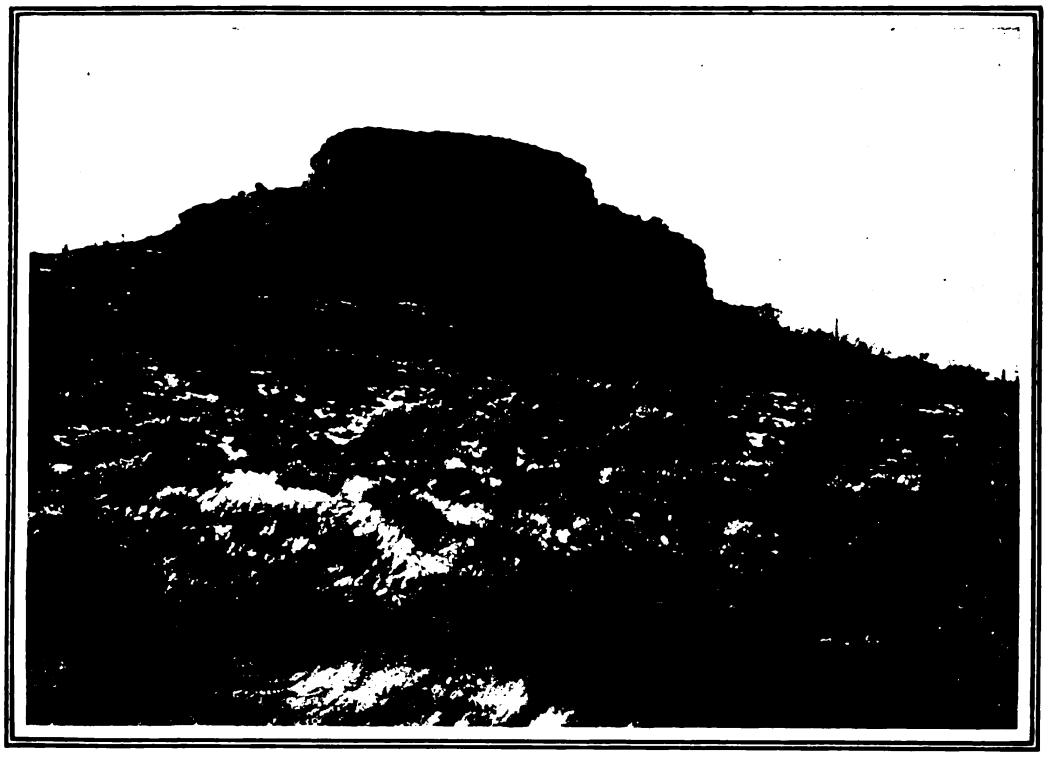
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located just on the edges of the good land, but without encroaching upon it except where the arable tracts are so extensive that an elevated gravelly site cannot be found within reasonable distance. The villages in the situations thus far mentioned might at present succeed in getting drinking-water without much difficulty, but they could not get a living from agriculture or any other source except in occasional good years. They would starve in the drier years. Such villages could not possibly grow up unless agriculture were permanently successful.

Farther down the river a small ruin lies at the mouth of the Cañada del Oro, or Little Canyon of Gold. The large village already described at Charco Yuma, seventeen miles below Tucson, extended nearly two miles along the river. Including the parts on both sides of the mountains, it must have been as large as the village at Jaynes. Farther downstream ruins of considerable extent are found at Nelson's Desert Ranch, twenty-four miles from Tucson, at Picacho, sixteen miles farther, and in several localities in the vicinity of the new dam and reservoir now under construction fifty-five miles from Tucson. All these villages together must have contained at least as many people as those in the upper group around Jaynes. In every one of them it is difficult to understand not only how the thousands of inhabitants could have made a living from agriculture, but how they could obtain a permanent supply of drinking-water. They could not possibly dig wells a hundred or more feet deep, for, having no iron, they lacked tools. They certainly made reservoirs, but merely of earth without plaster. At best these must have been shallow. If for ten consecutive months no floods came down the river, as happens in modern times—for instance, in 1909-10—all the water must have disappeared by seepage or evaporation, not to mention daily use. In view of all the facts the conditions in southern Arizona seem inexplicable except on the supposition that the climate of the continent of North America has changed considerably during the last one or two thousand years.

This conclusion is so at variance with the prevalent opinion of scientists that independent proof is necessary. Having seen the location of the villages here described and of others in places now absolutely waterless, I decided to make a test case of the Rincon valley, a tributary of the Santa Cruz. I inferred that if a change of climate has occurred, this valley ought to be the site of an ancient village. It now contains one or two hundred acres of cultivated land, but in the past it ought to have had much more. In company with Doctor MacDougal of the Carnegie Desert Laboratory, I drove to the valley one day by automobile. Leaving the machine under some fine poplar trees, Doctor MacDougal went off to find a new species of plant of which he had heard, while I prospected for villages. I had no guide except general principles. Until we reached the mouth of the valley we had been able to find no one who had ever heard of any ruins. There an Indian said that he had seen pottery on both sides of the stream, somewhere near the head. He could not go with us, but it was encouraging to hear that our guess had not been wrong. Our chance of finding the ruins, however, was purely a matter of luck. After hunting a while I felt like the old darky in the story who, having got tired of looking for luck, just lay down under a tree to enjoy life, and said: "Here I is, Luck. Come and find me." I had not gotten quite to the point where I lay down, but I had given up any expectation of luck, when a Mexican horseman came down the valley. In the elegant Spanish acquired in some three days' contact with Mexicans I asked for the location of the "old Indian village." That Mexican was the first man who responded with any liberality to my questions about ruins. "There are three," he said. "Which do you want?" Of course I wanted them all. Vainly attempting to conceal my delight, I showed him a handful of money, and said that he would get some of that if he took me to the ruins. He was willing to go theoretically, but not practically. In the first place, I was on foot and he on horseback, and how could that be managed? He could not walk and I could not get a horse, and the place was far away. Inasmuch as he was not required to walk, however, it was relatively easy to persuade him that it would not hurt me

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LAVA MESA AT ARTESA
With traces of walls made by the Hohokam on the lower slopes

to foot it. Then there came a more formidable difficulty. The distances were so great that we could not see all the ruins that night, and he must ride to his home ten miles away. How should we fix that? Well, I said, "We'll see as much as we can." "No," he answered; "it's too far to go even to one. We'll have to wait till to-morrow. I'll go home to-night and come again to-morrow noon," and he indicated how high the sun would be. With that he began to ride off, but I stopped him to argue the matter further. To let the first really useful guide whom I had met get out of my hands in that way was unendurable. Who ever heard of a Mexican who came back at the appointed time? He would not hear my blandishments, and started off again. Thereupon I took my camera from over my shoulder, and hanging it on his saddle pommel, said, "Come along," and started off. He came at once, and spent the rest of that day and the next morning with us. Apparently he had merely been unable to come to a point of making a simple decision, and when it was once made for him he felt relieved.

One of the ruins was reached by a hot climb of two miles up the mountainside. It proved to be nothing but two or three stone chimneys built by prospectors twenty or thirty years ago. The Mexican could not see why an archæologist should not be as enthusiastic over those as over other piles of rock. They certainly made more of a show than anything else that he had to exhibit. Seeing that they were not the right thing, he rose to the occasion. He led the way to one ruin like those already described, a village near a small stream, and to two others much more interesting. One was that of a village located high on a dry sloping plain of gravel, dissected by valleys and studded with mesquite trees like an orchard. Here we found not only plenty of antique bits of pottery covered with crude geometric figures in brown lines, but also the foundation stones of about twenty houses, and of what seemed

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to be a temple. The foundations are insignificant in appearance, both here and in the half-dozen other places where I found the same kind, but they are unique. They consist merely of stones from one to three feet long set upright at intervals of a foot or two, with the lower third of each buried in the ground.



CALENDAR WHEEL ON THE ROCKS AT MAGDALENA

Their purpose was apparently to strengthen walls of adobe built above them, in a fashion which, according to Professor Blake, may still be seen in certain ruins near Mammoth, in southeastern Arizona. The houses were always rectangular, sometimes with one room and sometimes with many. The commonest size was about seventeen feet by twenty-two, with two rooms.

The ruin at Rincon, like most of the others where foundations were discovered, contained a large rectangle, ninety feet by a hundred and twenty. Inside it one could trace the outlines of several rooms. These places appear to have been temples. The small circular enclosures or pavements in the centres were probably holy places for prayers or sacrifices. We know nothing as to the religion and race of the old Hohokam. Possibly they were sun-worshippers, allied to the present Zuñi stock, or to the Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico. Whatever may have been the race of the Hohokam, they possessed a certain degree of scientific knowledge, as appears from the orientation of their dwellings. The walls of the small houses run north and south, but not exactly. Many vary five or ten degrees from the true direction, and a few twelve or fifteen. The large houses are built more accurately. Few vary as much as five degrees from due north and south, and most only two or three. The temples are placed exactly, with an error of scarcely a degree—not merely in one case, but in all, although the various sites are widely scattered. The orientation, however, is in no case according to the North Star or the sun, but according to the compass. The magnet in southern Arizona points about thirteen degrees east of north, and the walls of the temples run almost precisely in this direction, the error rarely amounting to two or three degrees. The longest walls run east and west at right angles to the direction of the compass.

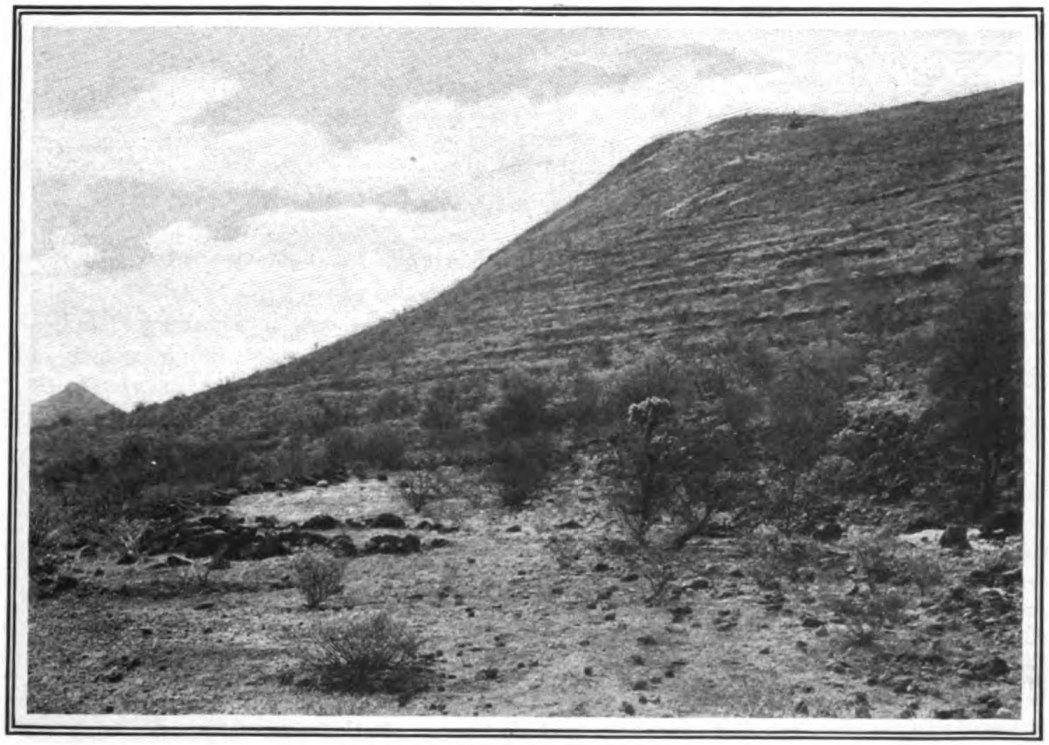
Were it not for one fact we might infer that the Hohokam were acquainted with the compass. We might then raise various questions:

Can it be that the old Hohokam brought the lodestone with them from Asia? Did they get it from the ancestors of the modern Chinese? Were they a race of Chinese origin? Or did they themselves discover the properties of magnetic iron ore, and perchance reveal them to the Asiatics? All such speculations, however, are futile. The direction, or, in scientific language, the declination, of the compass varies constantly from year to year, and as yet we do not know the laws which govern the variation. At London in 1580 A.D. the needle pointed

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11° east of north, but by 1657 it had changed to due north, and by 1818 to nearly 25° west of north. Then it began to swing back toward the east, so that in 1880 it pointed only 19° to the west, while now it has approached still more closely to the true direction. At New York in 1750 the declination amounted to 7° 35′ west of north; in 1800 it had fallen to 5° 28′; and since that time has risen to over 11°. In every part of the world similar variations occur. Whether in course of time the compass comes back to its original position is still unknown; but probably it does. In certain places the variation is far less than in others. For instance, in a strip including parts of Arizona and New Mexico on the south, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming in the centre, and Montana on the north, the difference between the direction of the compass in 1850 and in 1905 amounted to less than half a degree, while on the Pacific coast it amounted to a degree and a half, and in the Atlantic States to three degrees. Possibly the needle has always pointed in approximately the same direction in Arizona. If this shall prove to be the case, we may ultimately conclude that the Hohokam understood and used the lodestone; and this may possibly help us to obtain clues not only to the place of origin, racial affinities, and state of culture of the first Americans, but also to the date of their sojourn in Arizona as measured by magnetic cycles.

Just beyond the limits of the small village at Rincon, across a gully which bounds the village to the east, we found some little walls whose importance is, if anything, greater than that of the temple. Here and there among the mesquite trees shallow swales, in which trickling rivulets run for a few hundred feet at the time of rains, are crossed by ruined little walls a foot or two high and from ten to fifty feet long. The space back of the walls was formerly filled with soil to make a level terrace. At the fourth of the sites pointed out by the Mexican, some three or four miles to the east, at the head of the Rincon valley, we found an extensive grassy slope at the foot of



THE GREAT TRINCHERA AT MAGDALENA
Showing a sacred enclosure in the centre of a temple and terraces for cultivation

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the highest Rincon peak completely covered with such walls and terraces. They occur not only in the swales, but on the gentle ridges between them. In that case they curve outward, following the contour of the slope. No one who has seen the cultivated hillsides of Italy, Syria, Turkey, Ceylon, or China in the eastern hemisphere, or of Peru and other countries on the west coast of South America, can have much doubt that the terraces at Rincon are of precisely the same type, and were constructed for agricultural uses. Often such terraces are built to facilitate irrigation. Quite as often they are designed simply to render cultivation of the hillsides possible by means of the natural rainfall. Such is evidently the case at Rincon. At the present time, to repeat a previous statement, agriculture of this type is entirely out of the question in southern Arizona. Even the relatively damp lands at the bottoms of the valleys cannot be cultivated without some sort of irrigation. Far less is this possible with open gravelly soils lying on relatively steep slopes where the moisture runs off rapidly. I found similar terraces in several other places in the parts of Mexico adjacent to Arizona. Therefore the phenomenon is by no means isolated. It can mean but one thing. In the days of the Hohokam the climate was so much moister than now that in favored spots cultivation could be carried on by means of the natural rainfall.

The terraces at Rincon go far toward proving not only that the climate of the past was distinctly different from that of to-day, but that the country was far more densely populated than at present. Evidently no sane people would go to the labor of covering the hillsides with terraces such as these without good cause. On the sides of the great terraced hills, known as "trincheras," in the Magdalena valley and elsewhere in northern Mexico, the terraces may have been constructed in order that a small amount of land might be cultivated in the immediate shelter of the forts and defensive walls which crown the hilltops. In the Rincon valley there can have been no question of protection from enemies, for the terraces are so located that they are no easier to defend than other places in the narrow valley. Those close to the village may indicate that the Hohokam planted orchards or vineyards or some other favorite crops near to their houses. In the case of the terraces at the head of the valley, however, where they extend for half a mile, there is no sign of either village or fort. The only explanation seems to be that the population of the valley became so dense that the bottom-lands did not supply food enough. Accordingly the more industrious of the Hohokam, or those who were most in need, resorted to the hillsides. They would scarcely adopt so laborious a method of obtaining a living unless the easily tilled lands, not only of their own valley, but of those in the neighborhood, were all under cultivation. Accordingly we must assume that the population was far more dense then than now. A people who were so skilled as to build such walls may not have had a civilization at all like that of to-day, but they were far removed from the state of savages, and must have had a relatively high state of social organization.

If the climate of Arizona was such as we have inferred, that of other parts of the country must have been different from that of to-day. Long before the discovery of America, New England may have been so cold as to be almost uninhabitable. Just when or how the change to the present conditions took place cannot be ascertained as yet. Perchance the desiccation of the continent rendered the East and North inhabitable, while at the same time it drove out the starving Hohokam, and forced them to wander into Mexico as the ancestors of the Toltecs and Aztecs. Perhaps to it is due in large measure the low state of Indian civilization, so notable when the white man first came to America. The Apaches, for instance, may once have been an agricultural race, but stress of drought and the invasions of other tribes afflicted by the same hard conditions may have caused them to seek refuge in the mountains, and there adopt a predatory mode of life. All this is speculation, but it shows that an understanding of the pre-Columbian history of America is impossible without a knowledge of physical conditions in the days of the Hohokam.

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A Stitch In Time

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

THAT a dog-fight—a growling squabble in the early summer dust and sunshine—should upset the lumber-woods settlement of Thirty Drinks and divert her most eminent citizens from their accustomed employments was in itself almost sign manifest of the awakening interest of Providence in that benighted but fervently joyous community. The absence of an instant and grateful perception of the impending beneficence, however, is to be condoned: Providence had never before interfered at Thirty Drinks. Moreover, the dog-fight was of such an extraordinary aspect—a contention so singular—and so indecent in issue—that Thirty Drinks was far too happily engrossed in the progress of the affair to discover the hand of Providence in its inception.

According to old John Rowl, the scaler from the Bottle River camps, who had sardonically cherished the rise of Thirty Drinks from its obscure and struggling beginnings with one shanty saloon to the flourishing prosperity of its thirty-two, Gingerbread Jenkins, the Cant-hook swamper, subsequently remarked in Pale Peter's bar, with the air of a middle-aged owl in liquor:

"Gawd moves in a myster-ee-erious way
His wonders to pre-form,"

and the sentiment was promptly adopted as a succinct expression of the general feeling in respect to the occurrences of the day and the amazing situation of the moment.

The agitated bar agreed: Gingerbread Jenkins had dropped a pearl of wisdom from the casket of his memory; and Gingerbread Jenkins, elated by the profound impression he had achieved upon the popular bewilderment, would have cast others of the sort with a free, glad hand, in expectation of increasing the enlightenment, had not Charlie the Infidel, Pale Peter's bartender, interrupted with a suggestion which in the gravest parliamentary fashion was at Thirty Drinks always and sacredly in order.

"There's more sense in them old school-books," said he, from behind the bar, with a large liberality of philosophy, "than you might think. What 'll you have, gents?" he added, coming to the point; "the drinks is on the house."

Plain Tom Hitch stroked his beard, in a muse of anxious deliberation, and gently whispered:

"A li'l' licker, Charlie—fer me."

The echo ran down the frowsy line:

"A li'l' licker—fer mine."

They had the liquor, man and boy, in hearty drams; and in this convivial way the arrival of Providence at Thirty Drinks was accepted and celebrated according to the customs. It is to be noted, however, that John Fairmeadow had introduced and vouched for Him, as shall presently be told.

It was an eventful day—the still and mellow Sunday of Fairmeadow's first professional appearance at Thirty Drinks. The dog-fight importantly served to gather the crowd and to enlist the interest of bellicose John Fairmeadow in the moral atmosphere of the community; but the dog-fight was not all. In the early hours of the morning—a warm, flushed dawn—a tote-wagon, drawn by two stolid black beasts, and gravely driven by Plain Tom Hitch, had arrived from the Bottle River camps, bearing the mortal remains of Gray Billy Batch, who had departed this life, much to the annoyance of the foreman of the drive, and doubtless to his own surprise and alarm, in the Rattle Water Rapids below Big Bend of the Bottle River. He had been a scurrilous dog when the breath of life was in him, a sour and unloved wastrel of his days, morose, unkempt, ill-mouthed, in a rage with all the world, save one young heart, and least kind of all to the

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body they presently fished from the swirl and foam of the eddy below Rattle Water and to the misled soul that had sped to the solution of its own mystery. It is to be regretted that a division of the Bottle River drive, employed in the neighborhood and thus fortunately vantaged to observe the departure of Gray Billy Batch, experienced a flush of rejoicing. When, however, the dripping corpse lay on the bank, the feet still in the wash of the water, the gray face in the shadow of the birches, the Bottle River drive stood voiceless and quiet in this Presence; and, perhaps, old terrors awoke, and the strings of memory were touched, and the depths gave tongue. At any rate, in the more charitable mood of that soft afternoon it was informally resolved that the only surviving relative of the deceased should forthwith be informed of the lamentable fatality and assured of the deep sense of personal loss under which his associates of the Bottle River camps drooped disconsolate.

The surviving relative was Patience, Gray Billy Batch's daughter, a sweet, brown mite, with a child's curious outlook upon the world of Thirty Drinks, though fast and shyly approaching seventeen years! It was Saturday evening, at sunset, with the breeze fallen away to a balsamic breath of air, when Gingerbread Jenkins, agitated and heavy with his errand, came upon her, waiting in the dooryard of the shack, a listless dwelling which Gray Billy Batch had knocked together at the edge of the clearing in which Thirty Drinks was squatted. "Pattie, my dear," said he, with a soothing hand on the girl's shoulder, "your pop won't be a-comin' home t'-night. You see," he added, "he's—delayed."

"That'th funny," Pattie replied. "He motht alwayth comth home from the campth on Thaturday night."

Gingerbread Jenkins sighed. "Not t'-night," he repeated. "You see, he's —hindered."

"Ith he comin' t'-morrow?"

"Well, yes," Gingerbread admitted, more heartily; "he'll be fetched home t'-morrow mornin'—in a sort of a way."

"Ith he drunk?"

"Drunk? Oh my, no!" Gingerbread Jenkins protested; "*he* ain't drunk, my dear."

"Ith he near drunk?"

Gingerbread Jenkins, hard put to it for words wherewithal in the presence of a lady, ejaculated, "Good gracious, no!"

"Where'th he gettin' drunk?"

"He ain't gettin' drunk anywhere," Gingerbread replied. "You see," he added, gently, "he won't be drunk no more."

"Ith he—ith he—*dead*?"

Gingerbread Jenkins was flustered by this abrupt question. It bewildered him, too, to learn, all in a flash of revelation, that Gray Billy Batch had been loved and would be mourned. "Oh, well, now!" he replied, hurriedly, "I wouldn't go so far as t' say *that*. I'd say," he explained, lamely, "that he—that he—was engaged."

"Who'th hith bithneth with?"

There was something the matter with Gingerbread Jenkins's heart. It troubled him. And his eyes were all at once flushed. "Your pop's business, my dear," he answered, softly, driven to the disclosure at last, "is with God."

"Pop'th dead!" the girl gasped.

Gingerbread Jenkins felt his bleared eyes overflow. Off came his old cloth cap. He nodded. "Pop's dead," said he.

"Pop'th dead!" Pattie repeated, her brown eyes round with wonder, which no pain had yet disturbed. "Pop'th dead!" She brooded upon this new thing; and presently, with a start, her hands fallen upon her agitated bosom, she turned to the shack, wherein, through the open door, she seemed to discover her loneliness in the world, but not yet to be troubled by it. She looked, then, without concern, to the high darkening sky, and to the flaring sunset clouds, above the black pines, whence her wistful glance fell to the besotted settlement, huddled in the gathering shadows beyond the confines of her familiar place. "He'th dead!" she whispered. "Pop'th dead!"

"'Sh-h-h!" Gingerbread Jenkins besought. "Don't cry!"

She was not crying; she looked up to him with the light of interest lively in her dark eyes, for which, perhaps, the monotony of her days is to be blamed. "When'th the fun'l?" she demanded.

"Eh?" Gingerbread Jenkins ejaculated. "When's what?"

"When'th the fun'l?"

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"Oh!" said Gingerbread Jenkins, enlightened, but not advised, and now taken aback. "I *see!*"

"Goin' t' be a fun'l, ithn't there?"

"Well, you see, he'll be *buried,*" said Gingerbread Jenkins; "but I haven't heard nobody say nothin' about no funeerial."

"No fun'l?" she wailed. "No fun'l a-tall?"

Gingerbread Jenkins deliberated. The matter of obsequies had not been included in his instructions. "Didn't hear nobody say nothin' *much* about no funeerial," he hedged; "but I'm told the boys had it in mind."

Pattie began to cry.

"You see," Gingerbread Jenkins made haste to add, "there was a deal o' talk about consultin' the on'y survivin' relation."

The girl looked up with a wet and glistening smile.

"An' there'll *be* a funeerial," Gingerbread Jenkins declared, flushed with tender determination, "or there'll be hell t' pay on Bottle River!"

When the uplifted Gingerbread Jenkins went away, resolved upon his own concerns, Pattie Batch did not go into the cabin. She did not so much as look in that ghostly direction; she turned her back, with a frightened little shudder, and strayed off to the twilit woods. She did not go far at all: she dared not; it was darkening fast, and she was afraid as she had never before known fear. But she found at the edge of the clearing a companionable patch of wild flowers, come to their shy and fragrant blooming in the sunny weather of that day; and she plucked them, while the soft light lasted, and adorned herself, according to her nature—God's jewels, flung broadcast in love upon the earth, inspiring no avarice, now peeping from her cloud of dark hair, and clasped around her slender wrists, and wreathing her shoulders, an acceptable garland. It was a pleasant thing to do; she was distracted by the delights of her fairy occupation and her thronging fancies. All the while she sang very softly some sad expression of her mood, in the way she had; and no brooding cadence of the wild-throated woods, no amorous serenade of the dusk, no nesting twitter, was sweeter, none more spontaneously swelling, than her clear, melancholy notes.

It was night: she must go back to her known place. So she gave her fears to the shadows of the night, in a long sigh, and set out, with a resolute shake of her little head, which showered the flowers from her hair, and with a step that was not afraid.

She was not to be alone in the cabin, after all, it seemed; she came there into the disquieting company of her future.

"I th'pose I got t' do thomething," she mused, much troubled.

It was not clear what that should be.

"Can't thtay *here* all alone," she determined. "I jutht thimply *can't!*"

By and by she busied herself upon a black gown, which had been her mother's long ago; and she ripped, and she basted, and she tucked, and she sewed, singing a little, like a child who cannot comprehend a swiftly encompassing sorrow, and sighing a little, too, and now and again suffering from a vision of her desolate state, whereupon she cried bitterly. It was dawn—flushing mild and rosy over all the redolent, dewy, lively world—before her nimble little fingers rested. And she sighed, then, and having recited her prayers, lay down to sleep, in poignant grief, and sobbed herself far away from all her trouble.

In consequence of all this, the tote-wagon, bearing the mortal remains of Gray Billy Batch, covered from the blithesome new day with a gray blanket, had gravely emerged from the forest in the early hours of the morning, the reins in the knowing hands of Plain Tom Hitch. It was presently drawn up at the Red Tiger, Pale Peter's place, and there expeditiously, but still gravely, abandoned. No unseemly wrangle, not so much as an officious whisper, disturbed the propriety of the arrival and the sunlit quiet of the time; whatever uncertainty, whatever difference of opinion, may have existed in respect to the ceremonial progress of the extraordinary affair in hand, there was no doubt about what was immediately desirable and proper in the circumstances. The movement of Plain Tom Hitch and Gingerbread Jenkins, and of the prospective mourners, who had sat with the corpse or

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straggled behind, was silent, simultaneous, and in the same direction. They tiptoed into Pale Peter's bar; the swing-shutters closed behind them, with a subdued and melancholy creaking, and the high street of Thirty Drinks was once more deserted, except for the tote-wagon and its indifferent occupant.

It is true that Plain Tom Hitch halted his first glass midway to inquire concerning the disposition and entertainment of the "only survivin' relation" of the inert heap under the gray blanket; but having been assured by Gingerbread Jenkins that in the event of her failure to appear unaided she would be sought by a deputation and escorted with every courtesy to the tail of the tote-wagon, he swallowed his liquor with funereal satisfaction.

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," he assented. "It's your funerlal. You got it up. But I wished I knowed," he added, "where you was a-goin' t' put your cant-hooks on them Scriptures."

"What Scriptures?"

"Holy Scriptures," said Plain Tom Hitch.

"You jus' leave all that t' me, Tom Hitch," Gingerbread replied, with a display of resentment to conceal a shock of uneasiness; "if we got t' have the Holy Scriptures for this here funeerial, we'll *have* 'em."

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," Tom Hitch assented, again, with a doubtful wag; "but don't you go an' forget that you got this thing up without help. Got a parson?" he inquired.

"Well, no, Tom," Gingerbread Jenkins admitted; "not yet. I ain't picked no parson yet."

"Got a hearse?"

"Not yet," said Gingerbread Jenkins.

"Got a coffin?"

Gingerbread Jenkins shook his head.

"Got a grave?"

"I ain't a-*tended* t' all them things," Gingerbread Jenkins exploded, impatiently. "I ain't got my grave *dug*. I jus' stopped in here for a little licker. Gimme time, can't you?"

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," said Tom Hitch. "It's your funerlal."

There was a vast uncertainty in respect to everything connected with the large-looming event, not only in the flustered mind of poor Gingerbread Jenkins, who was presently appalled by the magnitude his simple project had begun to assume, but in the expectation of the men whom the Cant-hook and Bottle River tote-roads poured into the clearing, and whom the drowsy street of Thirty Drinks, immediately and without quite waking up, delivered to the thirty-two saloons. They came with questions: What was it all about, anyhow? and who got it up? and when was it to be pulled off? and how was it to be pulled off? *How* was it to be pulled off? That, indeed, was the problem, in view of the limitations of Thirty Drinks. For example, Thirty Drinks had never known a parson: Thirty Drinks had hitherto had no "call" for the ministrations of a parson. Nor had Thirty Drinks a coffin to mitigate its indecency, nor a shroud, nor a hearse: the obsequies which it had hitherto fallen to the lot of Thirty Drinks to celebrate had been for the most part performed in the woods, without ostentation, green boughs for coffin, the darkness of the grave shroud enough, the wind in the pines a choir unequalled, the solemnity of the great woods a sufficient sermon. Thirty Drinks, indeed, had no graveyard—nothing but an avoided slope near by a shuttered house on the edge of town, where three nameless women were buried, these sunken mounds, with one small cherished grave, asserting jealous ownership of the green and flowery spot.

"*And* no grave dug!" Tom Hitch marvelled.

"Not yet," said Gingerbread Jenkins. "You see, Tom, I ain't had no time t' choose no grave."

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," Tom Hitch replied. "You started this here little thing. But," he added, as he crooked his finger for Charlie the Infidel, "there's a hundred men an' eighteen hundred dollars a-comin' t' this here funerlal, an' there didn't ought t' be no hitch t' disapp'int the boys."

With the timely assistance of Charlie the Infidel they sought new light upon the situation.

Pattie Batch came to the funeral unattended. In fact, she was early. A childish little heart, indeed, she was—and all in a confusion of bitterest grief and

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dread and fluttering expectation. Except for the tote-wagon and the stolid horses, the street was empty; there was nobody to observe her shy arrival—nobody to be moved by the mourning garment she had accomplished from her mother's threadbare black gown and now wore with a modestly appealing little strut. It was a grotesque fashion, no doubt: she resembled, perhaps, nothing so nearly as a child in a grown-up masquerade; but she was all innocent of the modes, and the limp black skirt trailed the ground for the first time in her experience, and she was conscious of having upon her own resources emerged into the world, wherein she must bear herself with courage and resolution. She was instantly aware, of course, of the significance of the tote-wagon and the gray blanket; and she wept in an overwhelming agony of grief as she laid a trailing cluster of wild flowers on the blanket and straightened its disordered folds to ease the rest of the form beneath. There was a great stir and talk in the barrooms near by. She wept a little, she dried her eyes with a sleeve of the black gown, she sighed a great deal; but having long ago learned the part a woman must play at such times, she sat down on the edge of the plank sidewalk in front of Pale Peter's place, her feet swinging, and began patiently to await the convenience of the men within.

The dog-fight intruded upon her grieving vigil. It came in a growling, roaring, blaspheming rush from Pale Peter's bar. The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid black horses; it shook the tote-wagon's unheeding passenger. It flooded the sidewalk and overflowed on the dusty street; it drew a hurrying contribution from each of the thirty-two saloons to complete a crowding, brawling circle of spectators. And it achieved a much more sterling and beneficent result: it brought young John Fairmeadow back from the trail to Big Rapids.

John Fairmeadow had gone by—had come and gone in the peaceful street—had passed the tote-wagon with never a glance of understanding—had thrown a smiling nod to the queer little figure in black—and had passed on to the mouth of the Big Rapids Trail. A moment more—a rough yard or two—a few long strides—and he would have vanished in the shadows and silence of the forest.

It was the dog-fight that brought him back—and in time for the indecent issue. Pale Peter's Bruiser yielded the bone to Billy the Beast's dog from the Cant-hook cutting and went yelping to cover with a broken rib; and Billy the Beast's dog staggered out of sight, with lacerated paws, gnawing at the bone as he went.

"Boys," said John Fairmeadow, laying off his pack, when the joyous excitement had somewhat subsided, "I'm looking for the worst town this side of hell. Have I got there?"

"You're *what?*" Gingerbread Jenkins ejaculated.

"I'm looking," John Fairmeadow repeated, "for the worst town this side of hell. Is this it?"

"Thirty Drinks, my friend," said Gingerbread Jenkins, "is your station."

"Quite sure?" John Fairmeadow inquired.

"Dead certain," declared Gingerbread Jenkins. "When I come t' think ca'mly about it," he went on, "I don't know but that this town *beats* hell. There's many a man has moved from here t' hell with the idea of improvin' his situation. An' a damned sight more young women," said he, "has packed up in a hurry, let me tell you, an' done the same thing."

"That's all right, boys," said John Fairmeadow. "I like the town. It seems to me that a man in my line might thrive in a live little burg like this. If you've no objection, boys, I'll settle."

"Friend," Gingerbread Jenkins observed, inimically, "I don't quite place you."

"You see me for the first time," said John Fairmeadow.

"Yes," drawled Gingerbread Jenkins; "but I can't jus' make out what you're *for*."

Fairmeadow was puzzled.

"You see, friend," Gingerbread Jenkins patiently elucidated, "it ain't quite plain what use you could be put to. You *look* like a honest an' self-respectin' lady-fingered bartender," he added, gently, "but you *might* be a horse-thief."

Fairmeadow bridled a little, but on the whole took the sally in good part. "I chance to be neither," said he.

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"What *is* your line o' business?"

"Line?" Fairmeadow replied, with a broad and hearty smile. "I'm a parson."

Fairmeadow perceived but could not account for the sudden stir and silence.

Plain Tom Hitch looked Gingerbread Jenkins reproachfully in the eye.

"I guess I made a mistake, parson, an' I 'pologize," said Gingerbread Jenkins, humbly. "Are you lookin' for a job?"

Fairmeadow answered earnestly, "That's just what I am!"

"You wouldn't mind, would you, parson," Gingerbread pursued, in honest exaggeration of respect, "if I was t' ask you what kind of a hand you was on funeerials?"

The crowd attended.

"I bury," Fairmeadow replied, smiling, all unaware of the proximity of the gray blanket, "with neatness and despatch."

"Do it make any difference t' you," Gingerbread anxiously inquired, "which landin' a man makes?"

"Not in the least—once a man is dead."

"An' you're prospectin' for a job in this section?"

"I am."

Gingerbread indicated the circle of grave-faced lumber-jacks. "What," he inquired, "d'ye make out o' them there poor damned lumber-jacks?"

"I confess," Fairmeadow answered, grimly, "to a slight attraction."

"Boys," said Gingerbread, gravely, "hold up your right hands."

Aloft went every hand.

"Now, parson," Gingerbread went on, turning full upon Fairmeadow, "the truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, so help me God, you're e-lected!"

Fairmeadow asked no question. The sincerity of his call, indeed, was beyond question. It amazed him: he could not at all account for it. He felt it, however; and he promptly took hold on the strange advantage. The situation passed into his control in a way to make the hearts of these simple men jump. He stepped quickly to the centre of the circle—a clean, stalwart young fellow, a man, in bearing, of the great proud and powerful world—and lifted his hand. There was an instant silence. For a moment he looked roundabout upon the grave and gaping faces. Then he said: "I thank you for the call, boys. It is gratefully accepted. In so far as God gives me strength and wisdom—in so far as He helps me to keep my heart pure, my purpose uplifted, my love undivided—I will serve both you and Him in these His woods. So help me, Almighty God! Amen."

This was the call and installation of the Rev. John Fairmeadow.

Presently informed of his first ministerial office and presented to the object of his consoling services, John Fairmeadow said, "All right, boys," and his parishioners returned to the saloons with a relieved whoop. John Fairmeadow was precipitately abandoned; there remained the gray blanket, there remained Dennie the Hump—Pale Peter's sweeper—and there remained the quaint, shy little figure in black, now blushing and dry-eyed, who presented her hand with a grand air of fashion, and remarked that she was "pleathed t' make" John Fairmeadow's acquaintance. The gray blanket expressed no interest whatsoever in the affair; but Dennie the Hump volunteered to contrive a coffin of the shreds of packing-boxes, which (said he), if unsightly to the finical eye, would yet hold together until it should repose where no further disturbance could endanger it. This genuine assistance John Fairmeadow promptly accepted, promising to look in upon the job, and complete it, and reverently fulfil its purpose, when he had finished with the pick and shovel. The tote-wagon was then driven to Pale Peter's barn; and there Dennie the Hump began industriously to ply his hammer and saw, whistling merrily the while in delight of his useful and conspicuous occupation.

"There ithn't no them-a-tary," Pattie Batch explained, with interest, to John Fairmeadow; "there'th on'y a plathe for graveth."

Fairmeadow shouldered his pick and shovel. "The very spot!" said he.

They set out together.

"There ithn't many graveth, neither," she went on. "Jutht a few."

Fairmeadow reflected sadly that one would presently be added to the number.

"Jutht thome girlth," said Pattie Batch.

Fairmeadow was not attending; he heard, but did not comprehend. He was

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engaged in a tenderly sympathetic consideration of the odd little figure trotting beside him with awkwardly lifted skirt.

"*You* know," Pattie Batch continued, in the way of the wise to the wise.

It occurred to John Fairmeadow that the child was complaining of the graveyard. "Perhaps," said he, gently, "you had rather have your father buried elsewhere?"

"No, no!" she cried.

Fairmeadow wondered at her vehemence.

"No, no!" she repeated, in a passion of determination. "I want pop buried there!"

"Of course!" Fairmeadow soothed her.

"Near—me," she whispered.

"Ah!" said Fairmeadow, informed. "To be sure!"

The graveyard lay in sunshine, a little breeze playing softly with the long grass —the whole freshly green and eager, after the warm rains, and brilliantly spread with flowers. It was at the edge of the clearing; the forest came close: Fairmeadow could peer into its dim tangled reaches, and could hear the chirp and twitter and rustle of its busy little living things. Gray Billy Batch had been preceded in the eternal occupancy of this serene field: there were four graves—three unkempt and unloved, fallen in, overgrown, and one small mound, newly trimmed, whereon wreaths of fresh-plucked wild blooms lay smiling to the blue sky. While Fairmeadow labored—and until the last spading of cool red earth was cast up—Pattie Batch, cross-legged in the grass, and much pleased with her companion, chattered amiably, between periods of gentle weeping. The little mound, it seemed, was the grave of Mag's baby, which had come, long ago, to surprise her, and Mag, it appeared, lived in the shuttered red house at the foot of the slope, and was Pattie Batch's friend. Pattie Batch didn't know just what she would do, now that her father was dead; she knew what she *could* do, you bet! but she hadn't quite made up her mind. She was not afraid. Oh my, no! And, anyhow—Mag was her friend.

"I know," said she, shrewdly, her great brown eyes wide in innocent regard of John Fairmeadow, "what I can do."

The grave was dug.

"Come, child," said Fairmeadow, oppressed; "there is no more to be done here."

"I ain't a child," she replied, in a coquettish little pout.

"No?" said he, absently.

She looked up shyly through her long lashes. "I'm almotht nearly theventeen," said she.

Fairmeadow had not attended to the chatter of Pattie Batch: he had been preoccupied in melancholy musing upon the aspect of Thirty Drinks from a pastoral point of view; and he had brooded sadly upon this death, and had considered the forsaken little chatterer, whose words, inconsequent to his ear, had yet been great and solemn with the news he did not heed.

"There'th jutht one thing," Pattie declared, with emphasis, when they came abreast of the first wretched shack of the town.

Fairmeadow yielded the attention demanded.

"Don't you have Big Butcher Long for no pall-bearer," said she; "he bit pop'th ear off."

It was a distinguished success—the funeral of Gray Billy Batch—sedately progressing from Pale Peter's curb, after some pardonable and quickly resolved confusion, to the accustomed rites, performed, according to the forms, in the grassy field behind the shuttered red house at the edge of the woods. Little Pattie Batch had nothing left to desire in respect to it: the hundred mourners from Bottle River and the Cant-hook camps were abundantly content with their grave share in the proceeding, and the eighteen hundred dollars were presently in a fair way of being spent in the thirty-two saloons. It is true that the long procession, going two and two behind the lumbering tote-wagon, and immediately preceded by the Rev. John Fairmeadow, with a black-clad little woman on his arm, was preternaturally solemn and indulgent of grief; it is true that the selfsame procession stumbled in rough places and was forever staggering; true that it paused, now and again, to refresh its strength and mood. Perhaps, in the polite world beyond the woods, its practices upon this occasion may discover

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condemnation. God knows! But the world of Thirty Drinks, accustomed, and untutored, knew its own sincerity, and was not perturbed, nor found fault with itself, but continued in happy satisfaction with its behavior, content, it may be, with the spirit of its sympathy.

And there was a parson, with a copy of the Holy Scriptures—and there was a coffin, exalted on the tote-wagon—and upon the coffin were masses of wild flowers, of wondrous fragrance and glory, gathered by Dennie the Hump—and the birds twittered, and the sky was blue, and the wind flowed over the pines, and cloud-shadow and sunshine chased each other over the world, and the long grasses waved and the flowers nodded, all uninterrupted by the passing tragedy, unheeding of it, as though it had no meaning, and grief no substance, just as they always do, in spring time, when the dead are laid away. And the lifted voice was heard: *"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever believeth in me shall never die. . . . Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. . . . Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the ground. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."* Dust to dust!—and once more the scattered earth rattled its last message and decree.

Nothing was left out, you see, by John Fairmeadow; it was all according to the forms prescribed, and Thirty Drinks was correspondingly gratified, and inspired, as well, to celebrate the advent of her own and established parson, for which event she had a lusty will, a sound constitution, and eighteen hundred dollars.

Pattie Batch went home alone to the shack which Gray Billy Batch had knocked together to house her. It was coming, now, late in the afternoon. The breeze had fallen; the sun was sinking, wrapped in glorious garments, to its bed in the pines. Pattie Batch, arrived in the door-yard of home, wished, but in no complaining way, that she might have continued in the companionship of the men, who had gone together to the saloons, and were not alone. It was lonely at home; the cabin was isolated, and still, and desolately vacant. She sighed—and wished she were a man. Presently, having gathered some clothing into a bundle, and having possessed herself of a few simple keepsakes—a rag doll and her father's pipe among them—she took the road for Thirty Drinks. She did not turn to look upon all that she had left behind; she fancied that she would come again, soon—not knowing at all that there was no returning upon the road her little feet now travelled. She went by Pale Peter's place—she passed the roaring saloons—and came, by and by, to the edge of town. Here she dawdled. The path was sweet with grass and flowers. She plucked an overflowing armful of blossoms; she sat down by the wayside, like a child, and wove of these fragrant jewels a chaplet for her young brow. She made a wreath for her shoulders; she fashioned a pendant of white for her bosom; she circled her wrists. The dusk fell—warm and brooding. She sighed a little—she sang a little—she cried a little; and then all at once she jumped up, and wiped the tears away with resolute little rubs—and she turned toward the grim, bedraggled, shameless red house, her eyes shining through tears in expectation of delight—and she went forward with kindling courage, her head high, like one going into the world, in the shining hope of youth, for the first time, to taste of life.

She knocked.

"My child!" John Fairmeadow called from the twilight.

She turned in doubt.

"Child!" Fairmeadow called, again, his voice rising in quick alarm.

The door opened.

"Quick!" Fairmeadow besought her. "I have come for you. Don't go in!"

She took his hand.

"Come!" said Fairmeadow.

"I'm *tho* pleathed you come, thir," poor little Pattie Batch sobbed. "I wath thimply *tho* lonely I couldn't thtand it."

The door was softly closed upon her departure. Pattie's friend, Mag, came as near to sighing "Thank God!" as she very well dared.

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Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of the selves of the Easy Chair, a self so stricken in years and so isolated by the deaths of nearly all those who had been young with him that he ought to have looked very old and forsaken, appeared, looking so courageous and even glad that the Easy Chair, in the terms of the spiritual communion that the different selves of it use together, demanded his reasons.

"I don't know that you will call them reasons," he responded, "or think them grounds for a renewal of faith and hope. But you must know that I have just been reading the story of a struggle with adverse fate, with orphaned loneliness, with young folly and error, with disappointment and renewed endeavor in the wrong directions, with the scant reward of constant devotion and fine achievement, with frail health, with unfriendly conditions, with grief and loss and things that break the spirit and rend the heart, and it has left me rejoicing in the humanity I shared with such a man, and proud and glad to be his fellow mortal."

"You mean," we said, "the life of Stedman, by Miss Laura Stedman and Dr. George M. Gould, the 'autobiographical biography,' as his biographers would call it?"

"You have read it too!" our other self exulted. "Then you know how interesting it is, how full of a world that has passed away, but comes back at its bidding for any one who seeks it; how abounding in the vitality of that inextinguishable love of letters, that ardor for every sort of nobleness of thought and splendor of action which Stedman—"

"It is rather long," we said, endeavoring for a cold judiciality which perhaps we did not feel; but really if one is to be critical one must say something in disparagement of a book. "Two volumes of six hundred-odd pages each; it is a good deal to ask of the over-read reading world. Did Stedman, living, occupy so great a space in that world that, dead, he may crowd it with such a bulk of personal record?"

"Oh, you don't mean your question!" our other self came back at us. "Or, if you do, the more shame to you. You talk as if people were forced to read a larger book than they would have chosen. What a Philistine view of it! I am half a mind to disown you, and I would if I thought you were serious."

"Well, suppose we spoke only to get your reasons?"

"Then it isn't to your desert I give them; but there are so many reasons that I hardly know which to put foremost. You remember when we first met Stedman?" he asked, and in this question we recognized that reminiscent self of ours who is perhaps beginning to superabound.

We nodded. "In Washington, all but fifty years ago. But that is already of record."

"And last?" he pursued.

"Here in New York, scarcely two years ago. But that is of record too, in these volumes which you have not found too large." Then we yielded to an impulse of the tenderness which the thought of that long friendship inspired. "And what he was first, he remained to the last. His hair and beard had grown white, and his face had lost the brave color of his beautiful youth, but his figure had kept its slender distinction and his eyes were still young, with the light of his life-long love of letters in them. No, the books are *not* too big for the story which fills them, and which has been so skilfully invited to tell itself in those many and many letters, every one written with the unfailing hope and purpose of greater and yet greater achievement in poetry."

"Yes," our other self chimed in, "poetry was the soul of him, and that is what comes so beautifully out in the story which forgets nothing of the different endeavor that sometimes allured and sometimes forced him away from it. I wish it could be put into the hands

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of every aspirant in literature; there are so many of them now that they will easily outnumber its twelve hundred pages! They would learn a thing or two —a thousand things or two—from it. They could learn how, with his heart wholly given to poetry, an honest man could give his mind wholly to the work which his hand found to do, and did devotedly. What an American life it was, how simple in details, how superb in the sum of it! Will that sort of life ever cease to be distinctively the American life? I found it immensely pathetic. Think of the boy first orphaned of his father while he was yet a child, and then again by his mother's marriage, from which she hoped home and happiness for her children, but which was to be the means if not the cause of their lasting separation. Never a murmur from Stedman, though; he was such a *man* from the beginning; and he idolized with unfailing affection the mother who suffered with him. They were more than mother and son in the community of the gift of poetry which he derived from her. If there were nothing but that story in the book, it would be a great and precious book, a very consoling and ennobling book, and more even for Stedman's part in the story than his mother's. Was there ever such another son? His letters to her could well be set apart in a volume by themselves for a manual of filial piety. How he told her everything as long as she lived, and how his pride and love of her glowed in his talk of her! You heard him talk of her?"

"Always," we said, "when the talk was of poetry."

"And isn't it fine how, with all their tenderness for each other, they schooled each other in the art which they both loved, first the mother and then the son, in the frank criticism they wrote of what each had done? I think that is one of the most interesting phases of their story. And how hard it must have been for Stedman, when it came his turn! You have noted yourself how he loved as well to give praise as to get it?"

"Yes," we gladly owned, "there never was a critic who better understood the high uses of appreciation. If we must keep owning that those volumes are not too vast, let us recognize that they are not more than sufficient to do justice to his willing and eager usefulness in the employment of what may be called the conservative surgery of criticism. They will help people to realize how much he did for the literature of his time, on both sides of the sea. If it had not been for him the small literary world of America would have been smaller yet, and we owe our present greatness—"

"Our present greatness?" our other self interrupted.

"It is a way of speaking," we explained. "But do you think that the literary world which orbs about in this autobiographical biography finds it too close a fit?"

"Why, I don't know," our other self responded. "It was perhaps too conscious a world, and shrank too much in the cold eclipse of Boston. But world for world, do you think we quite outshine it now? We outbulk it, of course, in the loose mass of the magazines and newspapers, but the literary world of Stedman, of Bayard Taylor, of the Stoddards, husband and wife, of Aldrich, of Richard Grant White, of George Ripley, of Dana, of Fitzhugh Ludlow, of George William Curtis, of Fitz-James O'Brien, of Bryant, of Willis, was not a despicable world. Perhaps it was more respectable, as literary worlds go, than our actual world."

"Oh, but think of our great editors, our serried phalanx of reporters, our inexhaustible interviewers, our matchless advertisement-writers! And then our mighty group of romancers: think of *them!*"

"Yes, think of them if you can, in the presence of one such romancer as Herman Melville."

"You are becoming archaic in your sympathies," we said, with just self-reproach, but our mind ran upon what our other self had been saying, so that we were glad to bring him up with a round turn in another direction. "Well, if it was as great a literary world as the present it was not great from overfeeding. How the history of the literary struggle, old as Homer, for anything we know to the contrary, repeats itself in Stedman's life, the struggle with the unkind conditions, the ignorant unconsciousness, the dull incredulity of the material world in

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which the lot of such ethereal spirits is cast! Is there anything in that history more touching, more compelling of laughing heartache, than the notion of such a spirit reduced to the invention of a cosmetic, which it helped put up at home in New Jersey, and then peddled about in New York? I would not have lost that touch from the autobiographical biography for anything else in it."

"It is only one of the touches of material squalor which that high bright spirit remained intact from in the midst of it. I don't find it much lower down in the scale of human facts than his editing one country newspaper after another, and then striving up from the bottom rounds of journalism in the city when he came to it. He believed in his cosmetic; he thought it was a good cosmetic, and that was enough; that was all he thought about it; his every other thought was given to poetry, to literature. Cosmetic-making was as good as the stock-broking, with a seat in the Exchange, which he afterward came to. One might say it was better."

"Why, yes, if one did not mind saying too much. But certainly, and without saying too much, one might adapt Johnson's praise of Goldsmith in literature and say of Stedman in life that after he came to the full knowledge of good and evil he touched nothing in it which he did not adorn. It is always his brave, clear, bright presence which he leaves the sense of, and he repented the sins of his youth with a magnanimity which leaves them white as virtue. Was there ever a manlier, a more moving letter than his to the president of Yale, asking after almost a generation to be reinstated in his class and given the degree which he had forfeited by the folly of his youth? It was nothing worse than folly; and I think if the president had not answered him as he did, I could hardly have borne it. But Stedman could."

"He had the strength for that, and for all the other hardships of his life," our other self assented, but we went on:

"We saw him that great day of the two-hundredth anniversary of Yale, when with Clemens, and Aldrich, and Hay, and Cable, and the famous others, he took his higher degree, and read his Alma Mater with the same tremulous tenderness in which his voice might have shaken if he had been chanting his verse at the knees of his mother indeed."

"It was a high moment, a beautiful moment, a moment of reparation and consolation. But in a life of striving and disappointment and affliction how such moments abounded! Think of his seizing up the fallen flag of that Massachusetts regiment at Bull Run, and daring death with it in that dismal rout!"

"Yes, and think of the other moments, as obscure and unknown as that was evident and spectacular, when his helpful hand and helpful heart were at the service of any one who needed them, in the literary world which is so ready to pity itself and to lie down on its benefactors! Verily he has his reward in the honor we now pay him, but he did not get it on the spot. His honor from Walt Whitman, whom he helped support to the end of his days, was to be called something dapper, something dancing-master. As if not to walk on one's hands was to be dapper, was to be dancing-master."

"Well, as to that," our other self demurred, "I can't help thinking that Stedman was paid on the spot for his goodness. How his soul must have glowed with the thought that he could still keep on being good to the giant ingrate who insulted him."

"Yes, it was something like the heaven-sent chance of Longfellow to befriend Poe while Poe was accusing him of literary larceny. We could not count that among Stedman's reverses; and it is to be remembered that poor old Whitman was not talking for publication. It's inconceivable that any one should willingly affront Stedman in that way, but the inconceivable often happens. He was of a personal dignity, though, that could never be trifled with in his presence, and if he thought a friend had gone wrong he would frankly tell him so. You, who are so reminiscent, won't have forgotten how once he took us up about Henry Harland, whom he thought we had led astray in luring him from the flowery ways of romance into paths strewn with the flints and shards of realism, and scolded us well for it."

"Yes," our other self assented, "he gave us a bad quarter of an hour; and the worst of it was that he was right.

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There was not the making of a realist in Harland, and it is pleasant to think how after one try he left the flints and shards, and went back among the blossoms. He had a right to scold us, for it was he who discovered Harland; I don't say invented him."

"No, Stedman wouldn't have said that, either. He claimed no merit for the many and many talents—he preferred to call them geniuses—whom he recognized here, there, and everywhere. Was there ever a collection more kindly, more wisely inclusive than his American Anthology? Such a piece of criticism, tacit and explicit as it is, is worth all the schoolmastering that the self-authorized censors have used with our poor trembling authorship; as if it could be whipped up the steep inclines of achievement. He had the loftiest ideals, but he kept them for himself, and let others realize the lower without reproach, even with applause, from him. That anthology is monumental, but so is his Victorian Poets, and so in another sort is his Library of American Literature. But Stedman was always doing monumental things; and how he glowed in the work! His letters are full of the things he is doing at any period, and of his hope and pride in them. They form the literary history of his times, for he touched every phase of its literature in them."

"And yet you have been implying a sort of beggarly blame of his biographers for making such a huge book in their obedience to his behest to quote him, not to paraphrase him."

We tried to shirk the point. "But how well they have obeyed him, and with what deference kept themselves out of the story, out of even the telling of the story! They will not let you know, in their sparse comment, which of them is speaking in this case or that. Of course we wish to believe that it is the devoted granddaughter always who has done it, because we would like her best to have done it always; but no doubt the generous friend had a word in it, though it might not be the printed word. As a piece of literature, it is a very original performance, and we wish—yes, we wish—it could become the reading of all the generation presently intending or loving literature."

"What! To the exclusion of twice as many pages of big-selling fiction? Consider that it represents the bulk of at least a dozen duodecimo novels."

"No matter!" we said, in a passion of noble regret, of high remorse for our reservation, which now appeared to us very mean and pitiful. "What better instruction could there be in a time like this, when so much authorship appears to be the effect of studying the advertisements of literary success. Here the aspirant can learn how harsh is the path which leads to the tops of worthy ambitioning. If he is daunted by the knowledge and turns aside to rest in journalism or stock-broking, and uses for the staff of life the businesses which Stedman made his props and crutches, and joyfully flung aside whenever he could get his footing in the hard way, very good. But very good, very infinitely better, if having the great result in him, he learns to make it shine before the world in spite of all the world's contrarying, as Stedman did."



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Editor's Study

THE more intensively a people lives, with swift mutations of its creative life in art and literature, the deeper is its curiosity concerning the past and the greater its capacity to hold the past in dynamic coherence with its present. The Heroic Age of Greece lived again in that renascence of Hellenic art and consciousness following the Ionic migration and culminating in Homer; and its pulse was more deeply felt in the golden age of the Greek dramatists, which, within the period of half a century, witnessed more transformations of Hellenic faculty and sensibility than any other race had experienced in its entire career. Roman mutations were more obvious geographically, marking stages in its conquest of the world, but with the great transformations which expressed Rome's genius for empire was also disclosed the extent of her power to avail herself of, though not to fully assimilate, Hellenic culture.

Ours is indeed a living present. Its swift mutations give a new measure to time itself—the measure of our forever renascent purpose and sensibility, the measure of our human consciousness, expanding with each new moment of the more and more intensive life. When we consider the forward-looking purpose of our time, we are sensibly impressed by immense achievements and undertakings furthering our material progress, and we know that in this field the modern man is self-sufficient. But the organization of our twentieth-century life, apart from its practical side, where we aim at efficiency, is coming to participate in our creative ideals. We take note of this especially, of course, in associate altruistic work, prompted not by conscience, but by sensitive sympathy. But our creation of a new politics springs from the same beautiful motive, in full harmony with that vital altruism which desires to effect, in so far as possible, the equalization of social opportunity. The organization of business on a non-competitive basis, working hand in hand with this new politics, promises to reach a rhythmic harmony which shall not only transcend arbitrary industrial control, but connote brotherhood and expel war from Christendom.

In this survey of mutations by which our consciousness is at once expanded and transformed, we have only noted the manifest alliance between ultra-modern organization and ultra-modern ideals; we have not touched upon these ideals themselves, which are not defined by any of these manifestations and which are, indeed, inexplicable, always beyond us, eluding even their fairest embodiments.

But when we consider this human consciousness of our time, so different from the old heroic consciousness and from the most developed consciousness of Greek, Roman, or Barbarian, do we not naturally ask what it can possibly want of the past? From a so superior point of vantage why look back?

It is not a question of what attitude we need to take, or ought to take, toward the past. There are no practical utilities to be derived from the study of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin; and, in the field of our ideals, the knowledge of history, as mere information, does not serve us. If we confine ourselves and our living experience to the aims and motives stimulated by present-day needs and prompted by present-day aspirations, we shall have practical efficiency in everything relating to material progress and shall not lack in scientific research or in the arts of painting, music, and poetry; fiction will lose nothing of its power and charm, and our human sympathies will have abundant opportunity for wide and noble exercise. But the disposition to thus confine ourselves would imply a lack in our human nature itself, such as would shame our content and self-sufficiency.

NOTE.—From a paper read at the Second Public Meeting of the Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, New York, December 8, 1910.

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The historic sense is to humanity what gravitation is to the physical universe—the reflex of its expansion. The earth's orbit is its confession of solar attraction, of harmonious coherence with its source. So the historic sense, too often apparent to us merely by its gravities, is really an attraction, a continuing dynamic factor in the evolution of humanity. Physiologically, racially, and psychically humanity is spherical and orbital, as a result of this attraction, bound together in its severalties, remembering religiously a creative source, feeling in its own pulsations the beat of the fountain.

Our culture, in so far as it is a culture of the Humanities, is the sum of our *cults*—that is, of the things we cherish because of this attraction, which, as we have said, is inseparable from human nature. We try to explain this attraction to ourselves in definite terms. We say that it is curiosity, the desire to include all knowledge within our mental domain; or that it is romance, the charm of that strangeness which is associated with the antique; but it existed before there was any mental awakening, almost as a human instinct and, in that long period of primitive naturalism, when man, in a provincially intensive life, had only the backward and downward look, it was a sense of familiarity rather than of strangeness, the close bond of kinship holding the souls which death had strengthened and magnified in intimate communion with the living, in the near and friendly darkness. The only culture then was made up of two cults—that of the earth-mother and that of ancestors—each too immediate to be called worship. This period of what may be called an insulated historic sense is especially interesting to us who are growing into a new realism, a second naturalism, the terms of which correspond to those of the first, though a whole world apart. The truth of life, after complex brokenness, is reintegrating, felt again as real, freed from notional distortions, from polemical discussions, and fanciful apprehensions—all this as in that primitive seclusion, but a luminous intuition instead of a sealed instinct. Our historic sense is not insulated, but open: a sense of kinship, raised to a psychical plane. It is as inexplicable as our idealism is, resting upon no logical grounds; like our forward-looking ideals, it springs from the very heart of desire. Therefore it gathers into the present, by vital rather than by arbitrary selection, the radiant moments of the creative life and art of the past, however diverse from our own their outward investment. These moments are notes in a rhythmic harmony, not in just our key, perhaps, but responsive, and cherished—as old songs are—for the human music in them.

We are not considering here the inevitable participation of the past in the present as a matter of biology or heredity. Cultures have blended where races have not. Thus Buddhism came to Japan from India. Thus Greece and Rome and, in the course of a few centuries, all Europe, received from Judea a spiritual principle which the Hebrews as a race repudiated, and which, confined to the East, would have had only a degenerate development. This most creative of all cultures was even more a living heritage from one Christian generation to another than if it had been racial. And it is significant that the spirit of Hebrew prophecy and of the gospel was not less potently operative or less effectively transmitted when the peoples accepting these could not read the Hebrew or the Greek texts through which they were conveyed, and that when they came to read the Bible at all, they read it in their own vernacular.

Ours is a Christian culture into which many strains have entered—the Greek for æsthetic and imaginative values and for intellectual form; the Roman for institutional values and as contributory to every modern European language save the German; and the various Barbarian strains which persist racially in our blood, nerve, and temperament. With all these Christianity has blended, yet, in all its strange alliances—with Hellenic speculation, with Roman officialism and exploitation, and with Barbarian heroism and mysticism—keeping intact its original spiritual principle, expressed in life rather than in art.

Looking back, then, to those ancient races from which such heritage as we may have is indirect or—as in the case of the Indo-European races—hidden in the lowest stratum of our lan-

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guage, we find ourselves dependent upon texts, monuments, and surviving examples for any knowledge of their creative art and literature. This whole field is open to special scholarship, aided by archæological discoveries, and is deeply interesting to the philosopher. It is all human, and our knowledge of it is an important contribution to the expansion of our modern consciousness. No part of it—Egyptian, Phœnician, Accadian, Babylonian, Assyrian, or Aryan—is alien to human interest and curiosity. But the Hellenic race alone presents a distinctively creative ideal which, with all its limitations, is vibrantly responsive to our own.

Greek culture, as compared with the Roman, is detached from us—from our language, our laws, our institutions, and the texture of our literature. Our debt to the Roman is immense, and especially to those qualities of the Roman which the Greek lacked—justice and sincerity, without which armies and navies innumerable would have been ineffectual and world-empire impossible. The genius of the Roman for the building of institutions, including that of the family, was almost creative; it was architectonic, without the Hellenic sense of beauty. The emperor's title of Pontifex Maximus was mightily significant, not only for the old political empire, but as prophetic of the ecclesiastic pontificate. The Greek ædification was psychically expansive, following the lines of the creative imagination, and manifest, therefore, chiefly in the achievements of her mighty poets, philosophers, and artists—a kind of empire which could not be overthrown.

Rome knew no dawn; we behold her only in her maturity and decline. But she died for the world. Greece is forever young—immortal, as genius is. She lived in the world which overwhelmed her, in such measure as its principle of selection would allow.

Her culture became the elegant ornament of Eastern princes and the intellectual equipment of the Roman aristocracy. In the Roman ædification of the Catholic Church, Hellenism was not silent. Augustine, the chief of the Latin Fathers, was finally converted to the faith through the epistles of St. Paul, and had come to these by way of Plato, though doubtless in a Latin version, as he was not a master of the Greek tongue. But the ecclesiastic fabric was as distinctively Roman as that of the empire had been; the Greek spirit forever eluded its formal lines.

The medieval cosmopolitanism which the Church fostered by pilgrimages and crusades, developing European rather than separately national consciousness, helped to bring on the Renaissance, but threatened to overwhelm Europe with Latinity, and would have succeeded but for the resolve of the several Gothic peoples to develop independent nationalities and to maintain their vernacular speech. But this reaction did not help to a true revival of the Hellenic spirit. Latinity was the recognized bulwark of uniformity and established authority. The new art found its stimulus in Greek examples; a poetic exaltation of Love in select circles fed upon Plato; but, in education and literature generally, Roman traditions were dominant.

The Elizabethan era produced a drama which was the only parallel of Greek Tragedy in the age of Pericles, but its glory was not a direct response to its antetype. It was only such another time come to England as Greece had known—a time of awakening, of youth and buoyancy; such another people, with the sense in them of the sea; such another renascence of creative genius. Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek; but the tribe of Ben, with deeper learning, mainly Latin, did not reach his height.

The eighteenth-century literature, before the Romantic Revival, in no way reflected Greek genius. The nineteenth century began and continued in a different mood, reflective and interpretative as no previous century had been, prompted by high curiosity in scientific investigation, with those swift mutations of sensibility and ever-widening expansions of consciousness which deepen the historic sense. The romantic note of revolt against artifice and convention was dominant, stimulating individualism. The living reason in the human mind and especially in the human imagination was asserting its supreme claims.

It was in the historic sense determined by such an attitude that made it not only possible but inevitable that

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Hellenism should be revived in its own essential quality and form, eliminated from its Latin habiliments and affiliations. It began to be creatively interpreted by vital assimilation in the poetry of Shelley and Keats and, later, in that of Tennyson and Browning, and by the greatest imaginative prose-essayists of the century, such as De Quincey and Pater and Symonds. No disclosures made by archæology have been deemed so precious as those which have brought to light new examples of Hellenic art.

It is because Hellenism is capable of so complete detachment, as it is presented to us, and can be regarded in its integrity, that its distinctive charm and imaginative values may be clearly apprehended by us and enter into our culture of the Humanities for just what they are, not for spiritual exaltation or for any profound suggestiveness of the mystery of our human life, but as realizing in utmost visible perfection the forms of beauty and the rhythmic harmony of united physical and mental action. It is, perhaps, chiefly as illustrating the play of life, even in its agonism, that Greek culture is our inspiration. Here at least our youth might derive from that culture an uplifting suggestion. The Hellenic games and public spectacles were inseparably associated with poetry and the plastic arts. The love of joy was joined to the love of beauty. Athletic exercise made the human body the inspiration of the sculptor, and it was fitting that the most eminent sculptors should make statues of Olympic victors. When we think of the Olympic games, we think also of Pindar and Herodotus, and of the artists who made these games the occasion for an exhibition of their paintings. They were contests for that excellence which was an essential part of the Hellenic ideal. They brought the Greeks together from all the islands and from all parts of the continent; and such social intercourse is of all influences the most humanizing, and, promoting equality, tends to a fine sort of democracy.

But while Hellenic more largely than any other ancient culture contributes to the expansion of our modern consciousness, yet, as a part of our educational curriculum, it should not be compulsory, but elective—elective because only as a dilection has it any living significance in our culture. There is nothing incongruous in the blending of culture with practical efficiency. Our most eminent financier is a man of fine scholarly tastes and a connoisseur and promoter of art. But the youth whose sole aim is practical efficiency is not in the mood to enjoy Greek literature or, for that matter, to get much good out of Latin. Culture is dependent upon individual desire and aspiration. Bryant had barely two years of a college course, but, from choice, he became a fit translator of the Iliad and Odyssey. Americans have attained a foremost place in literature, have received the highest degrees from Oxford, and have assimilated more of ancient and modern culture than one out of a thousand college graduates, though they had no university training. Scholarship, in the special sense, is not to be depreciated. Homer and Pindar, Aristophanes and the Greek Tragedians, are more intimately known by those who read them in the original, as Dante is to those who read him in the Italian; but the best prose of any language is accessible, in adequate perfection, through translations. Much time would be saved by reading Plato in Jowett's translation, and the reader would thereby know Plato better, without any appreciable loss. Not only all the known facts, but the most subtle phases of ancient life, art, and literature, are open in his own language to any ardent student who has the passion for knowledge. If he has not the passion, there cannot be, from any source, a living past in his present, or any living present to feel the pulse of that past.

The nearer past invites us as alluringly as the remote. Tennyson's dream, happily realized, was to write *The Idylls of the King*. Browning felt the Gothic enchantment. The Romantic Revival led Keats that way. Among the most interesting creative interpretations yet to come will be those tracing the evolution of the Barbarian races of Europe along native lines, before and after their blending with Christianity, and illuminated from the present or, rather, from the coming moment.

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Editor's Drawer

The Boy and the Law

BY CHARLES B. DE CAMP

WESLEY KING came out of his house, and hopping down the steps on one foot, stood on the edge of the terrace and looked about him without enthusiasm. Wesley was nine. He had spindle-legs and wore a chinchilla reefer and a cap with a long visor. He also wore spectacles, which seemed to oppress his snub nose. As he jumped about, he resembled an English sparrow; the visor was the bill.

It was Sunday, and everything had a Sunday look. The row of houses opposite, with their round garret windows like eyes, seemed to regard the houses on this side more circumspectly than usual. The horses on the bobtail cars, which jingled past at intervals, seemed to move with a certain dignity not theirs on week-days. In a vacant lot adjacent to Wesley's tiny terraced lawn was a section of water-pipe, with a ladder across it, which made a delightful "teeter-tawter." Wesley regarded it curiously, not without awe. To-day it was so remote and unnatural, even reprobate.

Two boys of about Wesley's age were beguiling the time across the street by performing acrobatically on an iron railing. Wesley watched them with interest.

"Come on over," called the boys, when they noticed him.

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"'Cause it's Sunday."

The boys wiped their hands on their pantaloons and looked at Wesley a moment. Then they resumed their feats on the railing.

Wesley could not cross the street on a Sunday. He did not recall that any specific penalty was attached to a transgression of the law, and he did not clearly understand why crossing the street on Sunday was prohibited. The law, as far as he was concerned, had always existed. Other boys crossed the street on Sunday. But then other boys did many things that it was forbidden him to do. They played in the lot after school without first going home, and they jumped on and off the bobtail cars.



"'CAUSE IT'S SUNDAY"

After a time Wesley went down on the pavement and swung around the lamp-post, until a boy came out of the next house and joined him. They sat on the terrace steps and showed each other transfer pictures. When they had tired of trading these they strove to determine who could hop the farthest. The other boy had knickerbockers that came below his knees. Wesley always wished his were like that.

The boys across the street had abandoned the railing. They had gone down to the end of the street, and begun leaping back and forth over the gutter on a pole. Beyond the end of the street was a dumping-place. Below that lay "Buck Town," the abode of the "Micks."

When the other boy was summoned indoors Wesley proceeded to the end of the street, and watched the pole-jumping. He skipped about because he was cold, and snuffed his nose.

There was a movement among the dry weed-stalks on the dumping-place. Two small, hard faces

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showed themselves, one of them under a battered derby hat. When Wesley perceived them, he shrilled:

"Cheese it, the Micks!"

It was too late. The boy across the street who was not jumping ran off at top speed, but the other, who was performing a parabola on the pole, went down before the Mick with the derby hat. The other pursued the fleeing one, calling:

"Run, you ——!" It was awful to hear.

Moved by compelling instinct, Wesley had started to leg it up the pavement, but at the second tree-box he stopped, fascinated by the horror of the scene across the street. The one with the derby hat was sitting on the chest of his victim, and, having clasped him about the ears, was pressing with both thumbs on his nose. Some boys call it "mugging."



SOME BOYS CALL IT "MUGGING"

Wesley's spectacles seemed to glisten, and his small fists tightened. Then, without reflection, and in the face of a well-established reputation for inoffensiveness at the public school, he dashed across the street, and seizing the forgotten pole, brought it down sharply on the assailant's back—not once, but three times and again.

A hoarse bellow sounded above the howling of the tortured one. The boy with the derby hat sprang up, and with one cunning blow sent Wesley heels over head, and pole over all. Then he bellowed again. Wesley gave an unearthly yell, less because of the blow or the rap on the back of his head than the vision of his fate that rose before him.

And just then a man in a high hat came around the corner, saw a dirty figure nuzzling at a small boy's throat, dragged it off, and sent it over the dumping-place swearing grown men's oaths.

Wesley and the other boy crawled to their feet, and the other boy, indifferent to the cause of his deliverance, dragged himself up the street, roaring with pain and fright. Wesley sobbed before his uncle.

"Well, Snooks," said his uncle, "this is a lovely little Sabbath diversion. I think you are all right," as he felt Wesley over, "but you certainly ought to know better than to fight with those rowdy boys. They've got four punches to one of yours. You come home with me. There, cheer up."

"I wished—I wished," sobbed Wesley, as he trotted beside his uncle the short way to the house—"I wished I had cracked his head open."

"I know, I know," said his uncle, sympathetically, "but stop crying. That won't do any good."

"Don't tell 'em I was across the stree-e-et!"

"No, I won't."

Wesley's mother opened the front door to them. Her smile of welcome vanished when she beheld her son.

"Come here to me," she commanded, and at the tone Wesley wept afresh.

"Look at yourself!"

Wesley presented that appearance of battered wretchedness, innocent of any attempt at mitigation, which only boys and very old tramps are capable of.

"Now tell me just how it happened, and mind that you tell me the truth."

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"Tommie Hicks and Monty Andrews were jumping with a pole—" began Wesley.

A question, awfully distinct, interrupted him:

"Were you across the street?"

"Y-yes."

The damning admission was out. Somewhere Wesley felt a vague persuasion of extenuating circumstances, but he had no thought of voicing it. For who shall oppose himself to the law and the prophets? Or, who shall seek to justify himself before them?

"You can go up-stairs and go to bed."

So that was the specific penalty.

Wesley's uncle wished to speak, but he refrained, and left the scene. He was a trained uncle.

When his sister joined him later, she asked, "Did you see how he got into such a state?"

"Yes; he fell off a fence."

He was not a thoroughly trained uncle.

After tea, on the pretext of getting something from his coat in the hall, he tiptoed up to his nephew's room. Wesley fixed him with his eyes from above the coverlet.

"Did you have choc'late blu-mawnge?" he inquired.

"Yes," said his uncle, gently.

"I knew you would," said Wesley.

"Your mother doesn't know you were fighting," said Wesley's uncle, seeking to dispel some of the gloom that had settled on his nephew.

"It wasn't a regular fight," explained Wesley, "and I didn't mean to go 'cross the street, but when I saw the Mick muggin' Tommie, I didn't think about anything, and run over and hit him with the pole they were jumping with."

"I see," said his uncle, rattling the change in his pocket. "Why didn't you tell your mother that, Snooks?"

"Aw, that wouldn't made any difference. I'd had to tell her I went across the street."

His uncle looked down at the small, unhappy face. "You poor kid," he said, "give me your hand—shake. That's *because* you went across the street, Snooks. I'm proud of you. Now forget it and grin—sit up and put the pillows behind you, and wait about five minutes."

"What for?" demanded Wesley.



"I WISHED I HAD CRACKED HIS HEAD OPEN"

"In just about five minutes," said his uncle from the doorway, "your mother is going to bring you up a dish of chocolate blanc-mange, the biggest you ever saw."

The Price of Greatness

BY S. E. KISER

MY father says I must not swear,
Nor smoke, nor cheat, nor lie;
My mother makes me comb my hair
And act as good as pie;
Most everything I'd like to do
Is very, very wrong;
You'd better not have fun, or you
Will never get along.

I have to say my prayers at night
And eat things that I hate,
Or else the first I know I might
Meet some most awful fate!
The things that are the best for me
Are never sweet or nice;
It's good to grow up great, but, gee,
It costs an awful price!

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A Gentleman

I WAS standing in a Baltimore drug-store the other day, when a rather undersized newsboy, with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, entered and, sauntering up to the counter, leisurely asked the clerk for a match.

"Go chase yourself," said that dignitary; "I can't be bothered with you kids."

The urchin drew himself up to his full height, took a nickel from his pocket, placed it on the counter, and said,

"Mister, I'll buy a box of matches."

The clerk handed him a box. The boy took a match from it, lighted his cigarette with a few deliberate puffs, tossed the box back to the astonished clerk, and with a deep inhalation thus delivered himself:

"Mister," he said, "next time a *gentleman* comes in here and asks you for a match you can give him one out of *my* box."

Just as He Thought

A SMALL boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass.

She explained: "On your right is the east, your left the west, and in front of you is the north. Now what is behind you?"

The boy studied a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told ma you'd see the patch in my pants."

Plausible Explanation

THE eight-year-old son of a Baltimore physician, together with a friend, was playing in his father's office, during the absence of the doctor, when suddenly the first lad threw open a closet door and disclosed to the terrified gaze of his little friend an articulated skeleton.

When the visitor had sufficiently recovered from his shock to stand the announcement the doctor's son explained that his father was extremely proud of that skeleton.

"Is he?" asked the other. "Why?"

"I don't know," was the answer; "maybe it was his first patient."

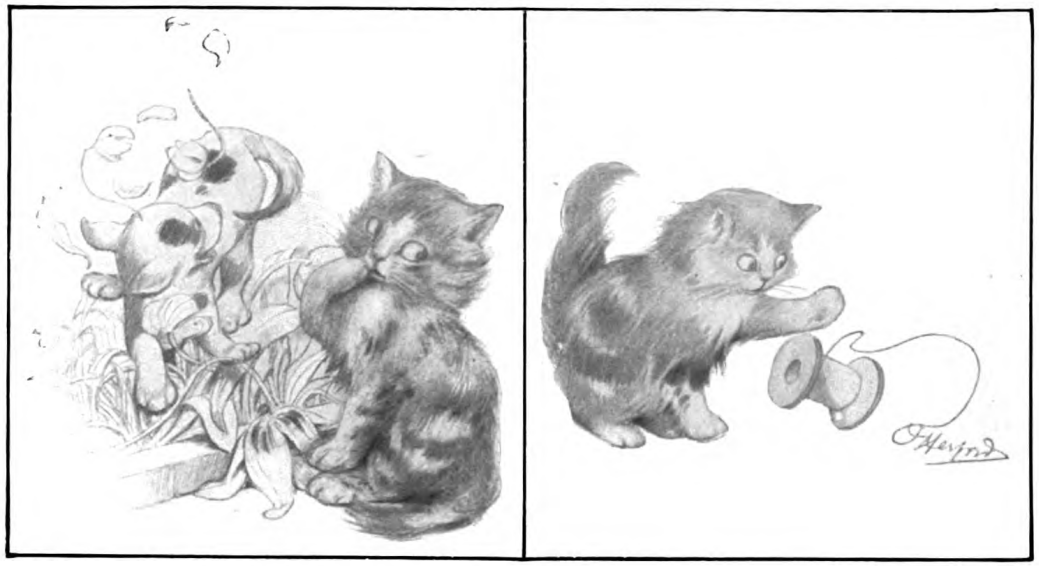
At Last

IT was in one of our smaller towns. They had come to engage the minister for their father's funeral—two laconic Yankee farmers. He had died, they explained, in Philadelphia, and the coffin had been expressed to them, but apparently there had been some mistake in connections, and it had not arrived as expected. As soon as it came, however, they would let him know the hour at which they wished the ceremony. Could he serve them? The minister, of course, consented, and they departed. It was an hour or more later that the telephone rang, and he recognized the voice of one of them over the wire—"That party has come."



INEXPERIENCED YOUNG WIFE. *"Oh, Jack, I got such a bargain to-day! A man came round selling eggs at twenty cents a dozen, and I got enough to last all winter."*

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A Kitten's Garden of Verses

BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE PUPPY

THE Puppy cannot mew or talk,
He has a funny kind of walk,
His tail is difficult to wag,
And that's what makes him walk zigzag.

He is the kitten of a Dog,
From morn till night he's all agog—
Forever seeking something new
That's good, but isn't meant to chew.

He romps about the Tulip bed,
And chews the Flowers white and red,
And when the Gard'ner comes to see
He's sure to blame mamma or me.

One game that cannot ever fail
To please him is to chase his tail—
(To catch one's tail, 'twixt me and you,
Is not an easy thing to do).

If he has not a pretty face,
The Puppy's heart is in its place.
I'm sorry he must grow into
A Horrid, Noisy Dog—aren't you?

GOOD AND BAD KITTENS

KITTENS, you are very little,
And your kitten bones are brittle;
If you'd grow to Cats respected
See your play be not neglected.

Smite the Sudden Spool, and spring
Upon the Swift Elusive String;
Thus you learn to catch the wary
Mister Mouse or Miss Canary.

That is how in Foreign Places
Fluffy Cubs with Kitten faces,
Where the mango waves sedately,
Grow to Lions large and stately.

But the Kittencats who snatch
Rudely for their food, or scratch,
Grow to Tomcats gaunt and gory—
Theirs is quite another story.

Cats like these are put away
By the dread S. P. C. A.,
Or to trusting Aunts and Sisters
Sold as Sable Muffs and Wristers.

Easily Repaired

SHORTLY after the return from their honeymoon, a young couple of Cleveland undertook housekeeping, the bride being especially desirous to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the husband found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Dearie," she gulped, "it does seem too awful that the very first meat pie I should bake for you should be eaten by the cat."

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder, "I'll get you another cat right away."

Untactful

IT was the celebration of Willie's fifth birthday, and he and his little guests sat round the festive table eager to begin the feast, when the host's sister, a comely spinster, marched in bearing aloft a frosted cake, out of which flared up five colored candles.

Murmurs of admiration and awe followed from all sides of the table, and as sister placed the cake squarely on the cloth and drew back, Willie turned his blinking eyes from the five brilliant candles, and said, enthusiastically, "Sister, if this was your birthday, the whole room 'd be ablaze, wouldn't it?"

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A Change of Name

A SPINSTER of uncertain age, while shopping in the city, by chance ran across a man whom she had known as a boy. Greeting him cordially, she was much chagrined to find that he did not recognize her.

"Why, Mr. Smith," she exclaimed, "don't you remember me? I am she that was Cornie Brown."

"Is that so?" responded Mr. Smith. "And what is your name now."

"Cornelia," she replied.

A Question of Sanity

MALACHI CASEY didn't die at the time, but he was mightily persuaded that that illness was to be the finish of him. Accordingly he had sent for a lawyer to draw up his will. In the next room sat the inconsolable Mrs. Casey, listening to the making of this last will and testament.

"State exactly what is owing you," said the lawyer.

"Hinry Brown owes me five hundred an' eight dollars," answered Casey. "Thomas Rich owes me two hundred an' sivinty-foive, and—"

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the sorrowing spouse. "Malachi's rational to the lasht!"

"Richard Spooner owes me ninety dollars," continued the supposedly dying man.

"How clear his mind is!" said Mrs. Casey.

"To Pat Malone I owe four hundred dollars an'—"

"Ah," interrupted the prospective widow, "hear him rave!"

Diverse Tactics

BOTH boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

His Punishment

A HOMELY, hard-featured, elderly temperance speaker of the feminine persuasion, in the course of a lecture before a somewhat mixed audience, found occasion to say:

"Friends, as I passed along the street at an early hour this morning, I saw, lying in a drunken stupor, amid the ooze and slime of the gutter, a poor, fallen, besotted fellow being. No good Samaritan came his way; the passers-by hurried on, with merely a curious glance, and left him to his shame. But, as I paused beside him as he lay, the thought came to me that, fallen as he was, this man had, perhaps, a wife, a mother, a sister, who loved him. So, kneeling, I brushed aside the stains from his face, and smoothed the matted hair back from his brow—and, friends, I kissed him."

Thereupon from the rear of the auditorium came the sympathetic comment of an interested hearer:

"And you just about served him right!"



"Lead Us Not Into Temptation"

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It Might Have Been

Hubby's Marketing

A NEW-JERSEYITE had been asked by his wife, whose cook had deserted her, to order a few things for dinner, on his way to his office.

He nearly forgot the orders he had received, so that it was with considerable perturbation that he retraced his steps and stopped in at the grocer's.

"And I want a head of cabbage sent," he added, in conclusion.

"What size?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, about six and seven-eighths," nonchalantly responded the Jerseyite.

Why?

LITTLE Willie looked earnestly into his mother's face and asked, "Mother, why do they sometimes call the Lord the landlord?"

Her Fault

A CERTAIN Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it if Lizzie hadn't died."

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The Modern Highwayman

Winter-Time

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

'WAY off where my Gram'pa lives
All th' snow stays clean an' white
Like th' big roun' frosted cake
Gram'ma put away las' night
Some place little boys can't get—
It ain't *time* to cut it yet.

There's a high-up bank o' snow
'Gainst my Gram'ma's kitchen door;
Gram'pa, he jus' shovelled hard
So's to open it some more.
W'en I banged th' window-pane
He laughed back at me again!

Gram'ma let me run outdoors
W'en I'd put on lots o' clo'es.
(Somebody's gone 'cross our snow
'Thout no feet, jus' only toes!)
Where my Gram'pa tracks th' snow
'S where *my* rubber boots mus' go.

Gram'ma's big black Pussy-cat
He don't like to take a ride
On my nice new sleigh, I guess
'Cause his feet all slip an' slide,
So he went an' climbed th' tree,
N'en he sat an' looked at me!

Gram'pa's Turkey, he's gone up
On th' wood-shed roof to stay
Till th' warm red Sun jus' drives
All th' cold white Snow away.
W'y he acts so proud, I spects,
'S 'cause we're goin' to eat *him* nex'.

W'en it's winter-time there ain't
Much outdoors 'at you can eat,
'S w'y I brought my snowball in,
So's to make it taste more sweet,
Right in Gram'ma's sugar-bowl.
Gram'ma, she said, "Bless my soul!"

N'en my Gram'pa pulled my ear
Pretty hard, but I don't mind,
'Cause he's finished up his chore
An' he's huntin' 'round to find
Where's a little boy 'at can
Help him build a big snow-man!

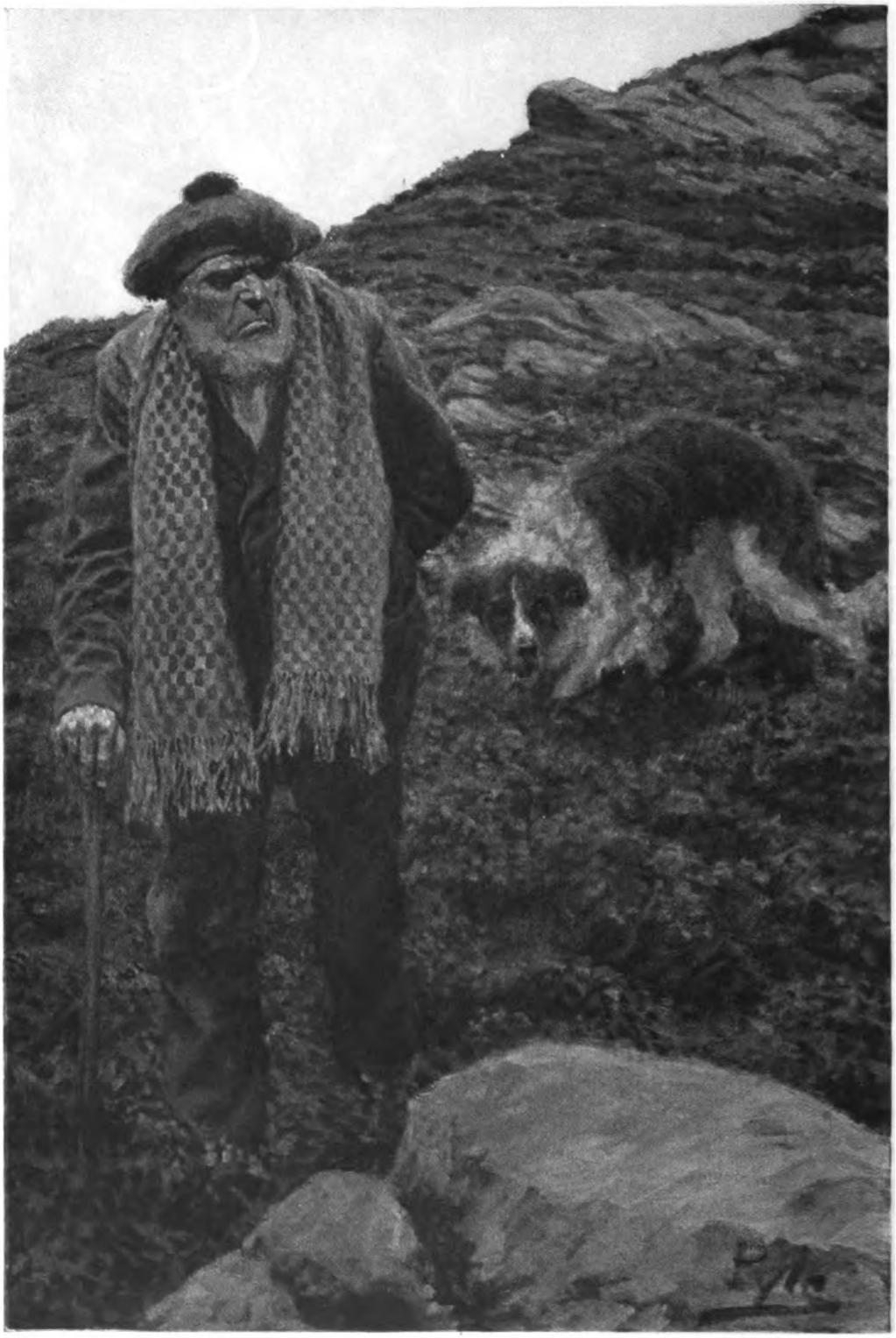
Winter-time is nicest 'cause
It won't let a Gram'pa do
Nothin' 'way off in th' fields;
He mus' stay an' play wif you,
'N' w'en he gets "th' critters" fed
Gram'ma puts us bof to bed.

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Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "Man and Dog"

SO LONG AS GANN WOULD FOLLOW, HIS MASTER WOULD LEAD

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXII MARCH, 1911 No. DCCXXX

A Quest in the Himalayas

BY MARY BLAIR BEEBE

THERE came to our ears the rhythmic *shuff, shuff* of bare feet, as four brown-bodied, white-turbaned men passed our carriage, bearing on their shoulders a rope stretcher. So tiny was the white-swathed body thus swiftly borne to the burning ghat that there was scarcely a depression in the loosely woven fabric. In front of the sad little procession the incense-bearer swung his censer. A passing native ran forward, helped bear the wee body a few paces, and then went serenely on his way, having thus won for himself reprieve for some sin that lay heavy on his conscience.

It was all a perfectly commonplace, every-day occurrence in Calcutta; but to us, as we rattled along in the carriage to the Darjeeling train, it was typical of the Plains, where Death is so ever present among the natives that it seems to walk hand in hand with Life, and where the air is as laden with mysticism and fatalism as with the heavy incense of the East.

We were glad to be leaving the plains for the mountains. For months the great Himalayas had been drawing us with an irresistible power; almost like that magnetic force which they exert upon the waters of the Bay of Bengal, where geographers say one really sails up-hill from Ceylon to Calcutta.

In explanation of whither we were bound and with what purpose, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton: "You are taking the most wonderful trip in the world in search of the most beautiful of birds." Of this great expedition to monograph the pheasants of the world, I now found myself, unlike Æneas, a small part; but very happy and thankful to have so conducted myself on previous and less extended journeyings in quest of birds that, in spite of being a mere woman, it was now permitted to me to be that small part.

Thus I reflected while we awaited the departure of our train in the dark, close station, where big punkahs swung fitfully back and forth, reflecting the wandering attention of the unseen hands impelling them.

For the benefit of the Oriental temperament the engine whistled and puffed warningly for an hour before at last it started.

For four hours we flew across the flat dusty plains. Even in April and at five o'clock in the afternoon the heat was intense, and the clouds of dust so suffocating that we could scarcely breathe. I felt that at the end of the journey we should have to be excavated, like the ruins of a buried city.

Barren and dusty though the country was, yet signs of life—anticipation of a wetter, cooler season—were visible everywhere. Clods of dust were being turned by wooden ploughs dragged by zebus and buffaloes; a tiny patch of desert was made, even at this season, to yield something green by uncountable buckets of water dipped one by one from a deep well.

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Here and there our train window gave us a momentary glimpse of a great tumultuous mass of vultures crowding about some dead thing. This was the season of plenty for them. Grim and monotonous was the whole tone of the country: vegetation, animals, human beings, all coated with dust, the air filled with it!

How welcome was the darkness of night and the cool current of the Ganges! We leaned over the railing of the river boat, which took us across to the sleeping train, marvelling at the strange faith by which these waters make life and death easier for their worshippers.

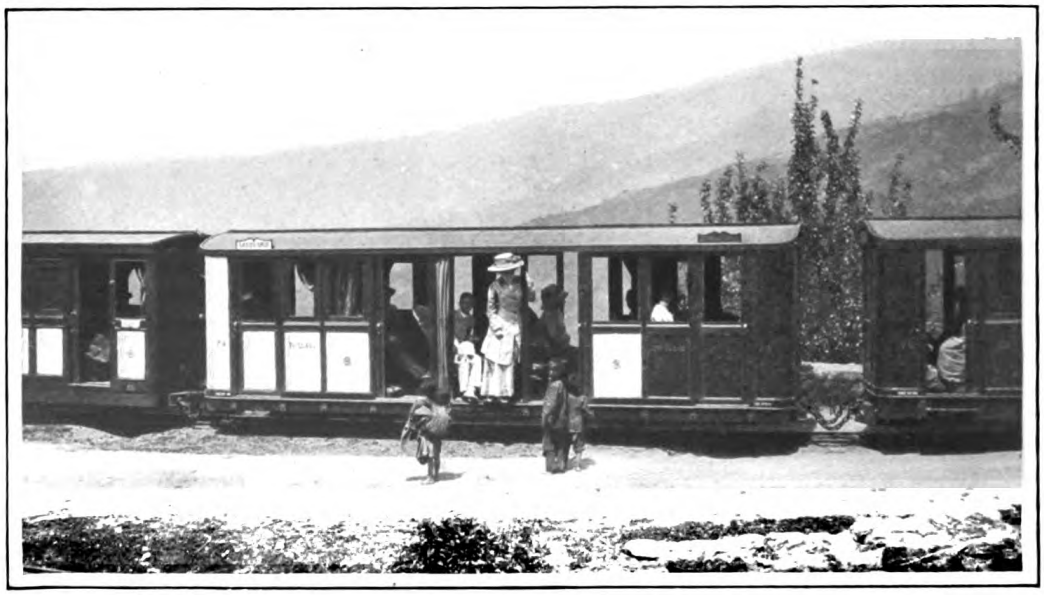
Early the next morning we changed cars at Siliguri, taking the little toy train up the mountains to Darjeeling.

The tropical jungle at the foot of the mountains was a distinct disappointment. We tried to imagine the unseen tigers with which it is said to teem; but not a bird or a beast was visible, and there was only an occasional blossom.

After we began the ascent, however, our disappointment in the tropical zone was forgotten in the beauty which on one side was unfolded thousands of feet below us, and on the other towered as high above our heads. We reached the clouds and looked down through them to the sunshine in the distant valleys and to the terraced tea estates covering the hillsides like forests of dwarf Japanese trees. Far, far below, the parched plains gleamed through the shimmering heat-waves that hung over them. Above us waterfalls dashed down through forests, dark, cool, and fragrant. At still higher levels were picturesque little settlements snuggling against the steep mountainsides.

Darjeeling itself not only illustrated for us Kipling's tales of the hills, but was of peculiar interest as being the refuge of the Delai Lama who had just fled from Tibet.

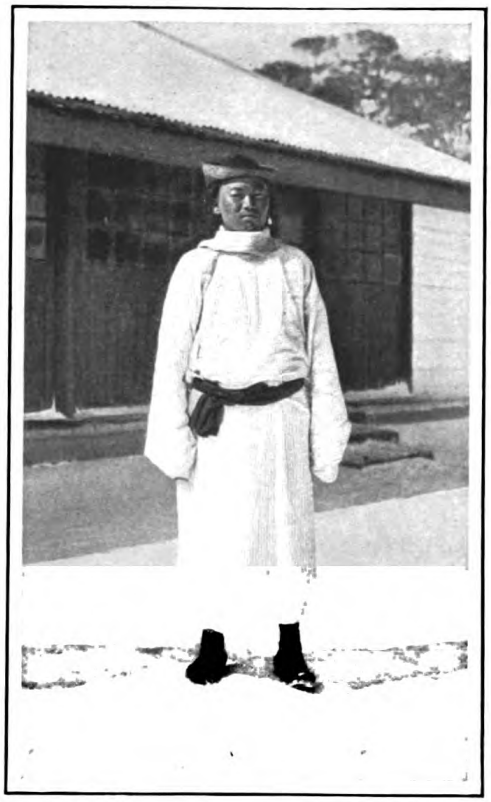
We were very anxious to see this Lama—the first for many years wise enough to refuse the golden draught sent by the Emperor of China to each Delai Lama when he reaches the age of eighteen, with the prophecy that it will give him "immortal life." Unfortunately for us, a missionary, more zealous than well-bred, had interrupted a solemn procession in honor of the first visit of the Delai Lama to his faithful subjects, to force a tract into the hand of the Lama, and women tourists had pushed their way into the house set apart for the Lama, whose religion forbids his meeting European women. So, to the shame of our race, the unfortunate Lama had withdrawn into a well-guarded retreat.



THE LITTLE TOY TRAIN UP THE MOUNTAINS TO DARJEELING

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A very few days in Darjeeling sufficed to complete the preparations for our mountain trip; and the morning of April 9th found us in the courtyard of the hotel, surrounded by our possessions, the amount of which appalled us. They included a large photographic outfit, guns and ammunition, scientific instruments, provisions, cooking utensils, bedding, and the simplest possible camping-dress. Every want had to be provided for in Darjeeling, since the wilderness bungalows in which we were to live furnished only a roof over our heads. We had cut down our outfit until further reduction was impossible, and yet how formidable it was!



TANDOOK

It seemed incredible that coolies could carry our heavy boxes on their backs over the many score miles of mountain trails before us. We did not then know our sturdy Tibetans; nor did we know that, as the Englishman in India goes into camp with a folding library, a collapsible drawing-room, and cases of his favorite beverages, our very practical outfit was modest indeed!

One of W.'s assistants was a taxidermist from the Indian Museum in Calcutta—Das, a native of Baluchistan. We had employed a Tibetan, with the singular name of Tandook, as our A. D. C.—otherwise chief cook and head of all the coolies; and we had left to him the engaging of the thirty-two luggage coolies and the sweeper. The sweeper, by the way, is a national institution in India. Without him any travel off the beaten routes is impossible. His is the lowest caste in all the land, and since he can sink no farther, there is no work beneath him.

After this long digression let us return to the morning of our departure. The scene was one of wild confusion. "Your loads are all too light," cried Tandook, stormily, first in Hindustani and then in various hill tongues, as he rushed about with long, heavy strides, lifting one box after another and slamming it down in front of the coolie who was to carry it. On principle every one objected to his load and insisted that he had more than any one else. The women—for to our surprise six of our luggage coolies were sturdy Tibetan women—laughed and chattered and studied us with undisguised curiosity. The whole jolly horde was like a troupe of insubordinate children. In a miraculously short time, however, Tandook had brought order out of all this Babel.

Although our acquaintance with Tandook began in his sternest mood, no degree of severity could make him anything but an absurd figure to us—in the white dress reaching to his knees and tied at the waist with a red sash, and the long black queue, above which the most microscopic of hats was tilted over the forehead and kept in place by some mysterious unseen force. Fortunately for us, however, he was a formidable figure to his coolies, and they all trudged off very obediently with their loads on their backs, held in place by

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a strap passing around the forehead. These uncouth hill-people seemed to me like mountain crags to whom some elfish god had given life and human form.

Our first day's "march" was to the bungalow of Jorepokri, where we were to spend the night. Our way lay through the zone of oaks and maples—a dense jungle of moss-draped trees starred with white orchids and lilies, all in the lush growth of full-blown spring.

In the forest near the bungalow big soft eyes watched us intently—the eyes of sambur-deer, alert and anxious; black-backed kalij pheasants started up with whirring wings from under our very feet. Here later we studied this bird, ferreting out the secrets of its home and young.

The next day our destination was the solitary bungalow on the summit of Tonglu, 10,000 feet high.

The mossy jungle of Jorepokri became a thing of the past, and each hour in the saddle now brought us to new beauties. All the way from Darjeeling the wax-like flowers of the magnolia had shone like white lights in the dark woods; but when we reached an elevation of 9,000 feet we found ourselves in a forest of blossoms—*trees* of pink, cerise and crimson rhododendrons, with an undergrowth of the pale pink fragrant paper-laurel, from which the Nepalese make a Japanese-like paper. Beneath all was spread a carpet of golden-hearted, white-petalled strawberry blossoms.

Stray bits of human life drifted along our trail. Strangest of all was a creature who suddenly appeared before us at one of the loneliest spots of all the lonely trail. The figure wore skirts and a stiff fringe of false hair, standing out like a black halo five inches around the head, and, holding up a gnarled old hand with one finger missing, begged *baksheesh*. As we had no money accessible and were anxious to reach Tonglu, we rode on, thinking him but a common beggar, with which species India is overrun. How were we to know, as I found later, that he was a lama from a solitary hill lamasery! Thus we lost our opportunity to "acquire merit."

The days at Darjeeling had shown us no hint of the lofty snow-clad mountains. Always they had remained hidden in mist, and in vain we had gazed at the snowy piles of clouds. It was as though the great mountains had held themselves not too cheaply. One must earn the right to see them in all their wonder. Now as we neared Tonglu, Kinchinjunga moment by moment grew clearer.

At Tonglu the vegetation showed but the first blush of earliest spring. Here we were later to seek and find the feathered Pan of the Himalayas, the splendid *Satyra tragopan*. Now after a night's rest we were again on the trail, with the bungalow on the top of Sandukphu as objective point.

Leaving Tonglu, we rode down fifteen hundred feet into full spring again, and then abruptly up never-ending zigzags, our horses' sides heaving in the thin air, to the cool clouds which overhung a little mountain tarn, or "pokri."

Here was the *city* of Kalapokri, consisting of two dilapidated huts just inside the Nepal boundary. To our casual glance they seemed forlorn and innocent enough, but we were to find to our sorrow that the *raison d'être* of the settlement was the Tibetan and Nepalese weakness for drink. Fortunately most of our luggage coolies had within them the fear of Tandook; but Tandook himself had, alas! no such restraining influence.

Quite ignorant of the temptation within those two ramshackle huts, we wandered about the valley of Kalapokri, while our horses munched their tiffin of bamboo leaves. Here the rhododendrons were at the height of their glory. The valley was massed on one side with the scarlet variety, and on the other with flowers of the warmest, loveliest shade of pink. Looking up at these forty-foot trees of blossom, I felt myself a small child in a big old-fashioned Virginia garden, with stately rows of huge box-bushes, and my grandmother's rose-garden looking as lofty to me then as these gorgeous rhododendrons did now.

Turning reluctantly from this vale of flowers, we saw Tandook and the sweeper both in sad plight. The alcoholic temptations of Kalapokri had been too much for them. In the sweeper it took the æsthetic form of incoherent raptures over flowers: but poor Tandook was literally tumbling down the mountain, his red

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THE MORNING START FROM TONGLU

woollen dress half slipping off his shoulders, his queue falling across his face as he picked himself up and crammed his wee hat down on his head. Could this Tandook that we saw staggering and stumbling, scolding and whistling, be the same as the busy, capable Tandook of a few hours ago—packing, apportioning to each coolie his load, and finally cooking and serving a delicious breakfast! Later, on the trail, we passed his solitary figure, sitting on the ground with his back to the passing world, beating the earth with a stick in misery and remorse.

W. and I pushed on ahead of all the rest to the final steep and difficult ascent of Sandukphu.

Our horses had an uncomfortable preference for walking at the very edge of a trail overhanging some apparently bottomless precipice. In Tibet they were trained in their youth as pack-ponies, the loads on their backs forcing them to walk on the outer edge of the trails, to prevent a disastrous collision of the pack and the mountainside. Horses thus trained can never be broken of this habit, no matter how wide may be their trails.

At first I felt overpowered by the immensity of the world spread out before us. I think it was Herbert Spencer whose greatest horror was of being an infinitesimal atom floating in inconceivable, immeasurable space. I felt something like that now—so small a thing on my horse, slowly and laboriously climbing higher and higher. Wherever the eye rested there was immensity; in the deep, wide valleys, in the rugged range of lesser mountains, and finally in the silent, stupendous, snow-clad Himalayan peaks, clear and dazzling against the cloudless blue sky. Before us our trail lay like a white thread turning and twisting its way up a rough bold mountain.

It is not a peaceful picture that nature has moulded in these Himalayas. As soon as one rises from the valleys the panorama is rugged, stern, sublime.

As we went on we were reminded that

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A View from Sandukphu

Sandukphu means "mountain of the aconite," for we passed little flocks of sheep, all muzzled to prevent their eating the deadly plant.

There was little life along the trail, but when our horses stopped to draw big breaths at the end of some especially steep zigzag, we looked out over the valleys and saw great imperial eagles soaring below us.

At last we swung off our horses before the door of the bungalow, feeling as fresh as at the beginning of the day, but the crisp, high air had made us ferociously hungry.

When Tandook arrived, still the worse for Kalapokri, he announced in a chanting voice, "To-day you starve! You get no food!" and threatened to go on to another "grog-shop" some miles away. Discouraged in that, he set about preparing tiffin, simpering and giggling, with the little Tibetan hat, which was so expressive a part of him, over one ear. As time went on and no tiffin appeared, I went out to the kitchen to investigate. I had been in the habit every day of giving cheap cigarettes to the tired coolies, and I now discovered Tandook passing around imaginary cigarettes with an elaborate bow to each coolie. Just inside the kitchen was the sweeper, dramatically acting out the rôle of Tandook intoxicated.

In the midst of this bedlam the pony-boys came to be paid off. It had always been Tandook's proud duty to pay all the men. Now W. appeared, telling Tandook that he was in no condition to be trusted with any responsible work, and delegating Das to manage it. At being thus humiliated before all the coolies, Tandook was frantic, bursting into the room where we were still hungrily waiting for tiffin, exclaiming: "To-morrow I go Darjeeling! I discharge myself! Thank you!"

"All right," said W.; "go now."

I quailed inwardly at hearing my majordomo so summarily dismissed. I could not forget what a treasure he was when sober, and drink was the well-known failing of his country. In Tibet Tandook had been "body-servant"—or, as the negroes in Virginia say, "waitman"—to the Tashi Lama, next in holiness to the Delai Lama himself. Surely what the Tashi Lama could overlook we, mere scientists, must forgive. However, I could not intercede for vice, par-

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ticularly when my motives were so transparently selfish. So I held my peace and awaited developments.

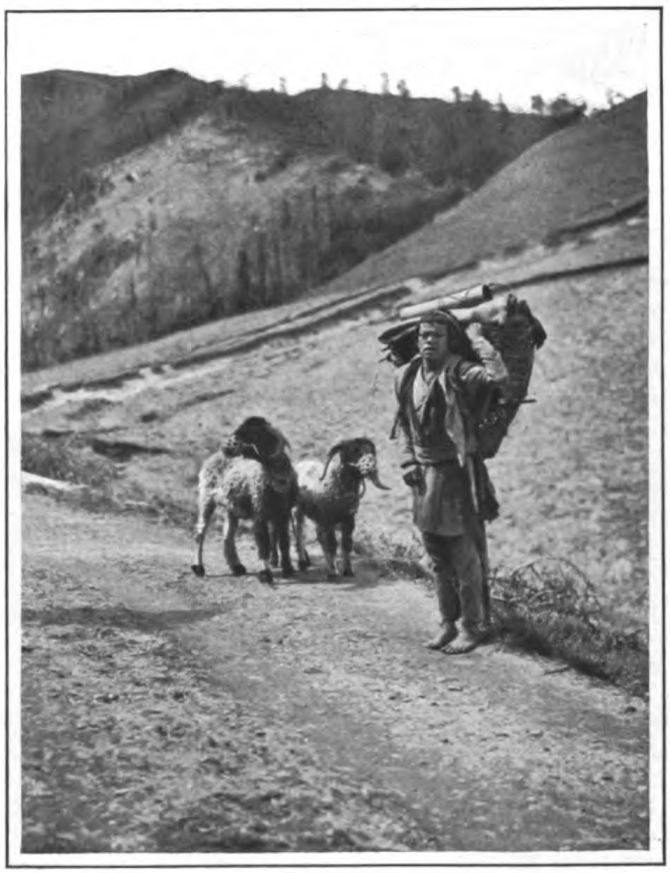
We heard excited talk in Hindustani going on in his pantry, the word *Memsahib* predominating. Finally a somewhat subdued Tandook came in, throwing what he always called the "table-sheet" on the table. He served tiffin with decidedly uncertain movements, loudly clucking like a hen as he passed the dishes. It was a new domestic experience certainly; although after having seen "*Maestro*"—the cook on board our Venezuelan sloop—draw his huge knife on the captain of our little bark, I was quite prepared for the unexpected.

Later Das told me that in the wild flow of Hindustani Tandook had been saying that he wanted to die, he would kill himself, for "*Memsahib*" had seen him in this disgraceful condition, and what did she think of him! But "*Memsahib*" would neither look at him nor speak to him. The most cruel blow was that I quietly refused to discuss with him what he should have for dinner. He made a thousand unnecessary excuses to come into my room, making several attempts outside the door before he could sufficiently screw up his courage to enter. Although he had "discharged himself," all his talk was of future plans—should he send to the nearest village for fowls to-morrow, didn't we want him to engage horses for our return trip, etc.

In the middle of the afternoon we heard him in the next room, talking in a low tone to Das. After a while Das appeared, to say that he had been sent by Tandook "to ask his pardon of Mr. and Mrs. Beebe." W. saw him and said he must make his peace with me; but he said he *could* not, he was "too shameful" to see Memsahib. At last, however, Das—the bearer of the olive branch—tapped at my door, saying in a most virtuous and paternal tone: "Here is Tandook, Mrs. Beebe. I think he is really sorry for what he has done." Das was only eighteen, and thoroughly enjoyed acting as mediator and doing the heavy moral.

Tandook stood in the doorway, only his eyes visible above the ridiculous hat, with which he was covering the lower part of his face, both hands clasped tremblingly in front of the hat. He vowed, "I catch my ear never again to be so rude and bad"—catching one's ear evidently being Tibetan for crossing one's heart. In justice to Tandook I must add that he kept his word, although we often passed the alluring "grog-shops."

Tandook had always been faithful and willing, but now in his repentant mood he became my devoted slave, flying to answer every call. For obvious reasons,



MUZZLED NEPALESE SHEEP

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as the dinner hour drew near I consented to tell him what to have; and I took advantage of his chastened mood to get enough water for a hot bath—a difficult achievement on these mountain-tops.

The Dâk Bungalow of India is a blessed institution for the weary Dâk, as the natives call the traveller. He finds these little shelters dotted over many of the out-of-the-way parts of the country, generally not more than one long day's march apart. They mean warmth when one has been chilled to the bone by biting winds, or shelter from the driving rain and hail storms, the latter so common in northern India that planters insure their crops against them, and so violent that both men and cattle are often killed by them. The bungalows usually consist of two bedrooms and a dining-room, with rough outside buildings providing a kitchen and sheds for horses and coolies.

After our life in the untrodden forests of South America, it was camping *de luxe*.

When we woke on the morning after our arrival at Sandukphu we rubbed our eyes as wonderingly as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. Had we slept ourselves into the next winter! Five inches of snow covered the ground. From the snow-capped peaks to our own door-step all the world was dazzling white. A great pile of nondescript blankets and rags on the floor of the enclosed porch told us that our coolies were still sleeping. The snow had drifted in over them; but when the big heap of humanity finally dissolved into units, each one shook off the snow with the merry good humor which we never saw daunted in these hill-people.

Wearing all the clothes we possessed, we hurried out into the frosty air. As we had not brought heavy gloves, we slipped our hands into stockings, which we found very satisfactory substitutes.

The beautiful snow-storm seemed to go to all our heads. Tandook bustled about getting breakfast and perpetrating such brilliant jokes as, "Very nice sugar on the ground. Put in box; send to Calcutta; get much money," laughing heartily at his own wit! The coolies, full of the joy of the hills, danced around in their thick moccasins and threw snowballs, while we photographed wildly, and our artist painted as fast as cold fingers would permit. Every moment was precious. At this season of the year we had not thought it possible that we should experience the wonder of a snow-storm in these middle Hima-



OUR TIBETANS AT PLAY

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THE MORNING TOILETTE

layas, with the blossoming rhododendrons only a few feet below us on the sheltered side of the mountain. The great Himalayas had proved true to the translation of their name—an "abode of snows."

Here at Sandukphu, our many days of journeying over for the present, we unpacked our outfit and settled down to the serious work of studying the blood and the Impeyan pheasants. While we were making ourselves at home in *our* way, we found the Tibetans doing the same thing in their own quite different fashion.

Gathered together at the sunny end of the bungalow, the women spent the entire morning on their toilets. They combed and plaited one another's hair into long, thick black braids, to my surprise producing false hair from an old tin tobacco-box and judiciously working it in where it was needed.

I longed to tell the woman who wound her braid in coronet style about her head that her coiffure was the most recent thing in the great centres of fashion, but Paris, New York, or London would mean nothing to her. I remembered my Ceylon servant who asked me if America was in Japan, and contented myself with admiring her head-dress, at which she was delighted.

It was a very jolly little feminine party, and each unselfishly helped in the beautification of the others. In lieu of any much-advertised cold-cream the women had rubbed their faces with a strange, brown, greasy paste, for even the Mongolian skin was not proof against the burning, chafing winds of this high altitude. They all wore gold, silver, and turquoise charm-boxes suspended from necklaces of big coral beads, and huge turquoise earrings, so long that they touched their shoulders.

Meanwhile the men played at throwing pice. A pice is equal to a quarter of an anna, or about half a cent in American money. Each player, standing at a distance of fifteen feet, threw the pice at a small hole in the ground; the pice landing in the hole belonged to the thrower. The game was one of wild excitement, every one rushing to the hole to see if the pice was fairly in. Day after day they played this game, always with the same wild shouts and an en-

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thusiasm which never wearied; although occasionally for variety they threw dice, with an old tin cup for dice-box. Thus the women prinked and the men gambled, and neither felt the lack of a more intellectual employment.

My housekeeping was a never-ending source of amusement to me. Tandook came every morning for the day's orders, saying "Verry-wellsir" to all my suggestions, running the words together as though the whole phrase was one, and rolling his r's as sonorously as a Spaniard. Certainly he had no idea of the masculinity implied, for he sometimes varied his response by saying, "Yes, Madame." One could write a volume on the eccentricities of a Tibetan's English. W. was always making Tandook say "sixteen meeleek," which is, being interpreted, "six tins of milk."



MOUNT EVEREST FROM OUR HIGHEST POINT

We were sometimes lucky enough to be able to buy a chicken from some passing Nepalese hillman. I have an aversion to making the personal acquaintance of my animal food before it is ready for the table, but *that* I could never make Tandook understand. He always sought me triumphantly with a squawking chicken under each arm. I *must* look at them, and even lift them to see how heavy they were and how good a bargain he had made! Day after day W. went tramping in search of pheasants, trips often too long and difficult for me. On such days I would go off to a certain sunny patch of rugged pines, where I knew I should always find redstarts, skylarks, and cole-tits twittering in defiance of the bleakest weather. The little cole-tits, in their dainty plumage with crests erect, were very "smart" indeed, hopping about the rhododendrons, which were larger here than the stunted growth to be found higher up.

At this season the summit of Sandukphu was a ghost-world: the ferns of last year lay dried but perfect, while the tender young fronds were already beginning to dream of life and spring; stiff brown lily stalks still held their heads high, as if they had not forgotten their yellow and crimson glory of the past summer—grim reminders of the cycle of life.

The most charming days were those on which W. and I took the horses and our favorite coolies and went back along the trail for a day in the valleys. There we were again in the zone of sunshine, flowers, and butterflies. Little waterfalls murmured their way down between mossy rocks and solid banks of primroses, oxalis, and white and blue violets, while the wind played a tinkling accompaniment among the bamboos.

The coolies carried cameras, guns, and butterfly-nets. They made a gay holiday of it, deeply interested in all we did, standing very still while W. crept up with his camera to some bird or insect, or gathering flowers for me and watching as I placed these between sheets of blotting-paper.

Gayest of them all was "Satán," in whom we had early discovered a useful and a kindred spirit. With the silver paper, in which a roll of films had been packed, plastered over his front teeth and a huge pink rhododendron blossom behind each ear, he would skip about catching butterflies. He was always part of our

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expeditions, bursting with pride at his newly acquired knowledge of cameras and guns. On our travels we have always found an embryo naturalist, and Satán proved one of the best of them. It was Satán who invariably took unconsciously picturesque poses that simply *had* to be photographed, and who was always used in a picture to show the size of tree or rock, usurping my old place as measuring-rod. It was Satán, too, who, after I had bound up his badly cut finger, described me as "a good doctor, but *splendid* for baksheesh!"

We had now obtained photographs and paintings of the native land of our pheasants, but W. wanted more "ecological data," as a scientist would put it, particularly concerning the rare blood-pheasant. In the language of the uninitiated this pheasant seemed to be an exclusive creature who did not care to have his domestic affairs gossipped about in a big monograph.

In spite of the long tramps, this bird had so far succeeded in evading us. "Closed state or not," said W. one day, "we must try our luck in Nepal." We had frequently made little inroads along the border into this forbidden land. This time W.'s plan was to go straight into Nepal along a trail impassable for the ponies, and, alas! for me also; as W. wanted to make a forced march covering as much ground as possible. There was a wild rumor that pheasants had been seen at a certain shed, where some Nepalese shepherds were pasturing their yaks during the snowy months. Here—and as much farther as possible—W. proposed to go, "beating" the jungle all the way.

Had I been going along all would have been serene. As it was, I came dangerously near revealing a feminine unfitness for membership in this pheasant expedition to the Far East. I pictured to myself W. being marched off to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, where he would probably have to go through endless red tape and certainly lose much time before he could return to the freedom of British soil. This sort of thing had been known to happen before and might very reasonably happen again. Being left alone at Sandukphu to wonder whether W. had fallen down a precipice, or merely been taken off by force to visit Katmandu, would not be cheerful; but I held my peace, hastily put a small lunch of biscuit and cheese into what Tandook calls a "whacket," and wished W. luck as he set forth.

With a volunteer force of ten Tibetans



THE BUNGALOW AT PHALLUT

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I then went out to excavate the labyrinth of vole tunnels back of the bungalow. My coolies made wild work of it, pretending to see voles where there were none, throwing their caps over imaginary creatures with cries of excitement. They were tremendously interested in the little grass beds which the thrifty voles had made for themselves in the tunnels, and in the white grubs on which they said the voles feed.

Two of the women had come along, and after the work was over, the occasion became a very social one. To all appearances absorbed in my note-book and statistics on the subject of vole tunnels, I sat in the shelter of a great lichened rock and watched them. One of the women was quite graceful and a beauty—for a Tibetan. I am sure her world considered her so. I dubbed her the Coquette. Human nature is so pathetically and amusingly the same, whether in the rough Tibetan homespun or in broadcloth and chiffon. There was not a man among all our coolies who would not do anything to please the Coquette. Did the lady wish a cigarette, half a dozen men offered theirs at once, and on the trail her load was always the lightest. She was the spirit of every party. Many a more civilized hostess might well have envied her this genius for amusing her world.

W. returned late, having safely crossed the border just in time to escape the Ghoorkas, who must have had a busy day following his trail. He had made many interesting observations, but one bird—the blood-pheasant—still evaded us.

We therefore held a council of war, whose decision was to make a quick trip on to Phallut, travelling as light as possible. It was to be a last dash for the blood-pheasant. Only six luggage coolies were to go, and one of them could do what cooking was necessary. Tandook to his great chagrin being left behind in charge of things at Sandukphu.

The council issued its decree at ten o'clock at night, and by seven the next morning we were on our way, the wind cutting our faces, and the horses slipping and sliding unwillingly along the icy trail. The clouds about us were so dense that we could not see the trail a foot in front of our horses' heads. The mist and the cold brought with them an unreasoning and hopeless depression. There seemed to be no sunshine left in the world—and no blood-pheasants! The one consolation was that we were leaving no stone unturned.

When we had gone about four miles the coolies back of us cried, "Chilly-milly! chilly-milly!"—the blood-pheasant! Pausing only an instant to listen to its peculiar call, W. snatched his gun and was off down the valley. For more than an hour I waited, scarcely feeling the wind, now that there was hope. I experimented in the power of mind over pheasants; but, alas! in this case a dog would have been superior to mind, humiliating as that confession is, for W. returned empty-handed. In all our attempts to get a dog we were disappointed. However, W. had seen this most elusive among pheasants, and had learned its very characteristic call.

We remounted and went on. After a while the sun struggled out. We had descended to a height of about nine thousand feet. The snow peaks were out of sight and the face of nature was no longer rugged and vast. Our way led through fragrant pines, among whose branches floated pianissimo wind music.

As we left the pines and came out again upon the barren mountain, a wild dog ran along the trail ahead of us. A tiny white dot at the top of the mountain showed us the Phallut bungalow, toward which we urged our horses on and up, in a freezing wind, with a storm fast approaching.

We found the bungalow had been shut up for six months. We set up a cry for the *chaukidár,* the bungalow-keeper, who finally appeared, wheezing, puffing, and groaning, after the manner of chaukidárs, who are very like old bellows—useful only for making fires, and very rusty and unwilling.

While the chaukidár made the fires and opened the dusty, long-closed windows, we unpacked our bags and made all ready for the night. Soon there were fresh air and crackling fires in the musty little bungalow. A spread table promised food for the hungry, while beds drawn close to the fireplace and heaped with blankets prophesied warmth and rest.

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We had reached the bungalow just in time. As the last coolie put down his load a terrific storm broke—beating sleet and hail, dazzling lightning, and peals of thunder which seemed to shake the very foundation of our mountain. Later the hail ceased to dance on our roof, softening into huge snowflakes which fell swiftly and silently.

The coolies became demoralized and began to complain that if we were snowed in their food would give out, nothing could be got at Phallut, and if covered with snow the trail back to Sandukphu would be impassable. We were so grateful to have escaped being caught in such a storm that we refused to think of to-morrow's troubles, although our own food-supply was equally scanty and had been planned to last only a day and a half.

After dinner we huddled over the fire and recalled tales we had heard of the wild dogs that hunt in packs and often kill tigers, horses, and men, always taking out a piece wherever they bite, like the schools of caribe fishes of South America.

At five o'clock the next morning we climbed to the top of the peak back of the bungalow. I cannot yet realize that the panorama spread out before us that morning was of this earth. From Everest—the world's highest mountain—to Kinchinjunga, said to deserve the second place in altitude honors, the wonderful Himalayan range stood out, as clear-cut as cameos, against a deep-blue sky. Under the spell of the newly risen sun the snows were pale pink, delicate blue, and lavender, or pure, dead, cold white. The tops of all the lower mountains were enveloped in mist; so that the great snow range seemed to rise straight from a pearl-gray sea of clouds. Like the lesser peaks, all that was petty in life was blotted out in this vision of the loftiest mountains of our planet. A little wedge driven through the stupendous majesty and silence of the snows marked Jelep La Pass, the most important trade route through the Himalayas from India into Central Asia. Through this gateway of the snows tobacco, indigo, iron, manufactured cotton, silk, and wool are poured into Tibet, which in turn sends into India hides, horses, ponies, musk, and the fluffy yak-tails used all over the East as "fly-flappers."

After our early breakfast I helped W. off for his final arduous tramp in pursuit of the blood-pheasant. This time he was to go into the state of Sikkim. I then eagerly loaded up my cameras for a blissful morning with the snows—to find that in the few minutes which I had spent in getting ready the clouds had blotted out everything, and I could not see clearly ten feet beyond the door-step.

I could not expect W. back for eight hours at the very earliest. Of the coolies only the cook knew a word of English, and his vocabulary of some dozen words was purely culinary—toast, cheese, fowl, etc. That was not enlivening, particularly as the larder was so painfully bare. It was decidedly wiser to fix one's mind on higher things. I had only my thoughts and my diary to occupy me; the former were anxious enough to send me many times to peer vainly out into the all-obscuring gray mist.

As the day wore on, the snow on the trail melted sufficiently for me to send the horses two miles down in the hope of giving the tired men a lift home. W. told me later that nothing could describe the joy of his heart when he saw the horse waiting to take him up the last stiff climb. It was almost nightfall when at last he came, looking aged and worn with the terrible hours of toiling knee-deep in snow up and down the mountains, repeatedly slipping back many of the painfully gained steps. At last the coolies with him had lost the way; and they had had to climb over several of the treeless snow mountains next to Phallut, instead of following the trail. Both the coolies had collapsed, and I had to become at once "Memsahib the doctor," doing for them all that lay in the power of hot food and my medicine-kit.

But the bird of our quest had at last been found, and W. had made many desired observations concerning its manner of life and the desolate haunts which it shares with the lammergeier, the skylark, and the snow-leopard; the drama of the pheasants, however, is W.'s story, not mine.

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Socrates to the Rescue

A FURTHER EPISODE IN "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

BY IRVING BACHELLER

A YEAR after Socrates Potter had told how the village of Fairview had almost gone into bankruptcy in trying to keep pace with Lizzie and of that young woman's happy descent, I called again at his office.

"How is Fairview?" I asked.

He leaned back and laughed.

"The balloons are coming down all out of ballast. Most of 'em touch ground in the vicinity of the great aviation park that surrounds Wall Street.

"Talk about trying to cross the Atlantic in an air-ship—why, it's nothing! Right here, in the eastern part of Connecticut, a man set out for the moon with a large company—a joint-stock company—of his friends—his surplus friends. They got in on the ground floor and got out in the sky. The Wellman of this enterprise escaped with his life and some wreckage. He was Mr. T. Robinson Barrow, and he came to consult. He consulted me about his affairs.

"'Sell your big house and your motor-car,' I urged.

"'That would have been easy,' he answered, 'but Lizzie has spoilt the market for luxuries. You remember how she got high notions up at the Smythe school, and began a life of extravagance, and how we all tried to keep up with her, and how the rococo architecture broke out like pimples on the face of Connecticut?'

"I smiled and nodded.

"'Well, it was you, I hear, that helped her back to the earth and started her in the simple life. Since then she has been going just as fast, but in the opposite direction, and we're still trying to keep up with her. Now I found a man who was going to buy my property, but suddenly his wife decided that they would get along with a more modest outfit. She's trying to keep up with Lizzie. Folks are getting wise.'

"'Why don't you?'

"'Can't.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because I'm a born fool. We're fettered; we're prisoners of luxury.'

"Only a night or two before I had seen his wife at a reception with a rope of pearls in her rigging and a search-light o' diamonds on her forward deck and a tiara-boom-de-ay at her mast-head and the flags of opulence flying fore and aft.

"'If I were you,' I said, 'I'd sell everything—even the jewels.'

"'My poor wife!' he exclaimed. 'I haven't the heart to tell her all. She don't know how hard up we are!'

"'I wouldn't neglect her education if I were you,' I said. 'There's a kindness, you know, that's most unkind. Some day I shall write an article on the use and abuse of tiaras—poor things! It isn't fair to overwork the family tiara. I suggest that you get a good-sized trunk and lock it up with the other jewels for a vacation. If necessary your house could be visited by a burglar—that is, if you wanted to save the feelings of your wife.'

"He turned with a puzzled look at me.

"'Is it possible that you haven't heard of that trick,' I asked—'a man of your talents!'

"He shook his head.

"'Why, these days, if a man wishes to divorce the family jewels and is afraid of his wife, the house is always entered by a burglar. My dear sir, the burglar is an ever-present help in time of trouble. It's a pity that we have no *Gentleman's Home Journal* in which poor but deserving husbands could find encouragement and inspiration.'

"He looked at me and laughed.

"'Suppose you engage a trusty and reliable burglar?' he proposed.

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BILL AND I GOT TOGETHER OFTEN AND TALKED OF THE OLD HAPPY DAYS

"'There's only one in the world,' I said.

"'Who is it?'

"'Thomas Robinson Barrow. Of course I'm not saying that if *I* needed a burglar he's just the man I should choose, but for this job he's the only reliable burglar. Try him.'

"He seemed to be highly amused.

"'But it might be difficult to fool the police,' he said, in a minute.

"'Well, it isn't absolutely necessary, you know,' I suggested. 'The Chief of Police is a friend of mine.'

"'Good! I'm engaged for this job, and will sell the jewels and turn the money over to you.'

"'I do not advise that—not just that,' I said. 'We'll retire them from active life. A tiara in the safe is worth two in the bush. We'll use them for collateral and go to doing business. When we've paid the debts in full we'll redeem the goods and return them to your overjoyed wife. We'll launch our tiara on the Marcel waves.'

"Tom was delighted with this plan —not the best, perhaps—but it would save his wife from reproach, and I don't know what would have happened if she had continued to dazzle and enrage his creditors with the pearls and the tiara.

"'It will not be so easy to sell the house,' Tom went on. 'That's our worst millstone. It was built for large hospitality, and we have a good many friends, and they come every week and jump on to the millstone.'

"'If one has to have a millstone he should choose it with discretion,' I said. 'It doesn't pay to get one that is too inviting. You'll have to swim around with yours for a while, and watch your chance to slip it on to some other fellow's neck. You don't want your son to be a millstonaire. Some day a man of millions may find it a comfortable fit, and relieve you. They're buying places all around here.'

"The burglary achieved a fair amount of publicity—not too much, you know, but enough. Tom said that his wife had lost weight since the sad event.

"'Of course,' I said. 'You can't take

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ten pounds of jewelry from a woman without reducing her weight. She had a pint of diamonds.'

"Pictures of the villa, with a 'for sale' poster showing on the lawn, were printed in all the papers, and soon a millionaire wrote that it was just the place he was looking for. I closed the deal with him. It was Bill Warburton, who used to go to school with me up there on the hills. He had long been dreaming of a home in Fairview. They used to say that Bill was a fool, but he proved an alibi. Went West years ago and made a fortune, and thought it would be nice to come back and finish his life where it began, near the greatest American city. I drew the papers, and Bill and I got together often and talked of the old happy days, now glimmering in the far past—some thirty-five years away.

"Well, the Warburtons enlarged the house—that was already big enough for a hotel—and built stables and kennels and pheasant-yards and houses for ducks and geese and peacocks. They stocked up with fourteen horses, twelve hounds, nine collies, four setters, nineteen servants, innumerable fowls, and four motor-cars, and started in pursuit of happiness.

"You see, they had no children, and all these beasts and birds were intended to supply the deficiency in human life and assist in the capture of the great prize. Well, somehow, it didn't work out, and one day Bill came into my office with a worried look. He confided to me the well-known fact that his wife was nervous and unhappy.

"'The doctors don't do her any good, and I thought I'd try a lawyer,' said he.

"'Do you want to sue Fate for damages or indict her for malicious persecution?' I asked.

"'Neither,' he said; 'but you know the laws of nature as well as the laws of men. I appeal to you to tell me what law my wife has broken, and how she can make amends.'

"'You surprise me,' I said. 'You and the Madame can have everything you want, and still you're unhappy.'

"'What can we have that you can't? You can eat as much, and sleep better, and wear as many clothes, and see and hear as well as we can.'

"'Ah, but in the matter of quality I'm 'way behind the flag, Bill. You can wear cloth of gold, and Russian sables, and have champagne and terrapin every meal, and fiddlers to play while ye eat, and a brass band to march around the place with ye, and splendid horses to ride, and dogs to roar on ahead and attract the attention of the populace. You can have a lot of bankrupt noblemen to rub and manicure and adulate and chiropodize you, and people who'd have to laugh at your wit or look for another job, and authors to read from their own works—'

"Bill interrupted with a gentle protest: 'Soc, how comforting you are!'

"'Well, if that's losing its charm, what's the matter with travel?'

"'Don't talk to me about travel,' said Bill. 'We've worn ruts in the earth now. Our feet have touched every land.'

"'How many meals do you eat a day?'

"'Three.'

"'Try six,' I suggested.

"He laughed, and I thought I was making progress; so I kept on.

"'How many motor-cars have ye?'

"'Four.'

"'Get eight,' I advised, as Bill put on the loud pedal. 'You've got nineteen servants, I believe; try thirty-eight. You have twenty-one dogs; get forty-two. You can afford it.'

"'Come, be serious,' said Bill. 'Don't poke fun at me.'

"'Ah, but your wife must be able to prove that she has more dogs and horses and servants and motor-cars, and that she eats more meals in a day, than any other woman in Connecticut. Then, maybe, she'll be happy. You know it's a woman's ambition to excel.'

"'We have too many fool things now,' said Bill, mournfully. 'She's had enough of them—God knows.'

"Something in Bill's manner made me sit up and stare at him.

"'Of course, you don't mean that she wants another husband!' I exclaimed.

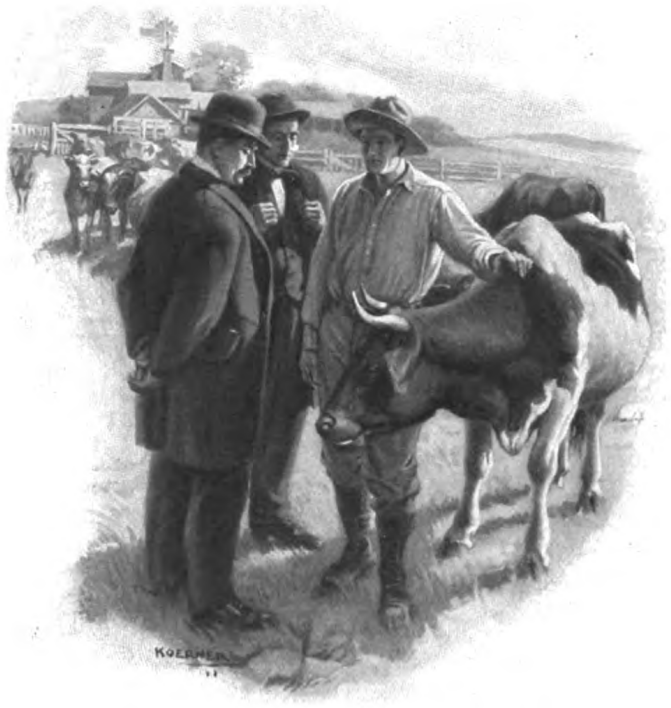
"'No,' said Bill, sadly; 'but sometimes I'm almost inclined to think she does.'

"'Well, that's one direction in which I should advise strict economy,' said I. 'You can multiply the dogs and the horses, and the servants and the motor-cars, but in the matter of wives and husbands we

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ought to stick to the simple life. Don't let her go to competing with those Fifth Avenue ladies.'

"'I don't know what's the matter,' Bill went on. 'She's had everything that her heart could wish. All her friends are green with envy, and undoubtedly that's a comfort to her. But, of course, she has had only one husband, and most of her friends have had two or three. They've outmarried her. It may be that, secretly, she's just a little annoyed about that. Between you and me, she seems to have made up her mind that I don't love her, and I can't convince her that I do.'



WE SET OUT FOR A TRAMP OVER THE BIG FARM

"'Well, Bill, I should guess that you have always been fond of your wife and —true to her.'

"'And you are right,' said Bill. 'It's my only pride, for I might have been gay. In society I enjoy a reputation for firmness. I've kept myself decently clean.'

"'Well, Bill, you can't do anything more for her in the matter of food, raiment, beasts, or birds; and as to jewelry, she carries a pretty heavy stock. I often feel the need of smoked glasses when I look at her. You'll have to make up your mind as to whether she needs more or less. I'll study the situation myself. It may be that I can suggest something by and by—just as a matter of friendship.'

"'Your common sense may discern what is needed,' said Bill. 'I wish you'd come at least once a week to dinner. My wife would be delighted to have you, Soc. You are one of the few men who interest her.'

"She was a pretty woman, distinguished for a look of weariness and a mortal fear of fat. She had done nothing so hard and so long that to her nothing was all there was in the world—save fat. She was so busy about it that she couldn't sit still. She wandered from one chair to another, and now and then glancing at her image in a mirror and slyly feeling her ribs to see if she had gained flesh that day. She liked me because I was unlike any other man she had met. I poked fun at her folly and all the grandeur of the place. I amused her as much as she amused me, perhaps. Anyhow, we got to be good friends, and the next Sunday we drove out in a motor-car to see Lizzie. They were walking up and down the lawn, with an infant in a perambulator and a two-year-old boy toddling along behind them. Bill and I left Mrs. Bill with Lizzie and the kids, and set out for a tramp over the big farm. When we returned we found the ladies talking earnestly in the house.

"'That's a wonderful woman,' said Mrs. Bill, as we drove away. 'I envy her—she's so strong and well and happy. She spends every morning with the children and is in the saddle every afternoon, helping with the work of the farm.'

"'Why don't you get into the saddle

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and be as well and strong as she is?' Bill asked.

"'Because I've no object. I can't help anybody by doing it,' said Mrs. Bill. 'I'm weary of riding for exercise. There never was a human being who could keep it up long. It's like you and your dumbbells. To my knowledge you haven't set a foot in your gymnasium for a month. As a matter of fact, you're as tired of play as I am, every bit.'

"'Tired of play!' Bill exclaimed. 'Why, Grace, night before last you were playing bridge until three o'clock in the morning.'

"'Well, it's a way of doing nothing skilfully and on the competitive plan,' said she. 'It gives me a chance to measure my capacity. When I get through I am so weary that often I can go to sleep without thinking. It seems to me that brains are a great nuisance to some people. Of course they will atrophy and disappear in time like the tails of our ancestors, but mine rebels. It shouts for relief in the still hours. I often wish that I had one of those soft, flexible, paralytic, cocker-spaniel brains, like that of our friend Mrs. Surie. She is so happy with it—so unterrified. She is equally at home in bed or on horseback, reading the last best-seller or pouring tea and compliments. Now just hear how this brain of mine is going on about that poor, inoffensive creature! But that's the way it treats me. It's a perfect heathen of a brain.'

"Bill and I looked at each other and laughed. Her talk convinced me of one thing—that her trouble was not the lack of a brain.

"'You're always making fun of me,' she said. 'Why don't you give me something to do?'

"'Suppose you wash the dishes?' said Bill.

"'Would it please you?'

"'Anything that pleases you pleases me.'

"I saw that she, too, was going to try to keep up with Lizzie, an' I decided that I'd help her.

"'By the way,' I said, when we sat down to luncheon at Bill's house, 'I'm a candidate for new honors.'

"'Those of a husband? I've been hoping for that—you stubborn, old bachelor.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'm to be a father.'

"Bill put down his fork and turned and stared at me. Mrs. Bill leaned back in her chair with a red look of surprise.

"'The gladdest, happiest papa in Connecticut,' I added.

"Mrs. Bill covered her face with her napkin and began to shake.

"'S-Soc, have you fallen?' Bill stammered.

"'No, I've riz,' I said. 'Don't blame me, ol' man; I had to do it. I've adopted some orphans. I'm going to have an orphanage on the hill, but it will take a year to finish it. I've found five children that please me—all strong and well, and from two to five years old. They're beauties, and I know that I'm going to love them. Two came from a big asylum near Boston, three from a children's Home in New York. I propose to take them out of the atmosphere of indigence and wholesale charity. They'll have a normal, pleasant home, and a hired mother and me to look after them—the personal touch, you know. I expect to have a lot of fun with them.'

"'But what a responsibility!' said Mrs. Bill.

"'I know, but I feel the need of it. Of course it's different with you—very different; you have all these dogs and horses to be responsible for and to give you amusement. I couldn't afford that. Then, too, I'm a little odd, I guess. I can get more fun out of one happy human soul than out of all the dogs and horses in creation.'

"'But children! Why, they're so subject to sickness and accident and death,' said Mrs. Bill.

"'And they're subject also to health and life and safety,' I answered.

"'Yes—but you know—they'll be getting into all kinds of trouble. They'll worry you.'

"'True; but as for worry, I don't mind that much,' I said. 'My best days were those that were full of worry. Now that I've won a competence and my money worries are gone, so is half my happiness. You can't have sunshine without shadows. There was one of my neighbors who was troubled with boils. He had to have them cured right away, and a doctor gave him some medicine that healed them up, but he was worse off than ever. The

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boils began to do business inside of him, and he rushed back to the doctor.

"'"What's the matter now?" said the medical man.

"'"Outside I'm sound as a dollar," said my neighbor, "but it seems to me as if all hell had moved into me."'

"'Now, cares are like boils; it don't do to get rid of them too quick. They're often a great relief to the inside of a man, and it's better to have them on the surface than 'way down in your marrow.'

"Bill and his wife looked into each other's eyes for half a minute, but neither spoke.

"'I'm going to ask a favor of you,' I said. 'I see that there's nobody living in that old farmhouse out back of the garden. I wish you'd let me put my little family into it until I can build a home for them.'

"'Oh my!' Mrs. Bill exclaimed. 'Those children would be running all over the lawns and the garden. They'd destroy my roses.'

"'True; but, after all, they're more beautiful than the roses,' I urged. 'They're more graceful in form, more charming in color. Then, too, roses cannot laugh or weep or play. Roses cannot look up at you out of eyes full of the light of heaven and brighter than your jewels. Roses may delight but they cannot love you or know that you love them. Dear woman, my roses will wander over the lawns. Their colors will be flickering about you, and their fragrance and the music of their voices will surround the villa some days, but, God knows, they'll look better, far better, than the dogs or the bronze lions or the roses. I shall dress them well.'

"'I think he's right,' said Bill.

"'He's most disturbing and persuasive, anyway—the revolutionist!' said Mrs. Bill. 'If it's really a favor to you, Mr. Potter, I shall agree to it. But you must have a trusty woman. I really cannot assume any responsibility.'

"I thanked her and promised to assume all responsibility, and Mrs. Warburton was to get the farmhouse ready next day.



"NO," I SAID, "I'M TO BE A FATHER"

"Three days later I drove to the villa with my matron and the babies, and when we lit at the front door every youngster broke out in a loud hurrah. The three-year-old boy—beautiful beyond all words—got aboard one of the crouched lions and began to shout. A little girl made a grab at the morning-glories on a Doric column, while her sister had mounted a swinging hammock and tumbled to the floor. The other two were chattering like parrots. Honestly, I was scared. I was afraid that Mrs. Bill would come down and jump into hysterics. I snaked the boy off the lion's back and rapped on him for order. The matron got busy with the others. In a jiffy it seemed as if they had all begun to wail an' roar. I trembled when a maid opened the door and I saw Mrs. Bill coming down the stairway. I wouldn't have been surprised to see the bronze lion get up and run.

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"'The saints defend us!' exclaimed Mrs. Bill, in the midst of the uproar.

"'They're not at their best,' I shouted, 'but here they are.'

"'Yes, I knew they were there,' said Mrs. Bill. 'This is the music of which you were speaking the other day. Take them right around to the farmhouse, if you please. I must ask you to excuse me this morning.'

"I succeeded in quelling the tumult, and introduced the matron, who received a nod and a look that made a dent in her, and away we went around the great house, a melancholy, shuffling troop, now silent as the grave. It looked dark for my little battalion, with which I had been hoping to conquer this world within the villa gates. They were of the great army of the friendless.

"I asked Mrs. Hammond, the matron, to see that they did as little damage as possible, and left them surrounded by every comfort.

"They had a telephone, and reasonable credit at the stores, and Mrs. Hammond was a motherly soul of much experience with children, and I knew that I could trust her.

"I was to dine with the Warburtons later in the week, and before I entered the big house that evening I went around to the farmhouse. The children were all well and asleep in their beds, and the matron apparently contented. She said that Mrs. Bill had met them in the grounds that day, and she told how the little three-year-old boy had attached himself to my lady Warburton, who had spent half an hour leading him through the gardens. How beautiful he was lying asleep in his bed that evening!—his face like the best dreams of Eros, with silken yellow curly locks on his brow, and long dark lashes, soft as the silk of the growing corn, and a red mouth, so wonderfully curved, so appealing in its silence. Beneath it were teeth like carved ivory. Those baby lips seemed to speak to me and to say: 'O man that was born of a woman and like me was helpless, give me your love or look not upon me.' But I could not help looking, and as I looked he smiled, in what dreams—of things past or to come—I wish it were in me to tell you. Something touched me—like a strong hand. I went out under the trees in the darkness and stood still and wondered what had happened to me. Great Scott! me! Socrates Potter, lawyer, statesman, horse-trader.

"'With that little captain I could take a city,' I whispered, and I got up and brushed myself off, as it were, and walked around to the front door of the great house. Therein I was to witness an amusing comedy. The butler wore a new sort of grin as he took my wraps at the door. The guests were mostly from New York and Greenwich. We had taken our seats at the table, when, to my surprise, Mrs. Bill, in a grand costume, with a collar of diamonds on her neck, began to serve the caviar.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' said she, 'this is to convince Mr. Socrates Potter that I can do useful work. I'm dieting, anyhow, and I can't eat.'

"'My friend, I observe that you are serving us, and we are proud, but you do not seem to be serving a purpose,' I said.

"'Now, don't spoil it all with your relentless logic,' she began; 'you see, I am absorbing your democracy. One of our ladies had to give up a dinner-party the other day because her butlers had left suddenly.

"'"Why didn't you serve the dinner yourself?" I said.

"'"Impossible!" she answered, proudly.

"'"It would have been a fine lark," was my answer. "I would have done it."

"'"I'd like to see you," she laughed.

"'"You shall," I answered, and here I am.'

"Now, there were certain smiles which led me to suspect that it was a blow aimed at one of the ladies who sat at the table with us, but of that I'm not sure.

"'I'm only getting my hand in,' our hostess went on. 'Bill and I are going to try the simple life. To-morrow we move into the log cabin, where we shall do our own work, and send the servants off for a week's holiday. I'm going to do the cooking and make the beds, and Bill is to chop the wood and help wash the dishes, and we shall sleep outdoors. It will, I hope, be a lesson to some of these proud people around us who are living beyond their means. That's good, isn't it?'

"'Excellent!' I exclaimed, as the others laughed.

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THREE DAYS LATER I DROVE TO THE VILLA

"'Incidentally, it will help me to reduce,' she added.

"'And it promises to reduce Bill,' I said. 'It will kill Bill, but it will pay. Think of eating biscuits and flapjacks from the hand of a social leader! A sense of duty will compel him to eat, but with the axe he may be able to defend his constitution. With the aid of the axe his ancestors were able to withstand the assaults of pork and beans and pie. If he uses it freely he is safe.'

"'You see, I shall have him in a position where he must work or die,' said Mrs. Bill.

"'He'll die,' said a guest.

"'I call it a worthy enterprise, whatever the expense,' I said. 'It will set a fashion here, and a very good one. This community is filling up with lazy, indolent women who do nothing but spend money, while their husbands are sweating to earn it. What confusion will spread among them when they learn that Mrs. William Henry Warburton, the richest woman in Fairfield County and the daughter of a Bishop, has been doing her own work! What consternation! what dismay! what female profanity! what a revision of habits and resolutions! Why, there's been nothing like it since the descent of Lizzie.'

"'I think it's terrible,' said a very fat lady from Louisville, often surreptitiously referred to as the 'Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.' 'The idea of trying to make drudgery fashionable! I think we women have all we can do now.'

"'To be respectable,' said Mrs. Bill. 'You're quite right; but let's try to do something else.'

"'Why don't you form a Ladies' Protective Union?' Bill suggested.

"'And choose the tiara for a symbol, and strike for no hours a day and all your husbands earn and a little more,' I added.

"'And the employment of skilled idlers only,' Mrs. Bill put in. 'They must all know how to discuss the rights of women and the novel of lust, and play bridge and deliver a thrust gracefully. How absurd it all is! I'm not going to be an overgrown child any longer.'

"I saw that Mrs. Bill was making progress, and with her assistance I began to hope for better things in that neighborhood.

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"You've got to reach the women somehow, you see, before you can improve the social conditions of a community. They're mostly overgrown children, as Mrs. Bill had put it, and doing nothing with singular determination and often with appalling energy.

"Our pretty hostess had been helping a butler as this talk went on, and presently one of the other ladies joined her, and never was any company so picturesquely and amusingly served.

"'I've quite fallen in love with that three-year-old boy,' said Mrs. Bill, as we rose from the table. 'I had a good romp with him to-day.'

"'I wish you'd go over to the house with me; I want to show you something,' I said.

"In a moment we were in wraps and making our way across the lawn.

"'I was so glad to get a rap at that Mrs. Barrow,' she whispered, as we walked along. 'She's got back her jewels that were stolen and has begun to go out. Her husband is always borrowing money.'



THE BOY HAD ATTACHED HIMSELF TO LADY WARBURTON

"'I've loaned him a little myself,' I said.

"'So has Bill, and she goes about with the airs of a *grande duchesse* and the silliest notions. Really, it was for her benefit that I helped the butler.'

"'If it weren't for Bill I'd call you an angel,' I said. 'You have it in your power to redeem the skilled loafers of this community.'

"We reached the little house, so unlike the big, baronial thing we had left. It was a home. Mrs. Hammond sat by the reading-lamp, in its cozy sitting-room, before an open fire. She led us into the bedroom, with the lamp in her hand. There lay the boy as I had left him, still smiling, with a lovelier, softer red in his cheeks than that of roses.

"'See the color and the dimples,' I said.

"She looked from one to another, and suddenly the strong appeal of their faces fell upon her. She raised the boy from his bed, and he put his arms around her neck and began to talk in a tender baby treble.

"Did you ever hear the voice of a child just out of dreamland, when it expresses, not complaint, but love and contentment? Well, sir, it is the sweetest, the most compelling note in all nature, I believe. It is like a muted violin—voice of God or voice of man—which is it? I dare not say, but I do know that the song of the hermit-thrush is but sounding brass compared with that.

"I felt its power, and I said to myself, 'I will waste my life no longer. I will marry.'

"She, too, had felt it. The little captain had almost overcome her. She laid him down, and we turned away and went out into the darkness. We walked through the garden paths, and neither spoke, but in the stillness I could hear trumpets of victory. We entered the great hall and sat with the others by its fireside, but took little part in its talk. When I made my adieux she shook my hand warmly and said I was very good to them.

"Save for its good example,

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the log-cabin experiment was not a success. They slept with all the doors and windows open, and one night a skunk came in and got under the bed. Mrs. Bill discovered that they had company, and Bill got up and lit the lantern, and followed a clew to its source. He threatened and argued and appealed to the skunk's better nature with a doughnut, but the little beast sat unmoved in its corner. The place seemed to suit him. Bill got mad and flung the axe at him. It was a fatal blow to the sweetness and sociological condition of Connecticut.

"They returned to the big house and told me of their adventure.

"'Don't be discouraged,' I said. 'You will find skunks in every walk of life, but the axe is no adequate defence against them. When you meet one, throw down your hand. They don't play fair. They deal from the bottom of the pack.'



SHE LED US INTO THE BEDROOM

"Being driven out of the cabin, Mrs. Bill gave most of her leisure to the farmhouse, where I spent an hour or more every day.

"Suddenly I saw that a wonderful thing had happened to me. I was in love with those kids and they with me. The whole enterprise had been a bluff conceived in the interest of the Warburtons. I hadn't really intended to build a house, but suddenly I got busy with all the mechanics I could hire in Fairview, and the house began to grow like a mushroom.

"Another wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Warburton fell in love with the kids and they with her. She romped with them on the lawn; she took them out to ride every day; she put them to bed every night; she heard their prayers; she insisted upon buying their clothes; she bought them a pony and a phaeton; she built them a playhouse for their comfort. The whole villa began to revolve around the children. They called her mamma an' they called me papa, a sufficiently singular situation.

"Bill came to me one day and said: 'Those babies have solved the problem; my wife is happy and in excellent health. She sleeps and eats as well as ever, and her face has a new look—you have observed it?'

"'Certainly, Bill. I saw what was the matter long ago—she was car sick, and tiara sick, and dog sick, and horse

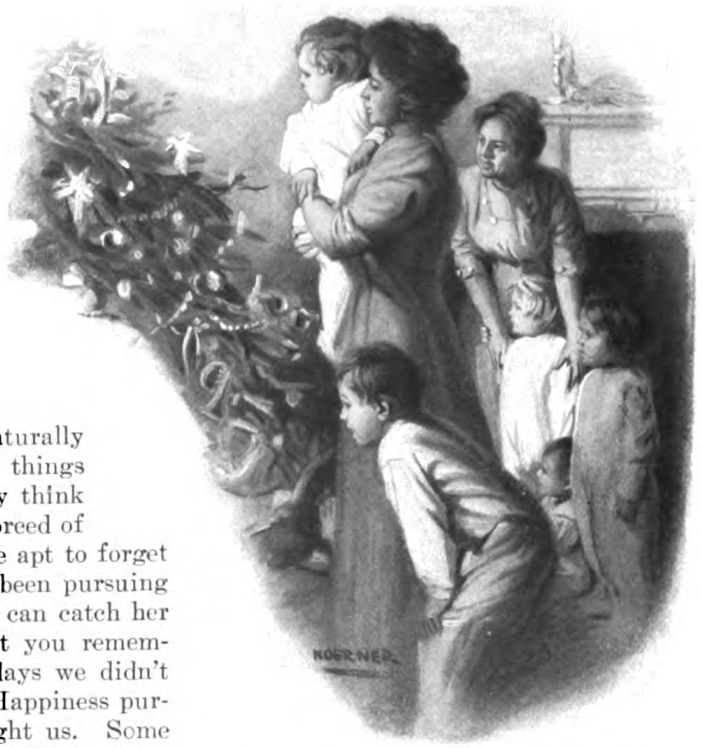
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sick. She has discovered that the only real luxuries are work, children, motherhood. I have been a little disappointed in you, Bill. Your father was a minister; he had the love of men in his soul. You seem to have taken to dogs and horses with an affection almost brotherly. I don't blame you so much. When men get rich they naturally achieve a passion for the things that money will buy. They think they've got to improve the breed of dogs and horses, and they're apt to forget the breed of men. You've been pursuing Happiness. But you never can catch her in that way—never. Don't you remember, Bill, that in the old days we didn't pursue Happiness? Why, Happiness pursued us and generally caught us. Some days she didn't succeed until we were all tired out, and then she led us away into the wonderful land of dreams, and it was like heaven. You never get Happiness by pursuing *her*—that's one dead-sure thing. Happiness is never captured. She comes unbidden or not at all. She travels only in one path, and you haven't found it. Bill, you've strayed a little. Let's try to locate the trail o' Happiness. I believe we're getting near it.

"'Last year one of your colts won a classic event of the turf. How much finer it would be if you had some boys in training for the sublime contests of life, and it wouldn't cost half so much. You know, there are plenty of homeless boys who need your help. Wouldn't it pay better to develop a Henry M. Stanley —once a homeless orphan—than a Salvator or an Ormonde or a Rayon d'Or?'

"'Pound away,' said Bill. 'Nail and rivet me to the cross. I haven't a word to say, except this: What in the devil do ye want me to do?'

"'Well, ye might help to redeem New England.' I said. 'The Yankee blood is running out, and it's a pity. It's almost a childless race. Do ye know the reason?'



THEIR EYES WERE WIDE WITH WONDER

"He shook his head.

"'It costs so much to live,' I says. 'We can't afford them. To begin with, the boys and girls don't marry so young. They can't stand the expense. They're all keeping up with Lizzie, but on the wrong road. The girls are worse than the boys. They beat the bush for a husband. At first, they hope to drive out a duke or an earl; by and by they're willing to take a common millionaire; at last they conclude that if they can't get a stag they'll take a rabbit. Then we learn that they're engaged to a young man, and are going to marry as soon as he can afford it. He wears himself out in the struggle, and is apt to be a nervous wreck before the day arrives. They are nearing or past thirty when he decides that with economy and *no children* they can afford to maintain a home. The bells ring, the lovely strains from *Lohengrin* fill the grand, new house of God and overflow into the quiet streets of the village, and we hear in them what Wagner never thought of—the joyful

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death march of a race. Think of it, Bill: this old earth is growing too grand, too luxurious, too grasping, too costly *for the use o' man.* Life has become a kind of a circus where only a few can pay the price of admission, and the rest—good God! I wonder how long You'll bear with us!'

"Bill began to stride the floor.

"'How can I help it?' he asked.

"'You have it in your power to hasten the end of this wickedness,' I said. 'For one thing, you can make the middleman let go of our throats in this community. Near here are hundreds of acres of land going to waste. Buy it and make it produce—wool, meat, flax, grains, and vegetables. Start a market and a small factory here, and sell the necessaries of life at a reasonable price. Put your brain and money into it; make it a business. At least, you'll demonstrate what it ought to cost to live here in New England. If it's so much that the average Yankee can't afford it by honest work—if we must all be lawyers or bankers or brokers or grasping middlemen in order to live—you might start an Asylum for the Upright where they can die comfortably and honorably. Bill, you'll set an example of inestimable value in this republic of ours. Dan has begun the good work and demonstrated that it will pay.'

"'It's a good idea—I'm with you,' he said. 'If we can get the boys and girls to marry while the bloom is on the rye, it's worth while, and I wouldn't wonder if indirectly we'd increase the crop of Yankees and the yield of happiness to the acre.'

"'Bill, you're a good fellow,' I said. 'You only need to be reminded of your duty—you're like many another man.'

"'And I'll think you the best fellow in the world if you'll let us keep those kids.'

"'I can't do that,' I said, 'but I'll keep them here until we can get some more. There are thousands of them as beautiful, as friendless, as promising as these were.'

"'I wish you could let us have these,' he urged. 'We wouldn't adopt them, probably, but we'd do our best for them—our very best.'

"'I can't,' I answered.

"'Why?'

"'Because they've got hold of my old heart—that's why.'

"'Great God!' he exclaimed. 'I hadn't thought of that. And my wife told me this morning that she loves that boy as dearly as she loves me. They've all won her heart. What shall I do?'

"'Let me think it over,' I said, and shook his hand, and left him with new thoughts in me. That very night I wrote a strong appeal to the highest court in this world—a woman's heart.

"Next morning I plunged into a lawsuit and was working night and day, until the jury came in with a verdict in my favor, and court adjourned for the Christmas holidays. Then a favorable decision was handed down in a cablegram from an Italian city on my appeal. My verdict was the love of a very dear and beautiful woman. I was primed for a merry Christmas.

"I was to dine with the Warburtons Christmas Eve, and be Santa Claus for the children. I bought a set of whiskers and put on my big fur coat and two sets of bells on the mare, and drove to the villa with a full pack in the buggy and a fuller heart in my breast.

"Bill and Mrs. Bill and I went over to the farmhouse together, with our arms full. The children were in a room upstairs with Mrs. Hammond waiting for Santa Claus. Below we helped the two maids, who were trimming the Christmas tree—and a wonderful tree it was when we were done with it—why, sir, you'd have thought a rainbow was falling into a thicket on the edge of a lake. It was the tree of all fruits.

"We filled the little stockings hanging on the mantel. Then they helped me to put on my beard and the great-coat, and cap and pack over all, and Mrs. Bill and I went out-of-doors. We stood still and listened for a moment. Two baby voices were calling out of an upper window: 'Santa Claus, please come, Santa Claus.' Then we heard the window close and the clatter above-stairs, but we stood still. Mrs. Bill seemed to be laughing, but I observed that her handkerchief had the centre of the stage in this little comedy.

"In half a minute I stole down the road and picked up the bells that lay beside it, and came prancing up to the

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door with a great jingle, and took my stand by the Christmas tree. We could hear the hurry of small feet, and eager, half-hushed voices in the hall overhead. Then down the stairway came my slender battalion in the last scene of the siege. Their eyes were wide with wonder, their feet slow with fear. The little captain of three ran straight to Mrs. Bill and laid hold of her gown, and partly hid himself in its folds, and stood peeking out at me. It was a masterful bit of strategy. She raised him in her arms and held him close. A great music-box in a corner began to play:

'O Tannenbaum! O Tannenbaum! wie grün
sind deine Blätter!'

Then with laughter and merry jests we emptied the pack and gathered from the tree whose fruit had fed the starving human heart for more than a thousand years; and how it filled those friends of mine! Well, it was the night of my life, and when I turned to go, its climax fell upon me. Mrs. Bill kneeled at my feet, and said with tears in her eyes and her lips and voice trembling:

"'O Santa Claus! you have given me many things, but I beg for more—five more.'

"The city had fallen. Its queen was on her knees. The victorious army was swarming into the open gate of her arms. The hosts of doubt and fear were fleeing.

"I refuse to tell you all that happened in the next minute or two. A witness has some rights in testifying against his own manhood.

"I helped the woman to her feet, and said:

"'They are yours. I shall be happy enough, and, anyhow, I do not think I shall need them now.'

"And so I left them as happy as human beings have any right to be. At last they had caught up with Lizzie, and I, too, was in a fair way to overtake her."

Last Night I Dreamed

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LAST night I dreamed, mine enemy,
That you were at my side,
As in the days ere coldness came
Our spirits to divide.

You smiled again with cordial eyes
And simple heart elate,
As in the happy olden time
That nothing knew of hate.

And I forgot, in converse glad,
The bitterness since then,
And nearer to my thought you seemed—
Dearer—than other men;

For memory, with softened touch
Of pity, that caressed,
Made every kindness glow more bright,—
And blotted out the rest.

Last night from dreams, mine enemy,
I woke in tears, and knew
The soul, apart from mortal strife,
Has naught with hate to do.

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Some Recent Experiments in Human Conservation

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

THERE is a rumor about the United Charities Building in New York that an over-ardent young philanthropist once lost his job for venturing the opinion at a staff quiz that the highest aim of modern charity should be the elimination of itself. That was heresy a half-dozen years ago; to-day every other social worker one meets—and practically all of the younger ones—holds it as a matter of fundamental conviction. With this radical change of feeling, certain recent experiments in human conservation have had much to do.

About two years ago a stalwart, blond, intelligent-looking man walked into the reception-room of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and "asked," says the record made at the time, "if it would be possible for his wife to obtain sewing from the Sewing Bureau, as it is very hard to support the large family on his wages. He worked for eight or nine years in a rubber factory, having a good position and good wages. Rubber-work is his trade, and two or three years ago he earned sixteen to eighteen dollars a week. The rubber factories have gone into a trust, and the last few months work has been very scarce. He, with many others, was laid off." The significant preface to this fairly typical statement reads: "Man (father of six children, oldest thirteen years, youngest thirteen months) is employed as a porter in United Charities Building, salary forty-five dollars a month."

Searching inquiry, always made in such cases, confirmed the man's good character and established the fact that by no possible stretching of thrift or speeding up of energy could his wife manage to make the monthly forty-five dollars keep the children fed and clothed.

A few months later the Sage Foundation published an inquiry into the Standard of Living among Working-men's Families in New York City, one of the most useful of all recent experiments in human conservation. The experiment was undertaken to determine with utmost conservatism, but also with utmost scientific accuracy, the minimum upon which a man in New York City (fairly typical to-day of all trust-supplied centres) can support a wife and the average family of three children. Worked out like a laboratory problem in chemistry or physics, the x of the experiment was resolved in the following conclusion: "An income of nine hundred dollars or over probably permits the maintenance of a normal standard, at least so far as the physical man is concerned. An examination of the items of the budget shows that the families having from nine hundred to one thousand dollars a year are able, in general, to get food enough to keep soul and body together and clothing and shelter enough to meet the most urgent demands of decency." A large percentage of the families with eight hundred dollars a year were underfed, and those with incomes between six hundred and seven hundred dollars sent their children foraging in the streets, the dock and railway yards, and when sick passed the doctor and even the drug-store by and went to the charity dispensary.

Now here was an employee in the United Charities Building, the home of the Sage Foundation and of the wealthiest charities in America, receiving five hundred and forty dollars a year upon which to support his wife and six children.

Let it not be supposed that this quandary has failed to receive the earnest and perturbed consideration of the philanthropic gentlemen who rule over the United Charities Building. After two

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years, this porter is, to be sure, still in receipt of needed alms, but then the problem is infinitely perplexing—the more so when its special difficulties are considered.

One of the seasoned scandals in the metropolitan world of philanthropy — a scandal that has had its duplicate in every considerable city in America—is the petulant unwillingness of the leading charities to follow their own counsel, so frequently directed to public officials in perennial campaigns of reform, upon the importance of eliminating the waste that results from unnecessary duplication of machinery and effort. There is no possible reason, for example, why there should be in the Borough of Manhattan (the old city of New York) two rival relief societies like the Charity Organization Society and the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. They have the same aim; they cover precisely the same territory. There is not a subscriber to the funds of the one who is not importuned for donations by the other. If one asks the reason for this undignified competition he will be told that their principles of administration are at variance, that the one has a "decentralized" and the other a "centralized" organization; that is, the one operates its force of district visitors from district offices, the other from a central bureau. When looked into, this argument is so absurd that both societies have gone through the motions of initiating steps toward consolidation in order that, as an officer of one of them once put it, each will be able to place the responsibility of sin upon the other in case the public grows weary of the excessive cost and tangle of red tape due to the operation of two machines where one could do the work more cheaply and efficiently. The real obstacles to the admittedly desirable federation, it is well known, are the divergent social traditions and the provincial personal rivalries that permeate the boards of managers.

There was a time when personal considerations outweighed considerations of business even more than they do to-day. To do what he could to abate this selfish and unwise extravagance, the philanthropist John S. Kennedy put up a modern office building in 1893 and expressed a hope in calling it the *United* Charities Building. In order to induce the principal non-sectarian Protestant societies to come together, if not into a single modern business organization, at least under a single roof, he offered four of them, free of charge, as much space as they required at the time, preferential rates on all space they might later need, and a pro rata share in the commercial rents of the remainder of the structure. The building was put into the hands of a board of trustees, composed of representatives of these selected charities, who, in turn, have placed its management with an approved agent.

Here the digression leads us back to our porter. When his case was submitted to the trustees they brought it to the attention of their agent, feeling, it seems, that the facts in the case were not altogether creditable. The agent, it is reported, explained that forty-five dollars a month was the highest current rate for porters with or without family, and that to make the wage scale of the United Charities Building anomalous would bring his management into disrepute among business men. This argument is said to have had great weight with the men of affairs on the board of trustees. Since it is universal custom among porters to live on less than will "buy enough food to keep soul and body together, and clothing and shelter enough to meet the most urgent demands of decency," this porter, so runs the reported verdict, must be made to "manage," and in case he or his family should succumb to the strain, must be aided with alms.

Thus charity is forced, by the universal practice of contemporary business, to choose between educating underpaid families to a subnormal standard of living or educating the entire community to an appreciation of the enormous cost of anything less than a living wage. The first of these courses is the one that has been followed traditionally and is followed by the relief societies to-day. It will soon be impossible, however, to purchase the services of intelligent men and women to practise so mean a profession. Purely educational philanthropies like the Sage Foundation are attracting the best social workers more and more. Almost without exception their hope is that when, through

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investigation and publicity, they have succeeded in teaching the community that it is wiser to pay adequate wages and have healthy workers free from taint of pauperism than to pay a hundred million—approximately the amount that New York State spends annually on poor-houses, charity hospitals, courts, asylums, relief societies, and jails—the charity of enforced and degrading doles will happily cease to command the respect of any man.

Certainly, if one were dealing with theory, if one were contemplating the installation in our cities of a system of social administration analogous to those now employed by up-to-date business men to get the maximum product out of their equipments, one would hardly choose wages below the requirements of health and decency, supplemented by the demoralizing stop-gap of alms, as the most reasonable means of promoting character in the citizens or of developing either mental or physical efficiency in the workers. As conditions are to-day, however, cases like that of the porter afford the old-line charity-workers extreme satisfaction, because they "show how much can be done in the way of prevention if the poor will only make their necessities known in time." Owing to the merciful interposition of the subsidy provided in the form of ill-paid "made" work to his wife, the porter in the United Charities Building has not turned deserter or bum, and none of his children have as yet succumbed to anæmia, malnutrition, or tuberculosis. The last entry in the record reads: "Sewing relief still continued in this case. Income too small for proper support of family. Man apparently very faithful at his work in United Charities Building. Charles to remain at school until he graduates. Is small and childish-looking for fourteen, but bright and attractive. Woman has earned by sewing for bureau from June 21st to September 20th twenty-two dollars and forty cents. This will be continued. She is a very good sewer."

Unhappily, most relief cases come to charity only after irreparable mischief has been done. Possibly the two most striking peculiarities of dependent families are their mutilated condition—the absence, usually through premature death, of one of the breadwinners—and the high percentage among them of children, usually subnormal, under fourteen years of age. In the general population of the State of New York, for instance, children under fourteen form twenty-seven per cent. of the total; among five thousand dependent families classified by the Charity Organization Society children under fourteen formed forty-seven per cent. of the total. Now it is well known among social workers that the birth of a child is a menace to the laborer's independence, and that among workers in the seasonal trades, and especially among the unskilled, the birth of the second or third child, even in prosperous times, is likely to break up the home. Until the oldest children go to work, the mother must do sweated piece-work at home, hire out by the day, or go into the factory. Consequently, the baby is neglected, the mother's strength is overtaxed, and, after a brutalizing struggle with disease and hunger, the entire family suddenly wilts.

In this socially unpardonable because entirely unnecessary wreckage, possibly the heaviest single item of loss is the untimely death of thousands of little children. On what slender threads of penury and ignorance their lives may hang appears from an incident to which a nurse at one of our public dispensaries recently called my attention. A mother had brought Margaret, her two-year-old daughter, to the dispensary to have her cured of the after-effects of pneumonia. The nurse visited the home to show the woman how to stretch her limited facilities to meet the doctor's orders. She found a family of nine living in two small rooms that were resonant with a pair of baby twins. "One morning," said the nurse, "after I had been visiting a while, I asked the mother what was the matter with one of the babies; it appeared to be dying, was all shrunken away, and seemed to have lost half its weight. She said that she did not have enough milk for both, so she was nursing one and had placed the other on the bottle. I asked her if she did not see that she was choosing one to live and killing the other. 'Well,' said she, 'what can I do? I haven't enough to satisfy them both, so I thought it best to save one.'"

Such experiences as this, where igno-

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rance and poverty combine to destroy life, prompted an experiment to determine the comparative efficacy of a judicious application of instruction and money *before the birth* of the child, and similar treatment after sickness had brought the mother to the public dispensary or the charity registration book.

In the autumn of 1907, Mr. George H. F. Schrader equipped the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor with three trained nurses to conduct this experiment among the association's dependent families. At the end of the first year the results were so startling that in announcing them the association cautiously indicated their tentative character. But the results at the end of the second year have so thoroughly confirmed those of the first that one may now claim for them at least a fair approximation to scientific accuracy. All of the families involved in the investigation were "relief" families—that is, they had incomes well below the minimum of the Sage Foundation's standard. During the first year in one hundred and thirty-five families, where the nurse was called in to instruct and aid by the sickness of the child, twenty-two babies died — a mortality of 17 per cent.; in two hundred and two families of precisely the same social status, where the mother was guarded against want and instructed in personal and infant hygiene before the coming of the new life, there were nine infants deaths, or a mortality of only 4.9 per cent. How truly startling this result was may be understood from the fact that a similar reduction of the death-rate in New York City—already one of the lowest in the country—would mean an annual saving in this one community of approximately 12,000 children who now die in the first year of their lives! At the end of the second year 789 cases were available for study. In 300 of these the nurses began their work after the babies were born, and in this group forty, or 13.3 per cent., died; in 489 families the nurses were able to begin their aid and instruction from one to six months or more before the children came, and here the deaths during the first year numbered twenty-three, or only 4.7 per cent. of the total!

And the feature of this experiment which so greatly inspires hope is its extraordinary simplicity — the time of a nurse at nine hundred dollars a year who during the twelve months can readily care for one hundred mothers, and a special subsidy that during the first year ranged from eighty cents to eighty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents. The great thing was not the amount of the subsidy, but the knowledge these mothers had, that during their "trouble," as the working-class women pathetically call their days of maternity, they and their children were not going to starve or be evicted for want of rent money.

To encourage wider interest in the great social economy of educating and subsidizing working mothers, whose husbands receive less than a living wage, Mr. Schrader two years ago dedicated to this object a splendid and well-endowed building in Hartsdale, twenty-one miles north of New York City, which, as the Caroline Rest Home, has become widely known as the first all-year-round school for mothers in America. Caroline Rest is as beautiful and cozy as a dwelling, as sanitary in construction as a modern hospital, as rich in educational facilities as an academy. Throughout the year convalescent mothers are sent there for a course of rest and instruction of at least three weeks, which is frequently extended to meet the exigencies of special cases. "The curriculum," says Miss Helen Thomson, superintendent of the school, "is divided into two courses, and the mothers are required to attend two classes daily throughout their three weeks' visit. The first course is designed to teach them how to get well, the second how to keep well. The trained nurse in charge of the 'get-well' class keeps school in the dormitories, in the bath-room, on verandas, and in the dining-room. With rest and fresh air, bathing and good food, it is comparatively easy to make these poor mothers enthusiastic for instruction in 'keep-well' hygiene. The second course is conducted in the diet kitchen, which is arranged like a college demonstration room. Here the mothers who are unable to nurse their children are taught to sterilize feeding-bottles, to prepare their baby's milk, and to cook gruels and cereals. Here, too, a skilled dietitian gives them lessons in simple cooking for

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the benefit of their families when they shall have returned home. The moment the mother discovers that these lessons are not mere exercises in impractical specialities, but are based upon a thorough appreciation of the modest limits of their family budgets, they need no prodding to attend. Twice a week, when their babies are in bed, they cook simple dishes under the dietitian's direction, and thus make immediate practical application of her suggestions for the palatable preparation of inexpensive foods. Finally the 'keep-well' class is taught how to meet such emergencies as are always likely to arise in the life of an infant—colic, convulsions, burns, and the like. Even here at Caroline Rest, where every precaution is taken, such accidents occur, and they are invariably used to point the moral of preparedness for emergencies and to prove its value."

The spirit of the entire experiment is succinctly illustrated by a typical instance.

A Caroline Rest nurse was sent to the home of a certain Mrs. Evans three weeks before the birth of her child. The woman was so weak that a doctor had advised a public hospital at once. But this was impossible, because, although her husband was out of work, he had pulmonary tuberculosis and was too sick to take care of the children. So the nurse called daily and saw that doctor's orders were carried out; she relieved the mother of the anxieties peculiar to life in the tenements—reported the leaky roof, the dirty stairs and halls, to the Tenement House Department and had them remedied; she sent in clean bedding for the mother and an outfit for the coming baby, had the sick husband removed to a hospital and kept the older children fed and clothed for school.

As a consequence of this simple protection the child, when it came, was strong and the mother in fairly good condition. The nurse showed the woman how to wash the baby's eyes and mouth, how to put it to sleep by itself with plenty of fresh air; and when, after five days, she found the mother up doing the housework she persuaded her to go back to bed, sent a house-cleaner from the association, who washed floors, clothes, and dishes and incidentally bought food. When the doctor advised a trip to the country the mother and two of her children went to Caroline Rest.

And so by the timely application of a little intelligence, aided by a little money, an entire family was rescued from the last stages in the pauper's progress—low wages, low vitality, moral decline, alcohol, sickness, and premature death.

Proper regard for the scientific spirit demands, it is said, that the results of any experiment, however dispassionately conducted, should be repeatedly sifted through the mesh of a discreet scepticism. I was glad, therefore, while the Caroline Rest experiment was under way, to be associated with another, which, though aimed in a different direction, furnished most valuable corroborative evidence.

In June, 1908, the New York Milk Committee opened seven milk depots whose primary object was to test the comparative value of pasteurized and raw milk in prolonged infant-feeding. Owing to the tempestuous newspaper activity of a great dry-goods merchant, whose righteous impatience with the medical profession, for permitting the great bulk of the milk-supply to be distributed in a state of pollution that made it poison to infants, led him to insist upon universal municipal pasteurization, the medical profession bestirred itself and had a commission appointed by the Mayor, which in turn recommended, in place of pasteurization, the appointment by the Health Department of a sufficient number of inspectors to safeguard the supply on the forty thousand farms from which the two million daily quarts come to the city. In order to pave the way for a sane and unhysterical solution of the controversy—so far, at least, as the babies were concerned—the Milk Committee, as a disinterested third party, decided to feed one group of babies on modified raw and another on modified pasteurized milk and to keep strict record of the results. The experiment made plain the fact that any kind of modified milk is essentially a drug to be used only as the best available makeshift when the mother's condition is not normal. Moreover, it showed that the indiscriminate distribution of any kind of prepared food not only injures the babies, but also demoralizes the mothers. Dr. Ira S. Wile,

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one of the most active of the committee's experimenters, has summed the matter up thus: "I do not believe it probable that the reduction of infant mortality in any way depends upon these doles of already prepared milk, which approach dangerously near the futile *panem et circenses* of the Roman Empire that only served to hasten its dissolution. We must first insist on breast-feeding, and when that fails we must teach the mothers the right principles of infant-feeding by instruction in the home."

This is the basis upon which the milk depots of the committee are to-day operating—the study of each baby and the instruction of the mothers in classes at the depots and individually in their homes by competent nurses and physicians.

But fundamental to this arrangement is the ability of the family to purchase adequate food. A mother who is undernourished cannot suckle her new-born at the breast; neither can she, when the need arises, buy pure milk with an empty purse.

Mrs. Vane comes to the depot. She is thin and pale; her child is scrawny, peevish, and anæmic. The doctor says: "You must not drink tea at a half or quarter cent the cup or cheap beer at a penny the glass. You must drink an abundance of pure milk at ten cents the quart; and to strengthen yourself, you must eat freely of eggs at forty cents the dozen, and Scotch oatmeal boiled all night on the coal-range in your two-room tenement. And in case you *must* feed your baby on the bottle, avoid the poison of loose milk bought for four cents the quart measure at the cellar grocery; and by all means get the product of the very best certified farm at from fifteen to seventy-five cents the bottle."

To test the mother's ability to follow this excellent flower of scientific wisdom, the Milk Committee decided to study the incomes of its families, and during the first year of the experiment secured reliable information in 466 cases. The Caroline Rest experiment dealt exclusively with dependent families; the families reached by the Milk Committee came from seven different sections of the city scattered as widely as the shape of the island of Manhattan would permit. As a rule, they were not charity "cases."

Of the 466 mothers who were not ashamed to lay bare the somewhat humiliating facts 22.7 per cent. had been out at work immediately before childbirth; 64.9 per cent. lived in one, two, or three room tenements; 44.5 per cent. were prevented from suckling their babies by their subnormal physical condition; and 10.5 per cent. had been so prevented by the pressing need of earning wages away from home. The total weekly income was ascertained from 357 families. Of this number 26.9 per cent. earned more than fifteen dollars, 60.5 per cent. earned between five and fifteen dollars, and 12.6 per cent. enjoyed an income of less than five dollars a week.

Notwithstanding these handicaps, the percentage of babies in poor condition was reduced from 55 per cent. to 21.3 per cent., while the percentage of babies in good or fair condition was raised from 45 per cent. to 78.7 per cent. Of the 644 babies who were brought to the depots in poor or "bad" condition, only eleven, or less than two per cent., died from causes with which the depots were equipped to cope.

Education, fitted out with scales and charts, purveyed by doctors and nurses, is, indeed, a great conservator; money, adequate income, is far from everything. And yet a living wage with its airy rooms, its peace of mind, its good full larder, is hardly the second fiddle in the blithe dance of life and death in the tenements. As in the Caroline Rest experiment, the important factor in the work of the milk depots proved to be their ability, through the co-operation of the relief societies, to ward off the terror of starvation budgets from homes where babies had just been born.

To sift these results still further, I add a brief check on the conclusions of the milk-depot experiment.

During 1908 in Greater New York 16,250 infants less than one year of age died from causes which physicians declared to be largely preventable. No figures exist to show what per cent. of these deaths occurred among the wealthy, among those whose incomes equalled or exceeded the nine hundred dollars de-

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clared by the Sage Foundation to be essential to the physical well-being of an average working-man's family, or among the poor. A careful consideration of the facts by Mr. Wilbur C. Phillips, secretary of the New York Milk Committee, leads him to the conclusion that probably four-fifths, or eighty per cent., of these deaths occurred among the people of the tenements. To illustrate the ground of this statement, Mr. Phillips cites the following investigation of the Health Department records. Three sections of the city were selected as follows: One section of twenty-eight blocks, comprising a fashionable residential district in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, and Central Park; a second section of five blocks, comprising a middle-class residential district in the neighborhood of 134th Street and Lenox Avenue; and a third section of three densely populated blocks, comprising a typical tenement-house district bounded by Avenue A, East Forty-seventh Street, First Avenue, and East Seventy-second Street. In 1907 the estimated population of these three districts and the births recorded within their boundaries were as follows:

POPULATION

28 fashionable blocks	7,561
5 middle-class blocks	7,696
3 tenement blocks	7,858

BIRTHS RECORDED IN 1907

37, or ½ per cent.
160, or 2 per cent.
434, or 5½ per cent.

Thus, in areas containing approximately the same population, three times as many births were recorded among the poor as among the middle class and eleven times as many among the poor as among the wealthy. These figures are, no doubt, affected by the fact that many wealthy women and many women of the middle class go out of the city for confinement or are confined in institutions not included in the district of their residence. Nevertheless, the figures stated are fairly indicative of the truth.

Knowing that the greatest danger to infants exists at the time of the greatest heat, the Milk Committee, at the suggestion of an eminent expert, Dr. L. Emmett Holt, selected the departmental records for fourteen days, of which the first seven comprised the hottest week of 1907. In this way not only the immediate but also the after effects of a period of excessive heat were observed. The average mean temperature of the first week, from July 18th to July 24th, was 78.6 degrees Fahrenheit, and of the second week, from July 25th to July 31st, 76.4 degrees. In the three tenement-house blocks there occurred sixteen deaths, or four per cent. of the total number of infants known to have been born during the year, and of these nine died during the first week and seven during the second. Had a similar death-rate prevailed throughout the year, the mortality would have been one hundred per cent.—that is to say, the number of infants who died during those two weeks equalled the average number of births per fortnight during the year. In the four middle-class blocks and in the twenty-eight wealthy blocks of approximately the same population no deaths were recorded. "These facts," writes Mr. Phillips, "tell their own story. The probable absence for the summer of most of the wealthy mothers and many of the middle-class mothers can only be considered like the ability to purchase the service of infants' specialists, trained nurses, etc., as a purely economic advantage. Light, air, sanitary surroundings, proper nourishment—these are the principal factors in the reduction of infant mortality. The lack of means to purchase these commodities results not only in untold misery, but in wide-spread death."

These experiments deal with the problem of human conservation at its source; the fate of the little children involves not only the destiny of the immediate family, but also the survival of the race. They are especially significant when it is remembered that New York is more fully equipped with private and public charities than any other city in America, that it has possibly the most highly developed public health service in the world, and that the death-rate in all groups of its population is among the lowest in the country. A conservative estimate by the secretary of the New York Milk Committee places the deaths in the United

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States of infants in their first year at 375,000, and of this number the experience of New York City makes it certain that more than half are preventable by methods of economic and social control already approved as inexpensive and practical. Such facts are startling indictments of our system of social administration, which, according to Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, places annually against our national honor and intelligence a score of two-thirds of a million easily preventable deaths due in great measure to intermittent employment, an overlong working-day, and wages insufficient to keep large masses of our industrial population in clean blood and firm tissue.

A short time ago I was asked to present certain of the above facts at a conference held in the auditorium of one of our great universities. After the meeting the wife of a professor of science, having satisfied the etiquette of the situation by complimenting me on my lecture, added, in obedience to an impulse of horror that overwhelmed conventional courtesy: "Oh, but I wish that I had never heard it. I think that such things are too, too distressing!" The obverse of this habit of the cultured to clap the hands to the ears and turn away from such truth as wounds delicate sensibilities appeared in a committee of wealthy ladies of extremely good society, to whom a social worker of my acquaintance was required to refer the question as to how long before and after the birth of her child a wage-earning woman should be kept out of the factory. After many weeks of earnestly comparing their impressions of the maternal habits of working-women, these excellent ladies reported that in their judgment "when a woman, who is sufficiently able-bodied to leave her home and work for money, is given aid for an entire week before and an entire week after she has her child, she gets as much as it is wise to give. There is always the danger of pauperizing the poor by helping them too much. In the countries from which most of these women come, we have heard, in the course of our European travels, that they frequently return to the fields in much less than a week."

Happily, these instances are no longer typical outside of the dwindling group of volunteer, dilettante philanthropists. Public opinion is developing a very hardy appetite for facts and a corresponding determination to put them to good use once their meaning is quite clear. This hopeful drift is exhilaratingly illustrated by the quick statutory fruit of a noteworthy investigation still in progress by the National Child Labor Committee, which also further exemplifies the social waste that results from the practice of paying as little as possible for necessary and profitable labor. Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the committee, has recently made a preliminary statement, showing the moral and physical effect of the underpaid night messenger service upon our rising generation of workers. "The investigation," he says, "was begun in the spring of 1909 as a result of information presented to the committee by one of its field agents, who, while working in a quiet New England city of moderate size—a city in which children and youth are supposed to enjoy a maximum of protection—discovered conditions among night messengers so startling as to warrant a systematic study of the same problem in other cities and States. Already twenty-seven cities in nine States have been investigated, and with slight variations the same conditions have been discovered in them all.

"Calls for the services of night messengers," Mr. Lovejoy continues, "are from two general groups. The first group consists of business houses open at night, newspaper offices, hotels, private homes, and hospitals. Were this all, the chief objection to the night service would be confined to the general opposition to night labor for children and youth. But the second group comprises public dance-halls, houses of prostitution, gambling-houses, Chinese restaurants, police stations, and disreputable hotels. Young messenger-boys are used as agents to purchase cocaine, opium, and other narcotics, liquor during lawful and unlawful hours, drugs used to render insensible the patrons of disreputable houses, that they may be robbed by its inmates. Newsboys, messenger-boys, bell-boys, and United States postal messengers almost uniformly confess that the attractions of this night work have seized upon their

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impressionable minds and woven about them a net of mysterious allurement from which escape is almost impossible. A newsboy of seven years, explaining his reason for plying his trade almost exclusively in saloons, said, 'De bums is me best customers, 'cause dey never takes de change.' Another little fellow put his feeling about the business in this way: 'It's a lot of fun to be out on the street and around, meeting people and seeing places.' Some messengers never are satisfied to leave the Tenderloin after they get acquainted."

When the evidence gathered by the committee, of which I have given only very mild fragments, was laid before the managers of the leading companies they professed horrified amazement at the wide-spread harm that was being visited upon the boys in their employ. And yet in almost every State in which the Child Labor Committee attempted to have a law enacted prohibiting boys under twenty-one from entering the night service the companies fought it vigorously, on the alleged ground that it was "impracticable to find any large number of adult male persons who would be willing to serve as uniformed messengers."

"That mature men of ability," says Mr. Lovejoy, "would hesitate to accept a position of all-night work at a monthly salary of twenty-five dollars is obvious."

But as the facts have become known, public opinion has made itself felt in one State after another. Bills have already been introduced in the Legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Maryland, and Virginia. In Maryland a law was enacted in April, fixing sixteen instead of twelve years as the age for night messengers. In Virginia the new law forbids calling or sending any minor under seventeen to a saloon or evil resort. In Ohio a bill was introduced in favor of a twenty-one-year limit; it was fought by the representatives of the companies, who forced a compromise, fixing the age limit at eighteen. In New York a law was passed at the last session of the Legislature forbidding the employment in cities of the first or second class of any person under twenty-one as a night messenger after 10 P.M. and before 5 A.M.

This progress is slow, but it is progress. Year by year, social questions, questions of economic justice and human conservation, are getting an ever larger measure of attention in the public press, in legislatures, and in the courts. The chief retarding influence to-day is the ignorance of the truth on the part of the masses, especially on the part of those who suffer. How to get the facts to them so that they may contribute to their own emancipation is the increasing concern of the most vigorous men and women in social work to-day. They ardently believe that by spreading fundamental democracy they are helping charity to supersede itself.

Where Life and Love Have Been

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

MEMORY the breath
That in the old untended garden blows,
Lingering where withereth
The bush with the one rose.

Memory the light
At dim unchildrened windows looking in;
Day knoweth, and the night,
Where life and love have been.

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Man and Dog

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

WHEN Farmer Brod had finished burying his dog Gann, he went back to a lonely hearth; for he was a hard man, and had no friend left in the world. In stiff frozen ground he had dug the grave by the side of a small wood, and to ensure that which it held to safe keeping had refilled it with rubble and earth well beaten down, and at the half-way had set a heavy stone, and over all ditch turf and brier. So he made sure that Gann, after fifteen years of faithful service, should remain his possession still.

It was late when he returned; the fire was out, and there was no wood left in the house to rekindle it. So, leaving the door on the latch, he went across to the wood-shed and gathered an armful of fresh fuel. This took him some time, for his store had run nearly out: nursing his dog Gann, he had let everything else on the farm go uncared for. When he got back the house was already in darkness; the wood he had brought in was damp, and the fire was long in lighting. He coaxed it with muttered cursings; but when at length the fuel kindled, the fire still hung back, giving but little flame.

Weary and chill, he sat down at last to rest, and then saw over against him, on the farther side of the ingle, a little wizened old man, leaning on a shepherd's crook, motionless and with fixed gaze, like one lost in thought. The sight gave him a turn, for all the time he had spent over the fire the stranger must have sat there watching him; and yet he had not known.

Brod did not keep open house: no neighbors unbidden would ever enter his door, and to strangers it gave no welcome; yet there the old man sat, as though at his own hearth, watching the smoke rise from the fagots and resting upon the head of his crook two hands and his chin. So still he sat that for a while Brod eyed him in doubt, and, not from any kindness, forebore to utter a word.

Presently, without turn of head or recognizing glance, the stranger spoke. "So you've lost your dog?" he said.

Brod answered with a surly grunt, then sighed. There was silence between them for a while. Then the stranger spoke again.

"Was he worth having—your dog?"

It made Brod angry to be asked such a question as that. The man must be a fool not to have heard of his dog Gann. "He was the best," he answered, "that ever you set eyes on: though you never did. If you had, you would have known."

Slowly and meditatively the stranger drew his crook across the ashes of the hearth. "How did you come by him?" he asked—"your dog?"

Brod did not answer; but his mind went back to the day when on a lonely road, far from the habitations of men, he had seen Gann for the first time—a solitary dog, quiet of tongue, herding before him a great flock of sheep, and with no shepherd in sight. Brod and Gann had looked at each other and passed: but it was Brod only who afterward turned to look back; and as he watched, not for the great herd itself was the covetous hunger which from that moment filled his heart and took possession of his soul.

That night two hundred sheep lay in the village pound waiting an owner's claim; but when weeks went by and no owner appeared, the herd was put up to auction and was bought in lots by the holders of neighboring farms. Some of them were bought by Brod himself; and not long after neighbors noticed that as he went about his work he had with him a new dog. Gann in those days was still young, but already he was wiser than most, and as he grew ripe in years his wisdom increased: near or far he saw

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with his master's eye, and the two worked together with a single mind.

Thus through the past, backward, then forward, Brod's thoughts had carried him. He came back once more to present loss—the light of memory went out: Gann was dead, and the world seemed no longer alive.

"How did you come by him?" the stranger asked again—"your dog?"

"I paid a heavy price for him," answered Brod; "that's how! . . . Who are you?"

Again the old man stirred the ashes with his staff. "I was a bit of a dog-fancier myself once," he said. "I've made good dogs in my day; and as I've made 'em, I reckon they've stayed—though I was not there to see. For the breeder's the true maker, where the buyer is but the user. Yet you that have only used a dog for fifteen years, even you, I reckon, might be glad to have him back again!"

"Who said fifteen years?" demanded Brod, suspiciously, casting upon the stranger an unfriendly regard.

"It's like a piece of your own life," the other went on, not heeding him. "When you are least willing to part from it, it goes. With this old staff of mine I broke in as good a dog as any you ever saw. Miles away over down, wherever he might be, I had but to hold this up to him and he knew what to do. One day it broke in my hand—broke as I held it up calling for him: he never came to me after that. There's the break in it still." He held up the crook as he spoke. "There's blood on it," he muttered, "there's blood. But the man I marked with it went free; and I'm nowhere now."

Brod got up hastily from his seat and drove his foot into the piled fagots that gave out so little flame. "Who are you?" he demanded, in harsh tone.

But the old man seemed hard of hearing and, without heed to the interruption, went on. "I'm thinking," he said, "that dog of mine must be dead by now—same as yours. Yet if I knew where he lay, I need but to go and scrape at the ground—like this: and I reckon he'd hear me, and come to his old master's call. Would your dog do the same for you?"

So low he spoke, and sat so still, he seemed scarcely awake; his voice had fallen to a strange monotony, and its note was withered and dry. But as the word ended he got up and shuffled to the door with the slow, feeble motion of limbs that had lain long out of use. On the sill he turned in a sudden heat, and snapping his staff, threw the shaft of it across the room.

"There, dog-thief, there!" he shouted. "Take it and try for yourself! You know where he lies—your dog!" He flung through the door, pulled it after him, and was gone. The fire broke into bright flame and threw its ruddy warmth over the dark beams and mud-plastered walls.

Brod wiped the cold sweat from his brow; then he went across, took up the staff, and examined it. There, just where head and shaft had joined, was a clean break; but the break was not new. The wood was black and sodden as though it had lain a long time underground; fibres of peat clung to it, and when struck it gave back the hollow note of dead timber. Even as he touched the broken end it began to crumble in his hand. He sat down again, and resting the staff against his knees, began to think hard. He thought of Gann with faithful glance, watchful to beck and call; Gann, from whom, since their first chance meeting, he had not been parted for a single hour, till earth itself had come with dead weight and made division between them. Had Gann, he wondered now, remembered always what he had striven to forget: was it possible that hidden in that dumb heart had lain an older allegiance, to which, after all these years, mouldering flesh and bone were now free to return? This way and that he twisted the staff in his hands, and found it hard to lay it down again. Its cold touch brought back to life a buried memory—the figure of a small, elderly man, alert, wiry, resolutely braced, standing with his back to a broad dike, fighting for his life. Well and stubbornly had he fought, though overmatched, till at a blow the staff broke in his hand. Then, all too late, he had cried for help: "Gann! Gann!" and fell crying it. Before that help came, man and staff were well out of sight, sunk in the black peat mud;

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and whether of murder or mishap no sign was left to reveal the truth to eyes that came after.

In that place of death, dragged back to land from his vain efforts to save, Gann had found a new master; and never from then until this present hour had Brod doubted his own absolute possession of that for which he had bartered his soul. But now at last a doubt had come, overwhelming, not to be borne. With angry reasonings he tried to put it away, but it only returned to him with double force; the fever of it shook his brain, the uncertainty of what he could not test by bodily sense filled him with dread. He grew fearful of passing time —of what might have taken place in a few hours of separation between living and dead. If he could only be sure that the grave was still as he had left it, he would be content to wait; afterward he would search deeper and see.

Staff in hand he went to the door and looked out; but the pitch blackness of night drove him in again, for there in the darkness and until cock-crow a dead man's eyes might be awake, waiting to spy out the place of burial and steal away the one possession of worth left to him in the world. The risk was too great; he must wait for dawn before he dare go abroad. So, staff in hand, he returned to the ingle, and there in a black mood, desolate and hungry of heart, sat out the night.

In the gray of morning he rose, and taking the staff with him, came by track and ditch to the woodside grave. The ground lay just as he had left it, bearing for proof the print of his own feet. Through the thicket of brier he thrust in the dead man's staff and scraped at the trodden turf. "Gann! Gann!" he called, softly. He waited; there was no sound, no sign.

Again he scraped and again called, and still there came no answer. Then his hope went; yet for the third time, to make failure more sure, dispirited and heavy of heart, he drew the shaft over the ground and uttered no call.

This time, expecting nothing, he did not wait: with the growing light of day common sense returned to him, he remembered the close-trodden rubble and the heavy stone set half-way, and, setting his teeth at his own folly, turned again to the track and moved slowly on without goal or aim. But as he turned there came a rustle in the thicket behind him, and slow and feeble, broken with age and stiff of limb, out crept Gann, and with lowered head and defaulting glance stood drooping before him.

There was a strange guilt in his look: he stood for all the world like a dog convicted of sheep-murder; his nose and his fore paws were stained with red clay, and in the hair about his eyes hung loose loam. Uneasy he stood, furtive of mien as though his master were the last person he had expected to meet.

Brod looked at him with a discomforted mind: this was not the greeting he had hoped; and the sudden chill which fell upon his spirit began already to take the form of reproach and accusation against Gann. But Brod was a man of few words, and never in his life had his heart taught speech to his tongue; so now what he felt he wished that another should tell. "Well, Gann," said he, "are you glad to see your master again?"

The dog hung his head and gave a perfunctory wag to his tail, but made no further response; and there, so long as Brod eyed him, he stood, passive, submissive, keeping his distance, waiting meekly the word of command. In this common powerlessness to show what was in the heart dog and man had become more like than ever before; yet to Brod it seemed an injury—something in Gann which he could not understand.

Long and hard Brod stared, but never once would the dog meet his eye. When presently Brod snapped his fingers, he crept close up to heel, and there meekly halted, still with unlifted head, and with no sign of recognition or rejoicing.

Heavily Brod mused, knitting his thick brows to unaccustomed thought; and in a while found a reason for it all. Surely Gann was not yet awake: death was a deep-seated ill—a habit hard to shake off; day was not up, and the scent of the world lay cold. He had yet to feel the warmth of the sun, and to hear the sheep calling on the down, and the barking of other dogs; then memory would return, and old Gann would be himself again.

So, to stifle the rising doubt, Brod

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Painting by Howard Pyle

MAN AND STAFF SANK INTO THE PEAT MUD

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eased his mind; he clicked his tongue in the old familiar manner. "We'll go a round," said he, and set off; and slow to move, as a thing stirred by its own weight and not by its own will, Gann gathered up his feet one by one and followed after.

Mounting the rough track, they gained a level ridge; half a mile to their right westward ran a higher broadside of hill, gray fleeces of mist still lay in the valley between. Across the cold bleak face of a wintry world light and warmth and sound welled forth to meet them; hares ran in the hollows, plovers cried in the open, game-bird started from cover, moor-hen from water; and out of the lowland mists with bark and bleat came the cry of an unseen shepherd driving his flock to field. But Gann took no note of any of these things; and though his master cheered him on with word and sign, never once did he range ahead, or quicken pace, or turn aside from his meek plodding course at his master's heels.

And now above bars of mist up rose the sun and threw the shadow of the ridge along which they moved against the opposing hill; out from under his feet Brod saw his own shadow gauntly bestriding the ground, the far ends of it melting away in mist and light, and on the farther slope no sign of it at all; yet across the facing hill where the shade of the ridge ended and where sunlight struck warm — there, like an unlaid ghost, walked the shadow of Gann, black, distinct, horrible.

Brod, when he saw that sight, turned sharply about. "Don't be like that, Gann!" he cried. "Don't be like that! Shake 'em off! Shake 'em off! You've the maggots on you still." But Gann only looked up at him with dull, indifferent eyes, that seemed vaguely to wait for a meaning, and failing to find it, once more became blank.

Brod resumed his course, and heard again behind him the stealthy sound of Gann's feet meekly following. That sound of feet, linked with the familiar form, seemed all that Gann had brought back with him from the grave. It was not enough: nay, if that were all, it was like the offer of stone to the hungry in place of bread; for if the spirit be absent, the form becomes a mere mimicry—no longer the expression but the contradiction of life; and if Gann's bodily shape had come only to tell him that the spirit would never return, better by far had it been for him never to have set eyes on it. Yet every time that he did so the hunger of possession filled his heart, and his mind bent itself with avaricious grasp never to admit defeat—never to let go, while he could still hold it, that shadow of the substance for which he yearned.

So, turning his back on discomfiture, he moved stubbornly on; and over against him on the opposing slope went the shadow of Gann, black, distinct, horrible.

Brod, watching its motion and the slow lifting of its feet, felt a fierce hatred toward it rising in his blood. With the instinct to be rid of it he quitted the exposed ridge and descended the westward slope where down below the ground lay swallowed in mist. Presently like a blank wall it rose before him, blind, passive, yet powerful: committed to its keeping, strong limbs had now to halt and grope their way; the eyes lost their directing sense, the ears grew confused by the drift of sound; only the instinct of gravity—the drag of earth on the ever-descending weight—remained unimpaired. Man and dog went down together into that thick sea, and instantaneously, as though struck by blindness, were parted from each other's sight. Looking back, halting and peering, Brod could no longer be sure whether he was followed or no; and all at once the idea came to him to make test whether Gann still possessed that gift of scent for which in the old days he had been famous. If he did, there was more reality under the dull surface than had yet appeared, and the rest would follow with time.

So, careless of peril to life and limb, Brod turned sharply aside from the downward way; broke at a double through dank thicket and fern—came presently on furze-bush, sprang over it, and missing his footing on the farther side, fell, rolled, pitched headlong to an oozy tangle of reeds, and, bruised and bleeding, found stay at last in the bed of a small runnel whose course followed the base of the declivity.

His tumble had carried him to level ground much faster than he could have run; it had also brought him clear of

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the denser drift of mist which now lay overhead. Here in a narrow circumference he could see about him vague forms of stone, grass-mound, and thicket, and already, detaching itself from these, another form gliding stealthily toward him —Gann, listless of foot, unhurried of pace, who, on arrival, drooped to a halt, and stood unconcerned as ever at his master's side.

Brod picked himself up with some difficulty, but had found reward for his pains. "Well, Gann," said he, "so you've kept your nose, after all. It was no use trying to deceive me. Off with your vapors, lad! We'll get the maggots out of you yet." He reached out a hand and, contrary to old habit (for seldom had they exchanged tokens of affection in the past), sought by friendly touch to win recognition and response. But with a slight shrinking the dog drew aside, and evading the proffered caress, resumed his former attitude of meek submissive attendance on an owner's will.

Once more Brod's mind became clouded with doubt; for again it seemed clear that, as regards their old intimacy of the past, Gann had only come back to him in blank form—obedient from long habit, docile from age, but with a worn-out mind from which the meanings and values of life had been utterly erased. Well, if that were so, he must again be trained, broken of underground ways, given work to do that would bring old instincts to life, and awake in the earth-bound brain a new spirit. So long as Gann would follow, his master would lead: patience, patience! Time would send them a cure.

Brod's brain, unaccustomed to problems, worked slow; but when at last he had reached his conclusion he became once more the man of action.

To put the matter to a certain test forthwith he bent his steps along the stream's upward course, and came, after a winding mile, to a slender fall, above which in a hollow of the downs lay a field enclosed by hurdles. The ground was strewn with a litter of root-refuse rimed with frost; in one corner stood a wooden shed, and about it in square extension a thickly wattled fold. Brod had not visited his flock for many days; while nursing the sick Gann he had hired a farm-hand to look after it: like enough the man had neglected his task, for at the first sound of bleating his ear told him that the sheep had gone ill fed. He pulled back a hurdle and entered the enclosure: he and Gann stood once more together on the old familiar ground. There in narrow space threescore sheep lay closely huddled for warmth; and every one of them man and dog knew by record and name. As Brod pushed in among them they rose and scattered; sighting one that went lame, he looked at Gann and nodded across. In the old days that would have been enough; now to make his meaning more clear he pointed also and spoke. "Fetch her out, Gann!" said he. "It's yon black ewe that I want." But no sooner had he uttered the words than once more his heart sank within him and hope died, for Gann stood as though deaf and blind, making no sign at all.

Brod shook his head like a dumb beast recovering from a blow, and, turning about, went softly out of the fold. "Past work," he muttered. "Past work; I ought to have known." So for his own comfort he stated the case, still seeking to put off for a while the darker doubt; but as he went up the hill he trod heavily as one on whom age had laid a sudden hand. Now and again he halted and looked back on Gann, making advance with friendly sign and speech; yet never once—though he looked often, and waited expecting it—never once did Gann look up at him in return with recognizing glance.

Hour after hour the two wandered together aimlessly over the downs, till the short winter's day crept back to dusk. Then weary and dispirited, Brod turned his steps for home; and again there came back to him a flicker of hope accompanied by an added dread. Perhaps, after all, food and warmth and shelter would do for Gann what sun and sound and open air had failed to do; then again, perhaps not. Still, he could but try.

It was already deep twilight when Brod passed the wood and the thicket beneath which he had laid the body of Gann; glancing furtively, he could see that the mould lay undisturbed; nothing was displaced that had been set there to keep guard. He whistled Gann on,

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and with pretence of cheer quickened his pace; but a moment later he missed the sound of following feet. He turned sharply about, saw Gann standing on the edge of the thicket, saw him slink softly into cover of its shade, ran back, only to find that he was gone and not a trace of him left.

Long and vainly did he call, stroking the ground with his staff; there came no sign or sound; around him settled the gathering darkness of night. Then he remembered his fear of a dead man's eye, and leaving the telltale spot, went back solitary to a cold hearth. Yet even then he did not doubt that of which the next day brought proof—that the staff had still power to bring back the dead to life. Only at the night-fall death resumed its sway, and the weary body and dull brain went back to their rest.

In the days and weeks that followed, people who lived in those parts saw for long hours Brod and his dog Gann roaming the countryside. If any spoke to him in passing, he returned no answer. Head down and slow of foot he went, leaning heavily on his staff; and, head down, at heel went Gann with ears and tail drooped. Some said that they walked like a pair of mourners bearing a dead body between, the same distance ever dividing them; and all who came on them noted at that time how Brod had aged.

It was evident indeed that he was past work, for never now was he seen tending his sheep or laboring upon the farm. Once a week the man he had hired came to receive his wage; there it lay waiting for him; there sometimes was Brod, but to his man the master had never a word to say. Ewes died and lambs were born, rot and disease found their way into the herd; and still Brod—he who had been the best sheep-farmer in all that countryside—did nothing nor seemed to care.

Often now he sat through the midday hours on the sunny side of the downs, and while he sat, there stood Gann at his side, without will or expectancy, with head submissively drooped, yet always afoot as if waiting to go. Then out of his pouch Brod would take food and begin slowly to eat, now and then throwing a portion to his companion, but Gann never owned to hunger; where it fell, there he let it lie. Brod would seem not to notice, and would go on throwing to Gann just so much as he reckoned to be his due, but whether it were little or much, meat or bread, made no difference to Gann: never when they were together did Brod see him eat. Sometimes, when he himself had finished, pointing to the food which lay untouched, he would begin to threaten and curse; but whatever he might do, Gann paid no attention and showed no fear; and deep down in Brod's heart a new feeling began to grow and have life—hatred of Gann. Gann would not eat at his hand, would not sit down by his side, would not enter his door, would neither go nor come to his call, yet wherever he went followed him like his own shadow, submissive yet furtive, without resistance, yet without consent. And ever with slow, laboring mind Brod sought by roundabout ways to find the root of that strange passive opposition which gave the nearest proof that life yet hung in the dumb brain.

Now for whole days together man and dog showed no recognition of each other's presence, save only that where the one led the other followed.

One day toward noon, as man and dog stood on a sunward slope, their two shadows lay side by side on the warm and friendly earth, showing amid the surrounding light no difference of kind. Presently, as he glanced back, Brod chanced to raise hand and staff, and saw, all in a moment, lying across Gann's shadow a blot of double shade. There, black as a crow perched on a pole, the shape of his own hand grasping the broken shaft. With a cold creep of the flesh he drew his hand away, shifted, and stood farther off; and with meek acquiescence, as though his business were never to quit his master's side, Gann, too, shifted his ground and again stood near. Here, coupled with fresh evidence of a malign power, ever obscure yet only waiting a touch to become revealed, was expression of the thing which Brod could not abide. This parasitic loyalty, that brought with it no sign of affection, no proof of will, was becoming horrible to him; and as he backed, again with slow methodical motion, Gann stirred and followed, always keeping the same distance, as though in between them a dead body went borne. In a fit of uncontrollable

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loathing Brod lifted the staff and swung it around.

"Keep off, you damned carcass!" he cried. "Don't shake your maggots on me!"

Fiercely driven, the staff whistled in air, and as it grazed by him—scarcely believable, yet true!—Gann with a sudden snatch bared his teeth and emitted a low growl.

Brod's arm, swung up for a second stroke, hung rigid in air; he stared triumphant, yet aghast; saw for a moment, before they shrank, Gann's glowering eyes meet his own. "Body alive!" he muttered. "So I've made you speak at last!"

And to think that he had only discovered it now! All this time, without knowing it, the power had been his; old kindness and pity had made him refrain, but now at last the way lay plain: something was there waiting to be conquered after all, only needing for its control a resolute will and a firm hand.

Now that he knew, his old affections returned, all hatred went out of his heart; tears started strangely to his eyes; he held out a cajoling hand, spoke softly, foolishly, seeking by endearing terms to draw Gann to his side that they might renew once more the confidence and intimacy of former days. It troubled him little that for the moment Gann had returned to his former indifference; for now Brod *knew,* had seen and heard, and had for his comfort henceforth sure and certain proof.

He lifted his head and strode on, a new man; and ever as he went he turned and looked at Gann with eyes of love. He thought of the morrow; to-morrow they two would begin life afresh; but to-night—what of to-night?

The fierce joy of possession had reentered his heart; never again would he let Gann go. The power lay there in his hand if he only knew how to use it; that was what he must find out.

Descending the hill, by a place of lime-quarries, they came to a deep gully, only a few feet wide; steep walls of limestone rose on either side, between which the only foothold lay in a narrow channel scoured by rains. Greatly venturing, Brod let the staff go out of his hand—it fell and lay crosswise from wall to wall. Presently he knew that Gann was no longer following; he turned about and saw his surmise verified. There where the staff lay Gann waited, stock-still, unable to pass. Brod whistled and called, but it was no use; his voice passed to unheeding ears. Beside the staff that crossed his way Gann stood sentinel.

Blithely Brod returned, caught up the staff, and swung resolutely on. He knew now what he would do; never again would he and Gann be parted at dusk; never again should that dark bed of mould sap out the comfortable warmth of life from body and brain. Was it any wonder, with such cold lodging, that Gann had remained a corpse?

As soon as they were come to the base of the lime-quarries Brod set to work; foraging this way and that, he collected fuel—brier, dried fern, heath, and a few fagots. These he heaped in the far corner of a disused lime-kiln, of which only the outer shell now remained. To and fro he went through the ruined breach, till his pile of fuel grew high, and to and fro at heel went Gann. Presently, as he emerged to bring in his last load, Brod turned sharp about and thrust his staff across the entrance of the kiln, wedging it from side to side. And there, sure enough, where the staff lay wedged, stood Gann unable to pass; enclosed around and above by the curved and conical walls, there was no other way by which he could escape.

The brief winter's day was already wearing to its close; Brod was weary with toil and the heavy strain of a mind divided between hope and fear. Bearing his last armful of fuel, he stooped to the low doorway, overstepped the shaft. As he entered, Gann backed. Did Gann, then, already suspect him? Even that would be something gained, better than the indifference which, during the past weeks, had laid its leaden weight upon their disjointed lives. Brod was prepared to encounter in Gann's nature, as it awoke, a resistance and an opposition which had not been there before; for he knew that something lay behind—something which, when now and then he came on it unawares, had in it the touch and horror of death—something which Gann harbored and which lay close hidden, biding its time, save when in shadowy

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form it crept from its lair, faced him for a moment with blank, featureless mask, and again withdrew. But Brod did not shrink from any struggle that lay ahead; so long as there was something to be broken he cared not how hard the breaking might prove.

Weary of body, but resolute of will, having kindled the fire, he sat down, and leaning his back against the side of the kiln, disposed himself for rest. He sat by the opening, the wedged staff under his hand, and watched in the growing warmth of the firelight the gradual extinction of the cold hues of outer day. Before long, almost without knowing it, he had closed his eyes; sleep was near, but a corner of his mind still lay awake; the warmth drifted into his brain —warmth and the sense of renewed possession of the thing that he loved. The sun had set, but Gann was with him still.

Under his hand the staff quivered, gave a slight turn, grating upon the brickwork in which it stood fixed. Quick but without stir Brod opened his eyes; there was Gann, working with gripped jaws, wrenching to get free.

Brod sat up. "Gann," he said, "you go and lie down!"

Gann drew back his head with a start, stood fixed for a moment with averted look; then, slow and listless, broken of will, went to the farther side of the fire and lay down.

Brod took a grip of the staff to make sure that it was still well fixed; then, shifting nearer, clasped his hand over it and again leaned back to rest. For a while he kept close watch upon Gann; but when an hour had gone by and the dog still lay without motion, he again closed his eyes and, with ear awake for the least sound, sank into light slumber. Before long he had lost clear count of time; but though his senses drowsed, brain and consciousness lay awake. Presently, while his body thus hung on the verge of sleep, thought again grew active; what, he wondered behind shut eyes, is Gann doing now? Cautiously he half raised his lids, and through the lowered lashes saw in the sunk glow of the firelight Gann steadily watching him. There could be no doubt now that Gann's brain was coming to life: nay, not brain alone; every nerve of his body was alert as when some creature of the chase watches its prey.

Presently Gann's body began to move, following the direction of his eyes; belly to earth, with limbs rigidly extended and head slightly raised, he drew himself inch by inch over the ground, nearer and nearer to his master's side.

Brod was a man of iron nerve; courage with him had become a habit; but as he watched the stealthy advance of Gann, a strange dread took possession of his soul. It was not the formidable teeth that he feared—those he could face and fight; it was the mind, the brain, the enmity at last clearly manifest in the only form of life he had ever passionately loved. Now at last he knew that Gann and he were at war, but what the fight was to be, to what end or how waged, that he did not know.

Gann was now quite close; there at Brod's feet were the eyes waiting to spring; but the body in which they were bound remained servile, reptilian, knit to the ground like a great hairy caterpillar that seemed only waiting to put out its suckers and climb. A cold shudder went over Brod as Gann rose and became four-footed once more; very gently he set feet to his master's knees, raised himself up and looked into his face. Where the weight of the feet rested, Brod felt two spots of cold; the dog's nose almost touched his face, but there fell upon it no warmth of breath. Steadily but furtively he looked out under sunk lashes, and saw Gann's eyes turned searchingly upon his. A great fever burned in them; for while around in the throb of the falling firelight went alternations of light and shade, there, and there only, glowed a steady flame; and clear in its midst as a carved cameo some form of definite import that did not move or change. What it might be Brod could not read, for his sunk glance gave but an obscure vision to his brain, and his eyes were disconcerted by the flickering reflections of firelight on the walls around him. Presently, however, it sank to a dull glow, and at once the form confronting him grew more intense. Brod threw open his eyes, thrust forward his head, and with held breath stared hard. For one instant man and beast met eye to eye; and even

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as Gann shrank and turned aside with guilty look, Brod saw clear—with a distinctness of impression that nothing could efface—a small wizened figure of a man leaning on a shepherd's crook, motionless and with fixed gaze like one lost in thought.

Gann had sprung off and was standing his distance again as Brod leaped to his feet; but though he looked at his master with conscious eye, he looked as one that had had his will, and the word of reproach that followed did not cause him to shrink.

"So," said Brod, dull and heavy of tone, "you would pick my brains, would you? Go your way, Gann; play me that trick again and I pick yours!"

Without change of glance or stir of limb Gann heard him out to the last word; then turned indifferently away and lay down.

"I'll break you!" Brod called after him, "every bone! You shall know where you belong before I've done with you." Then he reheaped the fire, and returning to his place, lay down. When he rose up once more morning was abroad.

He took up the staff and made his way out of the kiln; nor did he trouble now to see whether Gann would follow him. In a few moments he heard behind the soft pad of the feet, and with a new purpose in mind he set his face for home.

Following the track to the farm, they came close to the grave, and Brod looked about to see what effect it might have on Gann; but Gann, looking neither to right nor left, strolled indifferently by. Brod was well satisfied.

"I'll teach him yet!" he said to himself, and gave a confident grip to his staff.

And now they were come to the door which Gann, since his return to life, had never yet entered. Brod unlocked and threw it open. He waited; and so did Gann, head down, giving back to his master neither sign nor glance.

"Get you in!" cried Brod, harsh of tongue, and with sudden threatening gesture lifted the staff as though about to strike.

Gann backed; and Brod, no longer loath, reached out and struck heavily with all his force. Half blind with rage, he had scarcely taken aim; only when the staff touched ground did he know that he had missed.

With a sound of inarticulate fury Gann turned; his eyes blazed into life, his back bristled, his limbs grew knit, his teeth lined out to a savage grin. Here was battle at last; the tug of war had come!

"Come on, then!" shouted Brod; "come on!" and bracing himself for fight, swung up the staff for a heavier blow. Here at last was a game that two could play, and in which the weaker will must own defeat. The joy of battle surged through his blood. "Come on! Come on, then!" he cried again, and Gann crouched and quivered, hot and ready to spring.

Leaping beast and descending stroke crashed together in mid-air. Teeth met wood; and, quicker than eye could see, with a rending sound of flying splinters, teeth prevailed, and Brod's hands lay empty of power. Dry and rotten to its core, the staff, shivered to a thousand fragments, lay strewn to earth. Out of its centre a small puff of dust floated derisively away through the frosty air. Brod stood weaponless now; but there was no longer any need: Gann's rage was spent.

Feebly he turned from the field he had won and crawled painfully away—a sight horrible to the eye. There was no mistaking him now: gaunt and festering death stared out of each rib; his head hung like a bucket on a string, dripping moisture as it went; each limb in turn on which he rested his weight gave under him like sodden clay. Thrice he fell staggering and blind, and thrice he rose and again struggled on.

His master could have had him now, for there was no power left in him by which he could resist. But the staff of mastery was gone, and Brod had only to look to know that Gann was gone too.

So to second burial went Gann, bearing back a most faithful body to the grave. Brod, following him afar, saw him enter the thicket and there lay himself down. But when later he drew near no sign of the body was left; only he saw in the ground the mark of his own feet.

And so was finished, after so many months, the burying of his dog Gann; and when all was done Farmer Brod went back to a lonely hearth; for he was a hard man and had no friend left in the world.

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A Piece of Good Fortune

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

MR. ICHABOD TETLOW, among the other pleasures of life, had lately come to relish venturing, on warm afternoons, into the park which adjoined the street where he lived. There, for the space of an hour, he would, on the bench beneath the althea bushes, sit twirling his great white mustaches reflectively, regarding the people strolling up and down the gravelled walk before him or occupying the other benches within his range of vision. If upon arriving at the altheas he found already usurped the seat to which he had grown accustomed, and of which he was exceedingly fond—not only because, from its central position, it afforded him an excellent view of the rest of the world, but also because it afforded the rest of the world a very pleasing glimpse of Ichabod Tetlow—he was wont to look with such threatening meaning in the direction of what he considered his rightful property, to turn so ferociously upward the ends of those mustaches that the most brazen of usurpers fled at his approach, under the impression that he could be nothing less than a distinguished general whose selfish aims must for some mysterious reason by no means be thwarted, and to whom it was not a little of an honor to yield precedence, humiliating as it was to give up the spot one had chosen to sit in.

That Mr. Ichabod Tetlow, in spite of his lofty and imperious bearing on these occasions, was not a gentleman of any military distinction, but, on the contrary, the most contentedly humble of tailors, had never interfered with the success of his manœuvre. Mr. Tetlow had gained some insight into human nature during a lifetime of hard work in a stuffy shop, which now, in his middle age, he felt that his son could attend to by himself long enough, now and then in the afternoons, to give him a chance to breathe, for an interval, fresh air instead of a mingled atmosphere of steam and dyed cloth.

Once installed in the seat he coveted, he scrupulously left vacant the end where the branches of the bushes hung very low, so that a person sitting under them was irritatingly tickled, first on his nose and then on the back of his neck. Not that this vacant end amounted to much or was likely to tempt anybody. Mr. Tetlow's short, corpulent frame required, to be comfortable, a surprising amount of room.

There were other habitués of the park at the same hour on pleasant days as himself.

Every day that he was out, there went by along the path a young man pressed for time to such an extent that he tumbled forward helter-skelter anyway in his haste, his meagre alpaca coat-tails fluttering from him. He had a pumpkin-like head on a thin neck, and twitching eyelashes. The importance of his getting to his destination never lessened, yet, as many times as Ichabod Tetlow had seen him, he had noticed him do nothing more valuable than to tear at his breakneck speed from one end of the walk to the other. The quick impatience of his movements was offset by the languid indolence of two youths, invariably going past arm in arm, their little derbys rakishly on the sides of their heads, their immaculate shoes glistening, and smoke issuing out of their mouths from the beginnings or ends of stupendous cigars. To the tailor's notion, the soft, flabby faces of the two had a look as if somehow or other their owners had been boiled whole in pudding-bags. It was as much an enigma to him how with their energy they could ever get anywhere as how the hasty young man with his vigor could fail to get somewhere. "If I had the training of 'em, I'd hurry 'em, I'd boil 'em, I'd make 'em smoke," he remarked, whenever the absurdly idle and useless pair came his

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way, to that most admirable of listeners, Mr. Tetlow.

In the tailor's perhaps cynical judgment a good listener was as rare a specimen as a white blackbird. Lending an obliging ear throughout his career to his friends and acquaintances, and uncomplainingly becoming a receptacle for their family histories, their personal troubles, their bursts of ill-founded egotism, he had found, or thought he had found, these friends growing unaccountably deaf when he wished to turn the tables, and detail to them his family history, his afflictions, his justifiable conceit, to instil as it were into their ears some few drops of his own personality. For many years Mr. Tetlow had shaken his head over this phase of earthly conduct, and had long ago, in order to gain at wish a sympathetic audience, adopted the plan of often talking half aloud to himself.

Another pair, promenading over the gravel together, had become familiar to him—a lady, dressed perpetually in blue, beautiful in his eyes, although no longer in her first youth, and an astonishing old image with powdered cheeks. In precise proportion as the image, below her gayly tilting bonnet and parasol, was loud-voiced, and vulgar, and delighted on these strolls, the lady was coldly retired. "I am sure, mamma," she had observed, in Mr. Tetlow's hearing, "that I quite agree with you! We are having a charming time. I can imagine little—although I sat up nights to do it!—which would enliven existence as much, make one as glad to have been born into the world, as to come here day after day, and to see what there is to see here."

Ichabod Tetlow detected no satire in these sentiments. He felt, after he had heard them, for the cold, youngish lady, the warmest approval. He considered that they stood, so to speak, on a common ground of taste. He certainly could not, if he sat up nights to do it, conceive of very many things which would heighten living more than the recreation to which she had alluded.

Nor could, clearly, the small, dry, withered woman who assumed different adornments for different days of the week, that she might fittingly ornament one of the benches opposite his, across the path. On Wednesdays, for instance, she wore, over her time-honored dress with its lappets of rusty lace, a plum-colored satin bolero, which fitted her atrociously. On Thursdays her purplish, wrinkled hands were covered by embroidered mitts. On Fridays she left her hat at home, and there nodded above her wintry cheeks an evening head-dress composed lugubriously of jet. On Mondays and Saturdays she was decorated, like a hero, with rosettes of ribbon, while on Sundays—on Sundays Mr. Tetlow's hour often stretched out to two or three—she was arrayed with such fearful intricacy that he never yet had been able to make out what she had done to herself.

In addition to these several individuals, without whose society he scarcely ever took an airing, and concerning whom he was possessed of no especial curiosity, there was one, returning daily to the walk and to the benches, who had aroused his interest to a decided extent. This was an old gentleman, marked by an air of dejection so acute, a lack of composure so wild, that more glances than the tailor's own were frequently riveted upon him in an earnest attention.

Extremely tall and emaciated, he resembled a stick of the same size from top to bottom, tricked out in well-preserved black broadcloth and neat gaiters. His height was further increased by a towering beaver hat of a bygone style. His countenance, edged by closely clipped gray burnsides, was refined and amiable, the features wax-like, the prominent eyes burning with a melancholy light.

Plunged continually in the depths of gloom, he plainly endeavored, though without avail, to shake off his low spirits. But try as he would, he appeared totally unable to compose himself in the slightest degree, or to derive the least enjoyment from the fresh air. He moved about feverishly. If he sat down, he jumped up drearily after the lapse of the briefest possible period. He had no sooner taken to walking than he abandoned this exercise and sat down again. He carried a cane which was constructed in such a manner that he could, by pressing a series of springs, separate it into four pieces. This he constantly did, at once, however, mournfully restoring it to its original shape. From either of his coat

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Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN THAT PAID ATTENTION TO THE WEATHER"

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pockets protruded a number of little books, which he drew out one after the other, at spasmodic intervals. But too restless to settle down to read any of the volumes, he merely looked each one of them over with a frantic expression, and stowed them all away once more into the recesses of his coat. Careless as to who overheard him, he heaved from time to time a heartrending sigh.

No matter how often he emerged into view under the park trees, his behavior was always characterized by the identical singular and disturbed sadness, which rather increased than diminished.

"What in the devil's wrong with him?" ejaculated Mr. Tetlow, over and over.

Mr. Tetlow was a man of action.

Seeing no hope ahead of his reaching without assistance an answer to his question in regard to an entire stranger, and his curiosity becoming more and more thoroughly aroused, he determined to secure assistance. Unless he was mistaken, the old gentleman had reached that point of nervous unhappiness when he would be glad to mention the source of his misery to a person bearing about him all the signs of an honest and upright nature, as the tailor was well aware that he did. He justified his eagerness to probe into another man's affairs by his consciousness that whatever confidence might be reposed in him, his honor in respect to it would be unimpeachable.

More than once Mr. Tetlow had remarked proudly to his friends, whether they deigned to hear him or not, "If a double-dyed raskill, with a heart as black as your hat, 'ud tell me a secret he didn't wish me to pass on, I'd reck with my own blood afore I'd betray him."

So far, fortunately, this unpleasant proceeding on Mr. Tetlow's part had never been necessary, he being allowed to keep sacred within his breast the revelations that abandoned villains or anybody else might have made to him.

With the definitely formed purpose of scraping acquaintance with an unhappy man and inducing him, in a kind-hearted manner, to drop into conversation and tell what in the devil was wrong with him, on a particular bright afternoon, as the object of his interest began wildly to pass and repass along the walk near him, Ichabod Tetlow conspicuously compressed the breadth of his body so as to leave a more hospitable supply of room on his seat's vacant end. He had already gone so far as to twist back the overhanging althea branches. Having committed these acts of abnegation, he coughed with perceptible emphasis. His desire seemed to have a magnetic force. When the shadowy black figure had completed its comfortless walk, its burning glance fell on the resting-place he had artfully provided. Hesitating slightly, the stranger sat down beside him, giving utterance to one of the profound sighs which characterized him.

Mr. Tetlow drew out his handkerchief, and removing his spectacles, fell to polishing them industriously. "A fine day!" he advanced, heartily.

His guest looked miserably around him. "Fine! I really have not noticed the state of the weather, though, since you speak of it, I see that the day is all that could be desired by the most critical."

"I rather thought, now, that you were a man that paid attention to the weather. I've seen you out so often enjoying the park."

"I enjoy the park, my good sir!" The old man commenced to take his cane apart with trembling fingers. "I enjoy anything! Not but what I could, and would, if it were not—"

He broke off abruptly, and slowly converted the four pieces of rattan he held back into his walking-stick, which he placed between his knees, sinking his chin dolefully on the silver head, engraved with the initials J. B., and staring straight before him, absorbed in his thoughts.

"A man that can't enjoy anything," said Ichabod Tetlow, "is in a bad way."

"He's a fool, a madman," burst forth his companion, violently.

"Though I don't doubt," continued the tailor invitingly, "he's got some good reason for it—lost a part of his money, mebbe, by speculation, or a member of his family he was exceptionally fond of."

"I have not," returned the old gentleman, in self-reproach, lifting his chin, and speaking in a rapid volubility, more as if he were enlarging the subject to his own mind than to a chance companion's, "any such good reasons for my inability to any longer enjoy myself as

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these! My money has been converted into certain worldly possessions, which I still retain. *Yes, I still retain them. I still retain them. They are yet mine!* I have no family. I was early left an orphan, without brothers or sisters or near relatives of whom now to be cruelly deprived. Never marrying, I consequently have no wife or children in these days to be torn from my arms."

"Ah, then," said Mr. Tetlow, quickly, "you lead too lonely a life."

"Lonely?" exclaimed the stranger, in some astonishment; "I have never felt it so."

The tailor rubbed one pudgy, square, red hand over the other. "Well, well, everybody—them that enjoys things and them that don't—has got motives of some kind for their feelin's, which nobody, less than I, would wish to intrude on."

The old gentleman fixed on him his melancholy eyes, as though impressed by his delicacy, and as though, as Mr. Tetlow had surmised, it would be a relief to him to talk of the load on his heart.

"If I were to tell you, whom I have never seen before," he began, "why all enjoyment is taken from me, I would relate to you a reason for such folly, such un-Christian character, that I have not yet summoned up the courage to confess it to my friends, who wonder at my distracted behavior, of which I myself am only too conscious, and can arrive at no conclusion as to the cause of my grief."

"A secret," the tailor answered, with a positiveness which carried conviction, "of any sort is safe with me. I've as close a tongue in my head for the matters of others as your best friend could have. And as far as telling what a man ain't proud of to some one he don't know, I, for one, 'ud a deal rather do that than tell it to some 'un that knew me better, who'd expect more of me!"

"There's truth in that," replied the other, thoughtfully. "There's more than a little truth in that." He gave a kind of dull, ashamed groan, and bent toward Ichabod Tetlow. "Well, sir, I am the most wretched mortal alive, for the monumentally wicked and foolish reason that I cannot bear to die, as before long I must—as all men must—and *give up the possessions which I have accumulated in this world.*"

"So that," said the tailor, bestowing a sidelong glance of scrutiny upon the well-preserved broadcloth coat beside him, "is what's wrong with you!"

"Yes; you see what a poltroon sits here. I can imagine what you, what any one, must think of such a man."

Mr. Tetlow waved his hand. "Eh, it's not for me to judge other folks. I'm not thinking ill of you. But I'm thinking you must have finer possessions than I've got to bless myself with."

"I do not want to boast," cried the old gentleman, with a touching eagerness, "but I admit that my possessions are priceless. Three years ago I owned nothing. I existed in a single room, in the greatest deprivation and discomfort. Within a year's time, through circumstances not needful to trouble you with, I became able to purchase a handsome place in the suburbs. A poor accountant, hitherto chained to a desk, I found myself free, the owner of a house, a rose-garden, and stables containing a horse and carriage. The house was furnished throughout with every luxury I could desire, the books, the pictures, the bric-à-brac, exactly suited to my predilections. Until two months ago, I lived among my beautiful surroundings, absolutely contented, well, cheerful, enjoying everything. You have spoken of a lonely life. I was, I fear, far too selfishly inclined to my own society, too much given to the delights of reading, to hours of reflection, and the happiness arising from it—*once the happiness!*—too charmed with the intricacies of rose-culture, to be troubled with loneliness. I had no dream then of death. I never thought of it. I only thought of present joys. Alas! two months ago I left my house for a few hours to attend the funeral of a neighbor. Like myself, he had laid up treasures to which he was strongly attached. As I made a part of the dark cortège which escorted him to his grave I was deeply stirred with pity for him that he should have to leave forever his house, his books, his pictures, all that he loved, and that he would never see again. I experienced at the same time, I acknowledge, the scarcely formulated feeling of triumph which the happy living bestow on the dead, not their own. But returning to my house and entering my library,

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I heard my neighbor's voice, a somewhat metallic one, ring mockingly in my ears with these words: 'Why do you flatter yourself that the calamity which has befallen me will never befall you?' I broke out suddenly into a cold perspiration. I —I, too, must die, never to see again my earthly treasures.

"I shuddered with that dread, that abhorrence of death which is torturing me. My peace of mind, my happiness, was from that moment gone. I cannot face what every owner of valuables has to, what I should have been facing ever since I came into possession of so much. I cannot rise, although I have always sought to follow the precepts of Christianity, to a higher spiritual plane, to a sense of greater blessings to come after this world. I can no longer eat, sleep, read, reflect, enjoy myself anywhere, because, to put it briefly, I am such an odious idiot as to want to enjoy myself here forever."

"That's a queer situation," said Ichabod Tetlow.

"It's detestable," said the old gentleman, rising to his feet. "I am detestable." He was about to turn hopelessly away, when he bethought himself of something. He extracted from his waistcoat a visiting-card. "If you are ever, my good sir, out White's Road in the morning—"

He could not, in his lack of composure, stop to finish his sentence, but started off to walk once more, paying no further heed to Mr. Tetlow, though he went restlessly up and down in his vicinity.

Left alone, Ichabod Tetlow studied carefully the name and address on the card, which he had accepted with a stubby bow. "Mr. John Biggs, No. 2 White's Road," he remarked, presently. "I'm likely next Tuesday A.M. to be out your way."

On the following Tuesday, foregoing his afternoon's outing in the park for a morning call, the tailor made his way smartly out White's Road, smoothing over the backs of his hands the lavender gloves which he deemed necessary to the occasion. Finding the number he sought, he drew back in surprise. For he had not come upon the magnificent villa which he had been privately and with no inconsiderable satisfaction contemplating visiting, but upon a narrow, dilapidated house, set to one side of a dooryard, where there was in front a couple of dusty rose slips, and at the back a stable, out of whose worm-eaten window a blind horse was thrusting its head. That Ichabod Tetlow had made no mistake in the numeral over the sunken threshold was evidenced by the fact that his pull at the broken bell was answered by none other than the old gentleman, rumpling his thin hair over his brow.

"Ah," he said, with a sigh, as he recognized him, "it is good of you to come."

The tailor, drawing off his gloves in the tiny corridor into which he was asked, closely considered the bare floor, checkered with the morning sunshine, and the faded map of the world above the stand upon which he laid, when they were off, his gloves and his hat. "I find you in better spirits now, Mr. Biggs," he suggested, with a jocose effort at cheer, "not feeling so bad over what's got to come?"

"I am feeling no better," said the host, simply. "I have seldom, indeed, felt so enormously blue. The house, the garden in the light before noon—! I think I must have been expecting you unconsciously. I have just been rummaging among the bottles in my sideboard."

"There, there," protested Mr. Tetlow, "don't go to no fuss for me."

But the old gentleman, nodding in his melancholy fashion, opened a door at the left. "It's a good way out for any one to come. I like to give my guests a little something immediately, before I show them over the place. I always," he added, affectionately, "show them over the place."

The dining-room, at the bottom of the little flight of steps leading from the door, was below the level of the garden, and smelled of mould, and had a mouldy look. A sort of damp, greenish tinge was on the sideboard and the unpolished, silver-plated cruet that stood there, on the chairs and table, on the dropping wall-paper, and the dim, bird's-eye view of Constantinople.

"There ain't nothing like being struck on your own earthly treasures," thought Ichabod Tetlow, while he munched a biscuit of the same unhealthy hue as the cruet, and sipped with a wry face the

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glass of acid shrub, offered to him on a lacquered tray, half of which was gone.

His host did not raise his glass to his lips, but sat brooding over its untasted contents, until the tailor had finished. Then he led the way through another door into a low room on the ground floor. From the books in the inconvenient shelves along one wall Mr. Tetlow guessed it to be the library where the dread of Death had fallen on Mr. Biggs. The musty matting was badly worn. He caught a ghostly glimpse of his own jovial body in the ugly mirror, streaked with dust, between the shelves. Against the wall opposite the books was an ancient melodion, littered with discolored sheets of music. Chairs with lyre-shaped backs were placed here and there, varied by an uncomfortable sofa of a like pattern. There were other bird's-eye views of other cities and a nearly indistinct water-color of a dandy of the time of Washington, and a cracked Chinese vase. In one corner, roosting on an artificial limb, were two stuffed paroquets, that in spite of their lifeless condition were somehow dismally moulting. From the glass eyes, bulging above their beaks, proceeded a stony and reproachful stare.

"You see," said the old gentleman—"you see I have much to leave."

"Ay, I see," replied Mr. Tetlow. In extenuation of this falsehood he observed inwardly, following after Mr. Biggs up the stairs retreating sharply from the corridor, "I see it's not the act'al value of things that makes 'em priceless. It's the store you set by 'em."

At the top of the house, he went through a quartet of bare, faded chambers. In the largest of these, which it was needless to ask if Mr. Biggs occupied, because of the down-at-heel slippers before the decrepit cretonne armchair, and the out-at-elbows night-lamp beside the bed, a round window opened into a tree and a nest of crows.

From the rose-garden, later, Mr. Tetlow glanced up at this window. One of the crows had flown to its ledge, and was flapping its dingy wings and croaking harshly. He gave a sly twirl of his mustaches at it. "Oh, a redbird, I see!" he said, sympathetically, under his breath. The old gentleman, bending over the two dusty rose slips, fondly stroked their leaves. "You know roses? My Maman Cochet, my Papa Gontier!" He flitted, next, sadly athwart the dooryard to the stable. Inside it, the tailor covered his shoulders with cobwebs, and knocked his shins against rotting beams. The blind horse had taken its head in and was engaged in devouring with difficulty an ear of corn in toothless jaws. A set of decaying harness hung on a rack above its tail. In the compartment beside it a weather-beaten chaise was dropping to pieces, its wheels worse off than its shafts, its leather hood far worse off than its wheels.

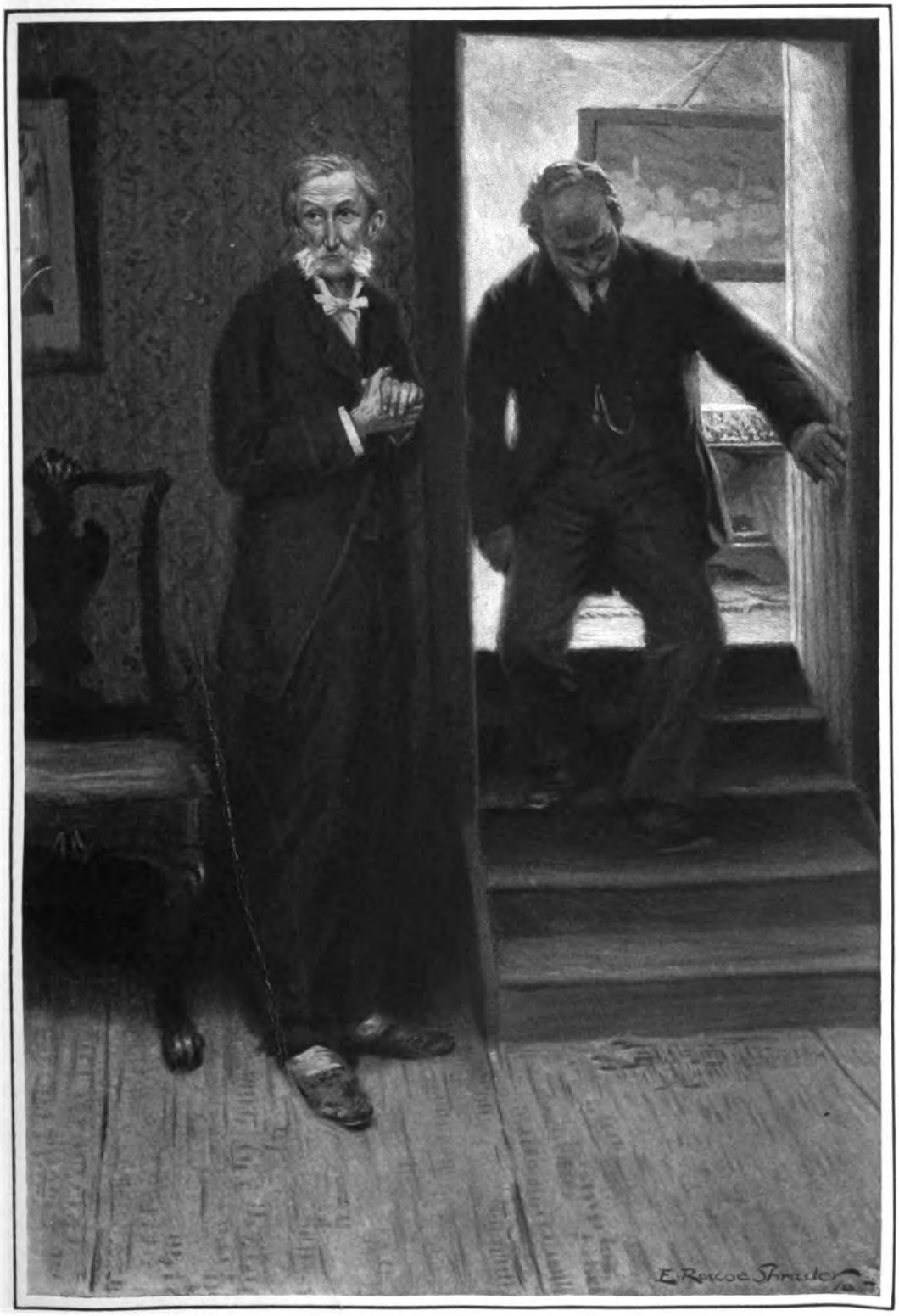
Ichabod Tetlow's chest began to feel oppressed by dust and decay. He was glad to emerge back into the dooryard. Near the Papa Gontier, over which the old gentleman bent again, to pick from it now a wilted leaf, he made his adieux.

"I cannot say," said Mr. Biggs, clasping his hand in a limp moroseness, "that I have enjoyed your call, since I enjoy nothing. But I can say that I appreciate it." His words, under the circumstances, had no effect of discourtesy. Folding his arms, he sank into a fit of abstraction. Mr. Tetlow concluded that he scarcely aroused him as he clapped him heartteningly on the back and said loudly, "We'll run across each other soon, now, in the park."

It was not, however, because the old gentleman failed to hear him that this hope he expressed was unfulfilled. A few days subsequent to his call Mr. Tetlow was confined to his bed by an attack of rheumatic fever, which descended on him as suddenly as though the dampness and mould of the dining-room he had visited had struck disastrously to his joints and the bitterness of the shrub into his veins.

In the feverish dreams that haunted his pillow throughout his illness, those whom he was used to seeing in the park filed fantastically before him. The cold, youngish lady grew so much colder, so much more scornful and wearied and indifferent, that she finally emitted a smoke from the top of her head, which consequence of her coldness was to his confused brain strictly inevitable. The image waddling behind her, to express her emotion in regard to this undaughterly deed, lowered her powdered cheeks, that popped out at once oddly

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Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader

"I ALWAYS SHOW MY GUESTS OVER THE PLACE"

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like floury balloons, and gnawed resentfully at the handle of her parasol. The hasty young man went dizzily to and fro. Then he started to lengthen out, until he toppled over with a dolorous sigh, and lay from one end of the park walk to the other. The slow youths dropped apart in decay. Their rakish hats, their huge cigars, their legs and arms, their flabby faces, fell from them. Nothing was left. The withered old woman roosted on the branch of a tree in her Friday's adornment of the evening head-dress. There she sat teetering and cawing hoarsely.

But with Ichabod Tetlow, in sickness as in health, the most important of them all was the old gentleman, as distracted and gloomy as ever, but seated on a chair with a lyre-shaped back, drawn by a mouldy horse, to which he huddupped in a desperate tone. In his arms he bore, higgledy-piggledy, his Maman Cochet, his Papa Goutier, and his stuffed paroquets, that no longer stared, since they had gone quite blind. Their glass eyes were under the forehead of the old horse, so that he, instead of they, looked forth with a reproachful stoniness, as he scrambled along out of the reach of a horrific something, invisibly and furiously pressing on behind the chair.

What this frightful shape was the tailor managed eventually to detect as once, in his fever, it came into visibility, proving to be the indistinct water-color dandy from Mr. Biggs's wall, inexorable as Death, in his ruffles and queue.

A month elapsed before Mr. Tetlow was sufficiently recovered to return to his bench in the park.

The afternoon of his return found him sitting by the altheas, somewhat pale from his recent confinement and suffering, but glad to be out again.

He searched, looking everywhere, the walks and the benches for Mr. Biggs. Only the old woman, to-day out in the dirty Saturday's rosettes of a hero, was anywhere familiar to him. No one else he remembered was about. It was as if the others, filing through Ichabod Tetlow's rheumatic dreams, had stayed in those shadowy spaces, not able to come back, the little creature opposite him alone making her escape. She did as well for him, twirling his mustaches and breathing in the odor of grass and trees, as the image, the slow boys, or the young man in a hurry would have done, if not quite as well as the youngish young woman, who should have been out, too, taking the air.

But she did not do anywhere nearly as well as Mr. Biggs.

The tailor occupied himself with wondering about him. Was he brooding in his house disconsolately, above a glass of the most execrable liquid in the world? Was the dilapidated, absurd house empty of him, what he feared having overtaken him? It was impossible to tell.

Yet not so impossible.

Mr. Tetlow finished his siesta, and was rising to his feet to leave, when the sight of a figure of unusual length coming toward him arrested him, and made him sit down again—a figure, though, not emaciated as to its chest and limbs as he remembered it, not waxen as to countenance, and certainly a figure marked by no wildness or melancholy distraction of demeanor.

Mr. Biggs, calm, cheerful, and composed, stretched out his hand. "I have missed you!" he said. "You have been ill?"

"Yes," answered Ichabod Tetlow, scanning him; "but I take it *you* haven't."

The old gentleman took off his beaver and rumpled his hair. "I have only a moment," he murmured, brightly, "my friend—" Mr. Tetlow descried in the distance another old gentleman in old-fashioned clothes. He had, like the paroquets in the library on White's Road, an aspect that he was somehow moulting. "But I must tell you of the piece of good fortune which has happened to me. My suburban place is a blackened ruin. I have, since I saw you, lost my house, everything that I possessed, by a fire which started in my stables from a match I myself accidentally dropped there."

Mr. Tetlow surveyed him again slowly from head to foot. "And you call that a piece of good fortune—you, caring for all them things as you did, and worrying yourself plumb to a skeleton over having to die and leave 'em!"

"You don't understand?" asked Mr. Biggs, smiling.

"I don't," returned Ichabod Tetlow, emphatically, without smiling. "I must say I *don't*."

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"Why," said the old gentleman, "my good sir, it's this way! I am restored to cheerfulness, I no longer dread death, which would rob me of my earthly possessions, because I have not any more any possessions to be robbed of. I exist again uncomfortably in a single room, whose mean equipments I do not own. With nothing to live for, I am at peace. Now, when I die, I can go without regret or looking backward. I shall leave behind me only my friends, and those treasures"—the tailor eyed momentarily the moulting personage beyond them—"I have never worried over leaving. For *they* will some day follow me. I shall see them all again."

He readjusted his hat, and bowing happily, went away.

"Well!" ejaculated Ichabod Tetlow, reflectively, to Mr. Ichabod Tetlow.

He pictured in imagination the conflagration which had restored Mr. Biggs's soul. He thought of the poor, bony, beloved old horse shrivelling sightlessly in his stall, of the Papa Gontier and the Maman Cochet going like a breath, of the crows cawing and dropping downward, of the four faded upper chambers catching — of the heat passing below through the corridor to the dining-room and library, wrapping the furniture, the bird's-eye views of cities, the faint dandy, and the dismal paroquets.

Blue Shade

BY JAMES BARDIN

CEILING and walls were colored like the sky
  When sun-born blues fade into twilight grays;
And like cerulean seas of Sicily
  The long floor gleamed where shone the pale moon's rays.
But she, who came from out the dark and stole,
  White clad, across the threshold of the door,
Was like the milky lace of waves that roll
  In tumbled legions on a rocky shore.

Slowly she moved into the shadowed room
  And paused before the open window, where
She raised her hands to draw the dense blue gloom
  Of billowed hangings that the wind stirred there:
The curtains trembled and the room grew dim,
  But ere the moon's last ray was lost to sight,
I saw the blue-veined curve of breast and limb
  Where clinging silk was pierced by envious light.

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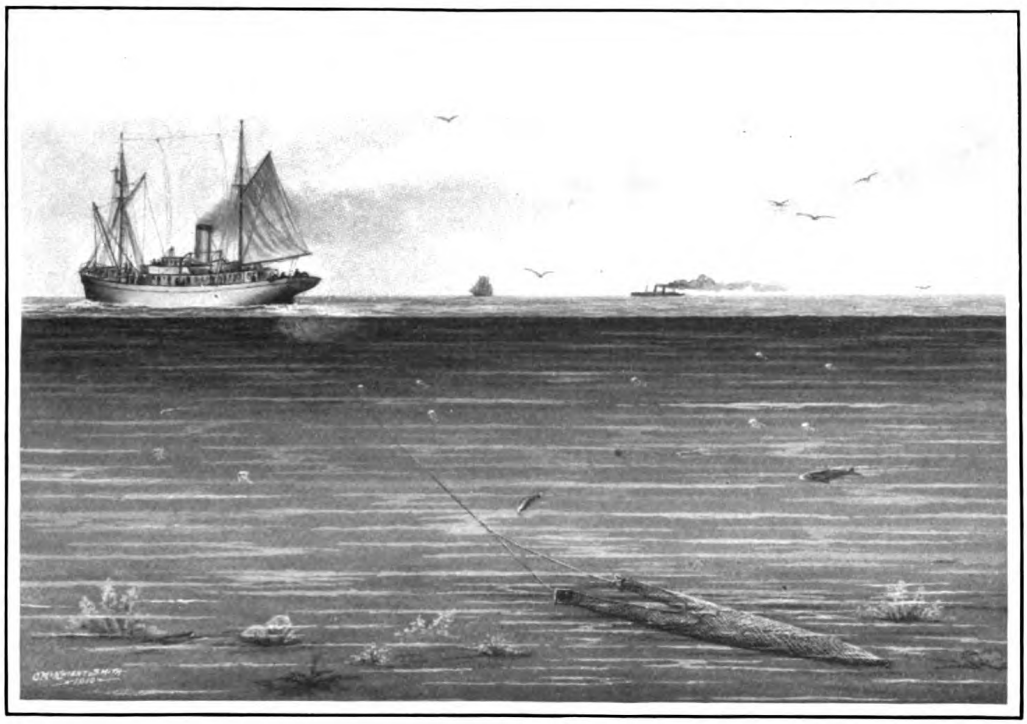


FIG. 1.—METHOD OF USING THE OTTER-TRAWL

Exploring the Ocean's Floor

THE DEEP-SEA EXPEDITION OF THE "MICHAEL SARS"

BY SIR JOHN MURRAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., etc.

THE great Challenger Expedition returned to Britain in 1876, after having spent over three years in the exploration of the great ocean basins of the world. Among its many results, the one that riveted most the attention of the public was the discovery that living organisms were to be found everywhere in the ocean, from the surface down to depths of three or four English miles. Men were, indeed, surprised to learn that in these great depths, to which sunlight never penetrated, where the temperature approached the freezing-point, and where the pressure was four or five tons on the square inch, large and delicate animals belonging to nearly all marine types could flourish in great abundance. Forgetting that water is practically incompressible, they were also surprised to learn that small particles such as fall to the bottom of a tumbler of water will also fall to the bottom of an ocean six miles in depth. Acquaintance was made with new species, genera, and even orders of animals, which recalled extinct forms found embedded in rocks as fossils—the stalked crinoids, for example. New and extremely interesting instances were observed of the way in which organisms adapt themselves to remarkable and hitherto unconceived conditions of life. The strange and fantastic fishes brought up from great depths were all dead when hauled on deck. Their eyes were often blown out of their heads, and their stomachs blown out of their mouths, by the expansion of their body gases as these fishes were hauled by the nets into shallower and shallower water. Again, large numbers of these strange fishes, crustaceans, cuttlefishes, and zoophytes

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emitted from special organs a blue-green phosphorescent light, resembling in function search-lights—in this way the eternal darkness of the cold, motionless region at great depths was illuminated. Sometimes the trawl brought up an ooze made up of calcareous shells, sometimes of siliceous shells, and sometimes a red clay containing cosmic spherules, dozens of ear-bones of whales, and hundreds of sharks' teeth, all covered by manganese oxide or embedded in manganese nodules. Scientific men had evidently invaded a new weird field of research of surpassing importance to all who take an interest in the advance of natural knowledge.

The modern science of oceanography was practically founded by the Challenger Expedition. In more recent years our knowledge of the ocean has been greatly extended by expeditions sent out by the governments of nearly all civilized countries, by cable-ships, and by private individuals, like the late Mr. Alexander Agassiz, the Prince of Monaco, and others. The development of this new science has also been greatly helped by the work carried on at the marine biological stations which have been founded in many parts of the world. In a very special manner can this be said of the international fishery investigations which have during the past ten years been carried on in the North Sea and along the coasts of Europe. As a result of these varied marine researches during the past half-century we can now say that we know the physical, chemical, and biological conditions of the great oceans in their broad general outlines.

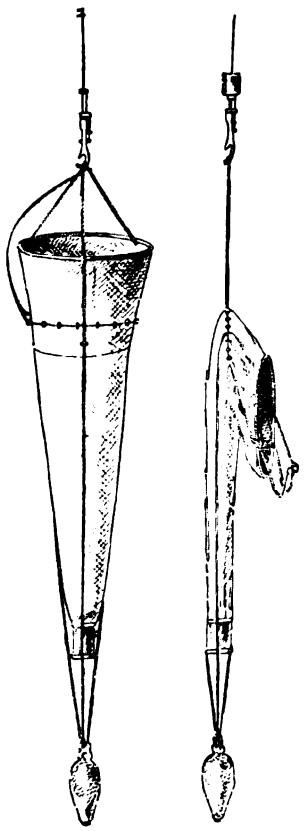


FIG. 2.—NANSEN CLOSING NETS

The ocean has been sounded in nearly all directions with modern appliances, and these soundings show that the floor of the ocean consists of vast undulating plains, lying at an average depth of about two and a half miles beneath the surface of the waves. In some places huge ridges and cones rise from these submerged plains to within a few hundred fathoms of the sea surface, or they may rise above the surface as volcanic islands and coral atolls. The greatest depth hitherto recorded is in the Challenger (or Nero) Deep in the North Pacific—5,269 fathoms. If Mount Everest were placed in this deep, 2,600 feet of water would roll over the peak of this, the highest mountain in the world. The greatest depth in the Atlantic is in the Nares Deep, between the West Indies and Bermuda — 4,662 fathoms. The greatest depth in the Indian Ocean is 3,828 fathoms, in the Wharton Deep, between Christmas Island and the coast of Java. We now know fifty-six of these deeps where the depth exceeds three geographical miles, ten areas where the depth exceeds four miles, and four places where it exceeds five miles.

The sea, as all the world knows, is salt. It is saltest where strong dry winds blow across the surface, as, for instance, in the trade-wind regions and in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. It is less salt toward the poles and in the deeper layers of the ocean. It has long been known that the very salt water of the Mediterranean flows as an undercurrent outward through the Strait of Gibraltar, and thus affects the salinity of the deeper waters of the Atlantic over a wide area. Although the amount of salt in sea water

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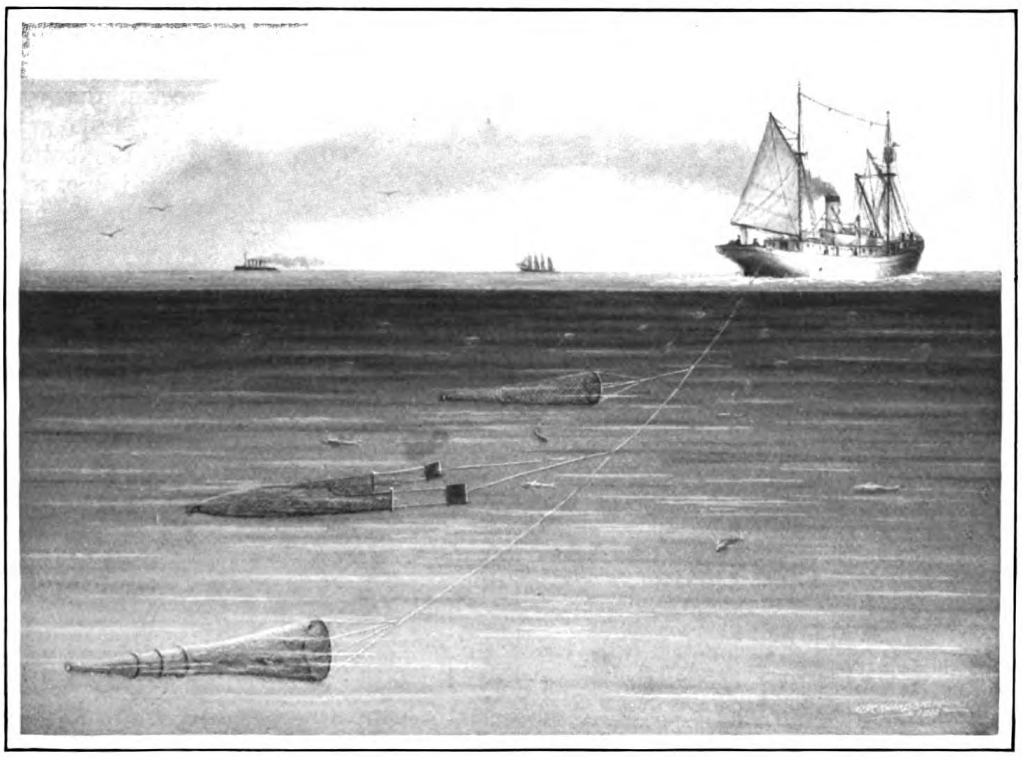


FIG. 3.—METHOD OF USING SEVERAL NETS AND TRAWLS SIMULTANEOUSLY AT VARIOUS DEPTHS

varies, the composition of sea-salts remains very constant; slight differences have, however, been noticed along the continental coasts, in the polar regions, and in the water in direct contact with deep-sea deposits.

The temperature of ocean water varies at the surface from 28° Fahr. at the poles to over 80° Fahr. in the tropics. The cold water toward the poles has an annual variation of less than ten degrees Fahr. at any one spot, and the warm water of the tropics also has an annual variation of less than ten degrees Fahr. in a band that nearly encircles the earth; this is the region of coral reefs and atolls. Between these regions of small annual variation there are two bands surrounding the earth where the annual variation is greater, and may exceed in certain regions 40° Fahr. at any one spot. Wherever this wide range occurs, a warm current is present at one season and a cold current at another, and this results in a great destruction of marine animals. In the deposits under these places glauconite and phosphatic nodules are now in process of formation. The deep waters of the ocean are always cold. Beyond a depth of about three-quarters of a mile the temperature is generally under 40° Fahr., and in very deep water even under a tropical sun it approaches the freezing-point. When dredging on the equator the *Challenger* brought up from great depths bottom clay or ooze so cold that the hand could not be held in it for any time, and the sailors used to place their beer and champagne bottles in it to obtain a cold drink.

The specific gravity of sea water depends on both salinity and temperature. Any bulk of cold water is heavier than an equal bulk of warm water; hence when the salter water of the tropics is borne toward the poles and cooled, it sinks toward the bottom and flows slowly as a deep current toward the equator, where it is again drawn slowly to the surface to supply the place of the warm waters which are carried poleward by the prevailing winds and ocean currents of the globe. The direction of these currents is modified by the rotation of the earth, the distribution of the land, and other causes.

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The atmospheric gases—oxygen and nitrogen—are absorbed at the sea surface, more abundantly in cold than in warm latitudes; hence these gases are carried down to the greatest depths in the general water circulation of the open ocean. The oxygen is used by the enormous number of marine animals, and consequently diminishes in quantity as it is carried down from the surface and over the bottom, but the quantity of nitrogen remains constant. In the open ocean there is usually abundance of oxygen even at the greatest depth, but this is not the case in partially enclosed seas which are more or less cut off by barriers; and in the deeper layers vertical circulation is restricted. An extreme example is the Black Sea, where in deep water sulphuretted hydrogen is abundant, and life, with the exception of bacteria, is absent. It has been found that these submarine barriers also determine the temperature of the water in the deeper layers of partially enclosed seas like the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Sulu Sea. All the water below the level of the summit of the barrier or *sill* has a constant temperature: for instance, the Mediterranean has a temperature of 55° Fahr. from a depth of 190 fathoms (the level of the barrier) to the bottom, whereas the temperature in the open Atlantic outside the Strait falls gradually from the surface to the bottom, where the lowest temperature is met with. Similarly in the Red Sea the temperature is constant at 70° Fahr. from a depth of 200 fathoms (the level of the barrier at the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb) to the bottom.

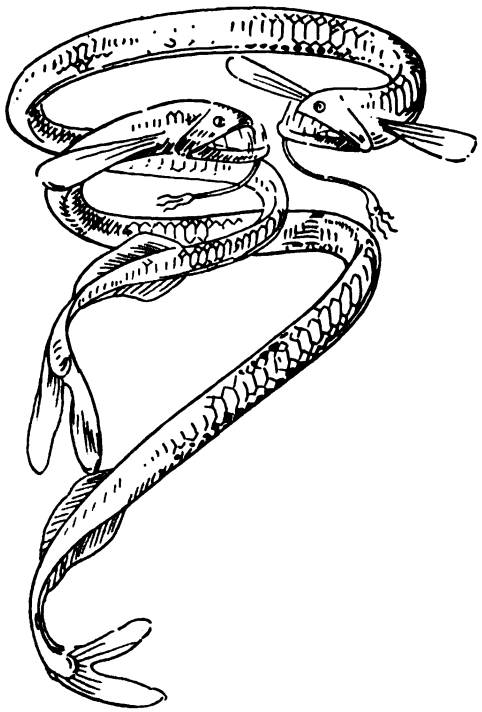


FIG. 4.—DENIZENS OF THE DEEP SEA

This statement does not, however, hold good in the case of a polar basin cut off by a barrier. When Wyville Thomson and Carpenter investigated the Faroe Channel to the north of Scotland in the earliest of deep-sea expeditions, they met with temperatures at depths of half a mile varying as much as fifteen degrees Fahr. at a relatively short horizontal distance from each other, but they failed to find any indication of a barrier separating the areas in which these widely different temperatures were observed. The *Challenger* investigations in all parts of the world seemed to point to its being highly improbable that two such bodies of water could exist alongside of each other without an intervening barrier. The *Knight Errant* and *Triton* expeditions under Captain Tizard and Sir John Murray were consequently organized to reinvestigate this region. A barrier, now called the "Wyville-Thomson Ridge," was discovered, separating in all depths exceeding 250 fathoms the warm Gulf Stream water from water cooled in the arctic seas. The animals captured on either side of this ridge by the trawls were quite distinct—the one representing a polar fauna, and the other southern types; only a very few species were common to the two areas.

The seaweeds and marine organisms which live along the shores and shallows of continents and islands are well known; those which live at the surface in the open ocean, and whose dead frustules accumulate on the floor of the ocean in deep water, were comparatively unknown before the deep-sea expeditions of the last half-century. We now know that the whole of the surface waters of the ocean are crowded with minute unicellular algæ, which are ever busy, under the influence of sunlight and chlorophyll, converting the inorganic substances in

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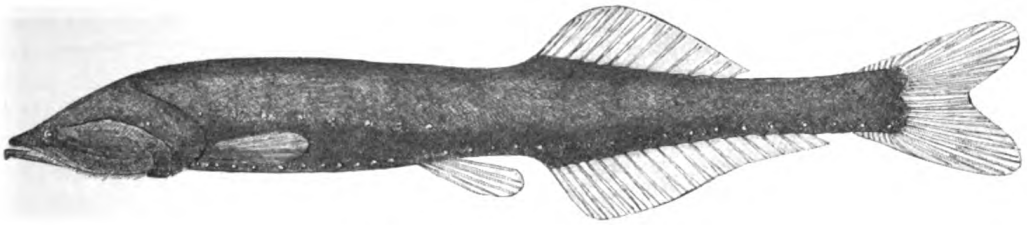


FIG. 5.—CYCLOTHONE MICRODON

sea water into organic compounds, which in turn supply not only the food of the vast majority of marine animals which live in surface and intermediate waters, but also of the myriads of creatures living near and on the sea-floor, miles beneath the level to which the sun's rays can penetrate. The surface waters may be regarded as vast floating meadows, each great region having its own species and a soil (as it were) and other conditions which make for abundance or scarcity. The vegetable matter, in the form of phytoplankton, present in the surface waters of the ocean down to a depth of 200 fathoms, is probably much more abundant than that in the layer of vegetation which covers the land surfaces of the globe. The bodies of these minute unicellular algæ, which often have calcareous, siliceous, or chitinous shells, fall to the bottom after death together with the dead bodies of the animals which browse in these meadows; accumulating on the surface of the deep-sea oozes and clays, they supply nourishment for the creatures that crawl over the bottom of the sea. The majority of the animals which are brought up in the trawls and dredges are found to have their stomachs and intestines filled with the upper layers of the bottom deposits: for example, the Echinoderms and Annelids. They are scavengers; they live by eating the mud, ooze, or clay. In their turn they are eaten by predatory animals. Such is the general economic arrangement in the great oceans. We do not know how long the deep sea has been inhabited, but it seems to have been peopled by migrations from the shallower waters surrounding the continents. The animals captured in deep water far from land are more archaic than those in shallower depths nearer the coasts. There cannot be said to be any region quite destitute of life in the oceans; yet deep water far from land, and some intermediate layers, may be called desert regions by way of comparison.

A recent examination of the *Challenger* deep-sea deposits shows that these contain more radioactive substances than the rocks of the continents, and that the radioactivity of the whole ocean is not so great as that of a layer of red clay one inch in thickness. The time has evidently arrived for a re-examination of the great oceans with the help of the knowledge acquired since the *Challenger* set sail from Britain in 1872. It was considerations of this kind that led to the despatch of the S.S. *Michael Sars* to make observations in the deep water of the Atlantic during the past year.

The *Michael Sars* was built by the Norwegian government about ten years ago, and was specially fitted out to carry on investigations on the fishing-banks along the coasts of Norway. She is a small vessel, only 125 feet in length, carrying a crew of about twenty men, and resembles a large modern steam-trawler. One of her principal tasks during the past ten years was to ascertain where the more important economic fishes live and breed. It was found that a purely arctic fauna inhabits the ice-cold basin of the Norwegian Sea at depths of 500 to 2,000 fathoms. Huge halibut and other valuable fishes were found on the slopes between 100 and 500 fathoms, while on shallower banks cod, plaice, and other marketable fishes were found in abundance, the distribution of each species corresponding to certain special physical conditions. Estimates were attempted of the actual numbers of each species in the different areas, the nature of their food, their distribution at different ages, and the conditions which determine abundance and scarcity in different years. These were more or less

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FIG. 6.—LEPTOCEPHALUS

A species of which ten were found between 820 and 2,460 fathoms

successful, and a new science may be said to have arisen comparable to that science which strives to elucidate the essential conditions for the production of foodstuffs on land.

The scientific men who have directed these important fishery investigations in recent years have been able to improve both the methods and instruments employed in hydrographic and deep-sea work. It seemed desirable to try these new appliances in the deep water of the North Atlantic, and though the *Michael Sars* was rather small for such an extended voyage, she possessed an experienced captain and crew, as well as a scientific staff trained to carry on work at sea even in rough weather. A suggestion that she might be employed for a four months' cruise in the North Atlantic during 1910 was acquiesced in by the Norwegian government, and the route of the expedition was planned by Dr. Johan Hjort, the Norwegian Director of Fisheries, and I agreed to take part in it. One of the chief objects was to compare the banks along the coasts of Europe, Africa, and North America with the conditions in the deep water far from land. The ship carried out her observations all along the coasts of Europe and northern Africa and twice steamed right across the Atlantic Ocean.

For catching fishes the *Michael Sars* on this expedition employed only the large otter-trawl which has in recent years so revolutionized the fishing industry. This was used from the shallowest coast banks down to the greatest depths in order that the catches might be compared, not merely with reference to species, but also as regards the number of individuals. This large otter-trawl, with an opening fifty feet in breadth, is furnished with two otter-boards, which act rather like kites in the air; owing to the way of the ship these spread out laterally and open the large net represented in Fig. 1. It is easy enough to operate a trawl of this size in shallow water, but when it has to be lowered to a depth of three English miles, and wire rope two or three times that length has to be paid out, it is difficult to prevent the whole appliance from getting entangled. An extremely powerful winch is needed for heaving in the miles of steel wire, while ropes and blocks must be of the stoutest possible construction. The main object in view was to try if this large trawl would capture new fishes of larger size than the smaller trawls previously used by deep-sea expeditions. This did not turn out to be the case, but the catches were nevertheless of the utmost interest, since we caught such great numbers of large fishes, of which previously only a few specimens had been captured, that we were able to obtain not only a more trustworthy picture of the fishes living at different depths, but also a better idea of their abundance.

The coast banks extending seaward from the shores of Europe and Africa are not many miles in breadth; they descend from a depth of 100 fathoms in a rather steep slope to the submerged plains at a depth of three miles. On these slopes the fish fauna was found to be extremely abundant. In a short haul at a depth of 500 fathoms, off Ireland, 330 fishes were captured, at 1,000 fathoms 82 fishes, at 1,500 fathoms 39 fishes, and at a depth of three miles only a few fishes were captured; but it is by no means certain that this large trawl worked as well on the soft ooze of great depths as at shallower depths. These observations indicate that fish life decreases with the depth and distance from continental coast lines in the North Atlantic. The *Challenger* observations seemed to show that this was not universally the case—in the Great Southern Ocean, for instance. In coastal waters extending from the north of Scotland to Africa, where there are considerable differences of temperature, the fish fauna varies according

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to latitude, but down on the continental slopes, in depths of 500 to 1,000 fathoms, the *Michael Sars* found the same species of fishes over the whole of this long stretch from the Norwegian Sea to the African coasts, where the temperature conditions are practically identical, and apparently unaffected by seasonal changes.

It is generally admitted that marine organisms are more abundant near the surface and near the bottom of the ocean than elsewhere—that is to say, from the surface down to the depth of 300 fathoms, and on the floor of the ocean up to about 300 fathoms above it. There has been much discussion as to whether or not the intermediate layers are inhabited. The *Challenger* naturalists contended that their observations showed that all layers of water from surface to bottom were inhabited, while the late Mr. Alexander Agassiz held that his experiments went to show that the intermediate layers were devoid of life. The *Michael Sars* naturalists made a special investigation of this intermediate region by means of large silk and other nets that could be closed at will at any desired depth, with the view of ascertaining the species that lived in the different layers (see Fig. 2). These large nets could be lowered to a depth of say 1,000 fathoms and heaved up to 500 fathoms before be-

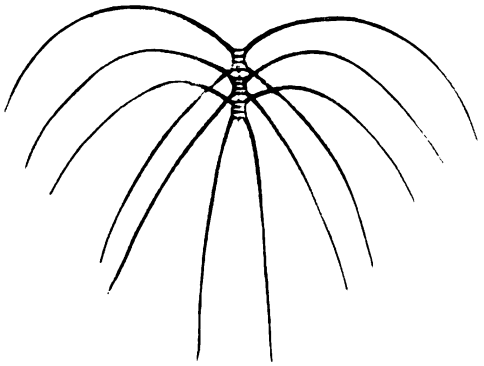


FIG. 7.—CELL WITH FLOATING APPARATUS

ing closed, thus capturing fishes, etc., that lived between these limits. Such catches were of special value, seeing that no objection can be raised as to the approximate depth at which the animals lived. It was also of importance to drag many appliances simultaneously so as to compare the catches from different depths. Fig. 3 shows how this was done by placing nets and trawls at 50, 100, 150, 300, 500, 750, 1,000, 1,250, and 1,500 fathoms. Altogether about thirty such hauls were

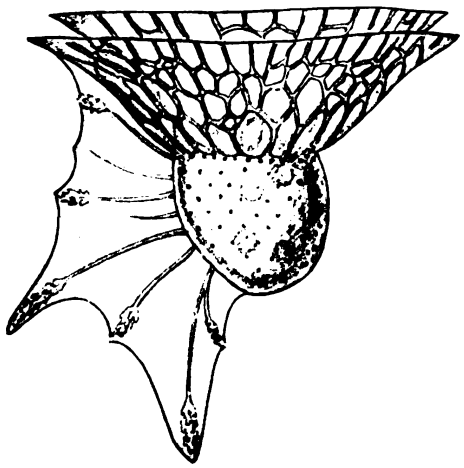


FIG. 8.—CELL WITH FLOATING APPARATUS

made in the North Atlantic, and when worked in connection with the closing nets yielded a great amount of information.

It was found in this way that strange deep-sea fishes—which are nearly always of a black or dark color—and other animals are chiefly met with at a depth of 300 fathoms—that is to say, just about the depth to which sunlight penetrates; these may be called twilight animals, and consist largely of fishes, cuttlefishes, crustaceans, and worms. Some of the fishes were not more than one or two inches in length, although mature and full-grown; most of them were furnished with phosphorescent organs. Fig. 5 shows a full-grown fish of this kind, the actual length of which is about one and seven-eighth inches. These small mature fishes occur along with large and powerful species.

Many large shrimp-like crustaceans—some over six inches in length—of a deep-red color were taken in these hauls, the pelagic trawl yielding sometimes enough to fill a small tub with small black fishes and red crustaceans. All these nets when used below 200 metres (or 100 fathoms) invariably furnished such catches both during the day and during the night.

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Some of these animals were seen for the first time, others were known only from captures in other oceans by previous deep-sea expeditions. It has long been known that some deep-sea fishes have what are called telescopic eyes—that is to say, eyes of a cylindrical shape with a convex lens at the end. Many of the development stages of these fishes were captured, similar to those described from the *Valdivia* expedition.

The surface nets never captured animals like those just referred to, but generally captured crystal-clear, silvery, or blue-colored animals, constituting a totally distinct fauna, and along with these numerous stages of fish larvæ and fry of extraordinary shapes. Perhaps the most noteworthy were the wonderful crystal-clear Leptocephali, the larvæ of eels, which differ so much from the full-grown animals that they were formerly believed to belong to a distinct group of fishes (see Fig. 6). Unfortunately it is difficult to determine the species to which these young fishes belong; still, it was

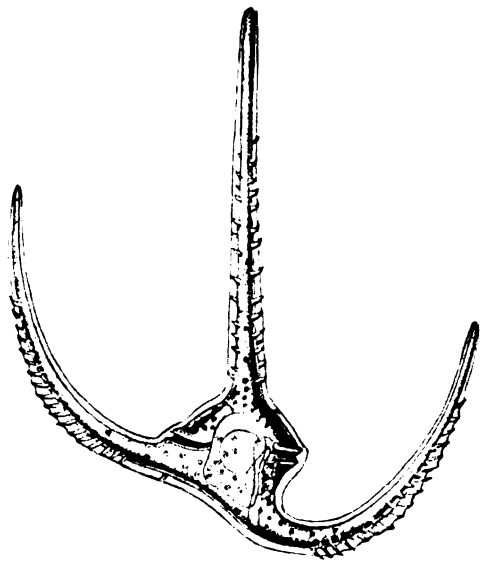


FIG. 9.—CELL WITH FLOATING APPARATUS

most important to find the larval stages of bottom fishes at the surface far from land, and possibly these may yet indicate the habitat of the full-grown fishes.

The colors, phosphorescent organs, and remarkable organs of sight of the animals in the different layers are evidently correlated with the distribution of the sun's rays in sea water; consequently the *Michael Sars* naturalists made some interesting experiments bearing on this subject. Professor Helland-Hansen by means of an apparatus he had constructed succeeded in exposing photographic plates at various depths for any desired length of time, and by using panchromatic plates he was able to ascertain the different depths to which red, green, and blue rays could penetrate. His experiments revealed that considerable quantities of light penetrated down to 500 fathoms, whereas at 900 fathoms the plates were not affected even after an exposure of two hours. At a depth of 300 fathoms the light consisted principally of ultra-violet rays, while rays which are seen by the human eye were only present in extremely small quantity. The red and green rays could not be detected at 300 fathoms even after an exposure of forty minutes; on the other hand, the blue rays were noticeable. At a depth of 50 fathoms during brilliant sunshine and after an exposure of two hours all colors of light were found, there being least of red, rather more of green, and by far the largest part of blue and ultra-violet.

All the red and black pelagic animals which the expedition captured at depths below 300 fathoms float in a layer of water untouched by any of the sun's rays that we can see; their colors may be assumed, then, to render them invisible when viewed from above. Those marine creatures which are provided with phosphorescent apparatus can shed light for a short distance into the obscurity around them. On the other hand, the transparent, crystal-clear, and blue-colored animals which occupy the surface layers must in their turn be invisible to the animals of the deeper layers when looked at from beneath.

The existence of animals is entirely dependent upon plants. Plants with chlorophyll can, in the presence of sunshine, produce organic substances out of carbonic acid, water, and the mineral salts and other substances in sea water. We are all acquainted with the forests of seaweeds near the shore or in the Sargasso Sea, but the great rolling meadows of the sea consist of plants so small

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that they cannot be detected by the naked eye. They cannot always be seen by a magnifying-glass if we simply put a drop of water under the microscope. But when we strain a large quantity of sea water through fine silk nets we may procure a yellow-brown mass, which is then seen to consist of thousands of small cells of very different and very delicate structure, each being a separate little organism. These are found alive only in the upper layers of the sea, where alone the red rays essential to their life are actually present. These cells are usually provided with long bristles—a floating apparatus—to prevent them from sinking (see Figs. 7, 8, and 9). The species and the abundance of these organisms differ according to the season and the physical conditions of the sea water, and Professor Cleve attempted to tabulate their geographical distribution. Hensen and his colleagues in the German Plankton Expedition endeavored to estimate the total quantity of these plants beneath a square metre of the surface by the use of fine silk nets, with no fewer than ninety meshes to the square millimetre. By comparing hauls from different waters, such as the North Sea, the sea near Iceland, and the warm parts of the Atlantic, they attempted to ascertain where the abundance was greatest, and they believed they were justified in concluding that the northern waters were far richer than the open and warmer waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Much discussion has taken place regarding these conclusions. The abundance in northern waters is dependent on the season, being greatest in spring and least in winter. The production cannot be measured by the plants found at any given moment, since these are being constantly consumed by animals. If animals abound, the consumption may be very great; production may be very great although very few plants are in evidence. It must also be remembered, as was maintained by the *Challenger* naturalists, that many of the tropical species are so minute that they pass through even the finest nets; and it must be remembered that the rate of growth—and of metabolism generally—is very much greater in warm water. Fig. 11 gives a magnified picture of a small portion of the finest silk cloth, a quarter of a square millimetre in area, with two small plants resting upon it; one of these would be caught whichever way it encountered the meshes, whereas the other would escape unless it happened to come against the meshes sideways. Moreover, there is a large group of small calcareous plants (Coccolithophoridæ), minute round cells (see Fig. 10), with a diameter of not more than 0.01 to 0.03 millimetre, that pass through every mesh, though they are very widely distributed over the ocean's surface. They are nearly always present in the stomachs of pelagic animals, and their calcareous disks make up a large part of deep-sea oozes. In order to determine the quantity of these minute plants in sea water the *Michael Sars* employed a large centrifuge driven by a steam-winch. In this manner all the small organisms were forced into the few drops at the bottom of a glass tube, which could then be examined under the microscope. The species could be determined and the number counted in order to find out how many were present in a litre of sea water.

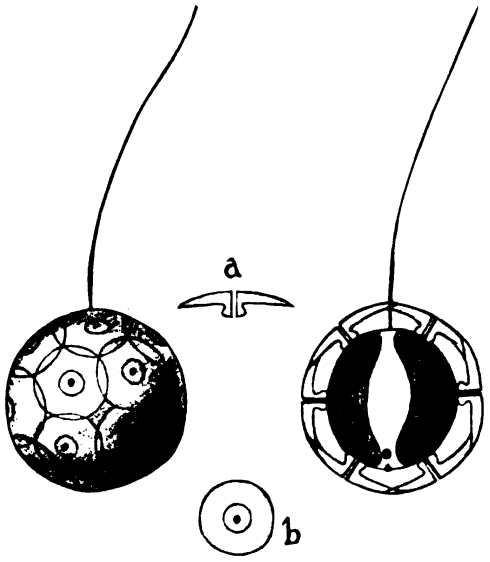


FIG. 10 — COCCOLITHOPHORIDÆ

Professor Gran examined in this manner a large number of sea-water samples during the cruise. He found immense numbers of these minute plants in the

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upper warm surface layers of the ocean—for instance, in the Sargasso Sea—there being sometimes as many as several thousand plants per litre of sea water. So numerous were they, in fact, that they constituted in volume the main portion of the plankton. A very great number were hitherto unknown species and types. These small calcareous plants were not found in the finest silk nets used simultaneously with the centrifuge, although each haul of the net yielded an ample number of the larger forms—representing at least fifty or sixty species—yet amounting to not more than four or five individuals per litre of sea water. These experiments very materially enlarge our notions concerning the oceanic production of living substances. Our collections from different areas must all be carefully examined and compared before quite trustworthy conclusions can be deduced. We certainly found in the various regions great differences in the abundance of these plants and the small animals living on them, which in turn furnish sustenance for the larger predaceous animals of the open ocean.

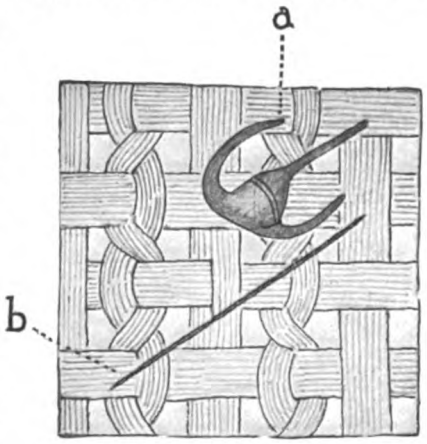


FIG. 11.—SILK CLOTH NETTING HIGHLY MAGNIFIED
Area one-quarter of a squre millimetre; "a" and "b" are small plants caught in such a net

There seems to be a great difference in the number of organisms captured by tow-nets in the coastal waters and in the open ocean, especially as regards the larger plankton species. On the banks off Ireland, Africa, and Newfoundland the larger plants predominate. Off Bojador in Africa, for instance, we found 450,000 cells per litre, a number far in excess of anything we came across in true oceanic water, though less than what may be met with at certain seasons of the year off the coasts of northern Europe. In the neighborhood of the Newfoundland Banks, again, small calcareous plants showed an increase up to 200,000 per litre.

What it is that determines the relative abundance or scarcity of species in surface waters has been the subject of much discussion. No completely satisfactory explanation has as yet been given. In all probability coastal waters receive from the land surfaces a larger quantity of plant food—especially ammonia—than is present elsewhere in the ocean. On this question the researches of the *Michael Sars* may be expected to throw considerable light, for collections with closing nets have been made from surface to bottom all along the route of the ship.

The hauls with the closing net appear to indicate clearly that in the uppermost layers of water both plants and animals are in the greatest abundance; then follows a poorer layer, consisting of at least a few hundred fathoms, extending down to the level at which deep-sea fishes and crustaceans exist in large numbers. How deep this relatively rich intermediate layer is cannot at present be stated.

Within the limits of this article it is not possible to describe the collection of deep-sea deposits made during the cruise, but a detailed examination of them is expected to give much new information. The pelagic calcareous organisms may be briefly noticed. These consist of Coccospheres, Foraminifera, Pteropods, and other molluscs. Although present everywhere at the surface in the warmer parts of the ocean, their dead shells do not appear in the deposits at the greatest depths. They have certainly all been dissolved in falling to the bottom through a depth of three or four miles of sea water. In shallower depths—500 to 1,500 fathoms—these shells do accumulate on the bottom, giving rise to Pteropod ooze and Globigerina ooze. These observations were most amply confirmed by the results obtained during the cruise. In spite of this we still find scientific men—especially those who write about coral reefs—stating that dead carbonate-of-lime shells and corals are not dissolved away by the action of sea water.

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Woman Suffrage at St. Katharine's

A "MAY IVERSON" STORY

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

I MAY as well admit at once that Maudie Joyce was the first girl at St. Katharine's to feel any real interest in Woman Suffrage. Usually I am the one in our school set who thinks of new things, and does them; so the other girls have got in the habit of waiting for me, and not trying to think themselves, in their crude, immature way. But Maudie thought of suffrage all alone, though perhaps Kittie James helped to put the idea into her head.

You see, Kittie started an anti-suffrage club, almost as soon as we got back to school in September, and she made herself the president of it at the very first meeting. Before the meeting was over, Maudie Joyce asked Kittie what the club was for, and Kittie didn't know; and Maudie asked what the members were going to do, and Kittie didn't know that, either. Kittie said she just wanted to have a club because they had one in Chicago, and her sister, Mrs. George Morgan, belonged to it. She said the nicest feature of the Chicago club was that nobody in it did anything, and they joined because they didn't have to do anything. It was a beautiful club, Kittie said, and so restful.

Maudie walked off to a corner after these words fell from the lips of our young friend, and I followed her. I suppose we looked aloof and lonely and disapproving. Anyhow, when the rest of the girls had watched us a while, most of them came over to the corner, too, and the end of it all was that Kittie only got three members for her new club. Mabel Muriel Murphy joined because Sister Edna, the nun she likes best, approves of gentle, womanly girls, and Kittie told Mabel the gentlest and most womanly thing a girl could possibly do was to join her anti-suffrage club. Kittie said the real plan of her club was to keep women in their homes, where they belonged, when they weren't at her club; and she said Mabel Muriel Murphy wouldn't have to have a single new idea all the time she belonged. Mabel said afterward it was true, too; she didn't have any.

But the whole thing seemed silly to Maudie and me. We are very intelligent girls, if we are only fifteen, and we have lots of mature ideas and emotions. If we join a club at all, we want to do something in it, even if it is only to eat. There weren't going to be any "spreads" in Kittie's club, she said at first, because she has a delicate stomach, and the convent infirmarians, who look after her, think she mustn't eat between meals. They don't let her eat much at meals, either, so Kittie is against girls overeating. It *is* an awful thing to behold, when you are held down yourself.

However, Kittie went right on with her club, though, of course, she felt dreadfully disappointed when Maudie and I didn't join. Well, indeed, did she know what that meant, and how impossible real success was without us. So she "strengthened her party" as papa says great statesmen do, by giving offices to her friends. She made Mabel Muriel Murphy treasurer, because Mabel Muriel's father is rich and loves to pay bills; and she made Adeline Thurston secretary, because Adeline likes to write poems, and Kittie said writing reports of her club would be even more interesting than poetry. When Maudie asked how there could be any reports if there wasn't anything done, Kittie said the club would write up the things that were not done. Then she looked past the sides of our faces and changed the subject by making Hattie Gregory vice-president.

We left the meeting after that, and went to my room and ate pickles and talked about how sharper than a serpent's tooth an ungrateful child is. Kittie was 'most like our own child, for she is more than

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a year younger than we are, and not intellectual, and Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce and I have really directed her education since she came to St. Katharine's, three years ago.

While we were talking, Maudie said she wondered what Mabel Blossom would think of all this. Mabel hadn't come back to school yet, but she was coming in a few days. Before I could answer, Maudie spoke again, in the quick way she has when she thinks of something. It's just as if some one had touched a button in her brain, and often Maudie jumps when it happens. She jumped this time, and so did I, for I wasn't expecting her to, and the doctor says I am a nervous child, singularly high-strung. Besides, of course, I have the artistic temperament, and you know what that does to folks. So I jumped, and then got cross over it, the way any literary artist would, who likes to be "well poised and dignified," as Sister Edna says. Maudie Joyce didn't even apologize. She just sat staring in front of her for a minute, as if she saw something that wasn't there. Then she said, very slowly:

"May Iverson, let's be suffragettes!"

I jumped again, because the idea surprised me so much, and I said:

"But we aren't suffragettes, so how can we be?"

Maudie looked at me with a patient expression, like the one Sister Irmingarde wears sometimes in the class-room. I analyzed it once, for literary practice, to help me to observe life and put down all I see: it had astonishment in it, and pained regret, and resignation, and a kind of holy calm, struggling up through hopelessness. After I analyzed it, I wrote it all out and showed the paper to Sister Irmingarde, and asked her if I was right. She looked very much surprised at first, but finally she said she thought I had every ingredient right but one, and she would let me guess at that. Then she smiled her lovely smile, and changed the subject by asking me why my marks weren't higher in algebra. Of course all this hasn't anything to do with suffrage, or anti-suffrage, either. I just put it in to show how acute I am, so the gentle reader won't be surprised when I read people's hearts the way I'll have to before I get through with this story.

We will now return to Maudie. For a long time she was silent, and thought gathered deeply on her beautiful, high-bred face. At last she said, very solemnly:

"We are, too, suffragettes. We've been suffragettes right along, May Iverson. Only we haven't known it."

I gasped then, and began to say I couldn't be anything like that without knowing it, for my first lesson in life had been to know myself, and I learned it when I was twelve. But Maudie went right on, rudely interrupting me. She said she hadn't known her own heart till she went to Kittie's meeting and heard Kittie talk. She said all the time she was there she kept feeling more and more uncomfortable and stirred up inside, but she didn't know why. She even thought it might be indigestion. She said it was only this minute that it burst upon her gloriously that from the very beginning of Kittie's meeting she had been a suffragette, unconsciously working for the cause, and trying to get independence of thought for women. She added that when she heard Kittie James express her silly little ideas, they made her so annoyed that she 'most wanted to slap Kittie. Then she woke up and knew she was a real suffragette, because that's the way they feel in England. She read all about it in the newspapers, and a friend of her mother had seen Mrs. Pankhurst in Chicago.

By this time Maudie was very much excited, so when I didn't answer right off she said she was ready to die for the cause, and if I didn't feel that way, too, and join the suffrage club she was going to get up, she'd never speak to me again as long as she lived.

Of course that's no way to talk to the daughter of a general in the army, who is a literary artist besides, and I pointed this out to Maudie in tones that were cold and firm. I said she couldn't force me to do anything by threats, but that she must appeal to my reason, and convince me that suffrage was a good thing for women. And I added, frankly, that I didn't think she could do it now, anyhow, because she had annoyed me very much by the way she began, and I was 'most sure already I wasn't a suffragette and didn't ever want to be one.

Maudie changed her methods then,

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I SUPPOSE WE LOOKED ALOOF AND DISAPPROVING

right off. She has associated with Mabel and me so long that she has a good deal of sense. She begged my pardon very politely, and she fixed me in a big, comfy chair, and gave me a glass of ginger ale and a cookie, and started in to appeal to my reason.

She said, with her first words, that she was glad to have *my* reason to appeal to, and not the other girls', and she asked me to imagine how I'd feel if I ever had to appeal to Kittie James's reason. When I clapped at that, like a real audience—for any one who knew Kittie could see what a powerful point it was—Maudie asked me if I was willing to follow the banner of Kittie James, "in a struggle which was of vital import to the human race." (She got that out of a newspaper. We have to read one every day, for our Current Events class.)

I stood right up, and said I didn't want to follow Kittie's banner, or anybody's but my own. I said I just wanted to spend my life elevating the masses, by writing pure literature for them, and I didn't see why men couldn't go on voting, and doing heavy work like that, while we women uplifted them. I felt just full of thoughts, but Maudie made me sit down before I could say any more. She said I had promised to let her appeal to my reason, and she wished I would do it and not interrupt. That was a rebuke, and it annoyed me very much. I sat down right away, of course; but it was quite a long time before I could get my intellect calm enough for Maudie to appeal to it. I kept thinking, instead, of crushing things I might have said before I sat down, and it was dreadfully hard not to get up again and say them then. They would have been a help to Maudie, too.

But Maudie was going right along with her speech all the time, and getting more excited every minute. I don't believe she really cared much about suffrage when she began, but by the time she finished she was ready to give up her work at St. Katharine's, and her dream of being a great actress, and go right out and be a suffragette, and get arrested and sent to prison. She had read about the English

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women in prison, and how they were fed through tubes, and she called them martyrs in a deathless cause, and said she was going to have Adeline Thurston write a poem about them. I spoke up again, then, and reminded her that Adeline was an anti-suffragist now, and would only write poems against suffrage. Maudie groaned and said: "This issue will split the convent. It will be like West Point at the outbreak of the Civil War, when the cadets had to take sides for the North or South." And she looked at me with her eyes blazing, and said, "May Iverson, at such a crisis will you be on the fence, thinking about life and trying to write stories, or will you be out on the great battle-field, fighting shoulder to shoulder with your dear ones!"

I tell you that made me sit up. When there's any fighting to do, no Iverson turns his back upon the foe. I saw at once that it was time to take sides, and that it was going to be terribly exciting. Kittie James was already in the enemy's camp, with three of our friends, and here was Maudie getting up an opposition party. I had to decide quickly, and I did it. The audience was convinced on the spot, and it got up and kissed Maudie and told her so. My, but she was glad! She just hugged me, though usually she's a very undemonstrative girl. Then she said: "Now we've *got* to get Mabel Blossom on our side. The three of us can sweep the girls off their feet; but if Mabel goes over to Kittie, you and I will have a battle to hold our own." And she added, gloomily, "We can never tell how Mabel Blossom will act about anything."

I knew that was so, and I promised Maudie I would appeal to Mabel's reason, and try to make her join us the very minute she got back, before the other girls saw her. I said I'd meet Mabel at the station, and ask her which she preferred to associate with on an intellectual level—Kittie James or us. I thought that might fetch Mabel; she is so proud of her intellect. Maudie said it was worth trying, but she shook her head and said it would be just like Mabel to join the other side, so she could develop their intellects. Then her face brightened and she jumped; so I saw that she had another idea. She did, too. She said I might tell Mabel she could get a feeding-tube, and use it on Maudie if she wanted



MAUDIE WONDERED HOW A PERSON FELT WHEN SHE WAS FED THROUGH A TUBE

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to. Maudie said she had wondered how a person felt when she was fed through a tube, and now she was going to get one right off and find out. She said she knew Mabel would be simply delighted to try such an experiment. Mabel was going to be a doctor, so she'd have to know about it sometime, and it might as well be now.

I wasn't very enthusiastic at first. It seemed to me like what Sister Irmingarde calls "an irrelevant detail." But I knew Mabel Blossom would join any society in the world for the sake of trying a medical experiment on some one, so I told Maudie the tube was surely the quickest way of getting to Mabel. Wasn't that bright? Maudie laughed hard; she doesn't always. We put Mabel's name on our list without waiting. So now we had three members—a president (Maudie, of course); a vice-president (Mabel); and a secretary (me). Just then Janey Trelawney knocked at the door and came in, and as soon as we mentioned our club she joined it without waiting for any details, because she liked us better than she liked Kittie. We were glad she didn't insist on having an office, because there weren't any left; but we gave her a glass of ginger ale and a cookie to celebrate on. There was really something to celebrate, for, you see, we had four members, the same as Kittie had, and her club was a whole hour older than ours.



SHE GAVE HER BEST CORAL CHAIN TO A NEW GIRL, TO CONVINCE HER REASON

Well, you'd better believe the next twenty-four hours were fevered ones. Whenever we saw a girl alone anywhere we appealed to her reason and got her to join St. Katharine's suffragettes. Janet Trelawney caught one girl in a bath-tub, and wouldn't leave her till she promised to join; and Maudie Joyce gave her best coral chain to a new girl, to convince her reason. It did, too, though she had half promised Kittie to join the antis. All I did was to appeal to the girls' reasons, and read my stories to them; and they were so proud at being seen seated beneath the trees with a real author that they joined, "not single spies, but in battalions," as Shakespeare says. I got nine one Saturday, so you can see how a love for good literature is fostered in our convent school. Betweentimes we made banners with "VOTES FOR WOMEN" on them. Mabel Blossom was with us by this time, for, of course, she joined just as soon as we mentioned feeding Maudie through the tube. Before that her mind seemed to be "clouded with a doubt," like King Arthur's.

Perhaps you think Kittie James was idle all this time. She was not. Just as soon as Kittie heard about our club she began to work like mad to make hers bigger. She was unreasonable about it, too, and instead of seeing that we had

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SHE HARDLY SPOKE TO US ON THE CAMPUS AT FIRST

a right to our own sacred convictions, Kittie thought we got up our club to kill hers. She hardly spoke to us on the campus at first, but pretty soon she saw how silly this was, especially as it made her miss lots of fun that had nothing to do with suffrage clubs. So she began to drop into my room again in the evening, the way she always had, but she wore such an impatient and busy look that it got on Maudie's nerves.

I am very broad-minded and just, so I can't help admitting that Kittie's club was really a success, after all. Her sister, Mrs. George Morgan, sent her lots of advice about it, and told Kittie everything the Chicago club did; and her brother-in-law, George Morgan, was tremendously interested and made heaps of suggestions. Kittie took them, too, and made her club socially exclusive, and had parties, and things to eat, even if she couldn't eat them herself. Mabel Muriel pointed out to Kittie, very politely, that this was no reason why other girls shouldn't eat, and Kittie saw it that way at last, though Mabel Muriel said to see Kittie stand around and look at the food as it disappeared was enough to ruin one's appetite. Of course our clubs were making life very gay; for when we had a tea, the antis gave a reception, and when they had a musicale, we had an authors' reading and I read a story. It all took up so much time that Sister Irmingarde got nervous, and began to make pointed remarks about study; but Maudie told her we were merely girding on our armor for the vital struggle on life's grim battlefield. After that Sister Irmingarde didn't seem to be able to say anything for a few minutes, though we could see she was impressed.

Then, all of a sudden, the way dramatic things happen in books, the crisis came. Kittie James challenged Maudie to a suffrage debate! She said we could have it in the study-hall, and both clubs could come, and some of the other students and Sisters. She said we could have a jury to decide which side won, and give a silver cup to the winner. She said the jury was George Morgan's idea, and the cup was hers—but I knew that before she told us. Imagine Kittie James thinking of a jury! She told me after-

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ward, with her own lips, that she thought we should have to borrow one from a court-room in Chicago, and she asked George to manage it, because he is a lawyer. George didn't. He said some of the Sisters would do. So we asked Sister Edna and Sister Irmingarde and Sister Estelle, and they all accepted. Then we ordered programmes, and flowers, and lemons and sandwiches, and other important things, and for days and days we were so busy we didn't stop to decide who was going to debate. When we asked Kittie she said, very coolly, that she was going to do it for her side, but if Maudie didn't feel up to doing it herself, she could ask some one else to represent our club. Kittie said she thought the president ought to do it, so she was going to do her duty; but she didn't want her decision to influence Maudie in any way.

I wish you could have seen Maudie's face, and Mabel's, when Kittie said that. I suppose mine looked funny, too, but of course I couldn't see mine. When Maudie could speak, she said she would represent her club, and that as Kittie was very young and inexperienced, and ought to have every advantage, she could begin or finish — Maudie didn't care which. Kittie said she would end the debate, and she bowed to us all and went away, leaving the loudest silence behind her that I ever heard.

Of course the gentle reader cannot understand how strange it was, because the gentle reader doesn't know Kittie James. But we girls did, and to think of Kittie making a speech, and trying to express thoughts! I just simply haven't got far enough in my literary art to describe our emotions. I don't believe even Shakespeare could do it, or Henry James. Why, the first days Kittie was at St. Katharine's, she came to my room one night and woke me up to ask me why it was that she always felt so much sleepier in the morning than when she went to bed at night. She said sometimes she couldn't sleep at night, but she could always sleep after the bell rang at six in the morning. She said she had been wondering about it, and couldn't understand. Another time she interrupted Maudie when she was writing an essay one night, to ask her why folks felt homesick when they were away from home. She stayed and talked about it a long time. She said her stomach felt as if she were dropping from the top floor of a high building in a dreadfully fast elevator, and she wanted to know why that was. Finally, Maudie and I told Kittie not to waste her time trying to think, but



THEY JOINED—I GOT NINE ONE SATURDAY

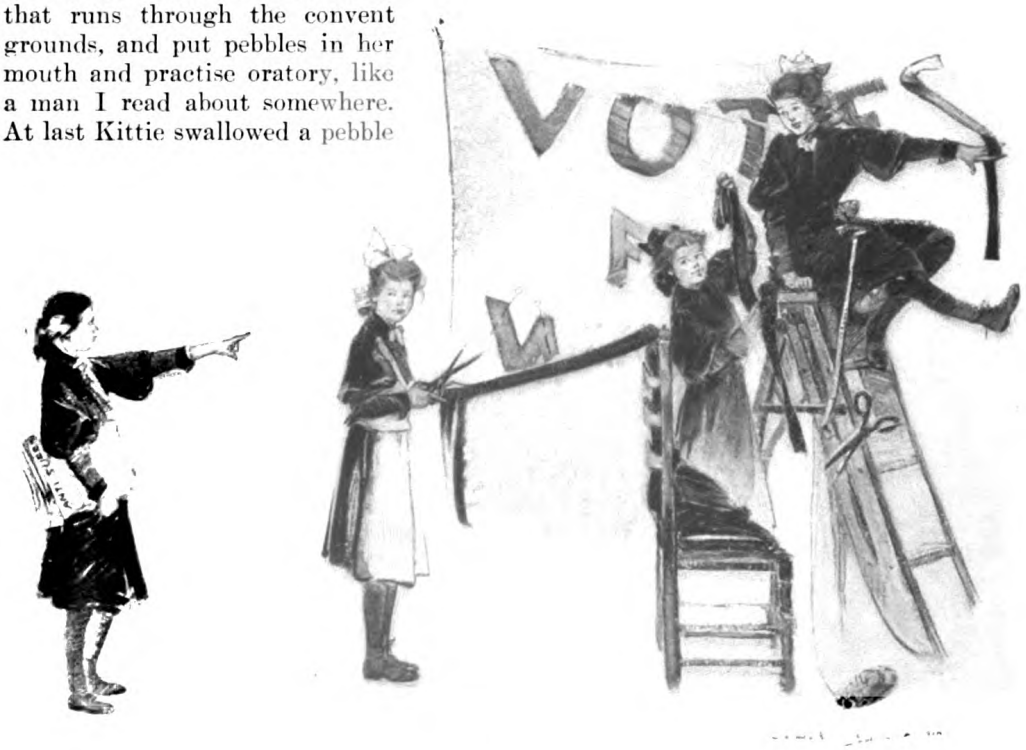
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to come right to us when anything puzzled her. And she always did, until now. Now she was being a leader of thought and patronizing Maudie Joyce!

Maudie had been working on some new banners with "VOTES FOR WOMEN" on them, for we were planning to have an open-air demonstration on the campus the next day. But Maudie put the banners down the very minute Kittie left, and went off to write her debate. I knew by the look in her eye that her proud spirit was stirred to its depths, and I felt sorry for Kittie. Kittie wasn't a bit sorry for herself, though. Mabel Blossom was so much interested in the challenge that she followed Maudie to her room, and told her she needn't eat through the tube until the day after the debate, though we had already fixed the tube day, before we knew about the debate. You'd better believe Maudie was glad to postpone it. The tube was going to be heroic, but not intellectual, of course.

Every day, from then to the day we had the debate, Kittie James went around the halls looking important and murmuring to herself. She'd get off on the banks of the river that runs through the convent grounds, and put pebbles in her mouth and practise oratory, like a man I read about somewhere. At last Kittie swallowed a pebble by accident and had to stop, so we had some peace. It was time, too, for I was getting dreadfully tired of hearing, "I say to you, students of St. Katharine's Academy," coming from all the nicest nooks on the grounds. I think Maudie would have had to go to the infirmary in a day or two more, she was getting so overwrought.

We were all pretty edgy by this time. If you have delicate nerves in your fingers, you know how perfectly awful you feel when you try to pare a peach. Well, that's about the way every suffragette at St. Katharine's felt when an "anti" came round where she was. As for our lessons—Sister Irmingarde told me with her own lips that if I didn't do better during the coming month she would be reluctantly forced to change her mind about my ability as a student. You'd better believe that stirred me up! I dropped everything at St. Katharine's except study and suffrage. When the other girls had "spreads" in their rooms, Mabel Muriel Murphy and I were studying in our rooms with wet towels on our heads; for Sister Edna had reproached Mabel Muriel,



KITTY JAMES CHALLENGED MAUDIE TO A SUFFRAGE DEBATE

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too. But when there was suffrage or anti-suffrage going on, we were both at our posts, like the boy on the burning deck. For by this time it was a vital, burning issue, as the newspaper said, and was disrupting the girls, just as Maudie had thought it would.

The evening of the debate came at last. We had it in the assembly hall right after supper, and Sister Irmingarde and Sister Edna and Sister Estelle were the jury, as they had promised to be. The anti girls were all on the left side, and we suffragettes sat on the right; and on the platform there was a speakers' rostrum, with a glass of water on it. When I saw those three nuns lined up in their chairs, and some other Sisters in the audience, I felt sorry for Kittie and Maudie. Sisters, especially the Sisters who teach us, make a very critical audience, and we girls had often indeed observed that they had a strange, cramping effect on our style—the kind one's family has. Both Maudie and Kittie looked nervous, I thought, and dreadfully serious. Kittie wore her newest dress—one her sister had sent her the week before—and Maudie had on a new embroidered blouse. They were pale, but firm.



KITTIE SWALLOWED A PEBBLE BY ACCIDENT AND HAD TO STOP

Maudie began, and, dear me! wasn't I proud of her! Maudie has one fault, and I have pointed it out to her freely, like a true literary artist to whom Art comes before all. She uses too many big words, and is what Mabel Blossom calls "highfalutin" in her style. (Mabel has pointed this fault out, too.) But she began to debate in the simplest, most natural way, so that the Minims could have understood her if they had been there. She said afterward that she did this because she wanted the antis to grasp her meaning.

Maudie said that the time came to every girl when she had to look into the depths of her own heart, and make up her mind what her life was going to be. Then, when she decided, all she had to do was to go ahead and make it that. You see how simple that was. The antis began to look bored right off, but I gave Maudie a smile of loving encouragement. She said there were only two things a girl could do—she could be an ivy and cling to things, or else she could be a strong support and let things cling to her. Then Maudie drew a long breath and said the very best thing any girl could have clinging to her was Principles. She waited for that to sink in, and we suffragettes applauded. Maudie went on to talk about Duty and Responsibility and the Community Spirit of Helpfulness.

Then she started in in earnest. She said it was natural for the slothful and indolent to shirk work. She said we saw it done every day by some of those around us at St. Katharine's. It was easier to let the world go by, Maudie said, than to help to make it move; but, if everybody shirked, what would become of progress, and who would pass on the torch from hand to hand? She said butterflies were very pretty to look at, but there was no place for them in a beehive. They did not help the soul to climb. Kittie James stood right up when Maudie said that,

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and tried to speak, but Adeline Thurston pulled her down. Maudie said the way to live one's life was not in slothful pleasures, eating "spreads," and neglecting one's studies, but to join hands in a ring of helpfulness that would reach round the world. She said it made her feel 'most sick sometimes to see opportunities for universal brotherhood and the community spirit lost by girls who had the priceless advantages of living at St. Katharine's and seeing the



SISTER IRMINGARDE LOOKED QUITE PROUD OF KITTIE

example of others who took life seriously; and she said love should be our guiding principle, and that every girl should devote half an hour to the reading of the best books every day. Then she told about the man who rapped on the door of his beloved, and was asked, "Who is there?" and he said, "It is I." But the door didn't open; and he rapped again, and was asked who he was, and he said, "It is I," and still the door didn't open. The third time he said, "It is Thou," and the door opened right off. Maudie said that was what we must all do—rap at the door and *be* what's behind it. Then, all of a sudden, she sat down, and we girls clapped like mad. The antis looked at one another and smiled in a tired way.

When Kittie James got up, I thought she looked puzzled. She seemed to be thinking over Maudie's speech, and there was so much in it that I guess she didn't know just where to begin. But at last she said the previous speaker had told a pretty story, but that it reminded her of another one about two doors—one with a lady behind it, and the other with a tiger, and the man rapping at them didn't know which was which; and she said that was the way with a good many doors in life, and it was a mistake to be the thing inside until you were sure it wasn't a tiger. All the girls laughed at that, and so did the three Sisters on the jury. Sister Irmingarde looked quite proud of Kittie. Then Kittie James asked what would become of the wounded if the world was made up entirely of people fighting all the time, and she asked how anybody could expect to read half an hour a day when we had so many other things to do. She said it was very pretty to talk about hands joining in a big circle all around the world, but sometimes those hands might be neglecting other things they had to do; and she said when it came to "spreads" and indolence, she thought they were pretty evenly divided among our dear companions. She took up everything Maudie had said and answered it, and then, all of a sudden, she sat down, too, and we girls looked at one another and had a kind of queer feeling—as if we were at a picnic, you know, and there weren't any pickles or hard-boiled eggs. Sister Edna is always talking about "an effect of incompleteness," when the girls dress too quickly and forget a tie or something. Somehow, we got that kind of an effect right there.

In the mean time the jury were talk-

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ing together, and everybody sat very still. At last, in about five minutes, Sister Irmingarde stood up. She said she had been asked by the other members of the jury to give its findings, and she said that at first it had not seemed easy. So much, she said, had been expressed, and so many different ideas introduced. However, she added, she and the jury had been given to understand before the debate that it was for and against suffrage. And all of a sudden I understood exactly what had happened.

Both Maudie and Kittie James had been so interested in suffrage, they hadn't said a word about it. They had just stood on the platform, throwing out different lines of thought, the way conjurers throw out long colored ribbons over an audience, and they expected that poor jury to gather up all those threads and make a ball of them, because they couldn't do it themselves. Isn't this a clever way of describing what they did? Whenever thoughts like this befall me, my chest swells, and I realize how my Art is growing inside of me all the time. A year ago I couldn't have done this. I should merely have said, briefly and plainly, that both Maudie and Kittie James, when they rose to debate, *forgot all about their subject!*

However, Sister Irmingarde was explaining this now, and she added that the fact was really "something of a relief to the jury," as the Sisters had feared the suffrage issue at St. Katharine's might divert our attention from our studies. We had now, she said, "effectually dispelled that fear." Then, with her lovely smile, she concluded:

"Under the conditions, we, the jury, are not prepared to pass upon the suffrage question or the issue of the debate. But we are glad to testify that the debate has afforded us an hour of genuine enjoyment."

Wouldn't that make you proud? It made us all so happy that the suffragettes and the antis left the room with their arms around one another's necks; and Kittie James and Maudie Joyce got up a "spread" in Maudie's room that was the biggest we have had this year.

But that night, after the Great Silence fell, and all the lights were out, and I lay awake wishing I hadn't eaten that last rarebit, I began to wonder if Sister Irmingarde and the jury *really* had been complimenting us. This reflection had not occurred to the other girls—but my intuition is deeper than that of their young and heedless minds.

The next morning Maudie came into my room while I was dressing. She looked pale and wan, so I wasn't surprised when she sat down in a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"May Iverson," she said at last, "why didn't you tell me last night that I had made a fool of myself?"

I hesitated. Then I spoke the truth, straight from a friend's loyal heart.

"I didn't know it myself," I said, "till after I was in bed. Then, of course, I had to wait."

"Do you think all the other girls know it, too," she asked me, "by this time?"

I nodded and reminded her that Kittie James had been a—had forgotten, too. Maudie sat for quite a while without a word. Ne'er before had I known Maudie Joyce to be too sad for speech. Finally she got up.

"This ends the clubs, and settles suffrage and anti-suffrage at St. Katharine's," she said, with a slow and terrible grimness. "Can't you just hear all the Sisters and the girls laughing at the mere mention of them?"

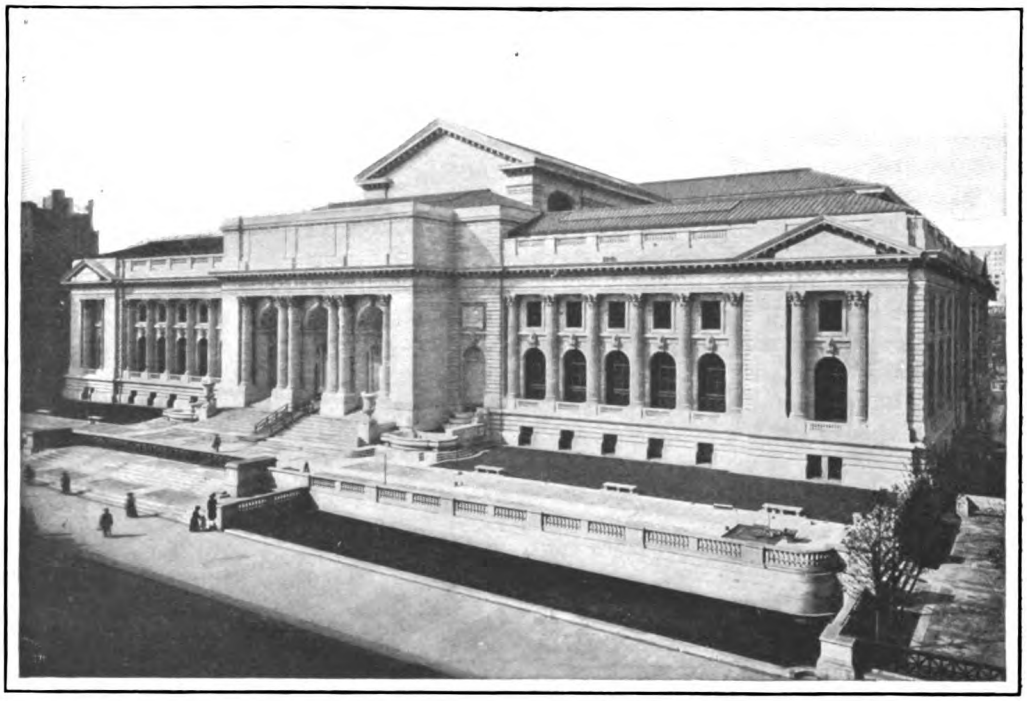
I could. I surely could. I just put my arms around Maudie and held her tight. While we stood there we heard some girls coming down the hall. Their feet were clattering on the polished floor, the way horses' hoofs sound in army plays. There must have been five or six of them. When they got outside of my door they laughed — dreadful, curdling laughs. Maudie turned paler.

"They know I'm here. They saw me come in. It has begun," said Maudie Joyce, setting her teeth.

"Any girl," she added, in trembling tones—"any girl that even mentions the word suffrage or anti-suffrage to me is my mortal enemy for life. But you may write a story about it, May Iverson, for I know how you love to dissect the quivering human heart."

Then she sat down and told me all her terrible sufferings, and how she wanted to die; and I knew that my dear, dear friend felt better.

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ITS MARBLE WHITENESS PROCLAIMS A NEW NOTE IN THE LIFE OF NEW YORK

A Modern Temple of Education

NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY DAVID GRAY

ON the site of the old Fifth Avenue reservoir, between Fortieth and Forty-second streets, on the apex and Acropolis of Manhattan, stands the new Public Library, a temple to the tutelary goddess of Democracy, Popular Education. Surrounded by the towers of commerce, swept by the tides of traffic and tumult, its long sculptured façade, its low, abiding mass, its marble whiteness, proclaim a new note in the life of New York. The passer-by feels a spirit of dedication to high, calm gods. He recognizes a monument expressive of generous and uplifting ideals. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the fervor of enlightened civic idealism which has achieved this great institution and its house.

The project of uniting the Astor and Lenox libraries and building up in Manhattan one of the great libraries of the world began to take form soon after the death of Samuel J. Tilden in 1886. The bulk of his fortune had been left to the city of New York in trust for educational purposes. This large and relatively unrestricted fund seemed to offer the opportunity for a bold and imaginative scheme of consolidation. But there were grave obstacles to be overcome. At the outset it appeared almost hopeless to expect the city to provide a suitable building. There were legal difficulties as well as the prejudices of tradition in the way of uniting the separate trusts, which anything less than the broad and generous public spirit of all concerned would have failed to surmount. But the idea triumphed from its very largeness.

In 1895 the union of the three foundations was effected, and subsequently other, smaller institutions were added, including several of the Carnegie circulating li-

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braries. The new incorporation took the name of The New York Public Library. In 1897 the city agreed to donate the site and to provide a building on two conditions: that the library should be kept open evenings, Sunday afternoons, and holidays; and that a circulating library be maintained. The trustees at once began to draw up a programme for the new building and to take steps to secure the best design which American art was capable of producing. An open architectural competition was announced, and the authors of the best six designs were awarded the opportunity of competing with six architects of established reputation selected by the trustees. As a result of this final competition Carrère and Hastings were chosen as the architects on November 11, 1897. In June, 1899, the work of removing the old reservoir was begun, and the following spring the first courses of the new foundations were laid. November 10, 1902, the Hon. Seth Low, then Mayor of New York, laid the corner-stone. Except for a portion of the sculpture and interior decoration, the year of 1911 sees the building completed. It has arisen with a somewhat ancient deliberation in contrast to the tall steel buildings about it. But when those have crumbled or have been torn down for higher towers, this will still be standing, relatively speaking, eternal.

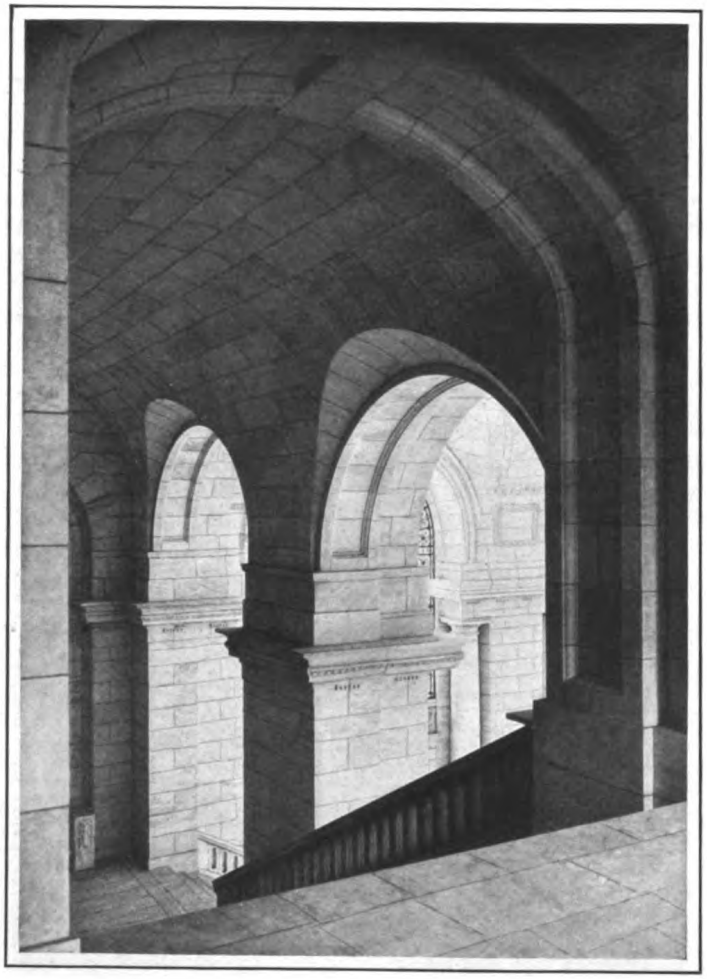
To speak only of the spirit of this interesting and important building, to discuss its æsthetic aspects to the exclusion of its material ones, might seem the happier way, but there are figures and physical facts to which its intrinsic importance gives a legitimate interest, and these had best be touched upon first.

As to plan, the structure is approximately rectangular, with two interior courts, and four main stories besides the cellar. The building proper is 390 feet long on Fifth Avenue, and 270 feet deep. It covers an area of 115,000 square feet, exclusive of the included court on the Fortieth Street side, with a contents of 10,000,380,000 cubic feet; it cost a little over $8,000,000, exclusive of the site. It is divided into more than 200 rooms and halls, and the main reading-room, overlooking Bryant Park on the west, is the largest reading-room in the world. This room is 295 feet long, 77 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Beneath it is the main stack-room, divided into seven stories and fitted with sixty-three miles of shelves, with a capacity for housing 2,700,000 volumes. Other book-rooms have a capacity of about 800,000—making the Library, as it stands to-day, the potential home for three and



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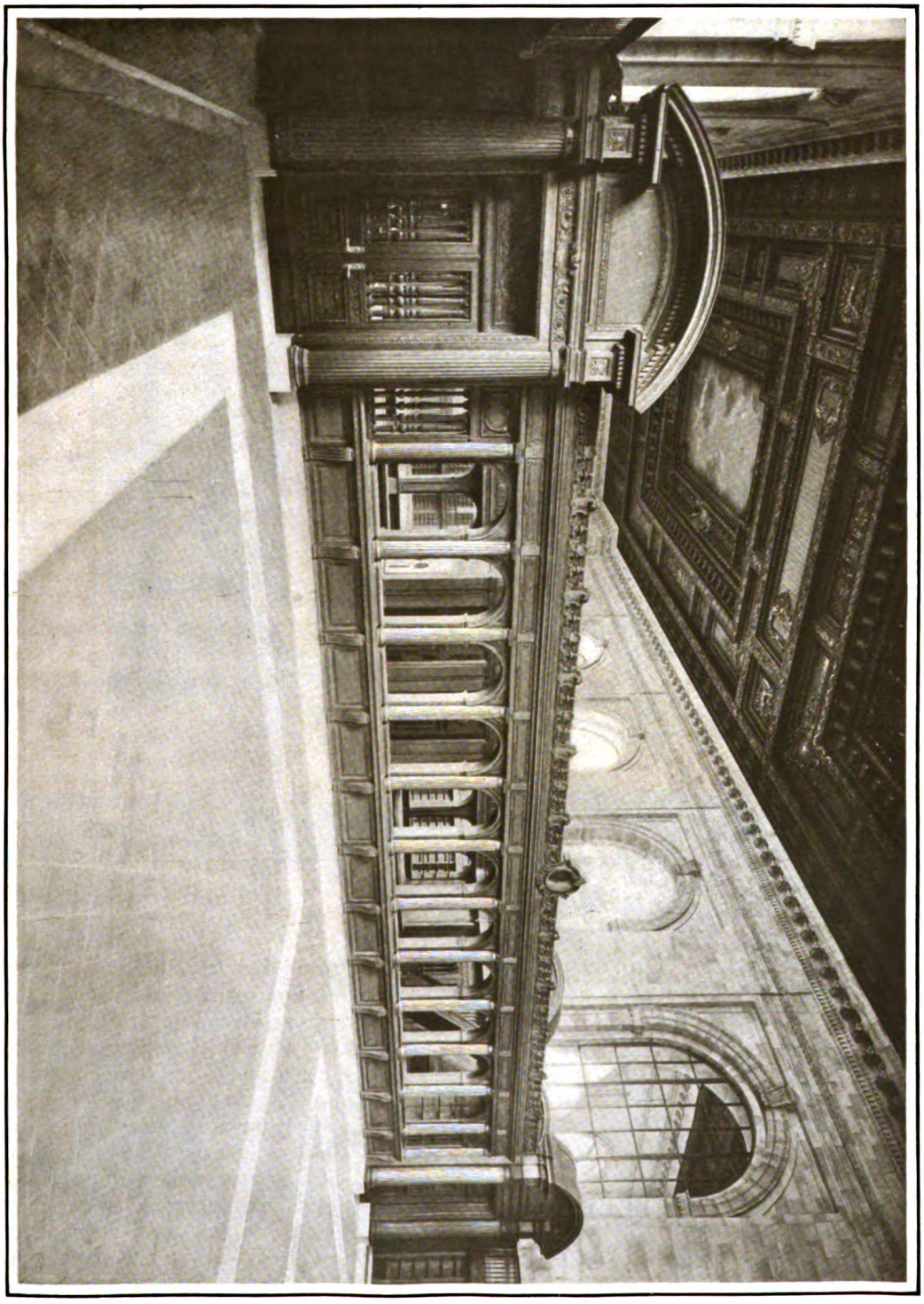
MAIN STAIRWAY

a half millions of books. We are informed that the total length of its shelves would reach from New York to Philadelphia; and those who digest statistics may be further interested to know that there are 375,000 cubic feet of white marble in the building. The whole is as fire-proof as metal and stone can make it. Even the bookshelves are of bronze. In fact, the only wood used is the oak and French walnut of the wainscoting in some of the rooms.

One approaches the main entrance from Fifth Avenue, by an easy flight of granite steps flanked with sculptured lions, executed by E. C. Potter, to the level of the balustraded forecourt. Across this terraced space the steps lead again to the main *arrivé*, from which rise the four bold piers of the vestibule, supporting the vaulting of the three archways of the entrance. Here, gazing up to the attic, one may read the three inscriptions commemorating the patrons of the institution — on the left, "The Astor Library, founded by John Jacob Astor for the advancement of useful knowledge, 1848"; in the middle, "The Lenox Library, founded by James Lenox, Dedicated to History, Literature, and the Fine Arts, 1870"; on the right, "The Tilden Trust, Founded by Samuel Jones Tilden To Serve the Interests of Science and Popular Education, 1886." These were composed by Charles William Eliot, who has best shown the capacities of English for the literature of inscriptions.

Flanking the entrance, two fountain niches are set in the plane of the main façade, in which sculptures by Frederic Macmonnies will stand. The subject of one is "Beauty Overcoming Ugliness"; of the other, "Truth Overcoming Falsehood." On either side extends the front wall of the building with its arched window openings, the piers structurally decorated with engaged Corinthian columns, and ending at the north and south corners in classic pavilions. The sculptured groups in the pediments of these pavilions have been executed by George Gray Barnard, and represent "Art" and "Science." On the attic the sculpture is the work of Paul W. Bartlett. The single figures at the ends typify "History and Philosophy"; the double groups, "Drama and Poetry" and "Religion and Romance."

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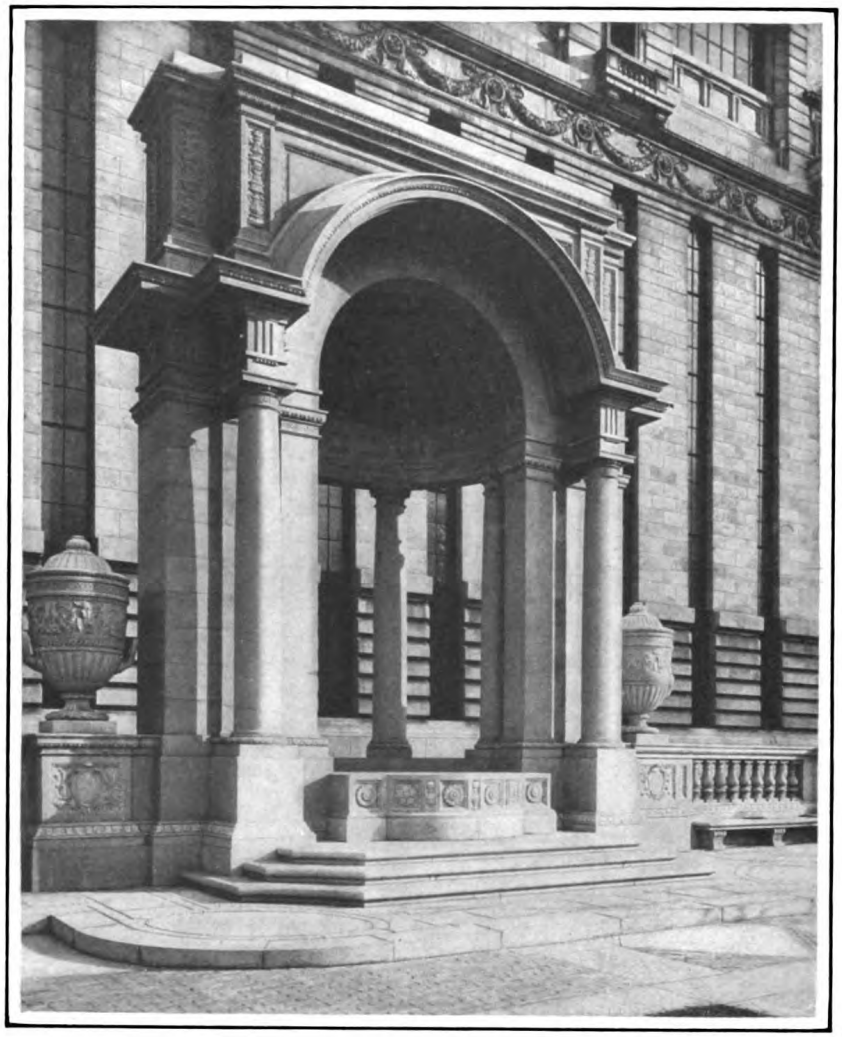


MAIN READING-ROOM, LOOKING NORTH

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THE BRYANT MONUMENT

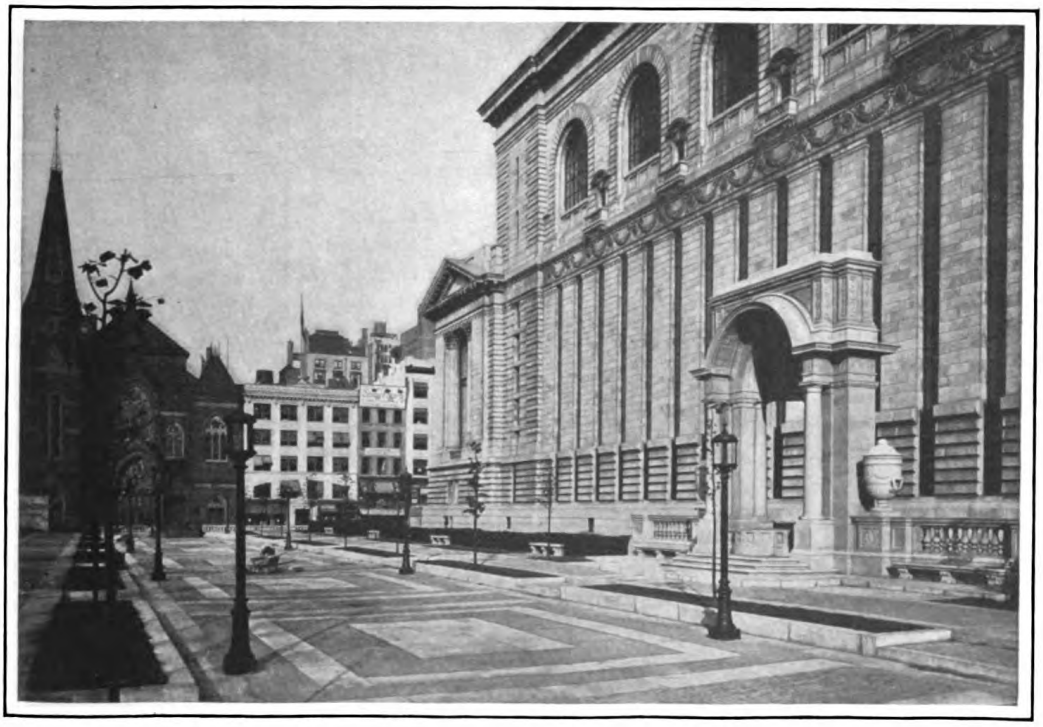
Entering the building, the visitor finds himself in the main hallway, which runs north and south. This is executed in white marble, with a beautifully vaulted ceiling of the same material, simple and restrained in decoration. At either end, noble buttressed stairways, also of marble, lead to the second floor and on to the main reading-room, two stories higher. On the south side of the front and along Fortieth Street are the offices of administration. On the north the corresponding rooms are special reading-rooms on the lower floors, and galleries at the top. There is a service entrance on the Fortieth Street side through a charming court, and a corresponding one on Forty-second Street, for the use of patrons of the circulating library, which is situated in the basement on the north. In the cellar is a great mechanical plant which supplies the building with light and heat. Steam-engines drive huge dynamos for the lighting, and the exhaust steam is used for heat, thus effecting a material economy.

Few buildings in any time have been planned with greater patience and foresight, or have been executed with more technical painstaking and refinement. For example, each course of stone runs level throughout. Thus a plane passed through any seam of mortar would cut evenly through the entire building, dividing columns, piers, walls, whether inside or out, and lifting it, so to speak, with all that it contains, on a level floor—

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a manner of building involving calculations of the greatest nicety. In no other modern construction has so extensive and ingenious a system of structural vaulting been employed. As a consequence, although steel has been used throughout, it might be replaced by wood, for the strains are sustained by the structural use of masonry. The marble ceiling in the front hallway is the most conspicuous example of barrel vaulting in the New World, and its building developed so many problems in this well-nigh lost art that the engineers required weeks of study with their descriptive geometry before even the working drawings could be made. The shape, size, and place of every piece of stone, the location of every lighting fixture and heater, was determined before the part of the building in question was begun. Over ten thousand pages of specifications were drawn and printed before all the contracts were let. Every fragment of the building, after being studied and restudied, was drawn in quarter scale, then three-quarter scale, and finally all of the detail actual size. An average force of nearly twenty men, most of them trained at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, has been steadily employed on the work for nearly twelve years, and has produced more than ten thousand sketches and six thousand finished drawings.

Something more and finer than quantity of output has characterized the part played by the draughtsmen in the building of the library. Very early the work became a labor of love as well as of wages, and an enthusiasm and devotion sprang up reminiscent of the spirit which prevailed among the builders of the Gothic cathedrals. This not only affected the architectural force, but the contractors and artisans also. Mr. Carrère narrates an incident which suggests that modern conditions of labor have not made working-men insensible to a broader public spirit or to a conscientious interest in their day's work. He was inside the building, standing hidden behind a pier, when he heard a loud scratching sound and saw a workman dragging a heavy ladder over a newly finished floor. Before he could remonstrate a journeyman carpenter, in no wise interested in the flooring-work, dashed across the room and seized the ladder. "This floor," he said, "belongs to the people of New York."



WEST ELEVATION AND ESPLANADE

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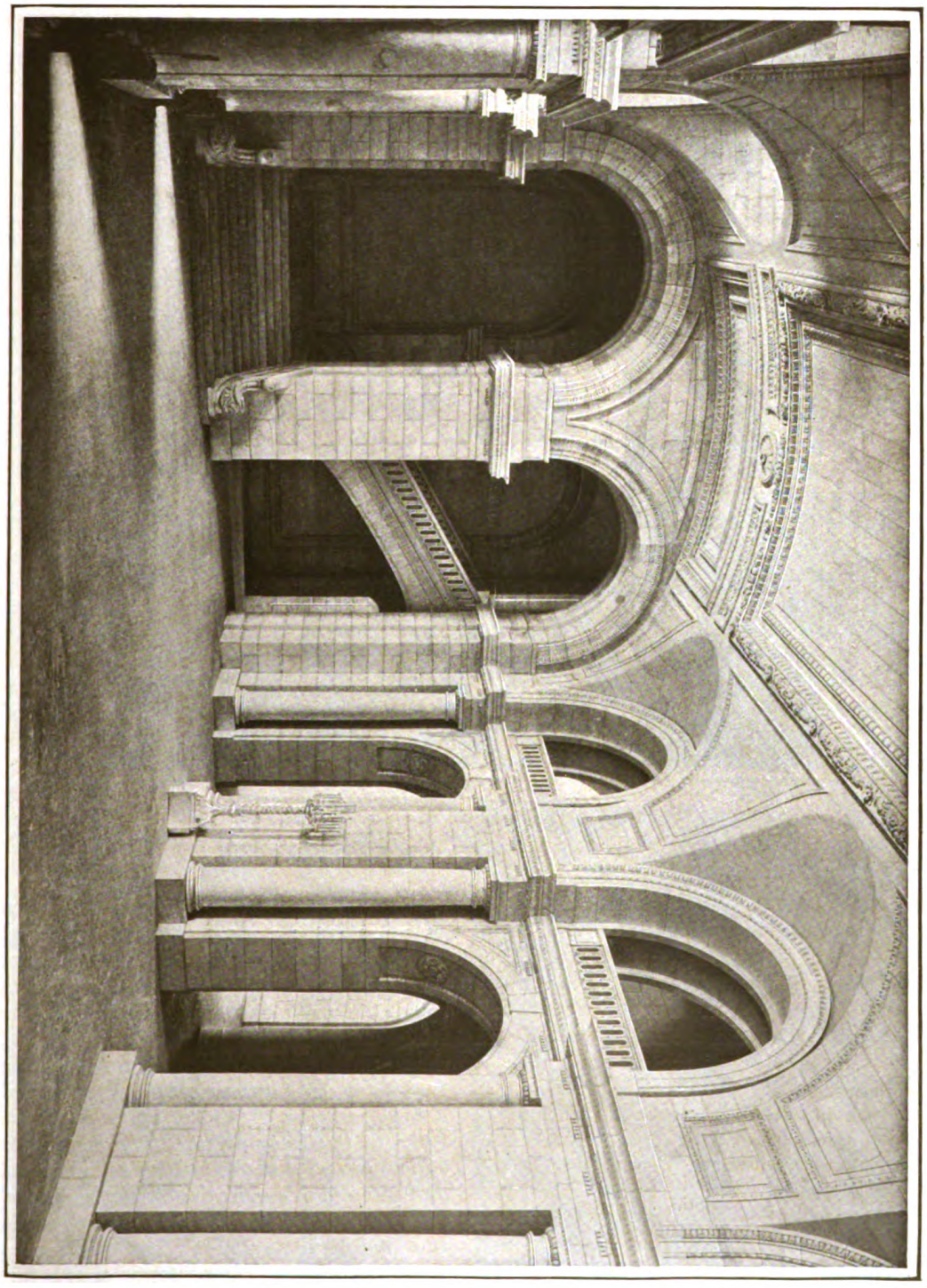
A system of co-ordinating the work of the contractors under the direction of a special administrative officer resulted in a spirit of unusual harmony and co-operation and effected important economies. Practically no work was done that had to be torn up and done over again. On an expenditure of $3,000,000 for the interior there was a charge of but $600 for mistakes of this nature—a very extraordinary record.

It would be impracticable in a brief article to attempt a description of the interior of the Public Library. There are series of admirable rooms finished with an intimacy and charm that surprise one in a public building. There are long hallways and corridors managed with singular effectiveness. There is a brilliant domed and painted ceiling over the main staircase, the color-work of which was done by Mr. James F. Finn. In the plan there are no waste spaces. The problem of circulation is solved simply and adequately. But the great room, the crowning glory of the building, is the main reading-room on the west. It runs the entire length of the structure, nearly three hundred feet. Fifteen great windows light it by day; by night, eighteen magnificent Renaissance chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling, fifty feet above, in addition to hundreds of desk-lamps on the reading-tables. Around the room, with the effect of an agreeable and easy accessibility, stretch the shelves for works of reference and familiar books. In the centre, masked by a screen of carved oak, are the librarians' service-desks and the book-lifts that descend to the stack-rooms beneath. A gallery runs around the room, leading to the balconies on the west façade, doubling the shelf space for books of reference. The great wall spaces are at present left undecorated. It is the design of the architects eventually to paint illuminated maps upon them, such as the Venetian geographers illustrated with the strange beasts and fabled wonders of the then half-known outer world. And the presence of such a scheme must be contemplated as relating the decorated ceiling to the walls. The ceiling itself is perhaps the boldest color experiment of



DETAIL OF PANEL—DOOR TO EXHIBITION ROOM
From architect's working drawing. See cut on page 571

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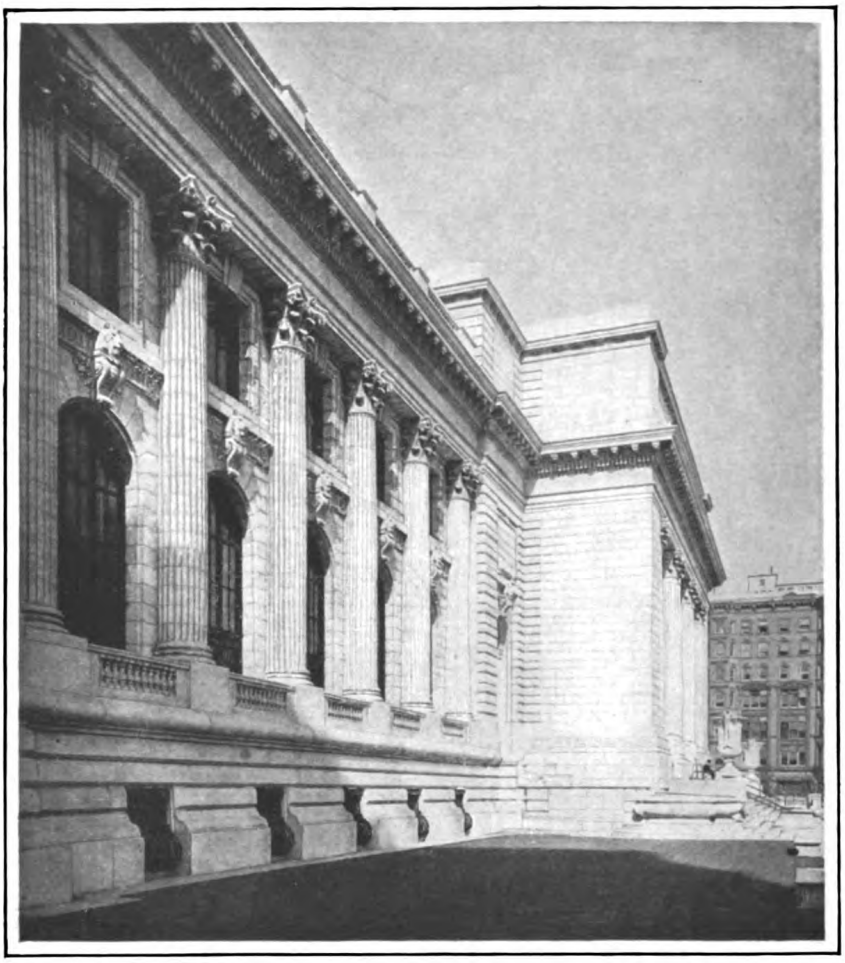


ENTRANCE HALL

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FIFTH AVENUE ELEVATION—LOOKING NORTH

the kind that has been attempted in modern times. It is gold and blue and red in effect, and somewhat in the manner of the ceiling in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, done in the late sixteenth century. Like the staircase ceiling and other color-work of the interior, it was designed by Mr. Finn, and, successful as it unquestionably is, it will nevertheless gain much in charm as the colors tone and soften and as the gold ages.

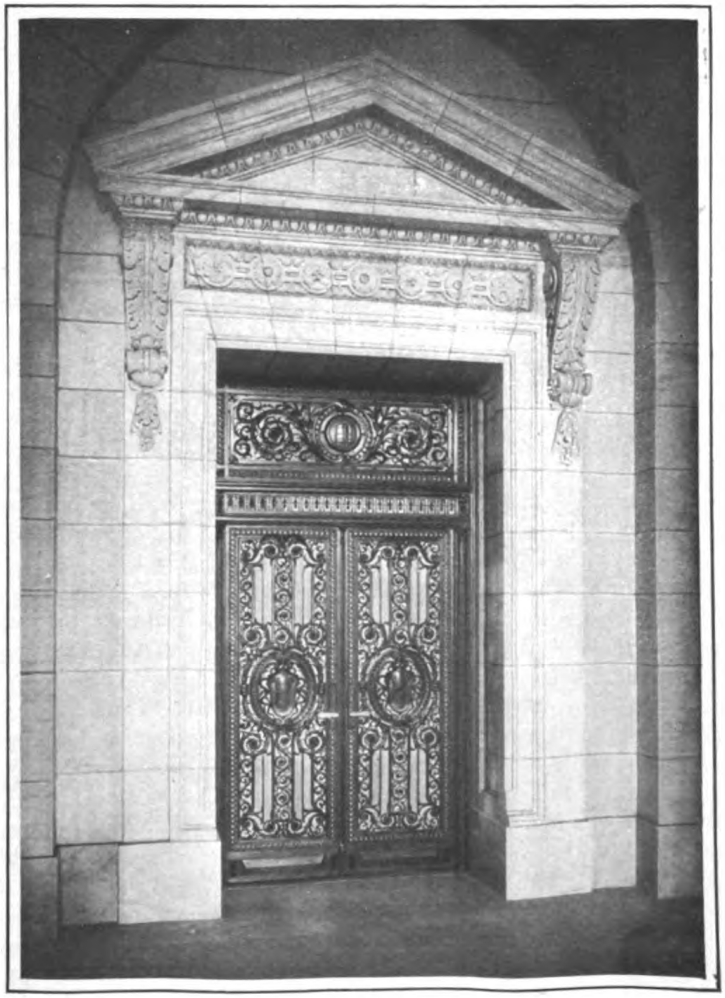
The distinctive quality of this great room can, however, hardly be suggested by the description of its detail. Its vast and splendid length, its nobility of proportion, create an effect upon the mind difficult to analyze and still more difficult to realize in speech. One can only call it noble and imposing. It quickens the pulses, and leaves one exclamatory and at a loss for adequate words. It is a space splendidly dedicated to learning, and one that can hardly fail to leave its impress of inspiration and beauty upon the millions that shall use it for study and reflection. The thought of those unborn, unnumbered readers, the forces for civilization latent in three and a half millions of books, appeals powerfully to the imagination. One forecasts a new era of American life, an ultimate and Olympian generation directly shaped by them. And so it might seem beside the mark to suggest that influences for culture as important and far-reaching may emanate from the building itself. Yet history has taught us strange paradoxes. The great collection of books that was the library of Alexandria perished, but the architectural marbles of the

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ancient world have lived, and have proved one of the most potent sources of our spiritual enlightenment. The Greek wine-cup that has come down to us has survived the vintage that it held, and has been proved by time more precious. So we have begun to suspect that the structure which is itself a work of art may contribute even more to civilization than the treasures which it houses. And the New York Public Library, if indeed it be a work of art, will also play its part in quickening and enriching the life of the generations through which it endures.

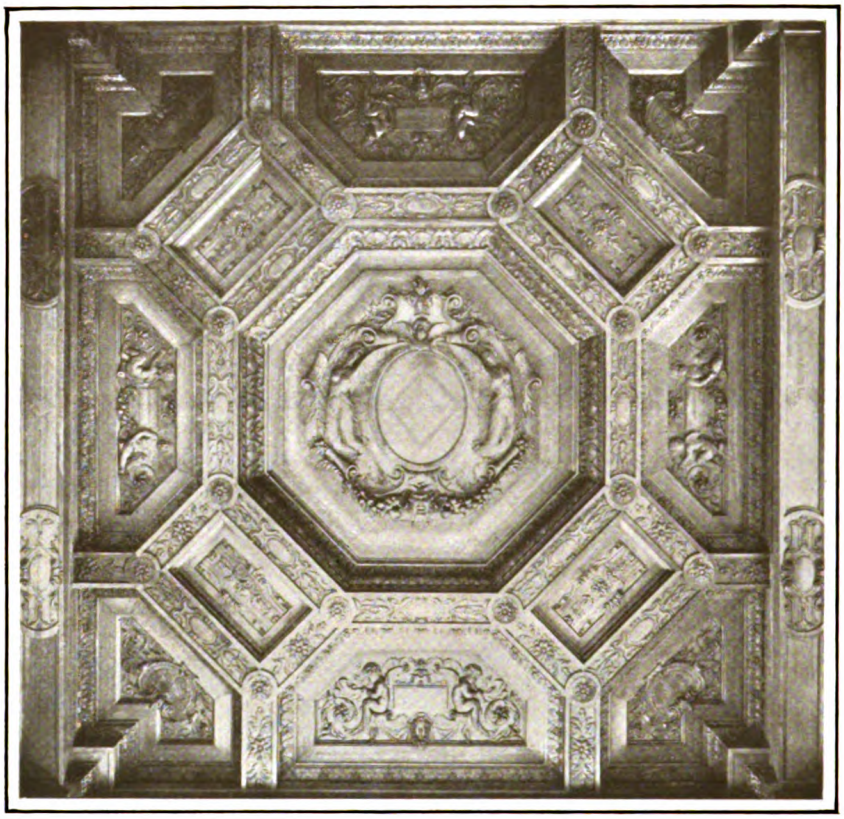
From this standpoint the Library's most interesting and vital aspect becomes the æsthetic one, and the integrity of its style and execution, the modernity of its beauty, the really important considerations. It is obvious that every building that has survived as a work of art must have been "modern" in its impulse and feeling at the time of its construction. Otherwise it would have been merely the copy of things belonging to other ages, an architectural pose and counterfeit such as time quickly detects and exposes. It is inevitable that a building to be vital must be of its own time, as must the play, the poem, or the picture. Thus, when this new building is at once spoken of as Renaissance in style and modern in spirit, a word of explanation is in point, and that word comes from the designer himself.

"We must remember at the outset," says Mr. Hastings, "that every building serves two ends—first, the practical purpose for which it is to be used; and second, the gratification of the mind through the eye. The problem of the architect is therefore to design a building which primarily shall fulfil its practical functions, and secondarily, shall be as beautiful as he is capable of making it. In my opinion the architect properly has but little choice in the matter of selecting an architectural style, since he must be modern and of his own time if his work is adequately to fulfil its practical uses and be æsthetically vital. There is, of course, the question of what is modern. As the present is the outcome and result of the past, as contemporary life is the consequence of all preceding civilization, so what is architecturally modern at any given time depends in large measure upon what has preceded it. And the architect's



DOOR TO EXHIBITION ROOM

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SECTION OF CEILING—EXHIBITION ROOM

exercise of the function of choice in the matter of style is limited to his selection of those architectural forms and ideas achieved by preceding generations, which he deems closest related to the conditions of modern life and best calculated to solve the practical problem before him. Architectural originality is properly only the direct and natural solution of a given problem with the means and ideas most obviously available. Architectural forms, like physiological ones, are expressions and incidents of an evolutionary process. As the toes of the prehistoric horse grew into the hoof, as the column grew out of the upright post, so the arch grew out of the lintel. It is the architect's duty to find out where he belongs in this progressive scheme, to ally himself to the forces which are still living and vital, and so to play his little part in the preparation for what perhaps may become new forms, or a new combination and use of old ones.

"Generally speaking, it seems fairly certain that our modern Occidental civilization is directly the child of the European Renaissance, the grandchild of Rome, the great-grandchild of Greece. We inherit Greece and Rome through the Italy and France of the Renaissance. We have no more intimate sympathy and relation to-day with the mysterious spiritual idealism of the Gothic Middle Age than we have with the gloomy mysticism of Egypt or the subtle philosophies of India. As a consequence the Gothic manner of building belongs as little to modern life in America as the pyramids or the Indian rock temples. On the other hand, the immediate source of our architectural ideas and forms, as of our civilization, is the European Renaissance. As far as the designer has exercised a conscious selection and choice, the treatment and manner of the Library is Renaissance, and it would seem to him inevitable that it should be so. But if the design has measurably achieved its intention, strictly speaking, it is not *Renaissance*, but *modern*, for it is the expression of an effort to build a library in the city of

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FIFTH AVENUE ELEVATION, LOOKING NORTH

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New York suited to the needs of America's metropolis, and in the spirit representative of that city at the close of the nineteenth century."

This statement of the philosophy of architectural style should explain to the lay student of the building the reasons for things which the architect has done in contravention of academic precedent, things which the academic critic may seize upon for censure, yet which will justify themselves if they are inherently successful and will tend to establish new conventions. In this connection it may be noted that the programme of the building called for a series of rooms lighted from above by skylight, to be used as galleries. This was one of the modern problems presented to the architect, the solution of which was made possible by modern steel and glass. He solved it with the blind fourth story masked behind the balustrade, a modern construction behind a Renaissance treatment of ornamentation. If it be adequate and successful in itself it will survive criticism. If it be inherently inadequate it will be a defect and will be condemned; but we should remember that it should not be condemned on the ground that it is an innovation and without precedent in the classic building from which the reviving art of Europe took its inspiration.

The case of the sculpture used in the decoration is logically a similar one. It is the work of some of the best modern sculptors, and avowedly modern in feeling and execution. It is obvious that exactly such sculptures were used in neither Greece nor Rome, nor yet in the Renaissance, but they will compel praise or merit blame as they are proven good or bad as modern work, and not because they are modern. At first our eyes may timidly hesitate to give the work approval even if it be good; for, being modern, it will seem to us strange and lacking the authority of sculpture done in the old manners to which we are used and which we unconsciously expect. But if we stop to think, it must appeal to us as reasonable that if precise copies of old things had been used to decorate a new building, they would have been out of key with what was necessarily modern, and, after all, only copies, without living artistic interest.

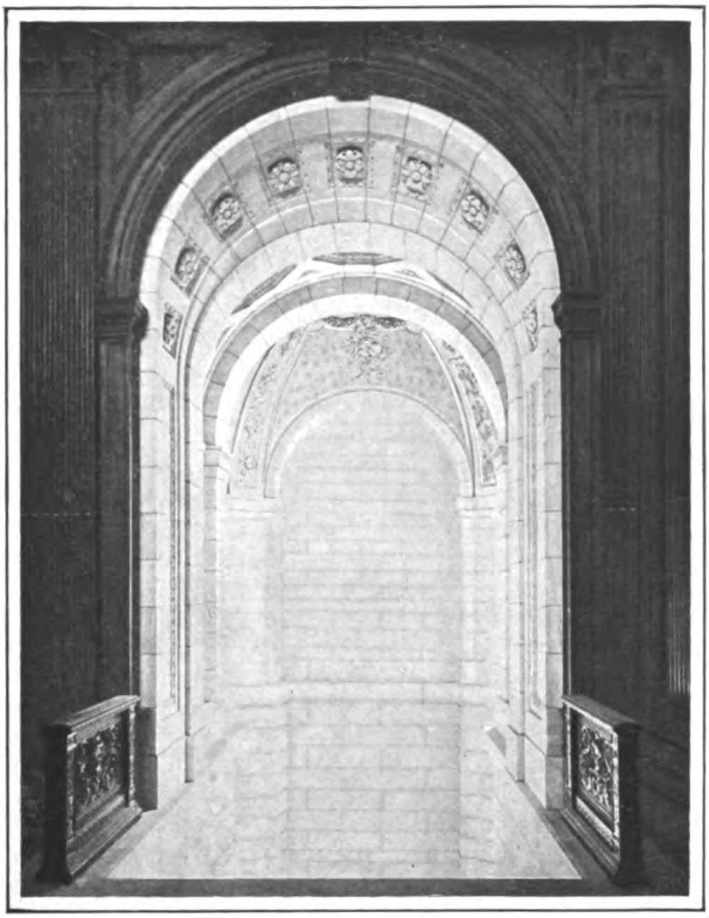


MANTEL IN TRUSTEES' ROOM
F. M. L. Tonetti, sculptor

As a final instance for the application of the right principles of criticism may be cited the case of the marble vases flanking the entrance *arrivé*. It is academ-

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ically true that krateres were not used as architectural ornaments in classic building. But surely that fact is immaterial and irrelevant if they are effective here. If they lead the lines of the entrance piers down to the street, if they fulfil a use and are charming in themselves, then they justify the feeling of the designer that they should be there. For a creative faculty of the artist is, after all, only an instinct and feeling for form and arrangement which has been trained and modulated by a knowledge of the work of preceding artists and which acquires the power of expression by practice and experience. In the end the artist must trust that feeling and instinct; and he succeeds not only according to the measure of its power, but according to the measure of his faith in it. That is what modernity in art means, and that is the source of artistic vitality.



FORTY-SECOND STREET STAIRWAY

How far the Library building has succeeded as a house for the institution which it shelters will soon be proved by use. The trustees who have watched it grow are very hopeful. They believe it the best library "plant" in existence, and it is probable that they are right; at all events a few years at the utmost will determine the question. But the æsthetic valuation of the building cannot be so soon determined. Fortunately or unfortunately, professional critics do not settle these questions offhand even if they could agree. Perhaps professional critics do not settle them at all, except as they speak from what they feel as men, rather than from what they know as critics. For a work of art is made for the minds and hearts of men generally. This is not a denial of the fact that all men are not equally sensitive to the qualities of a work of art, yet it is a fact that the jury which ultimately appraises it is the larger public of posterity which feels, rather than the smaller which only knows. Thus the final verdict we can merely attempt to forecast, and that not so much by comparing the new thing with the old as by beholding with open minds and noting the emotions which well up within us. We should consider the Library in this spirit. If we feel a noble stateliness in the broad façade, a richness of decoration and architectural color, a delicacy of scale and charm in the forecourt and gardened approaches, a note of gayety in the fountains and flagmasts relating the building to modern Fifth Avenue, reflecting the richness and

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variety of the life of that amazing thoroughfare, these qualities are probably there. If we feel a graver distinction, a more sober beauty, in the north and south sides, a delight in the plantations of old box, a charm in the Fortieth Street gateway, with the vista of the little court and its fountain, these qualities are probably there. And again, if we feel a large simplicity in the back, a satisfying adequacy and frankness in the solution of the vast stack-room and reading-room above, a sense of restrained decoration, an elegance in the little balconies, a note of success in the Bryant monument and the west gardening, then these qualities, too, are probably there. But there is no basis for pronouncing with authority one way or the other. These things and others must be felt by millions like ourselves before the decree will finally be entered.

In the meantime there is no reason for impatience or haste. The generation of to-day will pass the sculptured front, sit in the spring sun on the marble benches, then other generations, and then others. The young lindens in the alleys will thicken to great boles, decay, and be replanted, and yet no marble line will fade or crumble. Better than seeking to forestall what belongs to the future to decide is it to find things in this white building which make life richer with beauty and delight. If there were only the loveliness of the material, that in itself would be much, for it is a magical property of white marble that it changes its mood with the changing lights almost as sensitively as water. So we have many buildings as the day changes and as the days change; one in the spring morning with the new green of the lindens, another in the autumn rain, another in the snow-suffused winter twilight, and still others under the moon or the night blue sky, or under the low-hanging yellow mist, tinged with the city's lights.

Return

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

IT seemed to me that life was far away
And I estranged amid the woods and hills.
I longed to walk along the trodden way
And know my human lot of joys or ills,
Leaving mere dreams behind—
Vague rainbows of the mind!

I turned from gracious fields and quiet skies,
Running with eager feet down the stern slope
Of the aloof and silent hills, too wise,
Too wrapped about with an immortal hope,
To meet my mortal need,
To understand, or heed.

I trod the road, and am come back again,
Oh, lonely hills, to you! I want no more
Than silence; ask for neither joy nor pain:—
But just to feel about me, as of yore,
Dream-haunted space—and be
Hushed in immensity.

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Timothy—Only a Writer

BY ANNE WARWICK

PATSY thumped Timothy's fattest yellow cushion viciously. "It's all very well for you to sit there and smile," she scolded her pretty stepmother. "Dad was always perfect to you, and Timmie—if he is my brother—is a joy to keep house for. You've never known what it is to live with a man from Boston!—oh, how I hate him, how I'd like to make him fairly eat slang! The idea—my own husband saying I was r-rowdy, and—and tomboy," Patsy's head went down into the yellow cushion, "and before my own mother-in-law, too, just because I slid down the banisters! Ugh!"

The stepmother looked at Patsy's lovely rebellious little head. Then she looked at the ridiculous scrap of a frock she was making. "I suppose he thought of the Angel," she murmured.

"And why?" Instantly Patsy sat bolt upright. "The Angel's my child, of course—every bit as much as he is Warren's—but why I shouldn't slide down the banisters when I want to, just because I happen to have a baby—one might think it was my grandchild!" The disgust that tilted the small impudent nose made the stepmother bite her under lip hard. "Anyway, it's all over now. I've left Warren for good, and when he gets back from Washington and finds nobody in the house, he'll realize that I'm sufficiently capable of action, though I can't talk like a Macaulay essay. When he finds not only me but the Angel gone—" she listened suddenly—a faint cry came down from some place up-stairs.

"I expect the house will seem still and—and strange." The stepmother's soft voice had a little ache in it as she listened too.

Patsy got up and walked to the window of the bright morning-room with a defiant shrug that was meant also to be quite indifferent. "He deserves it," she defended. "Every bit of it. He behaved like a brute—a perfectly gentlemanly good-form Prince-Albert brute; and when he has to go to Congress and give dinners and things without any wife, he'll be sorry he was so abominable. He'll remember that I could be grown-up and dignified when I want to. As for me, I can toddle on my own—"

"H'm?" The stepmother looked up inquiringly.

"Get along by myself, I mean, and take care of the Angel quite—quite as well as though I had a husband. I dare say Timothy won't mind my staying here for a bit?" Patsy's hauteur melted into an appealing wistfulness.

"Of course he won't mind," returned the stepmother, warmly. "He has some news—"

"And then," went on Patsy, unheeding. "I can take—steps." The vague importance of the decision seemed to reassure her; for she came back to her old place on the sofa and plumped down into the cushions almost cheerfully.

"I—before you take—er—steps," suggested the stepmother, tentatively, "why not consult Timothy?"

"Consult *Timothy?*" Timothy's sister faced about amazed. "W-what on earth could Timothy know about it—about leaving one's husband? He's the dearest boy in the world—a ripping good sport and all that—but, after all, Claire, he's only a writer. He doesn't know anything about things that *happen*."

The stepmother sewed for a few minutes in silence. Then, "Nobody else knows that—that it's happened yet, do they?" she asked, rather anxiously.

"No," said Patsy, shortly. "I told the maids I was coming over to stay a few days with my brother, that's all. Of course Laura Hastings was spending the week-end with me when we had the scene—when Warren and his mother came in from Boston, I mean, and found me—

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Patricia— Oh yes," with a wry face, "she calls me that, Warren's mother! As I was saying, Laura was there, sliding down too, as it happened, and you know, Claire, Laura's the worst gossip in New York. She has told it all over, I suppose, that Warren simply *ordered* me to get down—anybody might know such a good-looking man would be a tyrant!—but she can't say a word about me, for I was the sweetest thing possible all the time she was there. I wouldn't condescend to quarrel, you may be sure, even afterward, when only Warren and his mother were there."

"They went on to Washington that same night, you said—" the stepmother creased a tuck thoughtfully.

"Yes—Warren had some business. His mother"—Patsy's scorn pelted her words out—"went to a convention of the Women Militant, if you know what that is. Warren's coming back to-day. Well"—she straightened her collar belligerently—"he'll find a note on the pincushion that will explain a few things."

"Ahem!" The stepmother coughed deprecatingly. "He's been taking some rather tiresome trips lately, Warren, hasn't he?"

"Oh, of course he has—but what difference does that make?" Patsy's guilty compassion stirred itself to impatience. "Nobody wanted him to go to Congress except his mother—though of course I was glad he got the election," she admitted, grudgingly. "But it's meant running back and forth from New York to Boston and from Boston to Washington all the fall. This last Sunday simply capped the climax of everybody's endurance. Why the goodness his mother had to come down with him, just that time when he was going to find me on the banisters—" She shook her pretty head despairingly.

"Hello!" whistled somebody. "So the Plain Little Sister has come to congratulate me—what? Didn't I see a—er—perambulator-rocking-chair-crib, folded compactly as in the advertisement, out there in the hall?"

"Yes." Patsy kissed her brother with characteristic vehemence. "It is the Angel's. We've come to stay."

"Oh," said Timothy, curling his spare shortness into a huge chair, "how disappointing! I mean, that is, I thought you had come to congratulate me, you know."

"Congratulate you?" Patsy flew at him. "On what?"

"Why, on Doromea, of course. I've got her to marry me."

Patsy regarded the stepmother reproachfully. "And you never told me a word," she said, with an air of deep injury. "I've been here two hours!"

"There was a good deal to talk about," demurred the stepmother, soberly. "You were telling me, you know."

"Yes—yes, of course." Patsy's injury transferred its object to the primary interest. "Timothy, I've left Warren."

"That was nice of you," commented Timothy. "Stay as long as you can." He looked at his sister's pretty hair contentedly; it curled over the ears like Doromea's.

"But you don't understand—" Patsy was seldom impatient with Timothy; she tried to remember that he was a writer. Then, too, they had been chums together always. "You don't understand. I've left him forever. I'm not going to Washington with him. He—he insulted me; he called me a—"

Timothy uncurled himself in his interest. "Yes," he encouraged. "What did he call you?"

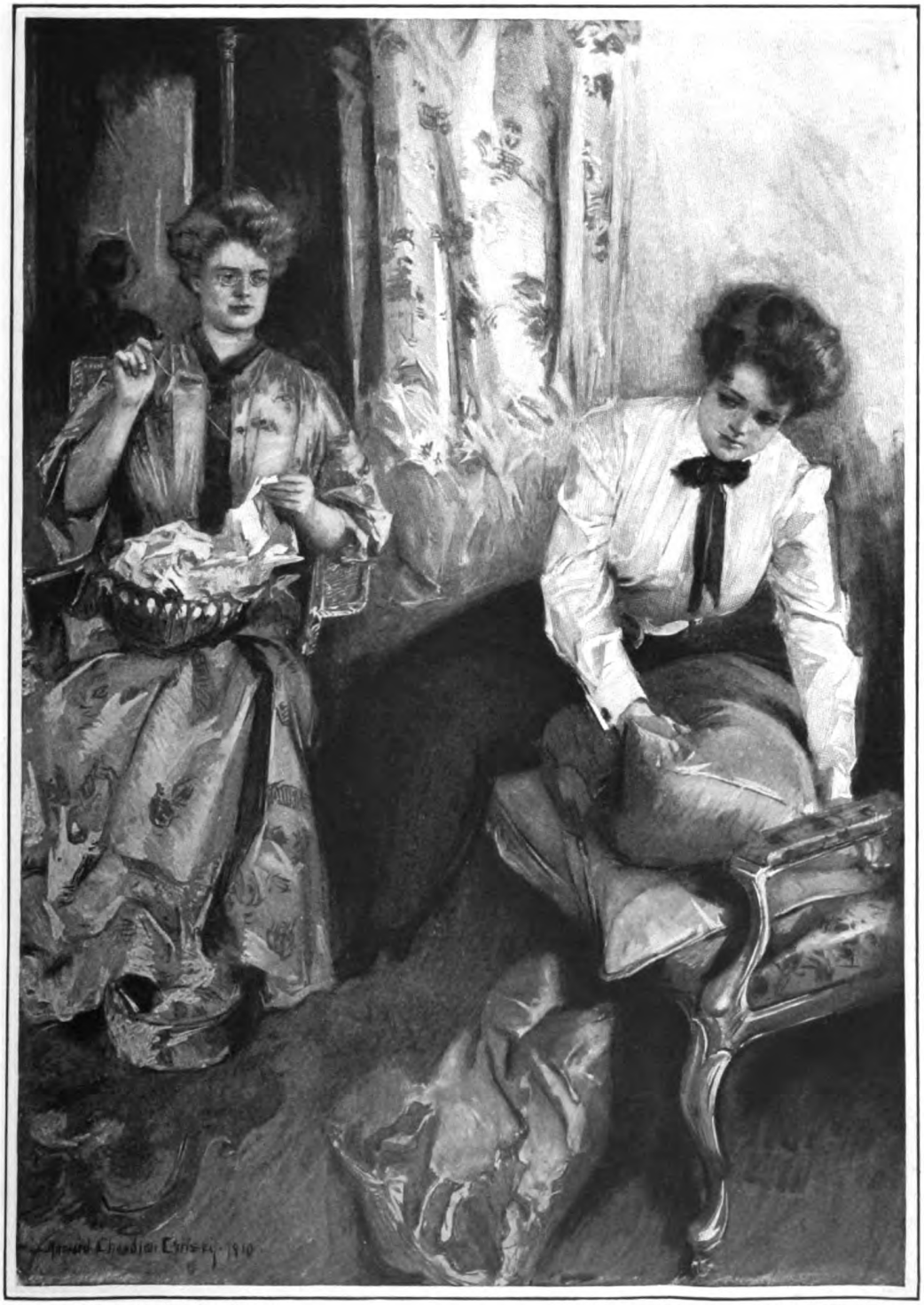
"A—a t-tomboy!" Patsy's lips quivered past control. "And his mother was there and Laura Hastings, a girl who was staying with me—and a perfectly horrid gossip, Timothy! Oh, he was a beast, that's all. I'm sure," tearfully, "I can't think what you all ever let me marry him for!"

Timothy glanced over the auburn head at the stepmother. The stepmother glanced at Timothy. But neither of them smiled.

"I have never had anything against marriage," said Timothy, mildly. "I have even persuaded one person to get over her prejudice against it. Perhaps I am wrong—if so, you can win the eternal credit of convincing me. And meanwhile, why not come with me to select an engagement present? We can argue as we go along, you know."

It was not an unattractive proposition. Patsy brightened. "You must wait for me to change," she warned, jumping up.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"WHY SHOULDN'T I SLIDE DOWN THE BANISTERS WHEN I WANT TO?"

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"This frock's a wreck. But I brought five trunks. I thought," doubtfully, "that as long as I was leaving for good, I had better take everything with me."

"A sound precaution," commended Timothy, going over to the window.

"And you'll look after the Angel?" Patsy stopped by the stepmother's chair. "It may divert me to go out for a bit," she added, plaintively. "Of course the poor boy—Timmie—can't understand all I'm going through. He's a regular brick, but in love, poor thing; and then how could he understand? He's only a writer."

"Only a writer," repeated the stepmother, with an odd little smile. "A writer about Plain People and their Problems. Yes, dear, run along. As you say, it may divert you. If the Angel cries I'll—I'll give it smelling-salts. I dare say I sha'n't kill it."

"Oh no," Patsy called back, pleasantly. "You couldn't. It has Warren's obstinacy. But it's a darling, just the same." She flew up-stairs as a lusty squall blew down to them.

"She hasn't congratulated you yet," murmured the stepmother, gazing at Timothy with quite an unstepmotherly gaze.

"No—but she will to-morrow," prophesied Timothy, with only a writer's intuition.

The two short, blue-coated figures moved off briskly down the street toward the Avenue. From the window, the stepmother smiled at the identical cut of their shoulders, the boyish, easy swing of their same stride; it seemed such a very little while since she had watched them start off every day to school together—the blue coats had lengthened such a little bit—and now— Timothy engaged, and Patsy married—married and half divorced; the stepmother's nose wrinkled in a funny smile. Ah, well! There are poignant foolish heartaches for stepmothers as well as other people, but—just then the Angel cried. The stepmother caught up the frilly frock and hurried upstairs; where there is an Angel—!

"For the Angel's sake, I mean to have only a separation," Patsy was explaining to Timothy. "Besides, it—it will serve Warren Adams only right not to be able to—t-to marry again. A Congressman without a wife! Imagine it!"

"There have been instances"—Timothy was knocking leaves with his stick—"isolated instances, I grant you," he added, hastily, catching his sister's eye. "I think myself such Congressmen are to be felt for. I suppose"—reflectively—"when Warren is sworn in, there will be nobody there except his mother."

"I suppose not," returned Patsy, shortly; and ramming her stout-gloved little hands into her mannish pockets, she began to whistle.

Timothy poked more leaves. They were scarcely at the corner of Madison Avenue. "When one can whistle like that," he observed to a silent sparrow on the curb, "there is some point in letting the world know about it."

Patsy stopped whistling at once. "I always want to whistle when Warren's mother is about—even when it's only in conversation. See here, Timmie," the small hand clutched her brother's arm confidentially, "don't you—haven't you always thought Warren's mother was a bit of a muff?"

Timothy paused, over his glasses. "Muff?" he repeated—stupidly, Patsy thought. "Muff—that was a pretty one she sent the Angel, wasn't it? All white and soft and fuzzy. She—"

"Oh, never mind, then," Patsy cut him off impatiently. "If you're not going to agree with me, where's the use of arguing? *I* couldn't help it if she did send the Angel a muff — anyway, he sha'n't carry it!" she added, vindictively, under her breath. "Convention, tradition, what people will say—booh! How sick I am of it all—wish I could make every one of those words waltz themselves out of the big dic. forever!"

"Ah — about this present for Doromea—" When Timothy said that name, Patsy looked up quickly; there was no earthly reason why a lump should rise in her throat, but—"Doromea," Timothy repeated, as though for very spite. "It must be a very nice present, you know."

"Then we'll go to ——," said Patsy, swallowing emphatically. "Everybody goes there; my—my ring came from there, and Claire's, and all our family have always bought things there. It's a sort of—"

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"Habit?" supplied Timothy, kindly.

"Yes, habit." Patsy gave a sigh of relief. If Timothy should have guessed that she had *almost* said tradition! "Certainly, habit—and, well, we're right there now, Timothy. It must be a ring, I suppose?"

Timothy's gray eyes darkened to absorption. "I should say a ring might do," he deliberated.

"Sure thing!" Patsy was standing near a person who looked like Warren's mother, so she repeated, "Sure thing!" loudly and cheerfully. The person started. "Diamonds—eh, Timmie? But"—to the clerk—"not a solitaire. Solitaires"—feeling her own, under the heavy glove—"are so ordinary!"

"I rather fancy a solitaire," protested Timothy, mildly. "Let's see yours, Pats!"

With a sublime indifference Patsy took off her glove. "It *is* rather a good solitaire," she admitted, negligently.

"Would you take it off a minute, madam? I should like to compare—"

"Oh no—that is, I mean"—Patsy blushed furiously—"I have never taken that ring off—I—but I suppose I might just as well, now," she concluded, defiantly.

"Why not?" agreed Timothy—who was only a writer.

"I prefer not to take that ring off here," said Patsy, with a colossal dignity. "I—we will look at what you have in circlets."

"Certainly, madam." The clerk's sandy head sank into a blue plush show-drawer.

"There's Laura Hastings!" cried Patsy, suddenly, "with a man—looking at rings. And she never even hinted—! Do wait, Timothy. I must speak to her a minute. Just like a gossipy person—never to tell one thing about themselves!"

"Yes," coming back breathlessly. "It's true. They're engaged. Laura said"—Patsy's breezy voice grew somewhat dry—"it was seeing me so happy in my lovely home that really decided her—of course on top of that I could hardly tell her—umm!" as the clerk reappeared. "Perhaps, after all, a solitaire would be better—Laura's getting one, and people might say—" the minute the words were out, Patsy glanced fearfully at Timothy; but Timothy was deep in settings. "Her friends might think," amended Patsy, "that you ought to have given Doromea one. Is Doromea as pretty as she used to be?" she added, irrelevantly.

"She may sometime have been as pretty as she is now." Timothy meditated, "but it seems hardly probable. As a Plain Person—she wants you to show her about things next winter," he branched off. "The house and that, you know. Anne and Michael are going to stay on in the country, so—"

"But I shall be in Washington," blurted Patsy. "Oh no—of course, I forgot." The blue shoulders sagged a bit forlornly as they turned again to solitaires. "I shall be very glad to help Dorry all I can," finished Patsy, stiffly. "What do you think of this platinum one, Timothy?"

Timothy straightened his glasses to a critical focus. "Very nice—the claws are so thin and fine—like those in the pin Warren gave you when the Angel was born. I was always fond of that pin." Timothy was talking mostly to himself as he squinted closer at the solitaire. "I remember Warren's face when he went in to give it to you—'Tisn't half good enough,' he said. And it didn't seem to me then that it was, either."

Patsy was staring at a case of watches—staring hard and with her back to Timothy. Surreptitiously she got out her handkerchief.

"Then you'll lay that one aside," she suggested, lightly, though still with her back turned. "And the flat one—Doromea might like that, it's so—so awfully subtle, you know. And Dorry always—"

"But not now," corrected Timothy, gently. "She has advanced to the infinite subtlety of forgetting that there is such a thing. I think we won't consider the flat one. What are you looking at over there, Pats?"

"Rattles," replied Patsy, in a strangled voice. "Warren promised to come in and get one with me for the Angel's seventh birthday—seventh-month birthday, you know. We bought his six-months one—that's next Sunday—three weeks ago!" The handkerchief went up to Patsy's impudent little nose, and blew

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it hard. "If it only wasn't for Warren's mother—" she scolded, *sotto voce,* so that the clerk should not hear—"you know, Timothy, I—but there, what's the use in telling you? You wouldn't understand."

"I might—though I do write things," encouraged Timothy. "Why not try me? We can pretend to be comparing rings over by the window."

"All right." Patsy gave a deep sigh. "You see, this is the way it is. When —when I married Warren I was in love with him—I really was, Timothy."

"I remember you were," said Timothy, gravely.

"Yes. And of course I was awfully young—*awfully* young; though, to be sure, I'm twenty-one now; I didn't want to get married, you know—"

"No?" Timothy's tone held only inquiry. He had the most tractable memory in the world.

"Certainly not. I was talked into it. Warren and Warren's mother kept saying there was no sense in delaying the thing, and I supposed there wasn't, as we'd have to get married some time, wouldn't we, being in love and all?"

"Sometimes people don't," began Timothy. "In stories—"

"Oh, bother stories!" interrupted Patsy, rudely. "You promised to try to forget you were a writer. Quick, look at these silly rings—that woman's listening. Well, so I married Warren, and for a while, you know, we didn't get along so badly—the first year we were married we hadn't but seven *serious* quarrels; of course there were little things, but you know yourself, Timmie, we managed very nicely."

"It always seemed so to me," Timmie came in promptly on his cue.

"That," Patsy triumphed, "was because Warren was in love with me. He didn't care then how much slang I used or if I wore boys' boots; I could climb trees all day long when we were up at camp, and ride bareback all over the place. But now," the piquant little face grew tragic, "it's that same old thing—the glamour's wearing off, and" —Patsy's voice sounded unpleasantly older than twenty-one—"my husband's tired of me, the real me. Now he wants me made to his order, to his mother's order; now"—a big tear splashed on her engagement ring—"I'm just the mother of his child. I'm expected to be old and dull and mouse about in corners with a book or some sewing. Sewing! When I can sail a boat better than any one on Barnegat, and play hockey, and ride even the Blue Devil, that all the Club's afraid of! *Sewing!*"

"Claire sews," Timothy reflected.

"Of course she does," snapped Patsy. "Claire was born amiable and womanly and all the sweet normal things a woman ought to be. I wasn't. I've never been anything but a harum-scarum r-r-rowdy, just as Warren called me, I—"

"You've been the mother of the Angel." Timothy spoke softly, almost reverently. "Claire has only been allowed to be a stepmother."

"That makes it just so much worse," choked Patsy, flashing diamonds as though for her life. "I—can't you see, I don't deserve to—to be the Angel's mother! Tha—that's what Warren thinks."

Timothy looked down at the trembling softened mouth, at the brimming tawny eyes of his Plain Little Sister. "Warren is going to Congress," he said, letting Doromea's ring slip on to his smallest finger. "I have heard that at such times—just before they go—they hardly know what they think. Everybody expects them to think something different, you see. I should not be surprised if they did not even know what they said—sometimes. There are stories—"

Patsy looked at him reproachfully. "You promised to leave out stories," she murmured. "You were just beginning to be comforting."

"Um-m! So I did—so I was, I mean. The fact is, I almost believe they forget what they have said, what they have thought, almost the minute they have said or thought it. They—they get tired, you see. They have to go off and make speeches, and their constituents keep dinning their importance at them, the importance of maintaining the dignity of their position, and that, you know; then they come home, a bit low and worn out with it, and—they're just plain ordinary people, Congressmen—they lose their grip once in a while. They need—"

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"Claire told you!" accused Patsy, though into her eyes had crept that same look as when she was singing the Angel to sleep. "You knew it was the day he came home from Boston, and went right away again."

Timothy peered suddenly through his glasses at some one who was coming into the store. "I did have an idea it was that day," he confessed—"one of those days, that is."

"And of course," Patsy's voice gathered injury, "of all days his mother had to choose that one to come along. And you know, Timmie, when Warren's mother comes along, it isn't any suitcase party. There are trunks to be checked and a maid to be hustled into the baggage-car, or wherever it is they put 'em; and there's a dog to be fought about—Warren's mother simply shrieks if they suggest putting *Toto* in the baggage-car—and half a dozen smaller parcels to be lost and found a few times. Oh, I know!"—grimly. "I've had to play leading understudy in the scream; and there was Warren, tired to a frazzle—you know he *was* tired, Timothy—"

"I dare say he was," Timothy was now the party of admission, "probably very tired."

"Coming into his own house— Oh, well," Patsy straightened her sturdy shoulders and dabbed at one eye after the other. "It's all over now. I've left him, and where's the good of talking about what might have been? It's only in stories that what might have been ever *is*. In a story, now"—she arraigned the writer—"you'd have the hero and the hero's mother appear out of nowhere and fall on the—er—pseudo-heroine's neck, and offer a diamond necklace, while pseudo-heroine exchanged apologies; and the whole family would trip happily home on one another's arms. Isn't that so? Isn't that just the sort of impossible thing you have happen in those Plain stories of yours?"

Timothy smiled, that same smile that had overcome Doromea's prejudice against marriage. "If you were writing a Plain story, wouldn't you have it end that way?" he asked, regarding diamonds unseeingly from behind his glasses.

"I—I never wrote a story," began Patsy, fumbling with her veil.

Timothy looked at her. "You couldn't help writing one," he said, and his eyes were full of something that blinded Patsy's. "At first, when there was just Claire and you and me, it was a story of adventure—of wild and thrilling dashes into the preserve-closet, and raids upon the neighbors' cherry trees; then"—his voice softened—"it was a fairy-story, the story of a wonderful new world, all dazzling and radiant with tender possibilities. Wasn't it?" he insisted, gently. "Wasn't it for a while a fairy-story, Little Sister?"

"For—for a while, yes," acknowledged Patsy, very low, "but—"

"But the castles had to fall," went on Timothy, gazing wistfully at Doromea's gleaming ring, "the castles had to fall, and the Fairy Prince had to become just a Plain Husband, or he would never have fitted this Plain, Plain World; and the story had to become a *real* story—ten times more wonderful than a fairy-story, if one reads it with an eye to life's permanent values. Do you know"—Timothy took off his glasses and looked at them meditatively—"we people who write things—that is, you and I and all the world—are simply pestered to death by false climaxes? Silly midget episodes jump up and insist that *they*—one after one—are the great Turning Point of all our Plot. Pats, my dear"—he regarded her seriously—"I make it a point not to believe 'em. I do really; I say to myself: here, if you, the Big You, can't recognize your own theme and its outworking as you've planned it, as you want it, then you aren't much of a writer, that's all. If you want your story to end a certain way, and can't make it end that way, just on account of the interference of some puny bit of an incident, I say, well, after all, Tim, you ought never to have been allowed to write. And so"—the gray eyes smiled deeper—"just out of self-respect I have to make the end right, you see."

Patsy glanced at him suspiciously. "*That's* a story with a moral," she asserted, though her voice was rather unsteady; "the most impossible kind of all."

"It is," confessed the writer, unabashed, "a story with a moral. But I refuse to admit it's impossible. And if

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

TIMOTHY WAS DEEP IN SETTINGS

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you will go back again to those rattles, I think you'll refuse to admit it too. The—"

"Why"—Patsy had turned and walked a few steps back into the store—"why, it's Warren! Warren, Timothy—and—"

"His mother is over looking at necklaces," nodded Timothy, modestly. "Not diamond ones, but still—"

"She heard me say I wanted some pearls for my birthday," Patsy murmured, guiltily. "She—she's got her bag with her. They can't have gone up to the house yet— Timmie, Timmie dear —do you—do you suppose I might speak to Warren, just to tell him not to mind the pincushion note, you know—as long as he's looking at rattles, Timmie—?"

"As long as he's looking at rattles," agreed Timothy, judiciously, "I should say you might speak to him—yes."

And as Patsy flew across the aisle, he deliberately turned his back and bent his glasses once more on engagement rings. "So foolish to let oneself fear that a Plain Story won't end well," he mused to the ring with the fine platinum claws; after all, he was only a writer.

The Unknowing

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I KNOW not where I am:
  Beneath my feet a whirling sphere,
And overhead (and yet below)
  A crystal rampart cutting sheer—
The travelling sun its oriflamme.
    What do I know?

I know not what I do:
  I wrought at that, I wrought at this,
The shuttle still perforce I throw;
  But if aright or if amiss
The web reveals not, held to view.
    What do I know?

I know not what I think:
  My thoughts?—As in a shaft of light
The dust-motes wander to and fro,
  And shimmer golden in their flight;
Then, either way, in darkness sink.
    What do I know?

I know not who am I:
  If now I enter on the Scheme,
Or revenant from long ago,
  If but some World Soul's moment-dream,
Or, timeless, in Itself I lie.
    What do I know?

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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN the door closed behind Blair and Elizabeth, Nannie set out to do that "best," which her brother had demanded of her. She went at once into the dining-room; but before she could speak, her stepmother called out to her:

"Here! Nannie! You are just the person I want—Watson is late again, and I'm in a hurry. Just take these letters and sign them 'S. Maitland per N. M.' They must be posted before five. Sit down there at the table."

Nannie could not sign letters and talk at the same time. She got pen and ink and began to write her stepmother's name, over and over, slowly, like a careful machine: "S. Maitland," "S. Maitland." In her desire to please she discarded her own neat script, and reproduced with surprising exactness the rough signature which she knew so well. But all the while her anxious thoughts were with her brother. She wished Blair had not rushed off with Elizabeth. If he had only come himself into the detested dining-room, his mother would have bidden him sign the letters; he might have read them and talked them over with her, and that would have pleased her. Nannie herself had no ambition to read them; her eye caught occasional phrases: "Shears for ——," "new converter," etc., etc. The words meant nothing to Nannie, bending her blond head and writing, like a machine, "S. Maitland," "S. Maitland." . . .

"Mamma," she began, dipping her pen into the ink, "Blair has bought a rather expensive—"

Mrs. Maitland came over to the table and picked up the letters. "That's all. Now clear out, clear out! I've got a lot to do!" Then her eye fell on one of the signatures, and she gave her grunt of a laugh. "If you hadn't put 'Per N. M.,' I shouldn't have known that I hadn't signed 'em myself. . . . Nannie."

"Yes, Mamma?"

"Is Blair going to be at home to supper?"

"I think not. But he said he would be in this evening. And he wanted me to —to ask—"

"Well, I'll come over to your parlor to see him, perhaps, if I get through with my work. I believe he goes off again to-morrow?"

"Yes," Nannie said. Mrs. Maitland, at her desk, had begun to write. Nannie wavered for a minute, then, with a despairing look at the back of her stepmother's head, slipped away to her own part of the house. "I'll tell her at supper," she promised herself. But in her own room, as she dressed for tea, panic fell upon her. She began to walk nervously about; once she stopped, and leaning her forehead against the window, looked absently into the dusk. At the end of the cinder path, the vast pile of the foundry rose black against the fading sky; on the left the open arches of the cast-house of the furnace glowed with molten iron that was running into pigs on the wide stretch of sand. The spur track was banked with desolate wastes of slag and rubbish; and beyond them, like an enfolding arm, was the river, dark in the darkening twilight. From under half-shut dampers, on the chimneys, flat sheets of sapphire and orange flame roared out sidewise in rhythmical pulsations, and brooding above them were coils of black smoke shot through with flying billions of sparks; back of this monstrous and ordered confusion was the solemn circling line of hills. It was all hideous and fierce, yet

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in the clear winter dusk it had a beauty of its own that held Nannie Maitland, even though she was too accustomed to it to be conscious of its details. As she stared out at it with troubled eyes, there was a knock at her door, but before she could say "Come in," her stepmother entered.

"Here!" Mrs. Maitland said, "just fix this dress, will you? I can't seem to —to make it look right." There was a dull flush on her cheek, and she spoke in cross confusion. "Haven't you got a piece of lace, or something—I don't care what. This black dress seems—" she broke off and glanced into the mirror; she was embarrassed, but doggedly determined. "Make me look—somehow," she said.

Nannie, assenting, and rummaging in her bureau drawer, had a flash of understanding. "She's dressing up for Blair!" She took out a piece of lace, and laid it about the gaunt shoulders; then tucked the front of the dress in, and brought the lace down on each side. The soft old thread seemed as inappropriate as it would have been if laid on a scarcely cooled steel "bloom."

"Well, pin it, can't you?" Mrs. Maitland said sharply; "haven't you got some kind of a brooch?" Nannie silently produced a little amethyst pin.

"It doesn't just suit the dress, I'm afraid," she ventured, as she caught the lace together with it.

But Mrs. Maitland looked in the glass complacently. "Nonsense!" she said, and tramped out of the room. In the hall she threw back, "Obliged."

"Oh, *poor* Mamma!" Nannie said. But her sympathy was hardly more than a sense of relief; if her mother was dressing up for Blair, she must be more than usually good-natured. "I'll tell her at supper," Nannie decided, with a lift of courage.

But at supper, in the disorderly dining-room, where the farther end of the table was piled with ledgers, Mrs. Maitland was more unapproachable than ever. She was brutal to Harris, and when Nannie asked a timid question about the evening, she either did not hear, or she affected not to. At any rate, she vouchsafed no answer. Her face was still red, and she seemed to hide behind her evening paper. To Nannie's gentle dulness this was no betrayal; it merely meant that Mrs. Maitland was cross again, and her heart sank within her. But somehow she gathered up her courage:

"You won't forget to come into the parlor, Mamma? Blair wants to talk to you about something that—that—"

"I've got some writing to do. If I get through I'll come. Now clear out, clear out; I'm too busy to chatter."

Nannie cleared out. She had no choice. She went over to her vast, melancholy parlor, into which it seemed as if the fog had penetrated, to await Blair. In her restless apprehension she sat down at the piano, but after the first bar or two her hands dropped idly on the keys. Then she got up and looked aimlessly about. "I'd better finish that landscape," she said, and went over to her drawing-board. She stood there for a minute, fingering a lead-pencil; her nerves were tense, and yet, as she reminded herself, it was foolish to be frightened. His mother loved Blair; she would do anything in the world for him—Nannie thought of the lace—yes, *anything*. Blair was only a little extravagant. And what did his extravagance matter?—his mother was so very rich! But oh, why did they always clash so? And then she heard the sound of Blair's key in the lock.

"Well, Nancy!" he said gayly, "she's a charmer!"

"Who?" said Nannie, bewildered; "Oh, you mean Elizabeth?"

"Yes; but she's the same old Elizabeth, isn't she? There's a lot of gunpowder lying round loose in Elizabeth. She was out with David,—I suppose because he didn't show up. In fact, she was so mad she was perfectly stunning. Nancy! I think I'll stick it out here for two or three days; Elizabeth is mighty good fun, and David is in town; we might renew our youth, we four; what do you say? Well!" he ended, coming back to his own affairs, "what did Mother say?"

"Oh, Blair, I couldn't!"

"What! you haven't told her?"

"Blair dear, I did my best; but she simply never gave me a chance. Indeed, I tried, but I couldn't. She wouldn't let me open my lips in the afternoon, and at supper she read the paper ev-

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ery minute—Harris will tell you. It was impossible."

Blair Maitland whistled. "Well, I'll tell her myself. It was really to spare her that I wanted you to do it. I always rile her, somehow, poor dear Mother. Nannie, this house reeks of cabbage! Does she live on it?" Blair threw up his arms with a wordless gesture of disgust.

"I'm so sorry," Nannie said; "but don't tell her you don't like it."

The door across the hall opened, and there was a heavy step. The brother and sister looked at each other;—she was coming!

"Blair, *be nice!*" Nannie said, and her soft eyes under the meekly parted blond hair were very anxious.

He did not need the caution; whenever he was with his mother, the mere instinct of self-preservation made him only too anxious to "be nice." And as Mrs. Maitland had her instinct of self-preservation, too, there had been, in the last year, very few of what Blair called "rows." Instead there was, on Blair's part, an exaggerated politeness, and, on his mother's part, a pathetic effort to be agreeable; the inevitable result was, of course, entire absence of spontaneity in both of them.

Mrs. Maitland, her knitting in her hands, came tramping into the parlor; the piece of thread lace was pushed awry, but there had been further preparation for the occasion: at first her son and daughter did not know what the change was; then suddenly both recognized it, and exchanged an astonished glance.

"Mother!" cried Blair incredulously, "*earrings!*"

The dull color on the high cheek-bones deepened; she smiled sheepishly. "Yes; I saw 'em in my bureau drawer, and put 'em on. Haven't worn 'em for years, but Blair, here, likes pretty things," she said. (Her son, under his breath, groaned: "pretty!") "So you are off to-morrow, Blair?" she said, politely; she ran her hand along the yellowing bone needles, and looked at him over her steel-rimmed spectacles; her eyes softened, as an eagle's might when she looks at her young. The big ball of pink worsted rolled softly down on to the floor. "Next time you come home," she went on, in a pleased voice, "it will be to go to work!"

"Yes," Blair said, smiling industriously.

"Pity you have to study this summer; I'd like to put you on your job now."

"Yes; I'm awfully sorry," he said, lying with charming courtesy, "but I feel I ought to brush up on one or two subjects—and I can do it better abroad than here. And I'm going to paint a little, too. I'll be very busy all summer."

"Paint!" said Mrs. Maitland, "the only paint I care about is house paint." She laughed with successful cheerfulness; Blair liked jokes, and this, she thought, complacently, was a joke. "Well, *I* shall manage to keep busy, too!" she said.

"I suppose so," Blair agreed.

He was lounging on the arm of Nannie's chair, and felt his sleeve plucked softly. "Now," said Nannie.

But Blair was not ready. "You are always busy," he said; "I wish I had your habit of industry."

Mrs. Maitland's smile faded. "I wish you had."

"Oh, well, you've got industry enough for this family," Blair declared. But the flattery did not penetrate.

"Too much, maybe," she said grimly; then remembered, and began to "entertain" again: "I had a compliment to-day."

Blair, with ardent interest, said, "Really?"

"That man Dolliver in our office—you remember Dolliver?" Blair nodded. "He happened to say he never knew such an honest man as old William B. Knight. Remember old Mr. Knight?" She paused, her eyes narrowed into a laugh. "He married Molly Wharton. I always called her 'goose Molly.' She used to make eyes at your father; but she couldn't get him—though she tried to hard enough, by telling him, so I heard, that the only feminine thing about me was my petticoats. A very coarse remark, in my judgment; and coarseness, in a female, is very offensive to me. Well, old Knight was elder of the Second Church. Remember?"

"Oh yes," Blair said vaguely.

"Dolliver said Knight once lost a trade by telling the truth, 'when he might have kept his mouth shut'—that was Dolliver's way of putting it. 'Well,' I

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said, 'I hope you think that our Works are just as honestly conducted as the Knight Mills'; fact was, I knew a thing or two about William B. And what do you suppose Dolliver said? 'Oh yes,' he said, 'you are honest, Mrs. Maitland, but you ain't damn-fool honest.'" She laughed loudly, and her son laughed too, this time in genuine amusement; but Nannie looked prim, at which Mrs. Maitland glanced at Blair, and there was a sympathetic twinkle between them which for the moment put them both really at ease. "I got on to a good thing last week," she said, still trying to amuse him, but now there was reality in her voice.

"Do tell me about it," Blair said.

"You know Kraas? He is the man that's had a bee in his bonnet for the last ten years about a newfangled idea for making castings of steel. He brought me his plans once, but I told him they were no good. But last month he asked me to make some castings for him to go on his contrivance. Of course I did; we cast anything for anybody—provided they can pay for it. Well, Kraas tried it in our foundry; no good, just as I said; the metal was full of flaws. But it occurred to me to experiment with his idea on my own hook. I melted my pig, and poured it into his converter thing, *but*—I added some silvery pig I had on the Yard, made when No. 1 blew in—and the castings were as sound as a nut! Kraas never thought of that." She twitched her pink worsted and gave her grunt of a laugh. "Master Kraas hasn't any caveat, and he can't get one on that idea, so of course I can go ahead."

"Oh, Mamma, how clever you are!" Nannie murmured, admiringly.

"Clever?" said Blair; Nannie shook his arm gently, and he recollected himself. "Oh, well," he said, "business is like love and war. All's fair in business, I suppose."

Mrs. Maitland was silent. Then she said: "Business *is* war. But—fair? It is a perfectly legal thing to do."

"Oh, legal, yes," her son agreed significantly; the thin ice of politeness was beginning to crack. It was the old situation over again; he was repelled by unloveliness; this time it was the unloveliness of shrewdness. For a moment his disgust made him quite natural. "It is *legal* enough, I suppose," he said coldly.

Mrs. Maitland did not lift her head, but, with her eyes fixed upon her needles, she suddenly stopped knitting. Nannie quivered.

"Mamma," she burst in, "Blair wanted to tell you about something very beautiful that he has found, and—" Her brother pinched her, and her voice trailed into silence.

"Found something beautiful? I'd like to hear of his finding something useful!" The ice cracked a little more. "As for your mother's honesty, Blair, if you had waited a minute, I'd have told you that as soon as I found the idea was practical I handed it over to Kraas. *I'm* damn-fool honest, I suppose." But this time she did not laugh at her joke.

Blair was instant with apologies: he had not meant—he had not intended—"Of course you would do the square thing," he declared.

"But you thought I wouldn't," she said. And while he was making polite exclamations, she changed the subject for something safer. She still tried to entertain him, but now she spoke wearily. "What do you suppose I read in the paper to-night? Some man in New York—named Maitland, curiously enough—'picked up' an old master—that's how the paper put it—for $5,000. It appears it was considered 'cheap'! It was 14 x 18 inches. *Inches,* mind you, not feet! Well, the jackasses are not all dead yet. Sorry anybody of our name should do such a fool thing."

Nannie turned white enough to faint.

"Allow me to say," said Blair, tensely, "that an 'old master' might be cheap at five times that price!"

"I wouldn't give five thousand dollars for the greatest picture that was ever painted," his mother announced. Then, without an instant's warning, her face puckered into a furious sneeze. "God bless us!" she said good-naturedly, and blew her nose loudly. Blair jumped.

"*I* would give all I have in the world!" he said, panting.

"Well," his mother said, ramming her grimy handkerchief into her pocket, "if it cost all *you* have in the world, it would certainly be cheap; for, so far as I know,

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you haven't anything." Alas! the ice had given way entirely.

Blair pushed Nannie's hand from his arm, and, getting up, walked over to the marble-topped centre-table; he stood there slowly turning over the pages of *The Poetesses of America,* in rigid determination to hold his tongue. Mrs. Maitland's eyebrow began to rise; her fingers tightened on her hurrying needles until the nails were white. Nannie, looking from one to the other, trembled with apprehension. Then she made an excuse to take Blair to the other end of the room.

"Come and look at my drawing," she said; then, under her breath: "Don't tell her!"

Blair shook his head. "I've got to, somehow." But when he came back and stood in front of his mother, his hands in his pockets, his shoulder lounging against the mantelpiece, he had himself in hand again. "Well," he said, gayly, "if I haven't anything of my own, it's your fault; you've been too generous to me!"

The knitting-needles flagged; Nannie drew a long breath.

"Yes, you are too good to me," he said; "and you work so hard! Why do you work like a—a man?" There was an uncontrollable quiver of disgust in his voice.

But his mother smiled, with a quick bridling of her head—he was complimenting her!—and the soreness from his thrust about legality vanished. "Yes; I reckon there's no man in the iron business who can get ahead of my 'petticoats,' as 'goose Molly' saw fit to call them!"

Blair cast an agonized look at Nannie; then set himself to his task again—in rather a roundabout way: "Why don't you spend some of your money on yourself, Mother, instead of on me?"

"There's nothing I want."

"But there are so many things you could have!" Blair said, looking around the terrible room.

"I have everything I need," said Mrs. Maitland; "a roof, a bed, a chair, and food to eat. As for all this truck that people spend their money on, what use is it? That's what I want to know! What's it worth?"

Blair put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small jade box, beautifully carved; he took off the lid delicately, and shook a scarab into the palm of his hand. "I'll tell you what *that* is worth," he said, holding the dull blue oval between his thumb and finger; then he mentioned a sum that made Nannie exclaim. His mother put down her knitting, and, taking the bit of eternity, looked at it silently. "Do you wonder I got that box, which is a treasure in itself, to hold such a treasure?" Blair exulted.

Mrs. Maitland, handing the scarab back, began to knit furiously. "That's what it's worth," he said; he was holding the scarab in his palm with a sort of tenderness; his eyes caressed it. "That's what it's worth; but it isn't what I paid. The collector was hard up, and I made him knock off twenty-five per cent. of the price."

"Hah!" said Mrs. Maitland; "well; I suppose 'all is fair in love and collections'?"

"What's unfair in that?" Blair said, sharply; "I buy in the cheapest market. You do *that* yourself, my dear mother." When Blair said "my dear mother," he was farthest from filial affection. "Besides," he said, with strained self-control, "besides, I'm like you, I'm not 'damn-fool honest'!"

"Oh, I didn't say you weren't honest. Only, if I was going to take advantage of anybody, I'd do it for something more important than a blue china beetle."

"The trouble with you, Mother, is that you don't see anything but those hideous Works of yours!" her son burst out.

"If I did, you couldn't pay for your china beetles. *Beetles!* You couldn't pay for the breeches you are sitting in!"

"Oh, Mamma!—oh, Blair!" sighed poor Nannie.

There was a violent silence. Suddenly Mrs. Maitland brought the flat of her hand furiously down on the table; then, without a word, she got on her feet, pulled at the ball of pink worsted which had run behind a chair and caught under the caster; her jerk broke the thread. The next moment, the parlor door banged behind her.

Nannie burst out crying. Blair opened and closed his lips, speechless with rage.

"What—what made her so angry?" Nannie said, catching her breath. "Was it the beetle?"

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"Don't call it that ridiculous name! I'll have to borrow the $5,000. And where the devil I'll get it I don't know. Nannie, goose Molly' wasn't an entire fool, after all!"

"Blair!" his sister protested, horrified. But Blair was too angry to be ashamed of himself. He did not see—probably youth is incapable of seeing—that anger like his mother's is only the other side of love. In Sarah Maitland, not only maternity, but pride, the peculiar pride engendered in her by her immense business—pride and maternity together, demanded such high things of her son! Not finding them, the pain of her disappointment broke into violent expression. Indeed, had this charming fellow, handsome, selfish, sweet-hearted, been some other woman's son, she would have been far more patient with him. Her very love made her abominable to him. She was furiously angry when she left him there in Nannie's parlor; but all the same he did not have to borrow the $5,000.

The next morning Sarah Maitland sent for her superintendent. "Mr. Ferguson," she said—they were in her private office, and the door was shut—"Mr. Ferguson, I think—but I don't know—I *think* Blair has been making an idiot of himself again. I saw in the paper that somebody called Maitland had been throwing money away on a picture. I don't know what it was, and I don't want to know. It was 14x18 inches; not feet. That was enough for me! Why, Ferguson, those big pictures in my parlor—(I bought them when I was going to be married; a woman is sort of silly then; I wouldn't do such a thing now)—those four pictures are 4 x 6 feet each; and they cost me $400—$100 apiece. But this New York man has paid $5,000 for one picture 14x18 *inches!* If it was Blair, and it came over me last night, all of a sudden, that it was, he hasn't got any $5,000 to pay for it. I don't want to go into the matter with him; we—we don't get along on such subjects. But I want you to ask him about it; maybe he'll speak out to you, man fashion. If this 'Maitland' is just a fool of our name, so much the better; but if it is Blair, I've got to help him out, I suppose. I want you to settle the thing for me. I—can't." Her voice broke on the last word; she coughed and cleared her throat before she could speak distinctly. "I haven't—the time," she said.

Robert Ferguson listened, frowning. "You'll give him money to spend in ways you don't approve of?"

She nodded sullenly. "I have to."

"You don't have to!" he broke out; "for God's sake, Mrs. Maitland, *stop!*"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean—this isn't my business, but I can't see you—Mrs. Maitland, if I get to talking on this subject, we'll quarrel."

The glare of anger in her face died out. She leaned back in her chair and looked at him. "I won't quarrel with you. Go on. Say what you think. I won't say I'll take your advice, but I'll listen to it."

"It's what I have always told you. You are squeezing the life out of Blair by giving him money. You've always done it, because it was the easy thing to do. Let up on him! Give him a chance. Let him earn his money, or go without. Talk about making him independent—you've made him as dependent as a baby! I don't know my Bible as well as you do, but there is a verse somewhere—something about 'fulness of bread and abundance of idleness.' That's what's the trouble with Blair. 'Fulness of bread and abundance of idleness.'"

"But he's been at college; he couldn't work while he was at college," she said, with honest bewilderment.

"Of course he couldn't. But why did you let him dawdle round at college, pretending to special, for a year after he graduated? Of course he *won't* work so long as he doesn't have to. The boy wouldn't be human if he did! You never made him feel he had to get through and go to work. You've given him everything he wanted, and you've exacted nothing in return—not scholarship, nor even decent behavior. He's gambled, and gone after women, and bought everything on earth he wanted,—and never done a hand's turn of work in his life. He is just as much a dead beat as any beggar who gets his living out of other people's pockets. That he gets it out of your pocket doesn't alter that; that he doesn't wear rags

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and knock at back doors doesn't alter it. He's a dead beat! Any man is, who takes and doesn't give anything in return. It's queer you can't see that, Mrs. Maitland."

She was silent.

"Why, look here: I've heard you say, many a time, that the best part of your life was when you had to work hardest. Isn't that so?" She nodded. "Then why in thunder won't you let Blair work? Let him work, or go without!"

Again she did not speak.

"For Heaven's sake, give him a chance, before it's too late!"

Mrs. Maitland got up, and stood with her back to him, looking out of the smoke-grimed window. Presently she turned round. "Well, what would you do now—supposing he did buy the picture?"

"Tell him that he has overdrawn his allowance, and that if he wants the picture he must earn the money to pay for it. Say you'll advance it, if instead of going to Europe he'll stay at home and get on some kind of a job. Of course he can't earn five thousand dollars. I doubt if he would earn five thousand cents! But make up a job for him—just for this once—and help him out. I don't believe in a made-up job, but it's better than nothing. If he won't do it, darn the picture! It can be resold."

She blew her lips out in a great sigh, and then began to bite her forefinger, looking at the floor. Robert Ferguson had said his say. He gathered his papers together and got on his feet.

"Mr. Ferguson . . ." He waited, his hand on the knob.

"Yes?"

"'Bliged to you. But for the present—"

"Very well," Robert Ferguson said shortly.

"Just put through the business of the picture. Hereafter—"

Ferguson shrugged his shoulders.

CHAPTER XV

AFTER his first spasm of angry disgust, when he declared he would go East the next morning, Blair's fancy for "hanging round Mercer" hardened into purpose; but he did not "hang round" his mother's house. "The hotel is pretty bad," he told Nannie, "but it's better than *this*." So he took the most expensive suite in the big, dark old River House that in those days was Mercer's best hotel. Its blackened façade and the Doric columns of its entrance gave it a certain exterior dignity, and its interior comfort, combined with the reviving associations of youth, lengthened Blair's two or three days to a week, and then to a fortnight.

The day after that distressing interview with his mother, he went gayly round to Mrs. Richie's to pound David on the back, and say "Congratulations, old fellow! Why in thunder," he complained, in gay burlesque, "didn't I come back before? You've cut me out, you villain!"

David grinned.

"'Before the devil could come back,
The angel had the inside track,'"

he declared.

"Well, if you'll take my advice, you won't be too angelic," Blair said a little dryly. "She always had a touch of the other thing in her, you know."

"You think I'd better cultivate a few vices?" David inquired, amiably; "I'm obliged for an example, anyhow!"

But Blair did not keep up the chaffing. The atmosphere of Mrs. Richie's house dominated him as completely as when he was a boy. He looked at her serene face, her simple, feminine parlor, the books, and flowers, and more or less good pictures,—and thought of his mother and his mother's house. And then, somehow, he was ashamed of his thoughts, because this dear lady said in her gentle way:

"How happy your mother must be to have you at home again, Blair. You won't rush right off and leave us, will you?"

"Well," he hesitated, "of course I don't want to"—and he was surprised at the ring of truth in his voice—"but I am going to paint this summer. I am going to be in one of the studios in Paris."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said simply. And Blair had an instant of uncertainty, although, a moment before, his "painting" had seemed to him necessary, because it facilitated another summer away from home; and after the interview with his mother's general manager, a

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summer away from home was more than ever desirable.

Mr. Ferguson had handed over the five thousand dollars, and then freed his mind. Blair listened. He heard that he was a sucker, that he was a poor stick, that he wasn't fit to black his mother's boots. "They certainly need it," Blair said, drolly; and Robert Ferguson nearly burst with anger!

Yet, when the check was on its way to New York, and the picture had been shipped to Mercer, Blair still lingered at the River House. The idea of "renewing their youth" had appealed to all four friends. In the next two or three weeks they were constantly together, at either one house or the other, or at some outside rendezvous arranged by Blair—a long drive down to Willis's, a theatre party and supper, a moonlight walk. Once David suggested "ice-cream at Mrs. Todd's." But this did not materialize, for Blair said that even his sentimentality could not face the blue paper roses. At the end of the first week, when they were all dining with Mrs. Richie—the evening meal was beginning to be called dinner nowadays in Mercer—Mrs. Richie's soft eyes, which took duty and energy and ability, and everything else, so sweetly and trustingly for granted,—Mrs. Richie's believing eyes did for Blair what Robert Ferguson's vociferating truthfulness had not been able to accomplish. It was after dinner, and she and Blair had gone into the little plant-room, where the air was warm and sweet with hyacinths and the moist greenness of ferns; the only light was from the moon shining through the glass roof.

"Blair," she said, and laid her soft hand on his arm; "I want to say something. You won't mind?"

"Mind anything *you* say? I should think not!"

"It is only that I want you to know that, when the time comes, I shall think it very fine in you, with your tastes and temperament, to buckle down at the Works. I shall admire you very much then, Blair."

Blair gave her a droll look. "Alas, dear Mrs. Richie—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"Your mother will be so proud and happy when you get to work; but I wanted you to know that I, too—"

He took her hand from his arm and lifted it to his lips; there was a courtliness about Blair, and a certain gravity, which at moments gave him positive distinction. "If there is any good in me," he said, "you would bring it out." Then he smiled. "But probably there isn't any."

"Nonsense!" she cried, and then hesitated, and he saw that her leaf-brown eyes were wet. "You must make your life worth while, Blair. You must! It would be such a dreadful failure if you didn't do anything but enjoy yourself."

He was keenly touched. He did not kiss her hand again; he just put his arm around her, as David might have done, and gave her a hug. "Mrs. Richie! I —I *will* brace up!"

"You are a dear fellow," she said, and kissed him. And then they went back to the other three, to find Elizabeth in a gale of teasing merriment because, she said, David was so "terribly talkative"!

"He has sat there like a bump on a log, for fifteen minutes," she complained. "*Say* something, dummy!" she commanded.

But David only chuckled, and pulled Blair into a corner to talk. "You girls keep on your own side, and don't interrupt serious conversation," he said. "Blair, I want to ask you—" And in a minute the two young men were deep in their own affairs. It was amusing to see how quickly all four of them fell back into the comfortable commonplace of old friendship, the men roaring over some college reminiscences, and the two girls grumbling at being left out. "Really," said Mrs. Richie, "I should think none of you were more than fifteen!"

That night, when he took his sister home, Blair was very silent. Her little trickle of talk about David and Elizabeth was apparently unheard. As they turned into their own street, the full moon, just rising out of the river mists, suddenly flooded the waste-lands beyond the Works; the gaunt outlines of the Foundry were touched with ethereal silver, and the Maitland house, looming up in a great black mass, cast a gulf of shadow before it, that swallowed up its own mean dooryard and the squalid street between it and Shantytown, which now, in the quiet splendor of the moon, seemed as intangible as a dream.

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"Beautiful!" Blair said, involuntarily. He stood there for a silent moment, drinking the beauty like wine; perhaps it was the exhilaration of it that made him say abruptly: "Perhaps I'll not go abroad. Perhaps I'll pitch in."

Nannie fairly jumped with astonishment. "Blair! You mean to go into the Works? This summer? Oh, how pleased Mamma would be! It would be perfectly splendid! *Oh!*" Nannie gave his arm a speechless squeeze.

"If I do, it will be because Mrs. Richie bolstered me up. Of course I would hate it like the devil; but perhaps it's the decent thing to do? Oh, well, don't say anything about it. I haven't made up my mind—this is an awful place!" he said, with a shiver, looking across at Shantytown, and remembering what was hidden under the glamour of the moon. "The smell of it!" he said. "Democracy is all well enough—until you smell it."

"But you could live at the hotel," Nannie said, as Blair pulled out his key, and let her into the house.

"You bet I would," her brother said, laughing. "My dear, not even your society could reconcile me to the slums. But I don't know whether I can screw myself up to the Works, anyhow. David won't be in town, and that would be a nuisance. Well, I'll think it over; but if I do stay, I tell you what it is!—you two girls will have to make things mighty agreeable, or I'll clear out."

He did think it over; but it needed more talks with Mrs. Richie, more gay, inconsequent days with Elizabeth—David, confound him! wouldn't come, because he had to pack, but Nannie tagged on behind—it needed the "bolstering up" of much approval on the part of the onlookers, and much self-approval, too, before the screwing-up process reached a point where he went into his mother's office in the Works and told her that if she was ready to take him on, he was ready to go to work.

Mrs. Maitland was absolutely dumb with happiness. He wanted to go to work! "What do you say *now,* friend Ferguson?" she jeered at her superintendent; "you thought he was going to play at his painting for another year, and you wanted me to put his nose to the grindstone, and make him earn the money to pay for that fool picture. Isn't it better to have him come to it of his own accord? I'd pay for ten fool pictures, if they made him want to go to work. As for his painting, it will be his father over again. My husband had his fancies about it, too, but he gave it all up when he married me, and really got into business. That's how it's going to be with Blair," she ended complacently. "Blair has brains! I've always said so."

Robert Ferguson did not deny the brains, but he was as astonished as she.

"I believe," he challenged Mrs. Richie, "*you* put Blair up to it? You always could wind that boy round your finger."

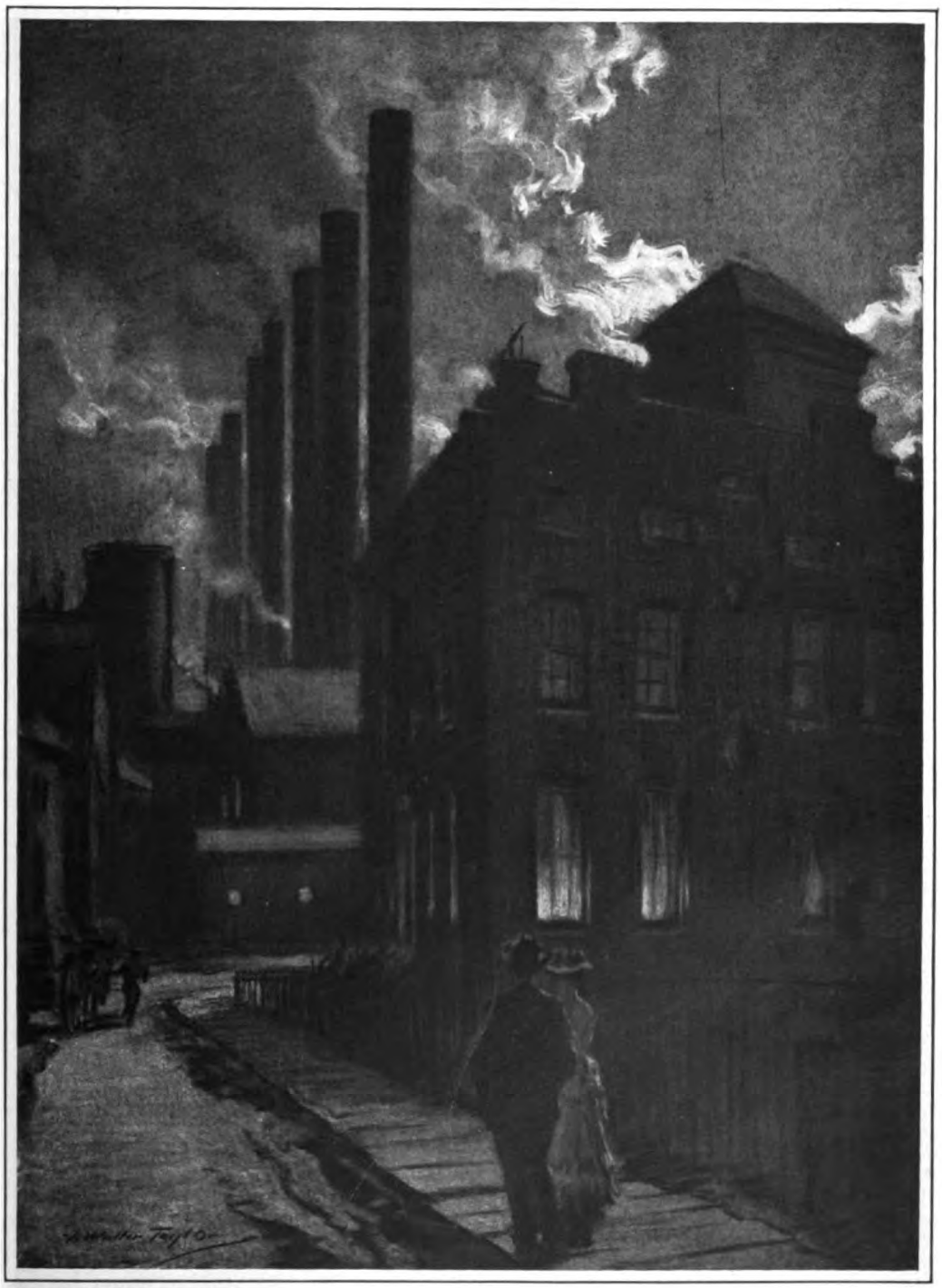
"I did talk to him," she confessed; it was their last interview, for she and David were starting East that night, and Mr. Ferguson had come in to say good-by. "I talked to him—a little. Mrs. Maitland's disappointment about him went to my heart. Besides, I am very fond of Blair; there is a great deal of good in him. You are prejudiced."

"No, I'm not. I admit that, as his mother says, 'he's no fool,' but that only makes his dilly-dallying so much the worse. Still, I believe that if she were to lose all her money, and he were to fall very much in love and be refused, he might amount to something. But it would need both things to make a man of him."

Robert Ferguson sighed, and Mrs. Richie left the subject of the curative effect of unsuccessful love with nervous haste. "I am going to charge Elizabeth and Nannie to do all they can to make it pleasant for him, so that he won't find the Works too terrible," she said. At which reflection upon the Works, Mr. Ferguson barked so fiercely, that she felt quite at ease with him. But his barking did not prevent her from telling the girls that business would be very hard for Blair, and they must cheer him up: "Now do try to amuse him! You know it is going to be very stupid for him in Mercer."

Nannie, of course, needed no urging; as for Elizabeth, she was a little contemptuous. Oh yes; she would do what she could, she said. "Of course, I'm awfully fond of Blair, but—"

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE GAUNT OUTLINES OF THE FOUNDRY WERE TOUCHED WITH SILVER

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The fact was, she was proudly contrasting in her own mind the man who had to be "amused" to keep him at his work, with David—"working himself to death!" she told Nannie proudly. And Nannie, quick to feel the slur in her words, said:

"Yes, but it is quite different with Blair. Blair doesn't *have* to do anything, you know."

Still, thanks to Mrs. Richie, he was at least going to pretend to do something. And so, at a ridiculously high salary, he entered, as he told Elizabeth humorously, "upon his career." The only thing he did to make life more tolerable for himself was to live in the hotel instead of in his mother's house. But it was characteristic of him that he left the wonderful old canvas—the "fourteen by eighteen inch" picture—hanging on the wall in Nannie's parlor. "You ought to have something fit for a civilized eye to rest upon," he told her, "and I can see it when I come to see you." If his permanent departure for the River House wounded his mother, she made no protest; she only lifted a pleased eyebrow when he came in to supper, which, she noticed, he was apt to do whenever Elizabeth Ferguson dropped in to take tea with Nannie. When he did come, Sarah Maitland used to look about the dining-room table, with its thick earthenware dishes—the last of the old Canton service had found its way to the ash-barrel—with warm satisfaction. "Like old times!" she would say kindly, "only needs David to make it complete."

Mrs. Maitland was sixty-two that spring, but there was no stoop of the gaunt shoulders, no sign of that settling and shrinking that age brings. She was at the full tide of her vigor, and her happiness in having her son beside her in the passion of her life, which was second only to her passion for him, showed itself in clumsy efforts to flaunt her satisfaction before her world. Every morning, with varying unpunctuality, Blair came into her office at the Works, where she had had a desk placed for him. He was present, because she insisted that he should be, at the regular conferences which she held with the heads of departments. She made a pretence of asking his advice, which was as amusing to Mr. Ferguson and the under-superintendents as it was tiresome to Blair. For after his first exhilaration in responding to Mrs. Richie's high belief in him, the mere doing of duty gradually began to pall. Her belief helped him through the first four or five months, and then the whole thing became a bore. His work was ludicrously perfunctory, and his listlessness when in the office was apparent to everybody. At the bottom of her heart, Sarah Maitland must have known that it was all a farce. Blair was worth nothing to the business; his only relation to it was the weekly drawing of a preposterous "salary." Perhaps if Mrs. Richie had been in Mercer, to make again and again the appeal of confident expectation, that little feeble sense of duty which had started him upon his "career," might have struck a root down through feeling, into the rock-bed of character. But as it was, not even the girls' obedience to her order "to amuse Blair," made up for the withdrawal of her own sustaining inspiration.

But at least Nannie and Elizabeth kept him fairly contented out of business hours; and so long as he was contented, things were smooth between him and his mother. There was, as Blair expressed it, "only one rumpus" that whole summer—and it was a very mild one—caused by the fact that he did not go to church. On those hot July Sunday mornings, his mother in black silk, and Nannie in thin lawn, sat in the family pew, fanning themselves, and waiting; Nannie, constantly turning to look down the aisle, and Sarah Maitland intent for a familiar step and a hand upon the little baize-lined door of the pew. The "rumpus" came when, after the third Sunday, Blair was called to account.

It was after supper, in the hot dusk in Nannie's parlor; Elizabeth was there, and the two girls, in white dresses, were fanning themselves languidly; Blair once in a while struck slow chords from the piano. The windows were all open. It was too warm for lamps, and the room was lighted only by the occasional roar of flames, breaking fan-like from the tops of the stacks in the Yards. Suddenly, in the midst of their idle talk, Mrs. Maitland came

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in; she paused for a moment before the dark oblong of canvas on the wall beside the door. Of course, in the half-light, the little dim Mother of God—immortal maternity!—could scarcely be seen.

"Umph!" she said, "a dirty piece of canvas, at about twenty dollars a square inch!" No one spoke. "Let's see;" she calculated;—"ore is $10 a ton; 20 tons to a car; say one locomotive hauls 25 cars. Well, there you have it: a train-load of iron ore, to pay for *this!*" she snapped a thumb and finger against the canvas; Blair jumped at the sound; then ran his right hand up the key-board in a furious arpeggio. But he said nothing. Mrs. Maitland, moving away from the picture, blew out her lips in a loud sigh. "Well," she said; "tastes differ, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow."

Still no one spoke, but Elizabeth rose to offer her a chair. "No," she said, coming over and resting an elbow on the mantelpiece, "I won't sit down. I'm going in a minute."

As she stood there, unrest spread about her as rings from a falling stone spread on the surface of a pool. Blair yawned, and got up from the piano; Elizabeth fidgeted; Nannie began to talk nervously.

"Blair," said his mother, her strident voice overriding the girl's chatter, "Blair, why don't you come to church?"

Blair's answer was perfectly unevasive and entirely good-natured. "Well, for one thing, I don't believe the things the church teaches."

"What do you believe?" she demanded. And he answered carelessly that, really, he hardly knew.

It was, of course, the old difference of the generations, but it was more marked because these two generations had never spoken the same language, and therefore quiet, sympathetic disagreement was impossible. It was impossible, too, because the actual fact was that neither her belief nor his disbelief was integral to their lives. Her creed was a barbarous anthropomorphism, which had created an offended and puerile god—a god of foreign missions and arid church-going and eternal damnation. The fear of her god (such as he was) would, no doubt, have protected her against certain physical temptations, to which, as it happened, her temperament never inclined; but he had never safeguarded her from the temptation of cut-throat competition, or even of business shrewdness which her lawyer showed her how to make legal. Blair, on the contrary, had long ago discarded the naïve brutalities of medieval Presbyterianism; church-going bored him, he was not interested in saving souls in Africa, and he had no god in his world to reward or to punish. But, like most of us—like his mother, in fact—he had a god of his own, a god who might have safeguarded him against certain intellectual temptations—cheating at cards, or telling the truth, if the truth would compromise a woman. But as he had no desire to cheat at cards, and the women whom he might have compromised did not need to be lied about, his god was of as little practical value to him as his mother's was to her. So they were neither of them speaking of realities when Mrs. Maitland said impatiently: "What do you believe? What have you got instead of God?"

"Honor," Blair said promptly.

"What do you mean by honor?" she said, with marked impatience.

"Well," her son reflected, "there are things a man simply can't do; that's all. And that's honor, don't you know. Of course, religion is supposed to do that, too. But there's this difference: religion, if you pick pockets—I speak metaphorically—threatens you with hell. Honor threatens you with yourself." As he spoke he frowned, as if a disagreeable idea had suddenly occurred to him.

His mother frowned, too. That hell and a man's self might be the same thing had never struck Sarah Maitland. She did not understand what he meant, and feeling herself at a disadvantage, retaliated with the reproof she might have administered to a boy of fifteen: "You don't know what you are talking about!"

The man of twenty-five laughed lazily. "Your religion is very amusing, my dear mother."

Her face darkened. She took her elbow from the mantelpiece, and seemed uncertain what to do. Blair sprang to open the door, but she made an irritated gesture. "I know how to open doors," she said. She threw a brief "good night" to Elizabeth, and turned a cheek

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to Nannie for the kiss that had fallen there, as soft as a little feather, in all the nights of all the years they had lived together. "'Night, Blair," she said shortly; then hesitated, her hand on the door-knob. There was an instant when the command "*Go to church!*" trembled upon her lips, but it was not given. "I advise you," she said roughly, "to get over your conceit, and try to get some religion into you. Your father and your grandfather didn't think they could get along without it; they went to church! But you evidently think you are so much better than they were that you can stay away."

The door slammed behind her. Blair whistled. "Poor dear Mother!" he said; and turned round to listen to the two girls. "Can you be ready to start on the first?" Elizabeth was asking Nannie, trying evidently to cover up the awkwardness of that angry exit.

"Start where?" Blair asked.

"Why, East! You know. I told you ages ago," Nannie explained. "Elizabeth and I are going to stay with Mrs. Richie at the seashore."

"You never said a word about it," Blair said disgustedly. His annoyance knew no disguise. "I call it pretty shabby for you two to go off! What's going to happen to me?"

"Business, Blair, business!" Elizabeth mocked. But Nannie was plainly conscience-stricken. "I'll not go, if you'd rather I didn't, Blair."

"Nonsense!" her brother said shortly, "of course you must go, but—" He did not finish the "but"; he went back to the piano and began to drum idly. His face was sharply annoyed. That definition of his god which he had made to his mother, had aroused in him a nameless uneasiness. It occurred to him that perhaps he was "picking a pocket," in finding such emphatic satisfaction in Elizabeth's society. Now, abruptly, at the news of her approaching absence, the uneasiness sharpened into faintly recognizable outlines.

He struck a jarring chord on the piano, and told himself not to be a fool. "She's mighty good fun. Of course I shall miss her or any other girl, in this God-forsaken hole! That's all it amounts to. Anyhow, she's dead in love with David." Sitting there in the hot dusk, listening to the voices of the girls, Blair felt suddenly irritated with David. "Darn him, why does he go off and leave her in this way? Not but what it is all right so far as I am concerned; only—" Then, wordlessly, his god must have accused him, for he winced. "I am *not*, not in the least!" he said. The denial confessed him to himself, and there was an angry bang of discordant octaves. The two girls called out in dismay.

"Oh, *do* stop!" Elizabeth said. Blair got up from the piano-stool and came over to them silently. His thoughts were in clamoring confusion. "I am *not*," he said again to himself. "I like her, but that's all." There was a look of actual panic on his lazily charming face. He glanced at Elizabeth, who, her head on Nannie's shoulder, was humming softly: "'Oh, won't it be joyful—joyful—joyful—'" and clenched his hands.

He was very silent as he walked home with her that night. When they reached her door, Elizabeth looked up at the closed shutters of Mrs. Richie's house, and sighed. "How dreary a closed house looks!" she said. "I almost wish Uncle would rent it, but he won't. He says he's going to throw it into our house. But *I* think he is keeping it for Mrs. Richie to live in when David and I settle down in Philadelphia."

Blair was apparently not interested in Mrs. Richie's future. "I wish," he said, "I wish I had gone to Europe this summer."

"Well!" she retorted, "that's polite!—considering that Nannie and I have spent our time making it agreeable for you."

"I stayed in Mercer, because I thought I'd like a summer with Nannie," he defended himself; he was just turning away at the foot of the steps, but he stopped, and called back, "with Nannie —*and you*."

Elizabeth, from the open door, looked after him with frank astonishment. "How long since Nannie and I have been so much appreciated?"

"I think I began to appreciate you a good while ago, Elizabeth," he said, significantly; but she did not hear him. "Perhaps it's just as well she's going," he told himself, as he went slowly back

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to the hotel. "Not that I'm—smitten; but I might be. I can see that I might be—if I should let myself go." But he was confident that allegiance to his god would keep him from ever letting himself go.

The girls went East that week, and when they did, Blair took no more meals in the office dining-room.

CHAPTER XVI

IT was a very happy time that the inland girls spent with Mrs. Richie, in her small house on the Jersey shore. Summer cottages were not usual in those days, so it happened that neither Nannie nor Elizabeth had ever seen the ocean, and their first glimpse of it was a great experience. Added to that was the experience, new to both of them, of daily companionship with a serene nature. Mrs. Richie was always a little remote, a little inclined to keep people at arm's-length; there were undercurrents of sadness in her talk, and she was perhaps rather absorbed in her own supreme affair—maternal love. Her calm outlook upon heavenly horizons made the affairs of the girls seem sometimes disconcertingly small; and to realize the smallness of one's own affairs is in itself an experience to youth. But in spite of the ultimate reserves they always felt in her, Mrs. Richie was sympathetic, and full of soft gayeties, with endless patience for people and events. Elizabeth's old uneasy dislike of her had long since yielded to the fact that she was David's mother, and so must be, and in theory was, loved. But the love was really only a faint awe at what she still called "perfection"; and during these two months of living under the same roof with her, Elizabeth felt at times a resentful consciousness that Mrs. Richie was afraid of that ungovernable temper, which, the girl used to say, impatiently, "never hurts anybody but myself; for of course I never mean the things I say!" Like most high-tempered people, Elizabeth, though remorseful and mortified by her outbursts of fury, was always a little astonished when any one took them seriously, and Mrs. Richie took them very seriously.

Nannie, being far simpler than Elizabeth, was less impressed by Mrs. Richie than by her surroundings. The ocean, the whole gamut of marine sights and happenings,—the roads, wandering between the dunes; the smell of seaweed; Mrs. Richie's housekeeping, the delicate food and serving (what would Harris have thought of that table!)—all these things, as well as David's fortnightly visits, and Elizabeth's ardors and gay coldnesses, were delights to Nannie. Both girls had an absorbingly good time, and when the last day of the last week finally arrived, and Mr. Robert Ferguson appeared to escort them home, they were both of them distinctly doleful.

"Every perfect thing stops!" Elizabeth sighed to David. They had left the porch, and gone down on to the sands, flooded with moonlight and silence. The evening was very still and warm, and the full blue pour of the moon made everything softly unreal, except the glittering path of light crossing the breathing, black expanse of water. David had hesitated when she had suggested leaving the others and coming down here by themselves, and then he had looked at Nannie, sitting between Robert Ferguson and his mother, and seemed to reassure himself; but he was careful to choose a place on the beach where he could keep an eye on the porch. He was talking, in his anxious way, about his work, and how soon his income would be large enough for them to marry. "The minus sign expresses it now," he said; "I could kick myself when I think that, at twenty-six, my mother has to pay my washwoman!" The two years of their engagement had curiously accentuated the difference in the development of these two; David's manhood was more and more of the mind; Elizabeth's womanhood was most exquisitely of the body. When he spoke of his shame in being supported by his mother, she leaned her cheek on his shoulder, and said, softly, "David, I love you so that I would love to scrub floors for you." He laughed; "I wouldn't love to have you scrub floors. Why in thunder don't I get ahead faster!" he sighed. Then he told her that the older men in the profession were "so darned mean, even the big fellows, 'way up," that they kept on practising when

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they could just as well sit back on their hind legs, and do nothing, and give the younger men a chance.

"They are nothing but money-grabbers," Elizabeth agreed, burning with indignation at all successful physicians. "But, David, we can live on very little. Corned beef is very cheap, Cherry-pie says. And so is liver. And I shall have only one girl."

Up on the porch, in the range of David's protecting eye, the conversation was quite as practical as it was down by the lap of the moonlit water:

"Elizabeth is to have a little bit of money handed over to her on her next birthday," Mr. Ferguson was saying; then he twitched the black ribbon of his glasses and brought them tumbling from his nose; "it's an inheritance from her father."

"Oh, how exciting!" said Nannie. "Will it make it possible for them to be married any sooner?"

"They can't marry on the interest on it," he said, with his snort of a laugh, "it's only a nest-egg."

Mrs. Richie sighed. "Well, of course they must be prudent, but I am sorry to have them wait. It will be some time before David's practice is enough for them to marry on. He is so funny in planning their housekeeping expenses," she said, with that mother-laugh of mockery and love. "You should hear the economies they propose!" And she told him some of them. "They make endless calculations as to how little they can possibly live on." She had kept one of these "calculations," figured out in David's precise hand on the back of an old envelope, and showed it to him. Probable income.—Rent, food, David's clothing, Elizabeth's clothing—the items ran; and opposite them the respective amounts.

"Why, her clothing is as much as all the other things put together!" Robert Ferguson interrupted, horrified.

"And will you please observe their estimates of house-furnishing? 'Glassware, $100; Linen, $10'! Would you have supposed they *could* be so ignorant? Of course I enlightened them. That's how I came into possession of this 'estimate.' I do wish David would let me give him enough to get married on," she ended, a little impatiently.

"I think he's right not to," Robert Ferguson said.

"David is so funny about money," Nannie commented, and rose, saying she wanted to go indoors to the lamplight and her book.

"Pity Blair hasn't some of David's 'funniness,'" Mr. Ferguson barked, when she had vanished into the house.

Mrs. Richie looked after her uneasily, missing her protecting presence. But in Mr. Ferguson's matter-of-fact talk he seemed just the same harsh, kind, unsentimental neighbor of the last seventeen years; "he's forgotten his foolishness," she thought, and resigned herself, comfortably, to Nannie's absence. "Does Elizabeth know about the legacy?" she asked.

"No, she hasn't an idea of it. I was bound that the expectation of money shouldn't spoil her."

"Well," she jeered at him, "I do hope you are satisfied *now*, that she is not spoiled by money or anything else! How afraid you were to let yourself really love the child—poor little Elizabeth!"

"I had reason," he insisted doggedly. "Life had played a trick on me once, and I made up my mind not to build on anybody again, until I was sure of them." Then, without looking at her, he said as if following out some line of thought, "I hope you have come to feel that you will marry me, Mrs. Richie?"

"*Oh!*" she said, in dismay.

"I don't see why you can't make up your mind to it," he continued, frowning; "I know"—he stopped, and put on his glasses carefully with both hands—"I know I am a bear, but—"

"You are not!"

"Don't interrupt. I am. But not at heart. Listen to me, at my age, talking about 'hearts'!" They both laughed, and then Mr. Ferguson gave a snort of impatience. "Look at those two youngsters down there, engaged to be married, and swearing by the moon that nobody ever loved as they do. How absurd it is! A man has to be fifty before he knows enough about love to get married."

"Nonsense!"

"I cannot take youth seriously," he ruminated; "its behavior, yes; that may be serious enough! Youth is always firing the Ephesian dome; but youth

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itself and its opinions, always seem to me a little ridiculous. Yet those two infants seem to think that they have discovered love! Well," he interrupted himself, in sudden sombre memory, "well, I felt that way once myself. And yet *now*, I know—"

Mrs. Richie, very much flurried, said something about its being too damp for Elizabeth on the sand. "Do call them in," she said.

He laughed meagrely. "No; you don't need 'em. I won't say any more —to-night."

"Here they come!" Mrs. Richie broke in with a relieved voice.

A minute before, David, looking up at the porch, and discovering Nannie's absence, had said, "Let's go in." "Oh, must we?" asked Elizabeth reluctantly; but she came perforce, for David, in his anxiety not to leave his mother alone with Mr. Ferguson, was already half-way up the beach.

"Do tell Elizabeth about the money now," Mrs. Richie said, nervously.

"I will," said Robert Ferguson; and added, under his voice, "I sha'n't give up, you know." But Mrs. Richie was careful not to hear him.

"Elizabeth!" she said, eagerly. "Your uncle has some news for you." And Mr. Ferguson told his niece briefly, that on her birthday in December she would come into possession of some money left her by her father.

"Don't get up your expectations, it's not much," he said, charily, "but it's something to start on."

"Oh, Uncle! How splendid!" she said, and caught David's hand in both of hers. "David!"—her face was radiantly unconscious of the presence of the others—"perhaps we needn't wait two years?"

"I'm afraid it won't make much difference." David spoke rather grimly; "I must be able to buy your shoestrings myself, you know, before we can be married."

Elizabeth dropped his hand, and the dimple straightened in her cheek.

Mrs. Richie smiled at her. "Young people have to be prudent, dear child."

"How much money will I have, Uncle?" Elizabeth asked coldly.

He told her. "Not a fortune; but David needn't worry about your shoestrings."

"Yes, I will," he broke in, with an uneasy laugh. "She'll have to go barefoot, if I can't get 'em for her."

Elizabeth exclaimed, with angry impatience, and Robert Ferguson, chuckling, struck him lightly on the shoulder. "Look out you don't fall over backward in trying to stand up straight!" he said.

But the possibility of an earlier wedding-day was not referred to again. The next morning they all went up to town together in the train, and Elizabeth, who had recovered from her momentary displeasure, did no more than cast glowing looks at David—lovely, melting looks of delicate passion, as virginal as an opening lily—looks that said, "I wish we did not have to wait!" For her part, she was willing "to go barefoot," if only they might the sooner tread the path of life together.

When they got into Mercer, late in the evening, who should meet them at the station but Blair. Robert Ferguson, with obvious relief, immediately handed his charges over to the young man, with a hurried explanation that he must see some one on business before going to his own house. "Take the girls home, will you, Blair?" he said. And Blair said that that was what he was there for. His method of taking them home was to put Nannie into one carriage, and get into another with Elizabeth, who, a little surprised, asked where Nannie was.

"It would delay you to go round to our house first," Blair explained. "You forget we live in the slums! And Nannie's in a hurry, so I sent her directly home. She doesn't mind going by herself, you know. Look here, you two girls have been away an abominably long time! I've been terribly lonely—without Nannie."

He had indeed been lonely "without Nannie." In these empty, meaningless weeks at the Works, Blair Maitland had suddenly stumbled against the negations of life. It was his first experience with the inexorable *No*. A week after the girls went East, he admitted to himself that, had David been out of the way, —that was how he expressed it to himself—had David only been out of the way, he would undoubtedly have fallen in

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love with Elizabeth. "As it is, of course, I haven't," he declared. And night after night in those next weeks, as he idled moodily about Mercer's streets, or, lounging across the bridge, leaned on the hand-rail and watched the ashes from his cigar flicker down into the unseen current below, he said the same thing: "I am not in love with her, and of course I sha'n't allow myself to be. I won't let it go any further. But David is no man for a girl like Elizabeth to marry." Then he would fall to thinking just what kind of man Elizabeth ought to marry. Such reflections proved, so he assured himself, how entirely he knew that she was committed to David. Sometimes he wondered sullenly whether he had not better clear out before she came back to Mercer? Perhaps it was his god who made this suggestion; but if so, he did not recognize a divine voice. He always decided against such a course. It would be cowardly, he told himself, to keep away from Elizabeth. "I will see her when she gets home, just as usual. To stay away might make her think that I was—afraid. And I am not in the least, because I am not in love with her, and I shall not allow myself to be." He was perfectly sure of himself, and perfectly sincere too, for what lover has ever understood that love has nothing to do with volition? Of course he was grossly selfish. Was there ever a young man of twenty-five, under like circumstances, who was not grossly selfish? Now, when he was alone with her in the old depot carriage, his selfishness was hidden by badinage.

"I have been terribly lonely—without Nannie."

"I thought you were absorbed in business cares," she told him, with a droll look. "How do you like business, Blair, really?"

"Loathe it," he said succinctly. "Elizabeth, come and take dinner with us to-morrow evening?"

"Oh, Nannie's had enough of me. She's been with me for nearly two months."

"I haven't been with you for two months. Be a good girl, and do some missionary work. Slumming is the fashion, you know. Come and cheer me up. It's been fiendishly stupid without you."

She laughed at his sincerely gloomy voice.

"Come," he urged; "we'll have dinner in the back parlor. Do you remember that awful dinner-party?" He laughed as he spoke, but in the darkness of the shabby hack he looked at her intently. Oh, if David were only out of the way!

"Remember it? I should think I did!" There was no telltale flicker on her smooth cheek; even in the gloom of the carriage he could see that the dark amber of her eyes brimmed over with amusement, and the dimple deepened entrancingly. "How could I forget it? Didn't I wear my first long dress to that dinner-party—oh, and my six-button gloves?"

"I—" said Blair, and paused. "*I* remember other things than the gloves and long dress, Elizabeth." Why shouldn't he say as much as that? He was perfectly sure of himself, and David was perfectly sure of her, so why not speak of what it gave him a rapturous pang to remember?

But at his words the color whipped into her cheek; her clear brows drew together into a slight frown. "How is your mother, Blair?" she said coldly.

"Oh, very well. Can you imagine Mother anything but well? The heat has nearly killed me, but Mother is iron."

"She's perfectly wonderful!"

"Yes; wonderful woman," Blair agreed carelessly. "Elizabeth, promise you'll come to-morrow evening?"

"Cherry-pie would think it was horrid in me not to stay with her, when I've been away so long."

"I think it's horrid in you not to stay with me."

She laughed. "David is working awfully hard, Blair," she said.

"Darn David!" he retorted, laughing. "So am I, if that's any reason for your giving a man your society."

"You!" she said, "you couldn't work hard to save your life!"

"I could, if I had somebody to work for, as David has."

"You'd better get somebody," she said gayly.

"I don't want any second-bests," he declared; but she only laughed.

"Donkey!" she said good-naturedly.

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But she was a little bored by that sort of talk, and a little surprised, too, for whatever else Blair was, he was not stupid—and such talk is always stupid. That it had its root in anything deeper than chaffing never occurred to her. They were at her own door by this time, and Blair, helping her out of the carriage, looked into her face, and his veins ran hot.

The next morning, when he went to see Nannie, he was absorbed and irritable. "Girls are queer," he told her, "they marry all kinds of men. But I'll tell you one thing: David is the last man for a girl like Elizabeth. She's electricity!—and he is perfectly incapable of understanding her."

That was the first day that he did not assure himself that he "was not in love."

CHAPTER XVII

THAT autumn, with its heats and brown fogs and sharp frosts, was perhaps the happiest time in Sarah Maitland's life—the happiest time, at least, since those brief months of marriage;—*Blair was in the Business!*

Of course, she had moments of disappointment; once or twice moments of anger, even; and once, at any rate, she had a moment of fright. She had peremptorily summoned her son to go with her to watch a certain experiment. Blair appeared, shrinking, bored, absent-minded, nearly an hour later than the time she had set. Of course that put her in a bad humor to start with; but as they were crossing the Yards, her irritation suddenly deepened into dismay. Blair, his lip drooping with disgust at the sights and sounds about him, his hands in his pockets, was lounging along behind her, and she, realizing that he was not at her side, stopped and looked back. He was standing still, looking up, his eyes radiant, his lips parted with delight.

"What is it?" she called. He did not hear her; he stood there, gazing at three white butterflies that were zigzagging up into a patch of pale blue sky. How they had come into this black and clamorous spot, why they had left their fields of goldenrod and asters farther up the river, who can say? But here they were, darting up and up, crossing, dipping, dancing in the smoky sunshine that flooded thinly the noisy squalor of the Yards. Blair, looking at them, said, under his breath, in pure delight, "Yes, just like the high notes. A flight of violin notes!"

"Blair!" came the impatient voice again; "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"I was just going to tell you that a high silicon pig—"

"My dear mother," he interrupted wearily, "there is something else in the world than pig. I saw three butterflies—"

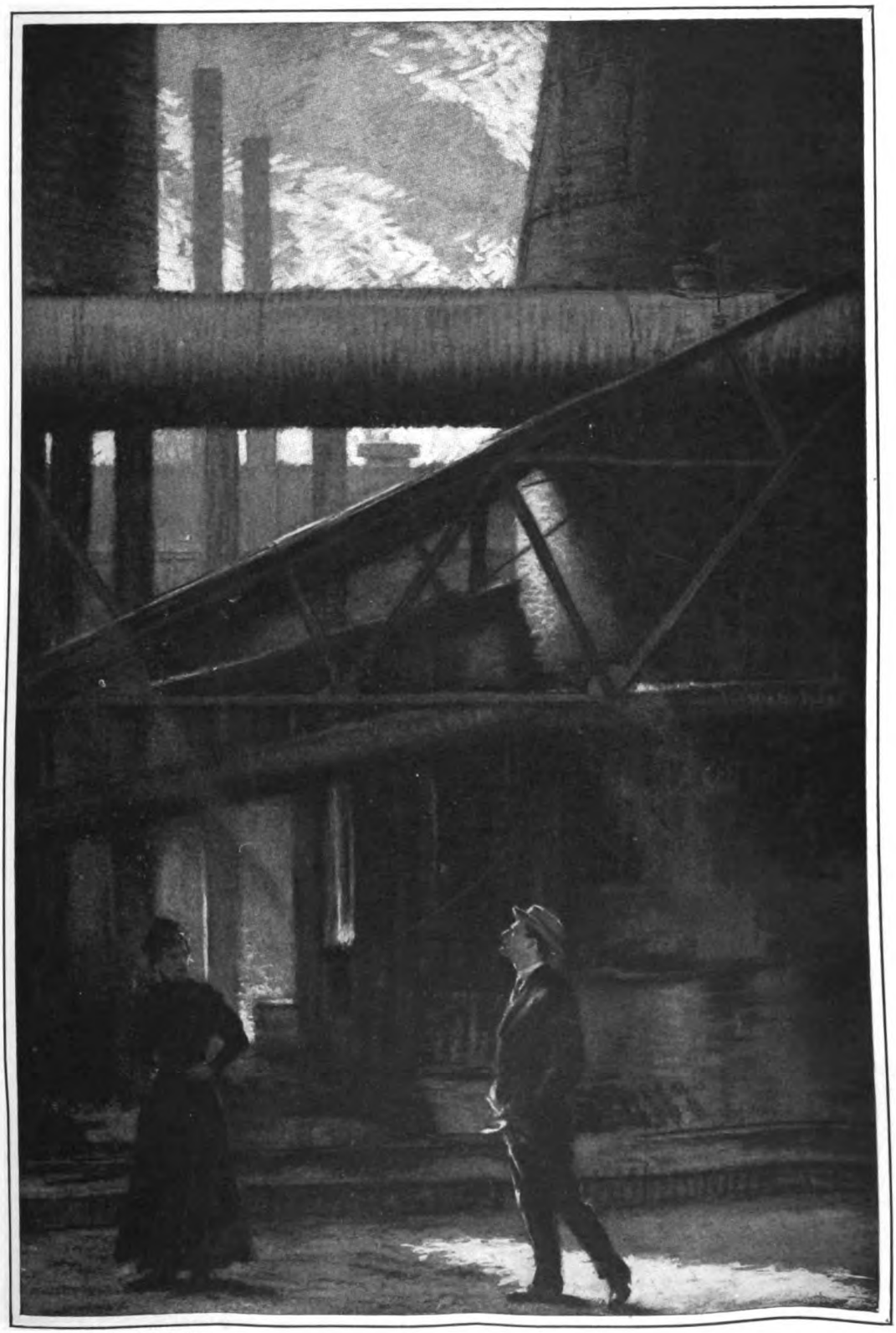
"*Butterflies!*"

She stood still in the cinder pathway, in absolute consternation. Was her son a fool? For a moment she was so startled that she was not even angry. "Come on," she said soberly; and they went into the Works in silence.

That evening, when he dropped in to supper, she watched him closely, and by and by her face lightened a little. Of course, to stop and gape up into the air was silly; but certainly he was talking intelligently enough *now,* though it was only to Elizabeth Ferguson, who happened to be taking supper with them. Yes, he did not look like a fool. "He *has* brains," she said to herself impatiently, "but why don't he use 'em?" She sighed, and called out loudly, "Harris! Corn-beef!" But as she hacked off a slab of boiled meat, she wondered why on earth Nannie asked Elizabeth to tea so often, and especially why she asked her on those evenings when Blair happened to be at home. "Elizabeth is such a little blatherskite," she reflected, good-naturedly, "the boy doesn't get a chance to talk to me!" Then it occurred to her that perhaps he came because Elizabeth came?—for it was evident that she amused him. Well, Sarah Maitland had no objection. To secure her son for her dingy supper table she was willing to put up with Elizabeth, or any other girl. But certainly Nannie invited her very often. "I'll come in tonight, if you'll invite Elizabeth," Blair would bribe her. And Nannie, like Mrs. Maitland herself, would have invited anybody to gain an hour of her brother's company.

Those four weeks had committed Blair

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

HE STOOD GAZING AT THREE WHITE BUTTERFLIES ZIGZAGGING UPWARD

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Maitland to his first real passion. He was violently in love, and now he acknowledged it. The moment had come when his denials became absurd, even to himself, so he no longer said he did not love her; he merely said he would never let her know he loved her. "If she doesn't know it, I am square with David," he argued. Curiously enough, when he said "David," he always thought of David's mother. He was profoundly unhappy, and yet exhilarated—there is always exhilaration in the aching melancholy of hopeless love—but somewhere, back in his mind, there was probably the habit of hope. He had always had everything he wanted, so why should not fate be kind now?—of course without any questionable step on his part. "I will never tell her," he assured himself; the words stabbed him, but he meant them. He only wished, irrationally enough, that Mrs. Richie might know how agonizingly honorable he was.

Elizabeth herself did not know it; she had not the slightest idea that he was in love with her. There were probably two reasons for an unconsciousness which was certainly rather unusual, for a woman almost always knows. Some tentacles of the soul seem brushed by the brutalities of the material fact, and she knows and retreats — or advances. Elizabeth did not know, and so did not retreat. Perhaps one reason for her naïve stupidity was the commonplaceness of her relations with Blair. She had known him all her life, and except for that one childish playing at love, which, if she ever remembered it, seemed to her entirely funny, she had never thought of him in any other way than as "Nannie's brother"; and Nannie was, for all practical purposes, her sister. But another reason was her entire absorption in her own love-affair. Ever since she had learned of the little legacy, the ardent thought had lurked in her mind that it might, somehow, in spite of David's absurd theories about shoe-strings, hasten her marriage.

"With all this money, why on earth should we wait?" she fretted to Nannie.

"My dear! you couldn't live on the interest of it!" Nannie protested.

"I don't know why not," Elizabeth said, wilfully.

"Goose!" Nannie said, much amused. "No; the only thing you could do would be to live on your principal."

Elizabeth looked suddenly thoughtful. When she went home she repeated Nannie's careless words to Miss White, who nibbled doubtfully, and said she never heard of such a thing. But after that, for days, they talked of household economies, and with Cherry-pie's help Elizabeth managed to pare down that estimate which had so diverted her uncle and Mrs. Richie. With such practical preoccupations no wonder she was unconscious of the change in Blair. Suddenly, like a stone flung through the darkness at a comfortably lighted domestic window, she saw, with a crash of fright, a new and unknown Blair, a man who was a complete and dreadful stranger.

It was dusk; she had come in to see Nannie, and talk over that suggestion which, quite unconsciously, Nannie herself had made: *why not live on the principal?* But Nannie was not at home, so Elizabeth sat down in the firelight in the parlor to wait for her. She sat there, smiling to herself, eager to tell Nannie that she had made Cherry-pie admit that the plan of "living on the principal" was feasible. Then she began to think just how she would tell David of this brilliant idea, and make him understand that they need not wait. She would grant at once (because David was so silly and practical) that, of course, the interest on her money would not support them. But according to her latest calculation, they could live on the principal for at least two years; it would certainly last as long as that, perhaps even for two years and a half! When they had exhausted it, why, then, David's income from his profession would be large enough; large enough even if—she blushed nobly, sitting there alone looking into the fire; "even if—" Thinking this all out, absorbed and joyous, blaming herself because this practical idea had come to Nannie and not to her, she did not hear Blair enter. He stood beside her a moment in silence before she was aware of his presence. Then she looked up with a start, and leaning back in her chair, the firelight in her face, smiled at him: "Where's Nannie?"

"I don't know. Church, I think. But

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I am glad of it. I would rather—see you alone." His voice trembled.

He had come in, in all the unrest of misery; he had said to himself that he was going to "tell Nannie, anyhow." The impulse to "tell" had become almost a physical necessity, and when he came into the room, the whole unhappy, hopeless business was hot on his lips. The mere unexpectedness of finding her here, alone, was like a touch against that precariously balanced sense of honor, which was his god, and had so far kept him, as he expressed it to himself, "square with David."

To Elizabeth, sitting there in friendly idleness by the fire, the thrill in his voice was like some palpable touch against her breast. Without knowing why, she put her hand up, as if warding something off. She was bewildered; her heart began to beat violently. Instantly, at the sight of the lovely, startled face, the rein broke. He forgot David, he forgot his god, with whom he had been juggling words for the last two months, he forgot everything, except the single, eternal, primitive purpose: *Here was the woman he wanted.* And all his life, if he had wanted anything, he had had it. With a stifled cry, he caught her hand: "Elizabeth—I love you!"

"Stop!" she said, outraged and astounded; "stop this instant!"

"I *must* speak to you."

"You shall not speak to me!" She was on her feet, trying with trembling fingers to put on her hat.

"Elizabeth, wait!" he panted, "wait; listen—I must speak—" And then, before she knew it, he caught her in his arms, and she felt his breath on her mouth. She pushed him from her, gasping almost, and looking at him in anger and horror.

"How dare you?"

"Listen; only one minute!"

"I will not listen one second. Let me out of this room—out of this house!"

"Elizabeth, forgive me! I am mad!"

"You *are* mad. I will never forgive you. Stand aside. Open the door."

"Elizabeth, I love you! I love you! Won't you listen—?"

But she had gone, flaming with anger and humiliation.

When Nannie came in an hour later, her brother was sitting with his head bowed in his hands. The room was quite dark; the fire had died down. The fire of passion had died down, too, leaving only shame and misery and despair. His eyes, hidden in his bent arms, were wet; he was shaken to the depths of his being. For the first time in his life he had come against a thwarted desire. The education that should have been spread over his whole twenty-five years, an education that would have taught him how to meet the negations of life, of duty, of pity even, burst upon him now in one shattering moment. He had broken his law, his own law; and, mercifully, his law was breaking him.

When he rose to his feet as his sister came into the room, he staggered under the shock of such concentrated education.

"Blair! What *is* it?" she said, catching his arm.

"Nothing. Nothing. I've been a fool. Let me go."

"But tell me! I'm frightened. Blair!"

"It's nothing, I tell you. Nannie! Will she ever look at me again? Oh no, no; she will never forgive me! Why was I such a fool?"

"What *are* you talking about?" poor Nannie said. It came into her head that he had suddenly gone out of his senses.

Blair sank down again in a heap on his chair.

"I've been a damned fool. I'm in love with Elizabeth, and—and I told her so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Treasure Ship

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

"IN the Ural," said my mother, "I was brought up so," and she twisted my ears until I promised that I would not wear my shoes out-of-doors, where they do not last so long. Instead I went out barefooted. This did not please her either, and I got another twist; but my ears are as limp as rags from my having been brought up in the Ural fashion, anyway, and I did not promise anything this time.

My father, the Polack man, spoke not a word, but sat on a stool eating his dinner and looking on. He was very tired that evening, I remember; tired of work, and of myself, Joe, and of little Felika, who sat on the floor inviting him to roll a spool with her. But he was afraid to get tired of my mother, who was a Tartar woman.

Her eyes slanted around the room, for she was always fierce when her mind ran on the old days.

"Polacks are thick-blooded beasts," she said. She looked at us slowly one by one, speaking in Polish, though she understood a little English.

"Once I knew a lance when I saw one coming," she went on; "sometimes it had a man's head on the point. Those were men out on the steppes, and kept a woman where she belonged."

But my father knew a stick when he saw one coming, and would not quarrel with her about where she belonged. As he disappointed her by setting his bowl aside and only watching cautiously, the Tartar woman took away Felika's spool, and for the very first time twisted her ears, which were rosy and stiff as sea-shells. Then she walked quickly outdoors and down to the shore in her bare feet, and stood looking at the gray sky and stormy water.

I thought, "Now she is going to bring up Felika in the Ural way, and her ears will hang like an old dog's."

I glanced at my father, the Polack man, who sat staring into his bowl and eating again. That was all well enough; the Tartar woman should bring up him and me as she pleased, but it would be a shame to crunch ears like sea-shells, which looked so pretty with bright blue eyes.

I felt a strange heat in my breast, like blowing coals; and slipping on my shoes, I took little Felika and went outdoors, intending that never should we come back. Neither did we.

At the landing, within a stone's-throw of our cabin, some people were crowding on to a boat which had just come in. It was growing dusk, and nobody spoke as we hurried among them and up the plank. Then we were on board the boat.

I was afraid that somebody would notice that I had on my shoes, which are only to be worn on feast days, but no one did, and we sat very still while the boat went up the Sound.

"Maybe it will take us to Poland," I told Felika, for I hadn't been long enough at school to learn how far apart these two countries are.

"My modder; she come get?" asked Felika.

"No can," I explained; and though she cried a little that time, I do not believe she thought afterward of the Tartar woman.

About evening, when all the waves of the ocean seemed to have passed us by, we came to a strange, hilly land, covered with houses, and near there the boat stopped. We got off with the other people, as if we belonged to them; nobody saying anything that time either. The boat splashed away; the people, laughing and talking, walked on into the dusk, and we were left alone on the landing.

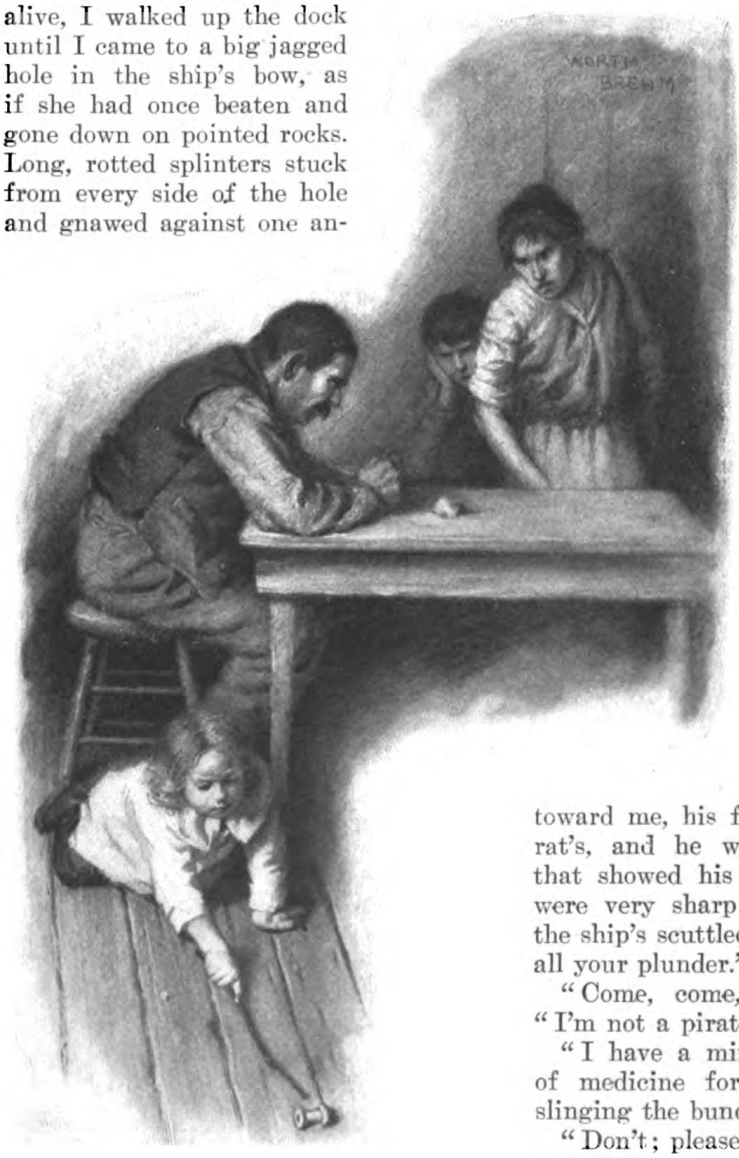
Holding each other's hands, we looked up at row on row of sparkling lamps until our eyes met the stars—distant, radiant orbs which looked down coldly, as if what became of us amounted to very little. One corner of the dock lay in deep

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shadow, and there I sat down, with Felika in my arms. Felika was not watching the stars; instead she looked and pointed over my shoulder. Then I looked, too, and in the very heart of that black towery shadow I saw a faint spark.

I had not noticed before, but now I found that we were sitting under a great old ship, or hulk, and putting out my hand, felt that its side was covered with damp, slimy moss and barnacles; perhaps it had been thrown up there from the deep water.

That spark was company to me, and wishing to see what kept it alive, I walked up the dock until I came to a big jagged hole in the ship's bow, as if she had once beaten and gone down on pointed rocks. Long, rotted splinters stuck from every side of the hole and gnawed against one another like teeth, for the tide was beginning to run in, and the whole ship groaned and shivered with it.



SHE WAS ALWAYS FIERCE WHEN HER MIND RAN ON THE OLD DAYS

But the throat of that black mouth was dimly lighted, and I could see right through the bows into a little cabin where a man and a boy were talking together. They were so near that I could hear their words plainly.

The boy was walking about on tiptoe as if wishing to make very little noise.

"Do you think I'm blind and deaf?" asked the man, who was lying upon a bed. "I know what you're about."

"Be still, Pirate; it is my habit to escape without noise," said the boy, who then began making up a bundle in the middle of the floor.

"Oh, if I could only get hold of you!" threatened the man, raising one hand, which fell back heavily over the side of the bed.

"You'd thrash me as you did before," the boy spoke up. "Still, it's lucky that you can't get up, for I'd make you walk the plank."

The boy wore a red cloth tied around his waist, through which he stuck a long table-knife; he also had on a red cap, and when he turned toward me, his face looked as thin as a rat's, and he was grinning in a way that showed his white teeth. His eyes were very sharp and black. "Anyhow, the ship's scuttled, and down you go with all your plunder."

"Come, come," went on the other; "I'm not a pirate; you're going crazy!"

"I have a mind to break your bottle of medicine for that," cried the boy, slinging the bundle over his shoulder.

"Don't; please don't," begged his shipmate; "I'll die, anyhow, without somebody to look after me."

"Then you admit being a pirate, and

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blood-stained?" looking at him steadily.

"Yes, I am, if you say so. Don't go away and leave me this way. I'll die here like a dog, I tell you."

"What's the difference," asked the boy, "since the ship is scuttled? You will go down among the dead men and make a great show of plunder. I don't like to leave an old chief who has beaten me so handsomely, but I must take a Spanish prize to-morrow."

He drew himself up as straight as an arrow, and stared about; then he left the room. I heard him laugh softly to himself; then there was silence, till the bundle was tossed over the ship's side and the boy himself followed to the dock, within a few feet of us.



"I MUST TAKE A SPANISH PRIZE TO-MORROW"

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, as he rose to his feet and caught sight of us; he was no larger than myself, though I knew he was older. "You were watching?" he added.

"I am cold, and so is little Felika," I told him. "Is there a fire in there?"

The boy frowned a moment as he considered what to do. "Let me see Felika," he said then.

I took off the coat I had wrapped around her, for I do not mind the cold myself, and, after putting his hand on her, he told me as a warning:

"She will not make the Pirate a mouthful; but it will be different with you. You will make a good meal."

I was terribly frightened, but knowing that Felika should be kept warm, I asked him to help me lift her over the ship's side. The boy did so after thinking again, and then saying sternly, "Tell the Pirate I took you prisoner," he picked up his bundle and crept away.

I could see my way across the deck, where, coming to a ladder, I went down and along a narrow passage till I reached a door under which shone a light. Though this must be the room of the sick man, I did not know what to do, being afraid to knock. At last I heard him call a name, after which everything was deathly black and still, as if he had died listening for an answer.

Then Felika gave one thin little cry, and the man within drew a deep, strong breath as if it had called him back to life again. Pushing open the door, I went into the room and found there a warm little stove. My, but it was comfortable! no man could be cruel who kept such a stove, and Felika stretched out her arms to him.

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By the light of the candle, his face was hollow and pale, though covered by a long beard, and he looked at us with round eyes as if he had hardly been expecting Felika and me that evening.

"Where did you come from?" he asked, in a shaking voice.

"We are sent in as prisoners, Pirate," I answered, just as the boy had told me.

His eyes began shining brightly. "Here they are again," he said, excitedly; "or is it only this cursed fever? If you are a live boy, you can tell the time, then."

I answered that I could, and he told me to dose him out of a bottle, and to do this every two hours "till the ship sank." I laid Felika on a chair, and she looked at the man while he took the medicine, for I was not so terribly afraid on learning that he could do nothing for himself. And as for the ship, I did not believe it would sink when held to the shore by ropes and chains. It was very hard to do, but I stayed awake all that night to watch over Felika as well as to give the medicine. Sometimes the man would start up suddenly and talk of storms and fighting, but this would wake Felika, and they would look at each other. Then she would smile, and he would fall to watching her very quietly. In the morning he went to sleep, and so did I, lying on the floor close to the stove.

When I awoke, Felika was playing on the bed beside the Pirate, who was interested in watching her pull feathers through a hole in the pillow. I spoke to her sharply about that, but the Pirate answered me in such a thundering voice that I understood I should never have any show against Felika with this man.

He was hungry now, and I was very glad when he said there were bread and meat in the locker, and knew it wasn't my turn to be a meal. We all ate of this, and I felt safe as long as the food lasted.

That afternoon the sun was bright, and the Pirate said quite kindly, "You two may play on deck, but come back or I'll send the sea-witch after you."

"What is a witch?" I asked, for I meant to run away again before the bread and meat were eaten, and wished to know a witch when I saw one coming.

"She is yellow," said the man, looking at me fiercely; "she has wicked eyes and long fingers, like claws."

"It is the Tartar woman," I thought, and made up my mind to be eaten rather than have her sent after me. So, promising to come back, I took Felika to play on the deck.

The old ship was strange and ghostly, even by day. The sunlight washed it like a wave of muddy yellow water, and where it trickled down into the depths a cold mouldering breath blew into our faces. It was now high tide, and she strained against the hawsers which bound her to the beach and the dock, while a great crying and whimpering came from every part, as of people taking leave of friends for a dark journey. Felika listened and laughed and played everywhere, but I stood still and did not like the looks of things.

We went into the pilot-house, and there, tugging at the broken wheel as if about to steer out into the ocean, stood the boy who had run away the night before. He looked me all over in surprise.

"Go away, ghost," he said.

"I am only Joe, and not a ghost," I explained, though I shivered a little at the thought.

"What! He hasn't eaten you yet?"

I shook my head, and the boy said, "Good; you are my prisoners and will help me steer the ship."

"Where are we going? There is a big hole in the side."

"We will sail along the bottom against the dead men, and fight them for gold and treasure!"

I liked this less than ever, and pushing him from the wheel, I held him by the throat. Again I felt that fire of blowing coals in my chest, and knew I was not like my father, the Polack man; I should not have Felika sail among the dead men.

The boy was more astonished at this than he had been to learn that I was not a ghost.

"This is a mutiny," he said, but he dropped his hands and sat down on a coil of rusted chain.

I felt that I should know more about the things on that ship, and asked him to tell me, keeping my fists doubled. I had not been to school as much as he, but I could understand all he told me about treasure-hunting and fighting and

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pirates. He said his name was Old Dirk Doubloon, and that he was one of the very worst pirates of them all. I respected him for it, but I could not have him think that Felika and myself were as nothing whatever.

"A sea-witch, a yellow, crooked-fingered witch, has been sent after us," I told him. "See how she has broken my ears. We run away when we can, but when she catches us we fight back."

This last was not true, but I could not stop to think of it at the time.

Dirk looked at me in a troubled way, as if I had beaten him at some game. "Never mind," he said, with a grin, "I will board you in the dark, even if she comes here, and send you all to the bottom. I think nothing of witches."

But he looked at my ears and I knew better.

He took off his red sash and put it in his pocket, saying, "Don't tell the old Pirate I was on board or I'll set you adrift; that will come soon enough, anyway."

The way Dirk said this made me so uneasy that I wished to see where he went, and after he had turned from the deck I followed as fast as I could.

To my surprise I saw him go up to a little shanty on the very next dock, where a man with a black patch over his eye sat smoking a pipe in the sun. And then for the first time I noticed that our old ship lay partly between that second dock and deep water, so that no boat could land there.

Satisfied with learning where Dirk Doubloon was plotting against us, I returned to the ship, and that evening after we had eaten I told the Pirate of my discovery. He clenched his big bony fists, though he was still too weak to strike out with them, and smiled grimly.

"The double-dyed little traitor!" he growled. "I believe he's run away from home, or more likely an asylum. He came aboard one day, all used up, and I let him stay on condition he'd do errands, because I have to stay and protect the ship. Now see what I get for it. Tomorrow we must give him the lie."

I helped him to his medicine again all that night, and he did not cry out but once. Late in the morning I awoke in my place by the stove, and after eating we set about giving Dirk the lie. To do this we had to have the Pirate go on deck; but twice he fell flat in attempting it, and could not climb the ladder till toward evening, when his fever came up. Then, having me crouch low so that I could not be seen for the bulwark, he moved several steps from the deck-house, leaning as much of his weight upon my shoulders as they would bear. From this place he could see the shanty of the one-eyed man, and called out, "Ha, I'm coming after you, scoundrel!" to Dirk Doubloon, who stood in the door.

Then he moved back behind the deck-house, those two in the shanty thinking he was strong enough to walk alone, since I was not to be seen. The Pirate had a terrible time getting to bed again, and was very wild that night; only Felika, who never was afraid of him, being able to quiet him with a sleepy smile.

Several days passed without anything happening, except that I was sent out to buy food at a little shop near the dock, and should have been happy; for I was not so afraid of the man now, though he did threaten me with the sea-witch if I ran away.

But for some reason I was not happy. To be sure, I had no black and blue spots for the first time in my life, and I began to hope that my ears would grow stiff again, though they never did. In spite of all this, a still, heavy pain ate into my chest deeper and deeper. Without knowing why, I stretched my arms over the water, and Felika and I would stop playing to look at each other with tears in our eyes. I had never cried much before, and was afraid of these tears, while thinking:

"Well, the Tartar woman did not twist my ears quite all of the time."

After several days, Dirk Doubloon came alongside and hailed. "Ahoy, old skeleton-ship!" he said. "Is the Pirate dead yet?"

"He is strong and well," I shouted back, "with guns and pistols in his hands, and is coming to put you in irons." Then I threw some old chains down the hatchway with a terrible clanking, and Dirk fled for his life.

That night I was sent to listen by the shanty, and the window being open a little, I could hear the man with the black patch saying:

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"I believe you lied when you said the skipper of the old death craft was sick. We saw him walking about the deck."

"You could have dragged him off then and stolen his treasure," said Dirk. "He was too weak to fight."

"Treasure!" repeated the other, with a sniff. "I believe your brain is cracked!"

"If you don't think he has any plunder on the ship, why don't you cut it adrift at high tide to-night?"

"With those children aboard?"

"I'll send a sea-witch after them," Dirk told him. "She will steal them from the ship; you can drag off the man, who must be very weak, and then we'll send her to the bottom."

"The summer season is coming on," said the man, smoking and thinking it over, "and we must get that old hulk out of the way so that our boat can touch at this wharf. You know, our service was so bad last year that the citizens got mad and are trying to keep us from landing altogether. Now they're running a better boat to that next wharf and have us blockaded with that old derelict."

"You are sent here to keep watch, and cut out the hulk if you get the chance, ain't you?" asked Dirk. "Then do your duty like a man! I'll head the boarding-party; then let the Pirate and his crew look out!"

"That's all right for you," sneered the man, "but that watchman never leaves his ship any more, and if I cut out the hulk with anybody on board and they drown, then where would I be?"

"Only hanged," answered Dirk, "in chains—to the yard-arm. But I told you about the witch who was after the boy and girl, and if you're afraid o' the yard-arm, old Jackie, I'll have her steal 'em away. You and I can pitch the Pirate to the wharf on his head. Oh, do you think I'm good for nothing?" cried this desperate member of the pirate crew. "Wait!"

He slipped to the door and called in a low voice, "Who-oo-ee!" a very dreary note.

It was a night with thick clouds drifting back and forth, and a high, whistling wind. I ventured to peep in the little window as I heard Dirk close the door. Pressed flat against the glass was a yellowish face, with wild hair, and eyes that slanted fiercely into the room, and I fled back to the ship faster than the wind.

I told the Pirate what I had heard, and then asked if he would not protect us from the witch he had promised to set on me.

"I did not run away from you," I said, "but still she came after me."

He nodded his head seriously. However, he seemed surprised that the thing had come to pass.

There was a soft patter across the deck—along the corridor, like the prowl of a wild beast with heavy body; then the door opened and the Tartar woman came in. But though the hair was flung across her face and her eyes shone, she smiled in an eager, trembling way, and was repeating in a soft voice:

"My leetle Felika!"

Felika knew her, for she said, "Modder," but she cried as if very much frightened.

The Tartar woman held out her long, lean hands. "You glad?" she said to me.

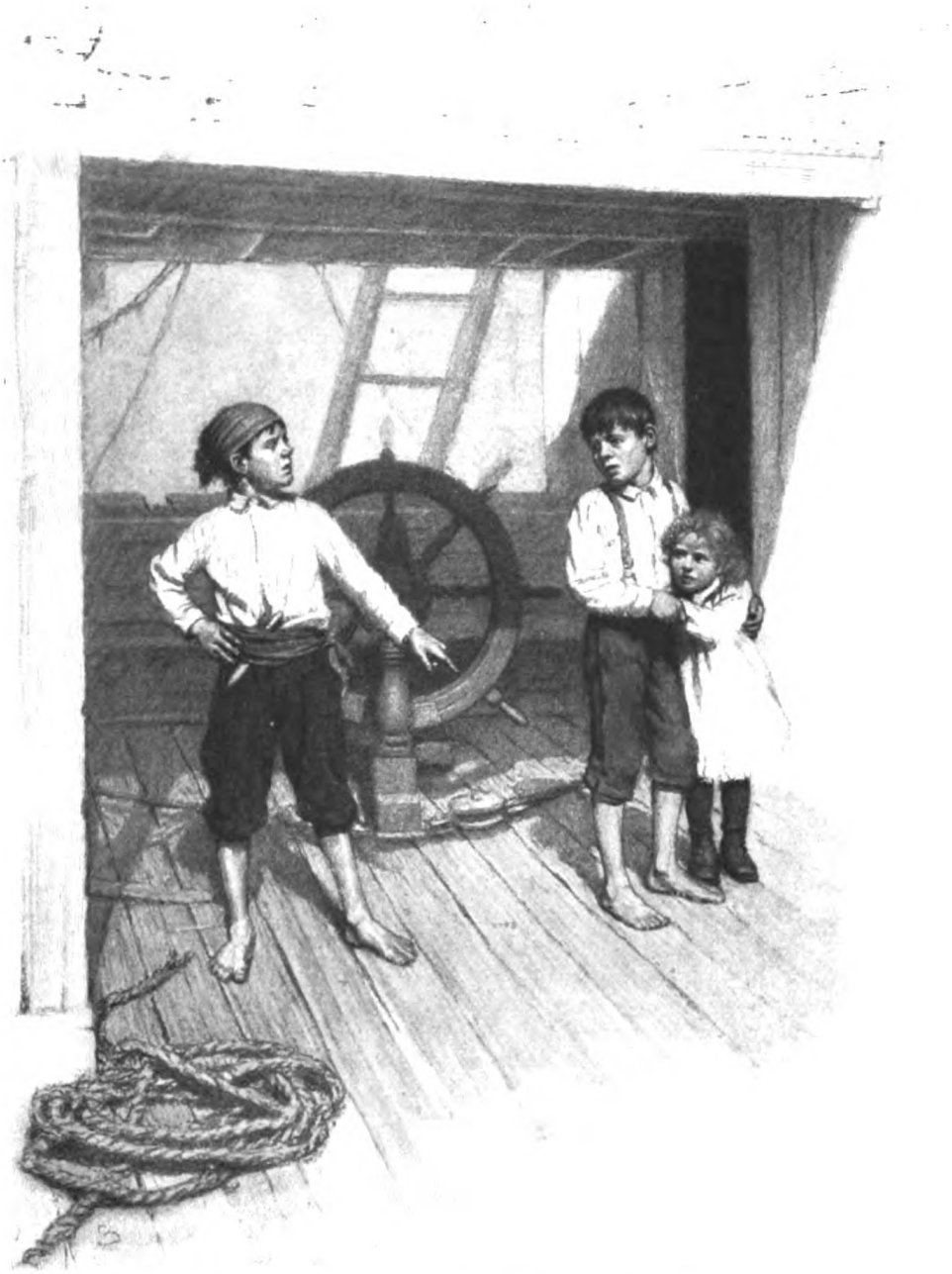
I backed away, shaking my head, and raised my hands to my ears. At this she drew a deep breath and crouched down as if struck a terrible blow across the face. The man noticed, too, what I had done, and cried out: "Let 'em alone, you devil! I see now what's happened and who you are."

He seized hold of her, and she straightened up, quick as a tiger, with eyes blazing through the tangled hair. She could have beaten him in a fight, but when I shouted, "We're not yours any more. Go back," she gave way as if without strength; and the man, pushing her into the corridor, closed and bolted the door.

We sat silent, and heard her crawling away; then, after a whisper, we put out the light, though I do not think any of us slept much that night.

The next morning we went together to the deck, where the woman stood waiting us. The Pirate, who seemed a harsher man than when he was sick in bed, warned her away, but she would not move. He seized a stick and made as if to strike her, and I wondered why she did not give him a beating, as she might easily have done. But they only stood facing each other; the man fearing to strike, though it would have made no

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"I WILL BOARD YOU IN THE DARK AND SEND YOU ALL TO THE BOTTOM"

difference had he done so. She would not have struck back.

He turned away and said to Felika and me, who held to each other, very much afraid, "Come; I know how to tame beasts."

In the cabin we watched while he heated an iron bar until it turned from black to white. Then we returned to the deck and watched him point this at the woman and force her back, step by step, until she reached the side of the ship. She did not seem afraid, and laughed that soft laugh of hers, like the purr of a leopard. But when she came to the bulwark, she stopped and said, laughing, "No, no!" Even before the white-hot iron she would go no farther than that.

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The Pirate stopped, too; his face was pale and dripping sweat, but it was plain that he feared the woman on board very much, and he held the iron an inch nearer. She laid her fingers on it slowly; I saw them smoke. Then the Pirate jumped back with a terrible cry.

He came weakly to Felika and myself and sat down to think. In a moment he rose, and with the iron, which was still hot, drew a charred, smoking line across the deck, signing the Tartar woman that she should remain beyond it. She nodded eagerly, and pretty soon went over the side of the ship of her own accord to search along the beach above the dock.

When she came back, it was with a spool and a stick. The Pirate wondered at this, but as she rolled the spool just as near as possible to the charred line, Felika began to laugh and clap her hands as on the day we left home. Then she crept forward, and stopped with her hands on the line.

"Take that away from her!" said the man to me.

I crossed the line and took the spool and stick from the hand of the Tartar woman. She did not say anything to this either, and sat watching the man as he began to roll the spool back and forth with Felika himself. I could not take my eyes off her face, and yet she did not appear to see me at all; only giving that soft purring laugh when Felika scampered after the spool, and then looking up at the Pirate himself in a way that sickened me. It was coming on evening then, and the man suddenly seized Felika in his arms.

"You shall never have her any more," he said. "I heard her cry to me in the night once when I thought I was deserted, and it brought me back to life."

Then he went down the ladder, and I was free to follow either him or the Tartar woman; for now that he was well again, the Pirate no longer had any need of me, as he could wait on himself. I felt that I was deserted, with no one to cry out to *me* from the night, for the woman gave me a long, cold look, showing that she had no heart even to pull my ears after my stealing the little girl. So I followed the man, who seemed surprised to see me in the room, though he said nothing about it.

He did not know what to make of this visitor, who was not to be driven away with words after facing a hot iron. She got food and water somewhere—I believe from Black-Patch, who hoped she would steal Felika and me off the boat, because, as I had heard him tell Dirk, while we were on board he did not dare cut the old hulk loose as he was waiting to do. The next day the Tartar woman stood before us on the line burned across the deck, and touched her ears and laughed and stretched out her hands. The Pirate scowled, for he and I understood at once what she meant. Her ears seemed to be broken, and blood dripped from one of them, showing that she had twisted them herself, and was sorry for raising us in the Ural way. Though still she did not say a word, she was promising not to hurt us any more—or rather, not to hurt Felika, for she always turned her glance aside from mine.

"Away! Get out of sight!" shouted the man. "You only scare the little girl!"

She understood; and after looking for a while at Felika, who played close to the Pirate, she backed slowly away, until, reaching the stern of the boat, she went down through the hatchway and out of sight. We did not see her any more, but I felt that she was haunting those cabins below, as dark and mouldering as the grave itself. Once I looked down and saw only her eyes, which shone up at me with green and yellow lights.

So three days passed and I thought she had died, though the Pirate said, "She will go away when she gets hungry enough."

I seemed to hate this man, and feared both him and the Tartar woman. I had no friend in the world, nor one hope of welcome anywhere. When my breast ached there was no reason for me to stretch my hands over the water toward any spot in the world. Yet there was one person I wished to see; that was Dirk Doubloon. There was something about him that made my blood stir, while I thought of brave and cheerful things I might do in the world.

On the evening before the third day, with the Tartar woman dead or alive below me, I stood watching the people land from the boat which came up twice

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a week. They passed like shadows with voices; the boat beat the waves to foam as she sidled away. Then I heard Dirk call, "Ahoy, old Skull-and-Crossbones!" though he was only a yard away.

"I am glad to see you," I said. "Come on board."

He grinned and then scowled sullenly. "I'll not trust to mutineers," he said. "But as long as I'm going to make you walk the plank, anyway, perhaps you'd like better to walk on shore than into the water."

"We can't get ashore; the Pirate won't even let me play with Felika on deck any more," I whispered.

After thinking this over, he asked, "Where is the yellow woman?"

"Dead, or run away."

"Ha! That man has chopped off her head with a cutlass!" said Dirk, well pleased. "But he will go down with his ship."

That was the last I saw of him till late in the night, and our meeting came about in this way.

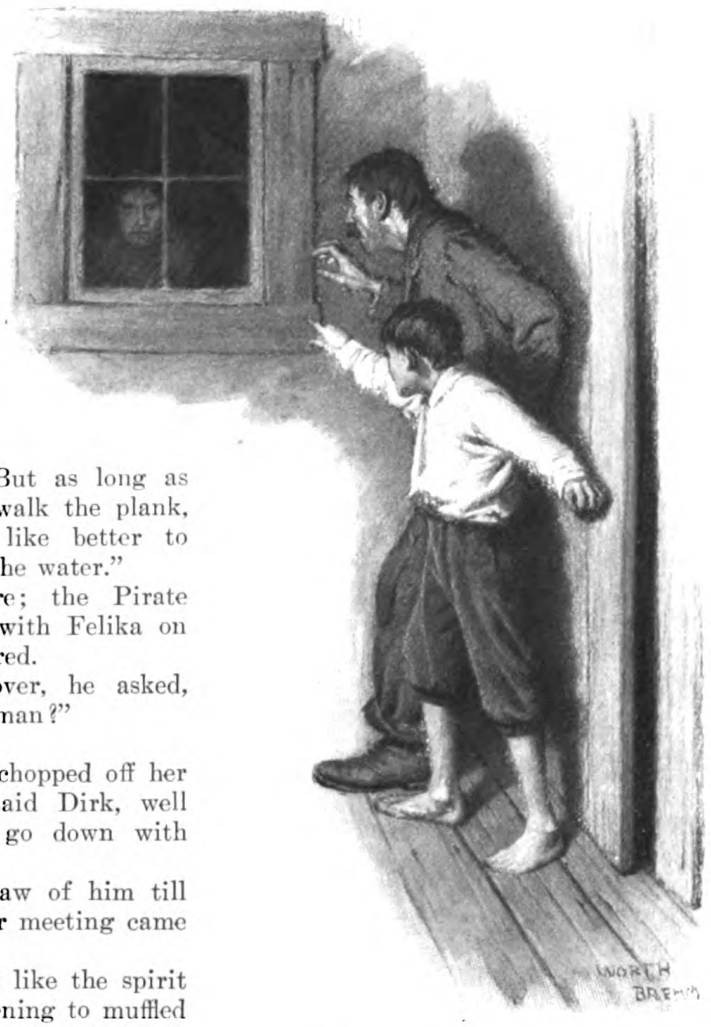
I was wandering about like the spirit of a man lost at sea, listening to muffled screeches which rose through the black water. The night was thick, with just one thunder-spark of a star floating. "Now the Tartar woman is dead," I thought, "and those are her voices. If something should push me along this deck— *Car-ramba!*" I said, as Dirk had done, and tumbled over the side of the dock, where I might have a running chance, anyhow.

It was terribly quiet there, with only once in a while that gurgling cry, as though some fierce chase rose occasionally to the top of the water.

"It could never be so still here," I thought, "without some one else close by, who is listening and afraid to make a noise." That was the way I figured it.

That was no place for me, and stepping forward, I felt a soft quivering body under my bare foot.

It did not move; neither did my heart.



DIRK POINTED TO THE WINDOW

"Joe," said a voice, gently and mournfully; but I was not taking any risks and would have run if there had been any strength in my legs. As it was, I fell down on my hands and knees, and would have crawled, which is better than nothing.

"I am keepin' the death-watch, Joe," said the voice, solemnly; and then I couldn't even crawl.

But thinking of Felika, I asked, quickly, "Who for?"

"For me; Dirk Doubloon is about to walk the plank."

I could hardly believe it. That fellow —whom even the Pirate and Black-Patch were afraid of—to speak in a girl's voice and be so terribly down in the mouth.

"What are you thinkin' about?" I asked him.

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"I'm thinkin' about mother," he answered: he was sprawled out like a starfish, and now I could see the thin white blur of his face.

"Is she that close after you?" I whispered, with a sort of chill. It was bad enough to have one mother in the neighborhood.

"I wish she was," said Dirk, which gave me a great surprise, till I remembered that the Pirate had said he was crazy.

"I bet she misses me," said Dirk; "I bet she sits up all night, and asks, 'Where is he?'"

"You'd better be glad she don't know," I told him.

"If she knew, she'd be here," said he. "I *bet* she'd kiss me," he went on.

Why, I had to laugh at a boy who didn't know any better. "She'd twist your ears," I warned.

"I'd hit you in the eye for that if I could see you," he said. "Mothers don't twist ears; they pet their boys and kiss 'em."

"Feel that," I said, and fastened his hand against my ear.

He sat up straight. "What! Your mother did that! You said it was the witch."

Then he understood, and wondered: "So that's your mother! Maybe she did it 'cause you wanted to run away from home. Why, mothers just have to love their boys, and they feel so terrible when the boys run away that they'll do anything to keep 'em."

I answered, "The Pirate said you ran away." Dirk Doubloon groaned. "And he says my mother must have followed us on the boat, and you told her where we were."

"Ha, the Pirate!" he said, and in a moment was fierce again. "The Pirate gave me a beating. Well, I did run away. And I can't go back till I do something worth while."

"All mothers don't—do as you say," I kept repeating.

"Maybe not; but they want to," he answered, after thinking a minute. "Only, of course, you've got to love them, too, I guess. I won't die to-night now," he said, "but that death-watch was not for nothing. I must have something to show for this."

He started away. "Why did she come after us?" I called.

"To twist your ears!" hissed Dirk Doubloon.

Why, she had come after us all that way and had not once twisted them!

"It is a lie!" I yelled, and started after to hit him in the eye, but in a second he was lost in the darkness.

Even Felika did not care for me any more, and I sat all the next afternoon with my head between my hands looking out to sea. The Pirate came up three times to look at the sky, but not a word did he say. The air was hazy, and the wind, rising in fitful gusts, sent catspaws across the water.

At last, while sitting there, I felt there was something strange and ghostly about that day. My hair was lifted even when the wind lay still a moment, and as the tide began running in and the old ship rose and fell, I could hear the cabin doors below creaking on their rusty hinges, while spirits passed in and out.

"I hope her burned fingers do not hurt if she is down there dead," I kept thinking, and I wanted to look through the hatchway, but was afraid.

At dusk, when starting down the ladder, I threw back a last look. A ragged cloud puffed suddenly out of the black water, and a bell-buoy far distant tolled as for the funeral of some one in the bottom of the sea. We three ate our bread and meat together, but something made us seem very far apart. The Pirate was silent, looking at me from under his brows, and Felika rocked back and forth whining to herself. Old Dirk Doubloon would have put on his red sash then and been very happy—but I was not. For I was thinking of the Tartar woman, as he had thought of his mother. It was very strange!

It was night when I went on deck again, and the spray seemed spouting almost to the clouds, which dragged low and heavy across the moon. The wind blew hard, for this was the storm which would break up the spring, while the tide came in roaring, and higher than ever known before.

Suddenly in the gray light I saw a small figure coming over the side. It was Dirk, who spied me at once, for nothing

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could be hidden from him. He motioned, and I went to him, when he signalled with his hand out over the water, and a face was thrust above the bulwark directly in front of mine. It was the face of the Polack man!

The Pirate might have said that he had followed us by the passenger boat also; but I suspected Dirk Doubloon of beckoning people, who were not wanted, out of the sea and night. I was frightened, but my father gave me a quick look and crept across to the hatchway; the man Black-Patch was close on his heels. Old Dirk drew out the large knife I had once seen him place in his girdle, and ran forward. I hesitated; there was much going on, but I did not seem to be a part of any plan. Then I followed Dirk, and found him cutting the thick hawser, which, running to a heavy anchor, grappled our old ship to the shore.

He sawed and hacked desperately, squeaking like a savage rat, till suddenly the rope parted and the ship reeled heavily against the dock, where it was moored to two iron capstans. Dirk jumped to his feet, pushing me backward to the hatchway, where at this instant the Pirate appeared, and was driven staggering across the deck by his two enemies.

My father passed, carrying Felika in his arms. Then he turned a moment.

"Begone!" he shouted to me. "You thief!"

For some reason I did not wish to leave the old ship where I had first seen that welcoming light, but Dirk dragged me to the side and fairly tumbled me over. We all stood on the dock then, and Black-Patch cut the forward hawser with the blow of a hatchet.

The tide, pressing strongly against the stern, which projected beyond the end of the dock, began slowly to turn the ship with a whirling motion toward the deep water. The hatchet was lifted above the second line, when some one on the dock gave a loud cry; standing above us we saw a wild, fluttering figure. Black-Patch shouted, "Jump!" but she looked down on us all, shaking her head slowly. The moonlight was pouring down through a break in the clouds, and I could see every wisp of her hair, every wrinkle of her face. She seemed laughing in that soft way of hers, though her eyes were big and bright as if she faced something terrible which we could not see.

I do not know why it was; surely I had no reason to care for anything in this world; but I felt as if I was falling into a darkness where there was neither sea nor land. And I know that I cried to her, "Mother!" though no voice could rise above the wind and surf. Yet she heard me, for she leaned forward quickly, her eyes fixed on mine, and such a look came into her face that I knew my only hope was to reach her or I should die. In a moment she would be gone.

I remember the touch of that hawser; each wet strand as stiff as a cord of iron. And then I was on the deck, with my mother holding me up high in her strong arms, as if in triumph, that those on the dock might see.

Then the moon was clouded again, and the last line having parted with the tremendous straining of the old hulk in the dragging fingers of the water, we began our voyage.

My mother and I held to each other closely, though not with fear, for we laughed at the storm, and also at the orders of our captain—for we had a captain, Dirk Doubloon, who led us into the deck-house out of the wind, and said, with his hands thrust into his red sash:

"The ocean is all coming in through that hole. So much for boarding a prize after you have scuttled it."

"Why did you follow me?" I asked.

He seemed at a loss to answer, but finally explained that he could not let his prisoner escape.

The ship pitched and staggered, though she appeared to go out swiftly before the tide and wind. The water was pouring in, as we could hear by putting our ears to the hatchway, but none of us thought of drowning. Dirk said it was a little adventure, and mother and I did not mind it. We drove across the bay and struck the opposite point as we were sinking, the old ship rending herself to pieces among the rocks.

I remember the water breaking over the deck, then an awful beating and strangling as my mother dragged us through

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the surf. There were only a few yards to go, but I believe she had a hard battle to save us, as I afterward saw deep red scratches on her arms and shoulders.

We dragged ourselves up the shore to some bathing-houses, under which we sought shelter from the wind, and Dirk, finding a match still dry in its case, built a little fire. We were tired and hungry and wet, but never will we have so happy a night again. For we bent over the blaze and laughed in each other's face over what we had gone through, while the draught blew the coals into a thousand dancing colors.

The next morning our captain led us up the shore to a great house; I did not hesitate to follow, knowing he was familiar with every place and could turn his hand to anything.

"We are going to see my mother," he said. "She is a good mother, and I want to see her badly. Though," he added, as if a little crestfallen, "she is not a witch."

His mother rushed down to meet him, and called him "Runaway," between her kisses. But he opened her eyes with his adventures, and when she learned that my own mother had swam through the stormy ocean dragging Dirk by the hair of his head, Dirk's mother made us stay with her.

And here my mother worked as if she could never find enough to do, while I was sent to school with Dirk. Every Saturday afternoon he would tell a little of our story to the boys, and point out the old wreck as proof.

"Will you and Joe run away again when this story is finished?" they asked Dirk Doubloon; for he will answer only to this name, though his mother calls him another. I would not reply, which made him very uneasy; but he would tell them: "Never again. Joe and I have done enough and brought back something to show for it. Let some one else go now."

However, the story, as he tells it, has frightened them too much for that.

When I came home from school, I must know at once that my mother was in the house; then I was all right. It was the same way with Dirk, and my mother would watch out of the corner of her eyes as they kissed each other. But she had not known about kissing, and would hang her head, sometimes asking in a trembling voice, "You glad?"

"Yes, yes!" was my answer always. She touched my limp ears with her burnt, shrivelled fingers, ever so lightly, and we looked at each other with long thoughts. This was much better than kissing.

No, I never answered the boys that I would not go away again, and one day Mother, overhearing a part of the story to the boys, said to Dirk:

"You tell me?" And that evening he did. She clapped her hands when he said that I would not let her go adrift alone on the old hulk and leaped all the way from the dock to the deck, though I supposed I had pulled myself up by the rope.

"Ah, brave Joe!" she cried to Dirk's mother, who was listening.

"You two found a great treasure on the sinking ship," answered the lady.

"I kept saying there was treasure on board," said Dirk. "Will you run away again, Joe?" he asked, quickly, and again I could not answer.

"No, no!" cried my mother, and moaned it over and over again, all that night. For I could not sleep, and heard her plainly.

"How can I give up Mother!" I whispered. I was hurt and sick at the thought, which seemed to drain away my life like a deep wound. If Felika came here, my mother would turn to her, and I would have my ears twisted.

Yet it must be done, and the next morning I told Dirk's mother. She shook her head in doubt, but after thinking a while she sent Dirk to school, and then she and I ran away together. In the evening we came back with Felika and the Polack man, whom we had found in the cabin, with the spool on the floor, though there was no game going on. Yes, now we had come home, and I hung back, knowing how it would be.

"Never mind, Joe; this is a fine deed you have done," whispered Dirk's mother, "and I will call you my own boy." I was thankful, but felt I could never be anybody's boy but one.

My mother had wandered to the shore, and stood looking at the water. A high

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bank rose from the beach there, and Felika, with the Polack man, came on her suddenly. She started and drew slowly to one side, as if suspicious of them; her hair was tangled by the wind, her eyes slanted as if her mind ran on the old days.

Suddenly she threatened the man.

"My Joe; you make go 'way," she said, in a low, hard tone. "He is not come home."

The Polack was frightened and did not know what to answer; Felika went up close, but the Tartar woman let her stand alone one moment. Then she wavered. "Leetle Felika," she whispered. But a cry burst from her at the next moment. "Dog!" she exclaimed, in Polish — forgetting Felika again.

"You let alone!" I cried, running in between them. "This is not the old days." How could I scold her, when the day had been so black and long without her! But an anger rose in me that she should treat them so.

The Tartar woman trembled when she heard me, and hung her head; then taking my hand in both her own, she kissed it.

"You are not glad see me, Joe?" she asked.

Of course I was glad, and hugged her close. but in that instant felt that I was like a man of the steppes, and she understood.

It is all happiness and comfort now in our little house on the estate. Felika has a sure-enough toy nowadays, and is petted by every one alike. But sometimes she looks afar off, and I believe is thinking of the Pirate, who is a terrible fellow to everybody else. At such moments she will pay attention to no man, nor notice her toy. It was she who called him back to life once with a cry in the night, and there are long thoughts between those two even when far apart.



IN THE GRAY LIGHT I SAW A SMALL FIGURE COMING OVER THE SIDE

It is so between one other and me, and though Felika is generally contented and the Polack man will even dare to eat out of the bowl with his back to my mother, she and I alone know all the happiness of the world.

"Will you go after that Pirate and take away the treasure?" Dirk asks me.

"We have found it," I answer him; for his mother has explained to me.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaims, and will watch closely to see that I do not bury it, though he will not question me further, knowing that adventurers must have their secrets.

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The Grainstack

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

OF faded antique gold it stands
Abrupt in the green field,
Its rounded roof by willing hands
Thatched with its own rough yield,
Like some quaint hut in tropic lands.

Near by a flock of sheep appear
Like a soft fallen cloud;
Their moving bells with tinkle clear,
Now murmuring, now loud,
Ring evening chimes of rest and cheer.

No pensive maid their shepherdess,
But an old peasant dame
Of broad expanse, whose full round dress
Above her ankles came,
A sturdy freedom to express.

Beside the grainstack sits she down
Her faithful guard to keep,
While the wise dog, with seeming frown,
Shepherds the foolish sheep
That without cause run up and down.

The grainstack hears the old dame's prayer
As she goes slowly home;
And later, when the moonlight rare
Silvers its golden dome,
Shelters low words that lovers dare.

At last, when darkness hides from sight
The grainstack's ghostly mound,
It hears the field-mice, and the flight
Of owls, and every sound
Of little creatures who delight
In the dim mystery of night.

Emblem of generous fruitfulness!
Of labor eloquent,
What happiness or hid distress
Into your making went?
So work in self-forgetfulness
All men, their fellow men to bless.

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Masters and Music

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

WHEN I was a very small boy indeed, when I wore green velveteen clothes, red stockings, and long golden curls—thus displaying to an unsympathetic world, in which jeering street boys seemed eagerly to predominate, the fact of my Pre-Raphaelite origin—I was taken one day by my father's assistant upon the *Times* to a very large hall; it seemed to me to be the largest hall I had ever been in. In front of us was a wooden platform draped all in red; upon the platform was a grand piano. The hall was packed. Even upon the semi-circular steps behind the piano there sat row upon row of people. We were in the second row of the stalls on the gangway of the central aisle—this distinguished position being in those old days and in that old hall reserved for the representatives of the august organ that was known as "The Thunderer." And I, I presume, in my green velveteens, my red stockings, and my long curls, was one of the representatives of that organ. The other, my father's assistant, one of the most gifted of dilettante gentlemen, was also one of the most absent-minded, and when he had been sitting in this prominent position for some minutes he discovered that he had forgotten to put on his necktie. He ran immediately from the hall to repair the omission, and I thus remained the sole representative of the *Times;* for Mr. Rudall, having forgotten in the first place his tie, when he was once in the street forgot all about the concert, and retired to the Thatched House Club, where he remained till dinner-time.

I do not mean to say that I was not troubled or excited, for in the whole hall there was an atmosphere of electrical expectation such as, I can still remember, seemed to make my tiny bones vibrate. In front of me, the first row of the stalls had been taken away, and in place of them there had been put three gilded armchairs, before which was a table covered with a profusion of flowers that drooped and trailed to the ground. Suddenly there was applause—a considerable amount of applause. A lady and gentleman were coming from under the dark entry that led to the Artists' Room. They were the Prince and Princess of Wales—there was no doubt about that even for a small boy like myself. And then there was applause—what applause! It volleyed, it rolled round the hall, all were on their feet, people climbed on to their chairs, they waved hands, they waved programmes, they waved hats, they shouted. For in the dark entrance there had appeared, white and shining, a head with brown and sphinx-like features and white and long hair, and the eternal wonderful Jesuit's smile. They advanced, these three, amidst those tremendous shouts and enthusiasm—the two royal personages leading the master, one holding each hand. They approached the gilded armchairs immediately in front of me, and the Prince and Princess indicated to the master that he was to sit between them at the table covered with flowers. He made little pantomimes of modesty, he drew his hands through their grasp; he walked quickly away from the armchairs, and, because I was just behind them, he suddenly removed me from my seat and left me standing under all the eyes, solitary in the aisle of the centre of the hall, whilst he sat down. I do not think I was frightened of the eyes, but I know I was terribly frightened of that great brown, aquiline face, with the piercing glance and the mirthless, distant, inscrutable smile. And immediately just beside me there began what appeared to be a gentle and courtly wrestling-match. A gentleman of the royal suite approached the master. He refused to move. The Prince approached the master; he sat indom-

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itably still. Then the Princess came, and taking him by the hand, drew him almost by force out of my stall. For it was *my* stall, after all. And when he was once upon his feet, as if to clinch the matter she suddenly sat down in it herself, and with a sudden touch of good feeling she took me by the hand —the small solitary boy with the golden curls and the red stockings—and sat me upon her lap. There is a passage in Pepys's Diary in which he describes how when they were making some alterations in Westminster Abbey they disturbed the coffin of Jane Seymour. Mr. Pepys took up the queen's skull and he kissed it on the lips. Then he recorded in his Diary:

"It was on such and such a day in such and such a year that I did kiss a queen." And then, as if overcome by the remembrance, he repeats exactly the same words:

"It was on such and such a day in such and such a year that I did kiss a queen."

I, alas! have no trace of the date on which I sat in a queen's lap. For it was all so very long ago, the King is dead, the master is long since dead, the hall itself, the glamorous and romantic home of the Pops of one's youth, is pulled down and has utterly disappeared. Yet there in those days a very great deal of music was made.

As I went down the steps of the hall, intent on doing what my great-uncle did to escape from the lion—intent, that is to say, on taking a cab—the company flowing out were astonished, and I dare say touched, to observe that three four-wheel-cab men, in their overcoats with all the little capes, had climbed up on to lamp-posts and were shouting:

"Three cheers for the Abbé Liszt!"

For the enthusiasm that Liszt created was incredible. What was the Abbé Liszt to a cabman? Yet there the cabmen were, and all Piccadilly was blocked up because Liszt was coming down the steps of St. James's Hall.

As to what Liszt's playing was like I cannot very well say; or rather I can, for a very few days later my father took me with him to call upon the people with whom Liszt was staying. There were a number of persons in the drawing-room, and there was a general eagerness that Liszt should play something. He refused steadfastly until hope was abandoned, and then suddenly he bent down to me and said:

"Little boy, I will play for you, so that you may be able to tell your grandchildren that you heard Liszt play."

He played the first movement of the *Moonlight Sonata*. I do not remember anything of the playing, but I was looking at a tall, florid, handsome Englishman, now Earl R——, and suddenly I perceived two tears gathering in his eyes. They rolled slowly down his cheeks. This struck me as extraordinary, that a man should cry, but very soon every one in the room was crying. That was what it was to be Liszt.

I had a distant relative—oddly enough an English one, not a German—who married an official of the Court of Weimar and became a lady in waiting on the Grand Duchess. As far as I know, there was nothing singularly sentimental about this lady. When I knew her she was cold, rigid, and rather disagreeable. She had always about her a peculiar and disagreeable odor, and when she died a few years ago it was discovered that she wore round her neck a sachet and in this sachet was a half-smoked cigar. This was a relic of the Maestro; he had begun to smoke it many years before at a dinner which she had given, and, he having put it down unfinished, she had at once seized upon it and had worn it upon her person ever since. This sounds inexplicable and incredible, but there it is. And I suppose that we shall never understand the mystery of what is called a magnetic personality, just as I suppose there never was and probably never will be again a personality so magnetic as that of Franz Liszt. And yet one does not know. Was there not Paganini; was there not Malibran; were there not all those literally magnetic and how utterly forgotten personalities? For myself I think there is nothing more tragic than the great fame and the utter oblivion that are the lot of all interpretative artists. What names were greater than those in their day; who inspired such enthusiasm; who stirred such emotions? Yet who are so forgotten, of whom are the traces so utterly intangible? I confess that few sorts of reading give me a sadder or more

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poignant pleasure than the biographies of these figures of the footlights. I read in my *Mapleson's Memoirs* how in Dublin the students of Trinity College took the horses of Scalchi's carriage and—to the number of 120—drew her round College Green by torch-light. Afterward, in order to relieve their emotions, they smashed upward of eight hundred windows and made a bonfire of the carriage itself. And I read how in Chicago $750 was paid for one seat at a concert in the Opera House given by Madame Minnie Hauk—the only Carmen. And how the mob broke into the fire station and, seizing the ladders of the escapes, climbed on to the roof of the Opera House and tore off all the slates in order to hear La Diva singing below. And where is it all now?

Are there perhaps in heaven, or perhaps in magical islands beyond enchanted seas, opera-houses all beautiful in form and perfect in acoustic properties—opera-houses where, to enraptured ghosts, Malibran, Scalchi, and Pasta sing unsurpassed performances of *La Sonnambula,* while in the wings Mario stands smoking always huge cigars and chatting amiably with Campanini? A land where no jealousies are, a land where applause is perpetual, and where every five minutes throughout eternity there shall be rapturous "curtains," with bouquets as large as Mont Blanc handed over the footlights by applauding conductors to every performer upon the boards? And yet, without jealousies and feuds, would the life of the artist have half its savor? For no doubt the triumphs of the footlights are sweet, but I remember no triumph on the surface of it so unalloyed as that of Madame A. recounting how she had succeeded in killing the parrot of Madame B. This took place, I think, in Pittsburg, or it may have been in Denver, or in Chicago or in San Francisco. At any rate it was upon one of the opera tours organized by Colonel Mapleson, who was accustomed to transport whole opera companies, with from three to nine prime donne, from one end of the United States to the other. Madame A. was determined that she would sing *Dinorah* at Denver, or San Francisco, or it may have been Poughkeepsie. Madame B., on the other hand, had been engaged to sing *Dinorah,* and there appeared to be no hope for Madame A. She would very gladly have poisoned Madame B., but Madame B., being aware of this, insisted that all her dishes should be tasted by Colonel Mapleson before she partook of them. Madame B., however, had one weak spot—her parrot, which was her mascot; and it happened—as Madame A. said, "by the very grace of God"—that Madame A. was passing the open door of Madame B.'s apartment at the very moment when a waiter, coming in the other direction, was carrying a dish of ham garnished with parsley.

"With miraculous presence of mind," Madame A. exclaimed, "it comes into my head that parsley is the death of all parrots. I seize the tray from the waiter; I take from it all the parsley; I rush into the room; I throw all the green stuff to the ugly, dirty, horrible animal. It devours it with voracity, and before night it is dead. Madame B. is in hysterics that last three weeks. I sing *Dinorah* that night. The critics all say that never—no, never—was the 'Shadow Song' so rendered, and Madame B. she never sings another note for a month, and then all the critics say that her voice it is quite gone, and when next she appears in *Dinorah* the whole house hisses her off the stage and calls out my name, so that she never sings it again." And a splendid and virtuous triumph, the triumph of an avenging angel, showed itself in the eyes of Madame A. No plaudits of enormous crowds ever satisfied her so intensely as the successful murder of that innocent fowl.

It was the dread of these acrid jealousies that eventually drove from my mind all hope of a career as a composer. There was something so harsh in some of the manifestations that met me, I being at the time an innocent and gentle boy, that I am filled with wonder when I consider that any composer ever has the strength of mind to continue in his vocation, or that any executant ever struggles through as far as the concert platform. At the last public school which I attended—for my attendances at schools were varied and singular, according as my father ruined himself with starting new periodicals or happened to be flush of money on account of new legacies—

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at my last public school I was permitted to withdraw myself every afternoon to attend concerts. This brought down upon me the jeers of one particular German master who kept order in the afternoons, and upon one occasion he set for translation the sentence:

"Whilst I was idling away my time at a concert, the rest of my classmates were diligently engaged in the study of the German language."

Proceeding mechanically with the translation—for I paid no particular attention to Mr. S——, because my father in his reasonable tones had always taught me that schoolmasters were men of inferior intelligence, to whom personally one should pay little attention, though the rules for which they stood must be exactly observed—I had got as far as, "*Indem ich faulenstete . . .*" when it suddenly occurred to me that Mr. S—— in setting this sentence to the class was aiming a direct insult not only at myself, but at Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and Robert Franz. An extraordinary and now inexplicable fury overcame me. At all my schools I was always the good boy of my respective classes. But on this occasion I rose in my seat, propelled by an irresistible force, and I addressed Mr. S—— in words the most insulting and the most contemptuous. I pointed out that music was the most divine of all the arts, that German was a language fit only for horses; that German literature contained nothing that any sensible person could want to read except the works of Schopenhauer, who was an Anglomaniac, and in any case was much better read in an English translation; I pointed out that Victor Hugo has said that to utter the lowest type of inanities, "Il faut être stupide comme un maître d'école qui n'est bon à rien que pour planter des choux." I can still feel the extraordinary indignation that filled me, though I have to make an effort of the imagination to understand why I was so excited; I can still feel the way the breath poured through the distended nostrils. With, I suppose, some idea of respect for discipline I had carefully spoken in German, which none of my classmates understood. My harangue was suddenly ended by Mr. S——'s throwing his large ink-pot at me; it struck me upon the shoulder and ruined my second-best coat and waistcoat.

I thought really no more of the incident. Mr. S—— was an excellent man, with a red face, a bald head, golden side-whiskers, and an apoplectic build of body. Endowed by nature with a most sarcastic tongue, and with a temper more than volcanic, it was not unusual for him to throw an ink-pot at a boy who made an exasperating mistranslation, but he had never before hit anybody. So that, meeting him afterward in the corridor, I apologized profusely to him. He apologized almost more profusely to me, and we walked home together, our routes from school being exactly similar. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing his buying me a new suit of clothes, while with a quite gentle reproachfulness he reproved me for having uttered blasphemies against the language of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Jean Paul Richter. It was toward the end of the term, and shortly afterward the head master sent for me and informed me that I had better not return to the school. He said—and it was certainly the case—that it was one of the rules that no boy engaged in business could be permitted to remain. This rule was intended to guard against gambling and petty huckstering among the boys. But Mr. K—— said that he understood I had lately published a book and had received for it not only publicity, but payment, the payment being against the rules of the school, and the publicity calculated to detract from a strict spirit of discipline. Mr. K—— was exceedingly nice and sympathetic, and he remarked that in his day my uncle, Oliver Madox Brown, had had the reputation of being the laziest boy at that establishment, while I had amply carried on that splendid tradition.

That was the last of my school days, but nearly fifteen years later I met in the Strand a man who was an officer of the Burmese civil service. At school he had been my particular chum. And then he told me that he had been so shocked by Mr. S——'s throwing the ink-pot at me that, without telling anybody about it, he had gone straight to the head master and had reported the whole matter. The head master had taken Mr.

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S—— to task to such effect that the poor man resigned from the school and shortly afterward died in Alsace-Lorraine, and apparently the offence of my having written a book was only a pretext for getting rid of me from the school. Mr. S——, it appears, had reported that my powers of invective were so considerable that I must gravely menace the authority of any master. And yet from that day to this and never before can I remember ever having addressed a cutting speech to any living soul, except once to a German waiter in the refreshment-room of Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof.

Thus music or the enthusiasm for music put an end to my lay education, and I entered upon a course more distinctly musical. Having received instruction from more or less sound musicians and a certain amount of encouragement from musicians more or less exceedingly eminent, I attempted the entrance examination of one of the British royal institutions for education in music.

I acquitted myself reasonably well or even exceedingly well as far as the theory of music was concerned, but this institution has—or perhaps it is only that it had—a rule that seemed to me inscrutable in its stupidity: that every pupil must take what is called a second study—the study of some instrument or other. I had a nodding acquaintance with practically every instrument of the orchestra except the drums, which I could never begin to tackle. The principal of the institution in question set it down to my dismay that my second study must be the piano. Now I could not play the piano; I dislike the piano, which seems to me to be the most soulless instrument; but in any case to acquire mastery of the piano, or indeed of any other instrument, requires many hours of practice a day, which would interfere, as it seemed to me, rather seriously with the deep study that I hoped to make of the theory of music. I accordingly asked to be allowed to interview the principal—an awful being who kept himself splendidly remote. And having succeeded with a great deal of difficulty in penetrating into his room, I discovered a silent gentleman who listened to my remarks without any appearance of paying attention to them. But when I had finished and was waiting in nervous silence, he suddenly overwhelmed me with a torrent of positively electric abuse. What it amounted to was that, during his lifetime, my father had domineered over the institution, and that if I thought I was going to keep up the tradition I was exceedingly mistaken. On the contrary, the professors were determined to give me a hot time of it—as Sir —— put it—to treat me with the utmost rigor of the rules.

This gave me rather furiously to think; I had to consider that Sir —— was in private life an unemotional English gentleman—frigid and rather meticulous in the matter of good form. If now musical emotion could work such a person up to a pitch of passion so egregious as was manifested in all his features, and if, as I could remember, musical passion had worked me up to such a pitch of emotion as to let me insult in the most outrageous manner a harmless person like Mr. S——, whom I really liked, there must be something so unbalancing in a musical career as to leave me very little opening, I being at any rate, in my own conception, a person singularly shy and wanting in the faculty which is called "push." There must be something in this world, with which I was at that time well acquainted, that would leave me no chance at all of making anything like a career. It was perfectly true that there were compensations. Thus I can remember having been present at the Broadwood's Rooms when Mr. Hipkins had played the double toccata of Bach upon the clavecin before Rubinstein. I walked home with the Russian master, and he made me play to him one of the movements of a Beethoven sonata —the C minor, I think—and then one of my own compositions. And being in an amiable frame of mind, the Russian master had said that he could see no reason why as a pianist I should not be at least the equal of Thalberg, and as a composer at least the equal of himself. I was not inclined to take this as any particular testimonial to my powers. But it did show that there is such a thing as amiability and spontaneous kindness in the musical career. On the other hand, it was so very rare. And I had to remember that my best friends—the

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young men and women with whom personally I got on in the extreme of geniality—became invariably frigid and monosyllabic as soon as I mentioned my musical ambitions. There was an air of reserve, an air almost of deafness; whereas, when they spoke of their own ambitions they became animated, gay, enthusiastic. This might be evidence that all musicians were hopelessly self-centred, or it might be evidence that my music was no good at all. I dare say both were true. Whether it were both or either, it seemed to me that here was no career for a person craving the sympathy of enthusiasm and the contagious encouragement of applause. Possibly had I lived in Germany it would have been different, for in Germany there is musical life, a musical atmosphere. In the German establishments for musical education there is none of this deafness, there is none of this reserve, there is none of this self-centred abstraction. There is a busy, there is a contagious life, and student keeps watch on student with an extreme anxiety, which may be evidence of no more than a determination to know what the other fellow is doing, and to go one better.

In England, at any rate in the musical world as in the world of all the other arts, a general change seems gradually to have come over the atmosphere in the last quarter of a century. Jealousies among executants, among composers, have diminished, and along with them have diminished the enthusiasms and the partisanships of the public. In the fifties and sixties there was an extraordinary outcry against the Pre-Raphaelite movement; in the seventies and eighties there was an outcry almost more extraordinary against what was called the music of the future. As I have said elsewhere, Charles Dickens attempted to get the authorities to imprison the Pre-Raphaelite painters because he considered that their works were blasphemous. And he was backed by a whole body of public opinion. In the seventies and eighties there were cries for the imprisonment alike of the critics who upheld, and the artists who performed, the music of the future. The compositions of Wagner were denounced as being atheistic, sexually immoral, and tending to further socialism and the throwing of bombs.

Wagnerites were threatened with assassination, and assaults between critics of the rival schools were things not unknown in the foyer of the opera, and I really believe that my father, as the chief exponent of Wagner in these islands, did go in some personal danger. Extraordinary pressures were brought to bear upon the more prominent critics of the day, the pressure coming, as a rule, from the exponents of the school of Italian opera. Thus, at the opening of the opera seasons, packing-cases of large dimensions and considerable in number would arrive at the house of the ferocious critic of the chief newspaper of England. They would contain singular assortments of comestibles and of objects of art. Thus, I remember half a dozen hams, the special product of some North-Italian town; six cases of Rhine wine, which were no doubt intended to propitiate the malignant Teuton; a reproduction of the Medici Venus in marble, painted with phosphoric paint, so that it gleamed blue and ghostly in the twilight; a case of Bohemian glass and several strings of Italian sausages. And these packing-cases, containing no outward sign of their senders, would have to be unpacked and then once more repacked, leaving the servants with fingers damaged by nails and passages littered with straw. Inside would be found the cards of Italian prime donne, tenors or basses newly arrived in London, and sending servile homage to the illustrious critic of the *Giornall Times*. On one occasion a letter containing bank-notes for fifty pounds arrived from a prima donna, with a pathetic note begging the critic to absent himself from her first night. Praise from a Wagnerite she considered to be impossible, but she was ready to pay for silence. I do not know whether this letter inspired my father with the idea of writing to the next suppliant that he was ready to accept her present—it was the case of Bohemian glass—but that in that case he would never write a word about her singing. He meant the letter, of course, as a somewhat clumsy joke, but the lady—she was not, however, an Italian—possessing a sense of humor, at once accepted the

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offer. This put my father rather in a quandary, for Madame H—— was one of the greatest exponents of emotional tragic music that there had ever been, and the occasion on which she was to appear was the first performance in England of one of the great operas of the world. I do not exactly know whether my father went through any conscientious troubles. I presume he did, for he was a man of a singular moral niceness; at any rate, he wrote an enthusiastic notice of the opera and an enthusiastic and deserved notice of the impersonatrix of Carmen. And, since the Bohemian glass —or the poor remains of the breakage of a quarter of a century—still decorates my sideboard, I presume that he accepted the present. I do not really see what else he could have done.

Pressure of other sorts also was not unknown. Thus, there was an opera produced by a foreign baron who was a distinguished figure in the diplomatic service, and who was very well looked on at court. In the middle of the performance my father received a command to go into the royal box, where a royal personage informed him that in his august opinion the work was of genius. My father replied that he was sorry to differ, but that in his opinion the music was absolute rubbish—"*Lauter Klatsch.*" The reply was undiplomatic and upon the whole regrettable, but my father had been irritated by the fact that a good deal of court pressure had been already brought to bear upon him. I believe there were diplomatic reasons for desiring to flatter the composer of the opera, who was attached to a foreign embassy —the embassy of the nation with whom, for the moment, the diplomatic relations of Great Britain were somewhat strained. So without doubt his Royal Highness was as patriotically in the right as my father was in a musical sense. Eventually the notice of the opera was written by another hand. The performance of this particular opera remains in my mind because during one of its scenes, which represented the frozen circle of hell, the cotton-wool which figured as snow on the stage caught fire and began to burn. An incipient panic took place among the audience; but the orchestra, under a fine composer whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, continued to play, and the flames were extinguished by one of the singers using his cloak. But I still remember being in the back of the box and seeing in the foreground, silhouetted against the lights of the stage, the figures of my father and of some one else—I think it was William Rossetti—standing up and shouting down into the stalls:

"Sit down, brutes! Sit down, cowards!"

On the other hand, it is not to be imagined that acts of kindness and good fellowship were rare down under this seething mass of passions and of jealousies. Thus, at one of "The Three Choirs Festivals," my father, having had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, was unable to be present in the Cathedral. His notice was written for him by the critic of the paper which was most violently opposed to views at all Wagnerian—a gentleman whom till that moment my father regarded as his bitterest personal enemy. The critic happened to be staying in the same hotel, and having heard of the accident, volunteered to write the notice out of sheer good feeling. This gentleman, an extreme *bon-vivant* and a man of excellent and versatile talent, has since told me that he gave himself particular trouble to imitate my father's slightly cumbrous Germanic English and his extreme modernist views. This service was afterward repaid by my father in the following circumstances. It was again one of the Three Choirs Festivals—at Worcester, I think—and we were stopping at Malvern, my father and Mr. S—— going in every day to the Cathedral city. Mr. S—— was either staying with us or in an adjoining house, and on one Wednesday evening, his appetite being sharpened by an unduly protracted performance of *The Messiah,* Mr. S—— partook so freely of the pleasures of the table that he omitted altogether to write his notice. This fact he remembered just before the closing of the small local telegraph office, and although Mr. S—— was by no means in a condition to write his notice, he was yet sufficiently mellow with wine to be lachrymose and be overwhelmed at the idea of losing his post. We rushed off at once to the telegraph office and made frantic endeavors to induce the officials to keep the wires open while the notice was being written. But all

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inducements failed. My father hit upon a stratagem at the last moment. At that date it was a rule of the Post-office that if the beginning of a long message were handed in before eight o'clock, the office must be kept open until its conclusion, as long as there was no break in the handing in of slips. My father therefore commanded me imperiously to telegraph anything that I liked to the newspaper office, as long as I kept it up while he was writing the notice of *The Messiah*. And the only thing that came into my head at the moment was the church service. The newspaper was therefore astonished to receive a long telegram, beginning, "*When the wicked man turneth away from the sin that he has committed,*" and continuing through the *Te Deum* and the *Nunc Dimittis,* till suddenly it arrived at "The Three Choirs Festival, Worcester, Wednesday, July 27, 1887."

Nowadays the acts of kindliness no doubt remain a feature of the musical world, but I think the enthusiasms as well as the ferocities have diminished altogether. Composers like Strauss and Debussy steal upon us as if it were in the night. Both Strauss and Debussy must be nearly as incomprehensible to good Wagnerites as were the works of Wagner to enthusiastic followers of Rossini and the early Verdi. Yet there are no outcries; there is no clamoring for the instant imprisonment of Strauss or of the laudatory critic. Nor is this want of enthusiasm limited to England. A little time ago I was present at the first performance in Paris of Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* The hall was filled with "All Paris"—all Paris polite, indifferent, blagueur, anxious to be present at anything that was new, foreign, or exotic. There was a respectable amount of applause, there was some yawning discreetly concealed. In the middle of it the old gentleman who had taken me to the performance got up suddenly and made for the door. He had, as I heard, some altercation with the attendants, for there was a rule that the door could not be opened while the music played. I followed him to the door, and found my friend—the late General du Tannin, one of the veterans of the war of 1870—explaining to the attendant that he felt himself gravely indisposed and that he must positively be allowed to go away. We were at last permitted to go out. Outside, the General said that Strauss's music really had made him positively ill. And it had made him still more ill to hear it received with applause. He wanted to know what had happened to France—what had happened to Paris—to that Paris which in the seventies had resisted by force of arms the production of *Tannhäuser* at the Opéra. The music appeared to him horrible, unbearable, and yet no one had protested.

I could not help asking him why he had been present at all, and he said with an air of fine reason:

"Well, we move in modern times. I still think it was wrong to produce Wagner at the Opéra so soon after the war. It was unpatriotic, it was to take revenge in the wrong direction. But I have had time enough, my friend, to become reconciled to the music of Wagner, as music. And I thought to myself, now here is a new German composer, I will not again make the mistake of violently abusing his music before I have heard a note of it. For the music of Wagner I abused violently before I had heard a note of it."

But the General went on to say that this new music was worse than nonsense: it was an outrage. The high discordant notes gripped the entrails and gave one colic.

"Nevertheless," he said, "you will see that no critic says a word against this music. They are all afraid. They all fear to make themselves appear as foolish as did the critics who opposed the school of Wagner."

And upon the whole I am inclined to think that the General was right. The other day I attended a concert consisting mainly of the song cycles of Debussy, setting the words of Verlaine. They were sung by an Armenian lady who had escaped from a Turkish harem, and had had no musical training. She was a barbaric creature who uttered loud howls, and the effect to me was disagreeable in the extreme; all the same the audience was crowded and enthusiastic, and the most enlightened organ of musical opinion of to-day spoke of the

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performance with a chastened enthusiasm. I happened to meet the writer of the notice in the course of the following afternoon, and I asked him what he really got for himself out of that singular collocation of sounds. He said, airily:

"Well, you see, one gets emotions!"

I said, "Good heavens, what sort of emotions?"

He answered: "Well, you see, if one shuts one's eyes one can imagine that one is eating strawberry jam and oysters, and a cat is rushing violently up and down the keyboard of the piano with a cracker tied to its tail."

I said: "Then why in the world didn't you say so in your notice?"

He smiled blandly.

"Well, you see, an ignorant public might take such a description for abuse, and we cannot afford to abuse anything new."

I said: "You mean that you're still frightened of Wagner?"

"Oh, we're all still frightened of Wagner," he answered, "and it's not only that. The business managers of the newspapers won't let us abuse anything, or the papers would never get any more concert advertisements."

I fancy that this last statement was in the way of pulling my leg, for, as a matter of fact, there is only one newspaper in London that has any concert advertisements at all, and this was not the paper that my friend represented. The remark would, however, have been true enough of the reviewers of books, for owing to the dread of losing publishers' advertisements there is practically no paper—or there is practically only one paper—in London that will insert an unfriendly review. Personally, being a writer of exclusive taste or of a jealous temperament, I am never permitted to review a book at all. Going, however, the other day, into the house of a friend who reviews books for one of our leading organs, I perceived upon a table the book of a much-boomed author who appeared to me to be exceedingly nauseous. I said:

"Do, for goodness' sake, let me save you the trouble of noticing that work."

And it was placed in my hand. I wrote a column of fairly mordant criticism; I extinguished the book, I murdered the author with little stilettos. The notice was never printed, though my friend the reviewer duly received her check for one column—£1 17*s.* 6*d.*—which I presume was the price of silence.

And there in a nutshell the whole matter is. The ferocity of the critics for one reason or another has come to an end. The eccentricities of the artists are curbed, the enthusiasms of the public are dead. I do not know where we should have to go nowadays to find the cozy, musical audiences that subsisted into the eighties and nineties. Where now shall we find the performers of the old "Monday Pops"? Where now shall we find the old little family party that the audience was? We used to pay a shilling, and went in through passages that resembled rats' holes, in the back of the old St. James's Hall. We used to sit in the semicircle of hard wooden seats that held the orchestra on symphony days. But these were quartette concerts. There was Joachim with the leonine, earnest head. There was Piatti with grizzled, clipped hair and beard, so that his head seemed exactly to reproduce the lines of the head of his violoncello. There was Riess with broad, honest, blond Teutonic features; there was Strauss with the head of a little bald, old mole with golden spectacles and a myopic air. Joachim would take a glance round the hall, having his violin resting already upon a handkerchief, upon his chest beneath his chin. He would make a little flourish with his bow like the conductor at an orchestra, the other three sitting silent, intent, caught up from the world. Joachim would lay his bow upon the strings; the sounds of the opening notes of the quartette would steal into the air, and, engrossed all round the orchestra, we would follow the music in the little miniature scores with the tiny notes—first subject, second subject, working out, free phantasia, recapitulations. We should be almost as intent as the performers, and we should know each other—all of the audience—almost as well. You could not doubt the excellence of the music or the fellowship; there would never be a wrong note, just as there would never be a moment's lapse in our attention.

When these concerts were over, it was

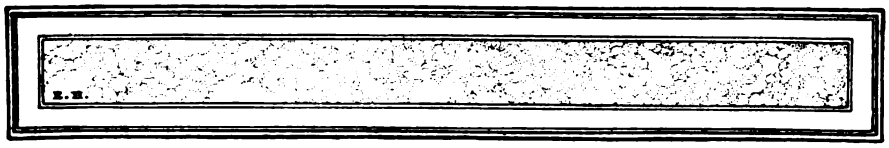
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sometimes my privilege to walk home along with Joachim and to carry his almost too precious violin, since it made the privilege so very nervous an occasion. And I remember that on one occasion, somewhere in a by-street, we came upon an old blind fiddler playing a violin of which the body was formed of a corned-meat tin. Joachim stood for some minutes regarding the old man, then suddenly he took the violin into his own hands, and, having dusted it, asked me to produce his own bow from his own case. He stood for some little time playing a passage from the *Trillo del Diabolo* of Tartini, looking as intent, as earnest, and as abstracted there in the empty street as he was accustomed to do upon the public platform. After a time he restored the instrument to the old fiddler along with a shilling, and we pursued our way. Any executant of a personality more florid would have conducted the old blind fiddler into a main road, would have attracted a crowd, would have passed round the hat himself, would have crumpled into it several bank-notes, and would without doubt have had the affair reported in the newspapers. I saw, indeed, only yesterday such a feat reported of a celebrated advertising 'cellist. Joachim, however, merely wanted to know how an instrument with a metal belly would sound if it were properly played, and, having the information, since it seemed to him to be worth one shilling, he paid a shilling for it. I do not know where nowadays you could go to recapture that spirit of earnestness. On the other hand, I do not know where I should go to find a prima donna who would boast of having administered parsley to another's parrot. And of one thing I am fairly confident—if practically none of us any more gets very excited about rival schools of music, very few of us at social functions talk quite so loudly as used to be the case in the days of Cimabue Brown and the *Punch* of Mr. du Maurier. We talk, of course, and we talk all the time, but we talk in much lower voices. We find that music agreeably accompanies conversation as long as we do not try to outshout the instruments. We find, indeed, that music is so stimulating to our ideas that, whereas small talk may come exceedingly difficult to us at any other time, there is nothing that so makes irresistibly interesting topics bubble up in the mind as a pianissimo movement in the strings; waiting impatiently therefore for a passage in louder tones, we commence avidly our furtive and whispered conversation, which continues till the last note of the selection. And this last note leaves us conversationally high and dry, with a feeling of nakedness and of abashment. Thus, indeed, music has come into its own. If it be less of an art, it has a greater utility. It has helped the Englishman to talk. A few years ago one might drearily have imagined that that was impossible.

The other day I was at a wedding reception. There was a very large crowd. In one corner an excellent quintet discoursed selections from the *Contes d'Hoffmann*. We were all talking twenty to the dozen. My *vis-à-vis* was telling me something that did not interest me, when the voice of a man behind me said:

"So they left him in prison with a broken bottle of poison in his pocket."

And then the music stopped suddenly, and I never heard who the man was, or what he had done to get into prison, or why he had broken the bottle of poison.



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The Resignation of Professor Elsworth

BY CLARE BENEDICT

MISS MEADOWS greeted her visitor rather coolly; she had her doubts about strange ladies who sent up urgent messages. People had been calling, too, so constantly of late; the still old house had actually rung with curious voices, the astounding news having evidently roused the whole community. Miss Meadows sighed involuntarily—how many careful lies she had already concocted in order to shield as far as possible her nephew's beloved privacy!

She glanced toward the latest intruder, expecting some interrogatory remark, some expression of regret that the town might be about to lose its greatest lion; for Professor Elsworth had many stanch adherents among the ladies, perhaps because he had troubled himself so little to win their approbation.

The present visitor, however, seemed in no haste to open the conversation; she was looking about the room with eager eyes, her lips were parted to draw quick breath, her whole being appeared to be stirred by some secret, devouring excitement. Miss Meadows surveyed her more intently. This was not the usual type of caller, this delicate, radiant creature, who had the air of having always commanded —the indefinable air of one who had always been treated with distinction, though this impression was immediately contradicted by the sound of the visitor's voice, which was almost childishly appealing.

"You must think this very extraordinary? My calling, I mean? But when I read those things in the paper I was too indignant even to *think;* I just rushed off on the spur of the moment. Oh, the scoundrels, to attack him by innuendoes!"

The passion of the words startled the older woman. In this retreat of accurate thought, passion had been conspicuous by its absence.

"It is difficult to see the right."

The stranger broke in impatiently. "Right? There isn't any right; it is all abominably wrong. Doesn't every one agree? What are his friends planning to do?"

Her companion stared at her in growing surprise; the other callers had not spoken with this assurance. "I have heard nothing definite," she replied.

The visitor threw out her hands. "Oh, the cowardice of people!"

Miss Meadows stiffened perceptibly; she thought the gesture theatrical. "The subject is very painful," she said.

The younger woman knit her fine brows. "Of course it's painful, especially to him. He must be horribly knocked under?"

Miss Meadows maintained a frigid silence; this persistence was distinctly journalistic. Apparently the stranger read the thought, for all at once her lips began to twitch.

"I believe you take me for a female reporter?"

Miss Meadows reddened; the speaker's tone was hilarious.

"I hardly know what to take you for," she rejoined; whereupon the stranger grew grave again immediately.

"Please take me for Professor Elsworth's friend. The fact is," she added, with an effort, "I used to be here a good deal some years ago—before his wife went away."

Miss Meadows gave a slight start. "Then you were a friend of hers?" she inquired.

The stranger made a little grimace. "Not especially; I was more a friend of his. I was fond of the house," she explained. "I am glad to see that it hasn't been changed; at least, this room is just the same."

Her eyes seemed to beg for something more.

"My nephew is conservative," the aunt observed.

A shade passed over the visitor's face. "Yes, he was conservative," she agreed. Then she sat up straight in her chair.

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"What I want to know is whether the report of the resignation is true?"

"That is utterly impossible for me to say."

"If he resigns, he will have to leave the place?"

"I can give you no details whatever."

There was a strong note of finality in this, but the visitor paid no kind of heed.

"Details? You call that a detail?" She broke off excitedly. "Can I see him? Is he at home?"

Miss Meadows assumed a baffling manner. "He sees no one, not even his closest friends."

"Is he in the house?"

The question was imperious. For a moment the two women measured their strength, then the younger one became apologetic.

"There is President McGreer—they used to be great friends—if something were said—"

Miss Meadows looked still more dejected.

"He wouldn't say it."

"Of course he wouldn't, but some one could say it for him."

"He wouldn't allow it."

"He must be made to allow it!"

The speaker's voice had a certain buoyant confidence; Miss Meadows felt a thrill of sudden hope.

The visitor seized her advantage; leaning forward, she fixed frank eyes on her companion. "Won't you give me a chance?" she begged.

A vivid flash of light revealed a bewildering fact. Miss Meadows gave a gasp. "I have no right," she began, and then stopped; the stranger's gaze was singularly compelling.

"I only ask for a few minutes," the latter urged; "it is for his sake."

Miss Meadows rose; the stranger rose, too, precipitantly; her agitation was increasingly apparent.

"I will tell him you are here."

The visitor interrupted with some vehemence. "No, don't tell him; just say that he is wanted on business."

Miss Meadows hesitated, inspecting the petitioner—how sweet she was, how indescribably alluring! So much was clear now that before had been mysterious.

"He is suffering," she murmured; "he can't bear much more to-day."

"He won't suffer through me—you needn't be afraid."

Miss Meadows walked slowly toward the door; the visitor sprang up and ran to her side.

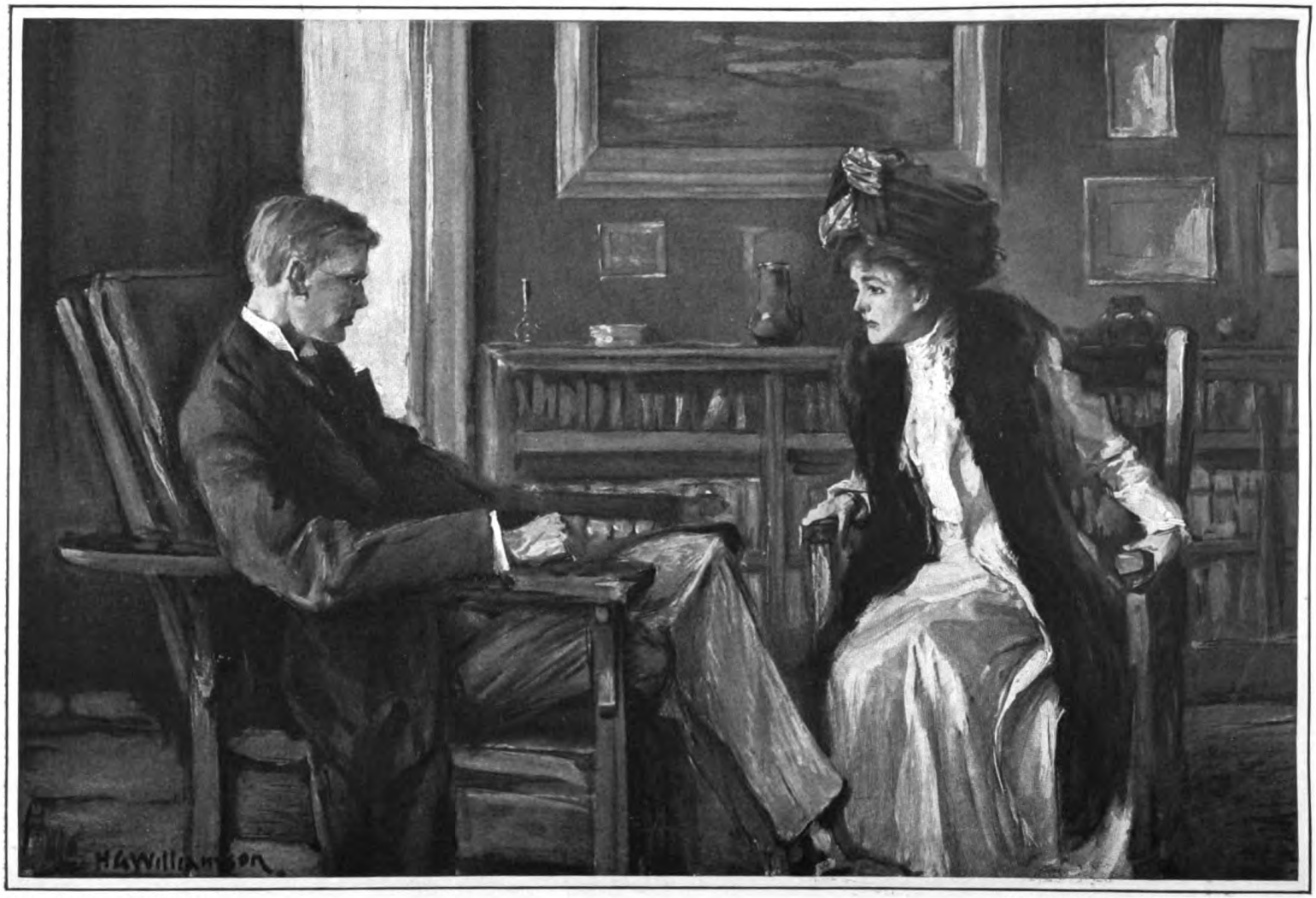
"Thank you," she cried, holding out her hand. Miss Meadows took it; she even pressed it very gently. Personal charm was notoriously misleading, yet it was good to find some one who felt and stated things strongly; it seemed to give one courage. Perhaps James, too, would be roused from his lethargy—a lethargy which at this juncture was most deplorable.

When the stranger found herself alone she abandoned all attempt at self-control. First, she paced the floor in nervous impatience, after which she proceeded to examine the library with feverish minuteness. Nothing escaped her observation; she even mounted a chair in order to explore the high mantel-shelf. It was here, as she well recollected, that the picture of Elsworth's wife had always stood—a delicate, gilt-framed miniature. It stood on the mantel-shelf no longer. There were other things, too, that she missed, little touches here and there about the room, a woman's touches—his wife's, she knew them to have been. It was as if all trace of that earlier presence had been rigorously eliminated. What remained was, of course, very distinguished, though the brightness had somehow gone out of it. On reaching the old oak writing-table, she paused and seated herself behind it. The desk was laboriously tidy; besides the usual appointments, there were numerous piles of papers, neatly tied together and labelled; also a few unopened letters. The stranger's fingers caressed the various objects, touching each separate article with a kind of childish eagerness.

All at once her attitude changed, each line of her supple figure became tense. She strained her ears—that was a step on the stairs. The door opened, and a man entered the room.

The woman sat perfectly still; on seeing her the man gave a low cry, then instinctively he turned and closed the door. The woman waited, she must give him a moment; he was staring at her, his face was inscrutable. Her limbs twitched; this silence was unbearable.

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson — Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"HOW DARE THEY ATTACK YOU—EVEN INDIRECTLY?"

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She broke it, speaking jerkily, with uncertain intonation.

"I suppose you think I am at my old tricks? At your desk, destroying the symmetry of your arrangements? But it always irritated me to see things in piles; I was always possessed to pull them about." She gazed at him with troubled eyes. "I am not really flippant, James."

He walked heavily across the room and sank down in a chair with its back to the light. The action had something intimate about it. The woman drew a breath of relief.

"I know why you have come," he announced. His voice sounded very far away.

She left her place and seated herself nearer to him, she wished if possible to read his expression; but the shadow covered his features like a mask.

"No, you don't," she said; "you only know the obvious reason. Oh, James, this miserable business!"

He made an imperative gesture. "Not that, please."

"Yes, just that," she retorted.

He straightened himself. "I don't want pity."

"You won't get any from me. I need all I have for myself."

He surveyed her searchingly from his position of advantage; his eyes travelled swiftly from her forehead to her throat, and then to her shoulders. At that point she caught the look. It brought the hot blood to her cheeks.

"How patient you are!" she exclaimed. "In your place I should say something severe."

"I have no place—as far as you are concerned."

She bent forward, peering at him in the gloom. "Why not? What has been changed?"

"Everything—even your name. My aunt—"

"Oh, I had to do that," she explained. "If I had sent up my card, she would have begged to be excused. She distrusted me horribly as it was, even if she didn't know me by sight. But I haven't come to talk about her; I have come to talk about you. What does it mean, James? I was perfectly aghast. How dare they attack you—even indirectly? It would be ludicrous if it were not so abominable. Why, you're the only man of absolute integrity that one has ever heard of!"

"You don't know what you're talking about," he cried, with sudden asperity.

"I know you, that you are incapable—"

"We won't discuss that, please."

"But I've come to discuss it."

He shrugged his shoulders ironically. "Really, you must allow me to say—"

"No, don't say it. I know it as well as you do."

He was silent, staring before him.

She continued: "You will fight them, of course?"

"I shall do nothing—nothing at all."

"But you must. What have people advised?"

"I haven't discussed it with any one."

"That's all the more reason for discussing it with me."

"Why should I? We've been strangers for two years."

"We're not strangers now."

This statement seemed to rouse a fierce resentment in him. He turned on her. "Why did you come? Another impulse? Your impulses have been disastrous to me, Barbara."

Her mouth drooped. "That's unjust—I came to help. Don't be so rigid, James."

Elsworth gave a short laugh. "Yes, I am very rigid indeed, letting you sit there and say whatever you please—you, whom I ought not to allow inside my house."

Her eyes flashed. "I haven't disgraced you," she cried; "you have no right to speak as if I had."

He moved sideways; the light fell on his face, revealing the deep hollows in his cheeks.

"You don't look well," she said, abruptly; "you are worrying—things aren't worth it—I always told you."

He did not answer. She went on impulsively:

"Something must be done. I will go to President McGreer."

Elsworth confronted her with a frown. "Not on any account. It would be preposterous—under the circumstances."

"But you don't know what the circumstances are; I haven't come to them."

"No circumstances could justify your going."

She gave him a curious glance. "What do you mean by that, James?"

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"I mean that I don't wish my wife to curry favor with the head of the university."

She made an impatient movement. "Ah, there you are—prohibition No. 100! Once I counted them; they reached a high figure. You didn't realize—for me, *little* rules were impossible. If you had given me one big rule, I would have kept it."

He took her up sarcastically. "Well, now there are neither big rules nor little rules; you must be very happy."

She met his look defiantly, but in meeting it her mood changed again. She clasped her hands across her knees. "I will tell you just how happy I have been."

A sudden throb of pain startled the self-contained man; it was so long since he had felt anything acutely.

"You see," she began, "I was a great deal too sanguine; I thought that, given a fair chance, I could make my life whatever I chose, blotting out the opening chapter if need be. Well, I soon found that I couldn't. People were nice to me, of course. I went about a good deal at first, but by degrees I began to see that they were wondering about me; what I was doing alone in town. They didn't ask, but I read it in their eyes. So I opened the subject myself; I told my women friends just how the case stood.

"After that the women were rather less cordial, but the men—well, they were rather more so. That annoyed me; there was nothing big, you understand, only little things; but somehow they jarred. When they saw that I didn't like their attentions, they left me alone. I didn't like that either. So I tried to be affable again; I invited people to luncheon and dinner. They came, but they didn't ask me in return; at least not to the best things they were giving. That made me very indignant—I had done nothing to forfeit their esteem. After that I got blue and upset; I was introspective for the first time in my life; I realized how dependent women are. Then one day I read in the paper a fine review of your latest scientific volume. It brought me up with a start; I saw that your life had not been spoiled. I resolved to do something with mine; I felt that if you knew, you would say that I was a failure in every way; that having proposed and insisted on equal liberty, I hadn't the nerve to live up to my convictions. That steadied me; I took a new line; I went in for concerts and ladies' clubs. They amused me a good deal at first—the clubs did; the music depressed me, but the clubs were really great fun; you had to write papers about things. You should have seen me working over mine! They were spirited, though you would have shuddered—at the syntax, I mean. But it occupied the evenings."

She paused, unclasping her hands. "And then I read about you in the paper—about this trouble—I didn't stop to consider; it was an impulse, as you said, and I followed it. I wanted to tell you how strongly I felt—how indignant, that you should ever have been attacked. I don't suppose you care in the least, but I had to do it—to express my utter belief in you."

She was looking at him with luminous eyes. The man's face worked; he burst out passionately:

"You are wrong! I haven't done my best—not for a long time. They accuse me of carelessness—I have been careless, I put no heart in my work. It was weakness in me; a man must conquer things, if he has the right stuff in him; but I didn't conquer, I let myself brood. At first I was very bitter against you; afterward I was bitter against myself; I felt what a poor creature I must be not to be able to hold my own wife. At last I tried to throw myself into my work again, but it was too late; the mischief had been done. I had lost touch, I couldn't regain my influence; I thought people looked at me askance; even McGreer seemed to turn against me. I was sensitive; I withdrew myself as much as possible, devoting myself to private research. I published my book; it was successful. Then, all at once, the bolt fell. There was truth in what they hinted, that is why I could not reply; there was only one thing that I could do, and that is done."

Barbara gave a low cry. "You have resigned?"

"The letter has gone."

She rose impetuously, and stood directly in front of him; her cheeks were flushed, her whole body seemed to quiver.

"James, will you let me come back—simply—just as I went? I believe it would help to make things straight."

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

SHE COULD NEVER SEE HIM, NEVER—AFTER THIS

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She hesitated, dropping her eyes. "I understand the—the difficulty of our position—but I would make it as easy as possible—we could be quite independent."

Elsworth sprang to his feet; his angular form seemed to tower above her threateningly. He looked at her fixedly for an instant—the look burned her—then he made a gesture of abhorrence.

"Never! How dare you propose it? I would rather die than go through that misery twice."

She shrank back, the blood rushed to her heart, she had the sensation of having been struck—brutally—for the first time in her life. She made a blind dash for the door; her eyes were blurred, but she groped for the knob. She found it, and got out into the hall. Panting she leaned against the wall. Her knees shook. Presently she thought she heard a step—he was coming—she must get away at once; she could never see him, never, never—after this. She tried to run across the hall, but she stumbled. A hasty step came down the stairs.

"What is it? Are you ill?" Miss Meadows had hold of her arm.

Barbara did not speak, but she laid her head against the friendly shoulder.

Miss Meadows had a sudden inspiration. "Come up-stairs with me," she said, soothingly.

Barbara followed her without any plan; it was good to be protected again. When they reached the upper floor, Miss Meadows paused before the only door that was closed.

Barbara raised a white, protesting face. "Oh, not *that* room!" she cried, under her breath.

Miss Meadows opened the door without replying, and Barbara's eyes fastened themselves on what lay within.

It was a small chamber, opening into a larger one; it had two windows daintily veiled in ruffled muslin. The furniture was light, the paper delicately flowered; a woman's hand was everywhere apparent. It seemed to be a kind of boudoir, though there was a bed, neatly made, in the corner. Above the bed a group of cherubs kept guard; below the cherubs hung a gilt-framed miniature; on the table there was a vase of fresh flowers, a current number of a magazine lay near by, also a pair of glasses and a pipe.

Barbara stood speechless for a second, her breast rose and fell tumultuously; then, with an inarticulate cry, she pushed Miss Meadows aside, and flying across the room, she flung herself down beside the bed.

A moment later Miss Meadows burst into the library. "James, go up-stairs at once. Your room—don't wait an instant!"

Elsworth hastened to obey, scarcely knowing what he was doing, for the strain of the past hour had begun to tell upon him heavily.

He gained his room mechanically; it was empty, but he heard the sound of violent weeping. He sprang forward, his wife's little room, his secret sanctuary—he stood spellbound on the threshold. It was incredible, yet his eyes could not deceive him—there she was, on her knees, weeping bitterly!

He moved toward her; apparently she did not hear. He bent over her in helpless agitation. "Barbara, don't cry—don't cry!"

She started, raising swollen eyes to his. He put his arm about her instinctively, and she clung to him, clasping his knees.

"Don't cry," he repeated; "I can't bear it."

She grew quieter; the hard sobs gradually ceased. At last she spoke. "This room, Jim—it tells me everything."

A sudden anger sprang up in him at her words; she knew his secret—now he meant to know hers.

He caught her wrists and lifted her to her feet. "Why did you come? Before God, I *will* know! And why did you go? The whole truth, Barbara!"

The hot color rushed into her cheeks. "I went away because I thought you didn't care. You found fault with me continually about little things. It's the critical mind, I suppose, but I wasn't used to it—though if you had given me the other side—but you didn't—you were cold to me, Jim."

He released her with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, I was odious, too," she murmured. "But you asked for the truth, and the truth is that you drove me away by your—aloofness."

Elsworth faced her. "Then why did

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you come back? If you found me so impossible—so inhuman?"

"I didn't say that," she objected, passionately.

"Why did you come back?" he insisted.

"Because I was so indignant about —this business. I thought I might be able to help—I— Oh, it was a mood, if you like."

He surveyed her fixedly for an instant. "Was it a mood when you proposed to stay for good?"

"No," she stammered. "I meant every word. I thought, in a new place—in new surroundings— Oh, don't catechise me, James!"

He caught her hand again, forcing her to look at him. "You haven't told me the whole truth," he said, excitedly. "If I made your life here so unbearable, you would never have come back to me for a mere whim about a town. I haven't changed—at least you don't know that I have—why would a new scene make any difference between us?"

She pulled away from him vehemently. "Very well, then, I will tell you the whole truth—besides everything else, there was President McGreer."

Elsworth started. "What has he to do with it?" he questioned, sharply.

"He made this place impossible to me," she cried, with sudden fierceness. "He monopolized you—body and soul. You were absorbed in him and in your work under him. When he was present, you didn't know that I existed. I was left to myself for days at a time—even your evenings were often spent at his house. His influence over you was tremendous, and it was a bad influence. I always knew that. I never trusted him, and now see how he's deserted you!"

Elsworth had grown very white. When he spoke it was in a strange new tone.

"I see it all now," he exclaimed. "I was a fool not to have seen it long before! Oh, don't interrupt me; I must speak while I can—I haven't your gift of expression—I haven't anything that you have—that was our trouble. You were quick—I was slow—you laughed at most things—why not at me? I was cold to you in self-defence—I dreaded your ridicule—so I criticised you to cover my awkwardness. Do you see? I do, perfectly. I ought to have held you with all the strength and all the passion that are in me—for they are in me, Barbara—instead of which I let you drift out of my life. Oh, I've been terribly to blame; though, God knows, I loved you!"

Barbara took two steps toward him; her cheeks were pink, her breath came fast.

"Jim," she panted, "will you let me stay and—and go with you wherever you go? This is the second time I have asked, but you won't refuse twice—you can't—" Her voice broke unexpectedly. Elsworth stood as if turned to stone. She went on, speaking hurriedly. "I promise that you won't be tormented by my 'impulses'—I've grown more reasonable in these two years of blank wretchedness. Oh yes, I've been wretched every instant —and homesick—homesick for you, Jim. There, now you know the whole truth!"

Elsworth sprang forward, pressing her to him almost wildly. She burst into tears, hiding her face against his shoulder. He comforted her with eager anxiety, kissing her repeatedly and murmuring words of passionate praise, for her accusations still hurt him cruelly, and the memory of them must hurt her too, he reasoned. But Barbara's mood had changed completely—her sudden changes had always bewildered him.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "I was so afraid you *wouldn't* resign, that when you said the letter had gone, my heart leaped so, I couldn't think of any words—that was why my first proposal was so halting. All the same, your rejection of it was brutal." She looked up at him with eyes that accused.

He bent over her. "It was death to me to have you near—and yet—"

She put her fingers across his lips. "What is the best thing that has ever happened to you?" she demanded, gayly.

"My resignation," he answered, kissing her hand with fervor.

"Now you must ask what is the best thing that has ever happened to me?"

"I do ask it," he said, unsteadily.

Barbara gave a tremulous little sound, half a laugh and half a sob, then stooping, she laid her cheek against his hand. "This little room, Jim, and what it stands for!"

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Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of the slighter trials of the adventurer in the uncharted seas of literature is to have tardier navigators hailing him under their laggard sails, or the smoke-stacks of their twin-screw, turbine, separate-tabled, thirty-thousand-tonner, and bellowing through their trumpets, so that all the waste may hear, the insulting question whether he has ever sighted such and such islands or sojourned on the shores of such and such continents: islands where he has loitered whole summers away, continents where he has already founded colonies of enthusiastic settlers. Probably the most vexing thing in the whole experience of Columbus was having Vespucius ask him whether he had happened to notice a new hemisphere on his way to India; though it could have been no such trial as having people come to you with books of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and urging you to read *The Old Wives' Tale,* as if the places and persons of it were entirely novel to you half a dozen years after you had read *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns.* Still, it shall not spoil our pleasure in speaking of Mr. Bennett, now, when everybody else knows him or knows about him.

Perhaps they do not know all about him. Perhaps they do not know, even if they know that he began writing fiction in partnership with Mr. Eden Phillpotts, that he united his own with that other uncommonly sincere and original talent in writing romances as ungenuine as any we happen to think of at the moment. Yet one ought to distinguish, one ought to say that the joint output of the firm was brilliantly ungenuine, though perhaps it was the worse for being so. It may have deceived them as to its real nature so, and kept them the later from finding their true selves.

"Lights that do mislead the morn"

are fires more fatally ineffectual for good than none. But Mr. Bennett seems to have trusted longer to their will-o'-the-wisps than Mr. Phillpotts. The generation of his real and true work is partially *A Man from the North,* 1898; *Anna of the Five Towns,* 1902; *Whom God Hath Joined,* 1906; *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns,* 1907; *The Old Wives' Tale,* 1908; *Clayhanger,* 1910. The generation of his romantic novels, since he left writing them together with Mr. Phillpotts, is partially *The Great Babylon Hotel,* 1902; *Buried Alive,* 1904; *The Gates of Wrath,* 1908; *Hugo, The Glimpse, The Ghost,* fantasticalities of dates not precisely ascertainable by us, but evidently coeval with the contrasting realities cited. There are two or three of his books which we have not read, and which we cannot classify, but apparently he has found a comfort, or a relaxation, or an indemnification in writing a bad book after writing a good one. It is very curious; it cannot be from a wavering ideal; for no man could have seen the truth about life so clearly as Mr. Bennett, with any after doubt of its unique value; and yet we have him from time to time indulging himself in the pleasure of painting it falsely.

As far as we have noted, his former partner, since their dissolution, has not yielded to the same sort of temptation. Alike in their truer work they have preferred the spacious limit; they have tended to the gigantic, the one in height, the other in breadth; and they have tended alike to the epical in motive, to the massive in form. The mass of Mr. Bennett is wrought over with close detail, which detracts nothing from its largeness, though in his latest work he has carried largeness to the verge of immensity, without apparently reflecting that immensity may be carrying largeness too far. If he does not break under it himself, his reader may; though it is only honest to say that we are not that sort of reader. In fact, *Clayhanger* has left us wishing that there were more of it, and eager,

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or at least impatient, for the two other parts which are to complete the trilogy promised; an enemy might say threatened; but we are no enemy, and we rather admire the naïve courage of the author in giving so brave a warning, especially at a moment when the reader may be doubting whether he can stand any more of Hilda. For ourselves we will say that we can stand a great deal more of Hilda, and that we should like very much to know how or why, having just engaged herself to Clayhanger, she should immediately marry another man. We should like to have the author's explanation. We are sure that it will be interesting, that it will be convincing, even if it is not satisfactory. That is his peculiar property: to be convincing if not satisfactory, and always to be interesting. We would not spare the least of his details, and as we have suggested, his mass is a mass of details, not only superficially but integrally.

If it shall be demanded how, since he is a mass of details, his work can also be epical, we will say that the central motive of his fiction—that is, his good fiction—is the collective life of those Five Towns, and that his fiction revolves round this, falling back into it by a force as of gravitation, when it seems finally thrown off from it. It is epical, not with the epicality of the Odyssey, but of the Iliad, and its hero is a population of Achaian homogeneity; yet it is not Homeric so much as it is Tolstoyan, and its form, its symmetry, its beauty is spiritual rather than plastic. For this sort of epical grandeur, which we find in high degree in Mr. Bennett's true fiction, the supreme Russian gave once for all the formula when he said, "The truth shall be my hero," and it was not necessary for the Englishman, when he took the Five Towns for his theme, to declare that he was going to act upon it; you could not read a dozen paragraphs of his book without seeing what he meant to do, what he was already about. Tolstoy's inspiration was his sense of the essential equality of men, and the essential value of every human being, who in any scheme of art must be as distinctly recognized as every other, whether prominently shown or not. Something must be said or done to let you into the meaning of every soul in the story; none could be passed over as insignificant; each presence contributed to the collective effect, and must be proportionately recognized. Life may seem to consist of a few vast figures, of a few dramatic actions; and the representation of life may reflect this appearance; but for the artist there can be no seeming except as the result of being, and his design, in fiction at least, must be so Pre-Raphaelite that the reader can always see the being within the seeming. The nakedness of humanity under its clothes must be sensible to the painter or he will not be able to render the figure, even if apparently it is no more part of the drama than a table or a chair; really, it can never help being part of the drama.

We do not say that the perception of this is always evident in what Mr. Bennett does, or the consciousness of it; but we do say that without it, latent or patent, his work would lack mastery, the mastery which we feel in it. He has by means of it made his Five Towns, just wherever or whatever they are, as actually facts of the English map as if their names could be found in the gazetteer. The towns are so actual, in fact, that we have found their like in our own country, and when reading the *Grim Smile* of them, we were always thinking of certain American places. Of course one always does something of this sort in reading a book that convinces, but here was a book that studied unexpected traits of English life, and commended them so strongly to our credence that we accepted them for American, for New England, for Connecticut. Afterward in reading more of the author's work, say *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger,* we were aware of psychical differences in those manufacturing-town, middle-class English people from our own, which we wish we could define better than we shall probably be able to do. Like our own they are mostly conscientious, whether still sunk in their original Dissent, or emancipated by the Agnostic motions of modern science; they are of a like Puritan conscience with our own New-Englanders; they feel, beyond the help of priest or parson, their personal responsibility for wrong-doing. But

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it appears that they accept Nature rather more on her own terms and realize that human nature is a part of her. They do not prize respectability less; they prize it rather more; but they do not stretch accountability so far as our Puritanized wrong-doers; they know when to stop atoning, when to submit, and, without any such obsolete phrasing, leave the rest to God. Those conscientious, manufacturing-town, middle-class English outlive their expiation; they serve their terms; but with our corresponding penitents the punishment seems a life sentence.

Of the sort of vital detail in which the author abounds it would be only too easy to multiply instances, but we will take only one, one so luminous, so comprehensive, that it seems to us the most dramatic incident, like, say, a murder, or an elopement, or a failure in business, could not be more so, or so much so, in so little space. When Sophia, in *The Old Wives' Tale,* after her long sojourn in Paris, had come back to her sister in one of the Five Towns, and they were both elderly, ailing women, they were sitting one night waiting for supper. "The door opened and the servant came in to lay the supper. Her nose was high, her gaze cruel, radiant, and conquering. She was a pretty and an impudent girl of about twenty-three. She knew she was torturing her old and infirm mistresses. She did not care. She did it purposely. . . . Her gestures as she laid the table were very graceful, in the pert style. She dropped forks into their appointed places with disdain; she made slightly too much noise; when she turned she manœuvred her swelling hips as though for the benefit of a soldier in a handsome uniform."

Here is not only a wonderful bit of detail, a pinch of mother earth precious beyond rubies, but a cosmical implication in which a universe of circumstance and condition and character is conveyed. Here is not only a lesson in art beyond the learning of any but the few honest men and women presently writing fiction, but an illustration of the truth which commonplace detail alone can give. It is at once intensely realistic and insurpassably imaginative, as the realistic always and alone is; but more than anything it is interesting and poignantly pertinent to the affair in hand, which is not to ascertain or establish the excellence of Mr. Arnold Bennett's work, but to put the reader upon the trail of a psychological inquiry often, not to say constantly, engaging the curiosity of the Easy Chair, and moving it to speculation which it has had no great difficulty in keeping trivial, at least in appearance. We mean the question of that several self, which each of us is sensible of in his own entity, without much blushing, or, in fact, anything but a pleasing amaze, but which he perceives in others with stern reprobation as involving a measure of moral turpitude.

We have already noted not only the wide disparity, but the absolute difference of nature in the two varieties of Mr. Arnold Bennett's fiction, parallel in time and apparently of like deliberate intention. So far as our knowledge of it goes, and we do not say it goes the whole way or quite inclusively, every alternate book of his is ungenuine in material, false in make, and valueless in result, so far as any staying power with the reader is concerned. We can think of but one such story which seems to summon a measure of reality to the help of its structural hollowness; in *A Great Man* there is something like human comedy in the unhuman farce; a good deal of living detail in the persons and situations from time to time forces your faith in the general scheme of make-believe. It is an amusing book; it is good farce; but it is essentially farce, and things do not happen in it, but are made to happen. For the rest, we may safely say, the author's different books are as unlike as so many peas: peas out of the pod, and peas out of the can; you have but to taste, and you know instantly which is which.

It is not less than wonderful, the difference in the product which is apparently always green peas; we use the figure respectfully and for its convenience, and not in any slight of a writer whose serious performance no one can pass us in prizing and praising. Since Tolstoy is gone, and Björnson is gone, and Flaubert, and Zola, and the Goncourts, and Frank Norris, and all the early naturalists are gone, and we have no more books from Perez Galdós or Palacio

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Valdés, there is no writer living in whose reality we can promise ourselves greater joy than Mr. Bennett. For one thing, we can instantly know it from his unreality; we lose no time in doubt; the note of truth or the note of untruth is struck with the first word; in one case we can securely lend our whole soul to listening to the end; in the other, we can shut the book, quite safe from losing anything.

But again the question is not so much æsthetical or ethical (the one always involves the other) as psychological. Apparently there are two selves of the one novelist who are simultaneously writing fiction entirely opposed in theory and practice. Can there, outside of the haunts of the Advertising Muse, be any possible comparison between *The Gates of Wrath,* say, and *The Old Wives' Tale,* say? If we are right in holding that there can be none, then is not it within the force of hypnotic suggestion to constrain the self of Mr. Bennett writing such books as *The Gates of Wrath* to write such books as *The Old Wives' Tale,* and to do this invariably? The self which we here propose to constrain may reply that it addresses an entirely different public, which does not care for *Old Wives' Tales,* but wants *Gates of Wrath,* and continually more of them. To any such argument we should return that a public of this sort is profitably negligible; and in our contention we believe we shall have the earnest and eager support of that self of Mr. Bennett's which writes only, and can write only, *The Old Wives' Tales,* and the like, and to which we are now looking impatiently for the two remaining parts of the *Clayhanger* trilogy.

Of course there is always the chance that there may be two Mr. Arnold Bennetts, rather than two selves of one. Or it may be that there is a pseudo-Mr. Arnold Bennett who is abusing the name of a master to foist his prentice inventions upon the public. In this case we hardly know what to suggest in the way of remedy. It would be difficult to bring such a matter into court, or if it could be got there it might result in giving an undesirable extension to the publicity of the prentice work. Otherwise, we should hope that something in the nature of an injunction might be made to apply to the practices of the pseudo-Mr. Arnold Bennett, which are clearly *contra bonos mores.* After all, however, it may be best simply to let the genuine author write the ungenuine down. He is unquestionably competent to do so, or at least there is no author now living who is more competent. It is scarcely the moment, here at the foot of our fourth page, to state his qualifications in full, but we may say that the genuine Mr. Arnold Bennett writes with a directness which is full of admirable consciousness. Slowly, carefully, distinctly, he accumulates the evidences of situation and character, and then sets them forth so steadily, so clearly, that your mind never misgives you as to their credibility. In the long stretches of time covered by the action, the persons of the drama grow up from childhood to youth, from youth to age, and when they die it is no more theatrically than when the immense majority of the race daily attests its mortality. More important than all this, it is shown how each seed of character bringeth forth fruit of its kind, and does not turn into some other kind because of the weather, the drought, the frost, the tempest; no nature is changed in a single night from black to white, or the reverse. We do not allege instances because the books are all instance, but what is certain, without any such trouble, is that here once more, and in the years that we might have feared would be years of famine, we have a harvest of fiction, such as has not been surpassed in any former season, and the field of it is so wide that no one of wholesome appetite need hunger. Whether the reaper shall finally stand out against the sky as vast as the reapers of other days, does not matter. Probably he will not. Along with other kinds of heroes, the author-hero has probably gone forever. At least, in the interest of literature, we hope so.

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Editor's Study

THE poet and artist have always found the nature in man the ground of their art, and their sense of it has been the measure of their distinction; for this nature is the real humanity, the human psyche itself beneath all disguises and travesties of it and yet somehow in all these, and, being itself creative, invites the creative imagination of the artist. The archaic forms of sculpture were expressionless puppets, with arbitrary earmarks designating the particular hero or god represented, until the Greeks gave the statue the living lines of nature, and the art of sculpture was born. To us the statues of Athene or Hermes or Theseus, in the round, or in relief on a temple frieze, like the figures, equally statuesque, upon the stage in a Greek tragedy, seem to belong to the realm of the air; but to the Athenian they represented what dwelt in his inmost thoughts and dreams, having been born, having grown, and having been cherished there, till it had become his developed nature. The sculptor and dramatist so radiantly, and in so exquisitely human form, embodied the familiar thought and dream that the realization seemed a surprising wonder. This has always been the magic of art—to find the nature in man, dulled, it may be, by its very familiarity, and, renewing it from its native springs, to illuminate it and translate it by concrete embodiment in terms of beauty and wonder, yet keeping it human in its exaltation. The romance of art, or, perhaps we should say, the art of romance—a later development—is to find the remote and strange and translate it in terms of the homely and familiar, a lesser achievement; for, while it may be an enlargement, it is not an exaltation of human consciousness.

The alien, even when it appears in human guise, is not easily made familiar so as to seem a part of the nature of those to whom it is abruptly introduced, or akin to that nature; it is an inert element in consciousness, discomforting, if not hostile and repellent, until it is assimilated, when often it ceases to be interesting. The creative imagination is hardly concerned with it, nor does it appeal to imaginative sensibility, but rather to a superficial fancy, like that of the child for whom the grotesque and bizarre and the mildly horrible have a fascination.

The nature in man is built up through attractions and repulsions, sympathies and antipathies, loves and hates, hopes and fears—through these in all their degrees and variations—but it is knit together, in the individual and collective organism, primarily through its affinities, which indeed determine the repellences, as selection involves rejection and individual or social integration involves self-protective oppugnancy. In the physical world repulsion is the complement of attraction, else the universe would be conglomerate. In this natural and complementary sense repulsions are to be respected in the human world. We do not look for any millennium, however peaceable, in which lovers will cease to quarrel and make up again, for the more poignant consciousness of love; nor one, indeed, in which lovers will not change partners. But the nature in man, because it is capable of reason and arbitrary choice, must pass through crude stages of misdirected passion before it reaches comprehension, self-control, and the catholic sense of kinship; must complete its cycle of development through an eccentric course in which it seems to deny and contradict its very foundation—everything in itself that may be called natural. But in reality, throughout this devious course, the nature in man is dominant, though it has a destiny so distinct from that of the nature in the physical world—a destiny which involves experience and which is illustrated by fallibility as truly as by achievement. The student of history tracing the long retrospect of vice, cruelty, and folly, of

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vain fears and equally illusive hopes, spells in these terms the peculiar evolution of humanity. He sees that strifes have had their ground in the assertion of affinities and have in turn bred new affinities. The discords are resolvable, and it seems possible to discover in this human music the strains of a symphony. To the modern student of history this possibility is more realizable, because he beholds a human world more closely interrelated and interdependent in all its complexity, with a sensibility grown catholic in its sympathy.

Thus the creative imagination which shapes the life of man is seen to follow lines resultant in a harmony as stable as that of the physical universe—a harmony transcending that of man's primitive estate and lifted to a psychical plane through Will and Reason, which through ignorances and perversions lead from blind instinct to intelligent purpose and luminous intuition.

It is interesting to see how the creative imagination in art and literature has, in raised delineation, followed the lines of life at every stage, not repeating the web of life itself, but reflecting its color and disclosing its patterns in a clearer atmosphere.

The detachment from the ordinary course of life so characteristic of ancient art and, in some sense, of all later art, helped to lift the picture and dissociate it from the confusing currents and consequent haziness of the outwardly familiar every-day environment. Remoteness made for clearness rather than for romantic strangeness; and the mythical or heroic investment intensified and exalted the action. But the background against which the clearly projected lines of statuary group or dramatic spectacle stood was an inward familiarity in the minds of the beholders or audience—what they believed, what collectively they had pride in, the stuff of their dreams. It was for the Greeks a stable familiarity, so well defined that the scenes and personages of even the unseen world had no atmosphere of mystery about them; and it was the distinction of their great artists creatively to embody this familiarity, outwardly projecting and visualizing its essential traits. The plastic arts æsthetically translated it into forms of exquisite beauty and meaning. The dramatist developed it in situations realizing its inmost possibilities of dread and pathos. Thus the doom overhanging the house of Atreus was a common legendary possession of the Greek, but Æschylus reflected it back to the Greek sensibility, lifted by the magic of his art into the majestic projection of his *Agamemnon* and of the subsequent parts of the trilogy.

In this trilogy of Æschylus we see clearly the survival of a primitive sense of kinship which implies a peculiar criminality in violences against kindred—especially in blood-guiltiness which originally had no meaning beyond the limits of family or tribe—the punishment of which was a special function of the Eumenides. In Greek Tragedy generally this idea of Destiny working through blood-ties, and with hereditary consequences, is emphasized. But while the primitive nature so tenaciously persisted in the Greeks and was reflected in Greek Tragedy, yet between Æschylus and Euripides—that is, in the short space of fifty years—we note a surprising transformation of that nature. The feeling of a blind destiny is more and more displaced by an ethical principle which transfers the motives and issues of human life from the field of instinct to that of the will and reason, until in Euripides the purely human sentiment sprang free from archaic limitations. But with that release came also the relaxation of the art itself.

Modern art is a different thing altogether, because the nature in man is so different. The imagination of the artist appealed to a nature in the medieval man of the Renaissance period which had not grown spontaneously from its own root into harmonious maturity. It was indeed an undeveloped nature, with a rude romantic and heroic strain of its own lingering in old songs and sagas—a strain suddenly checked on the one hand by a paganism which was refined and softened to a guise wholly unlike that of the Barbarian, and, on the other hand, by a firmly established Christian ritual and doctrine, equally strange, but embodying a spiritual principle which created a new nature rather than appealed to the old. It was to the new nature thus created

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that Christian art appealed through painting, architecture, and the Mystery Play.

The later development of art in literature—in poetry, the drama, and fiction—and in modern music, reflects, by creative embodiment, a nature in man as different from that cast in the medieval mould as it is from that fashioned in the old Hellenic matrix. It is impossible to conceive of the Elizabethan drama as growing out of the conditions which determined the production of the Mystery Plays: confining them to religious subjects and to a traditional and dogmatic handling of these, for a purpose obviously educational. Shakespeare represented a greater departure from this narrow scheme than that of Æschylus from the Thespian foundation, for Greek Tragedy was never wholly severed from sacred rites and associations. The Elizabethan dramatist was free in his choice of themes, and he was freer in his handling of them than the French dramatist was, less bound by traditional canons, allowing himself even the mixture of comedy with tragedy, which to the academic critic seemed an undue relaxation. His imagination was still hampered by a traditional social system which compelled his predilection for aristocratic personages and associations.

Before there could be a Shakespeare, there must have been developed, out of the blended strains of Gothicism and Christianity, a human sensibility that, while not so distinctively æsthetic as the Greek, yet transcended the Greek in spiritual apprehension and sympathy—a sensibility, too, which in its evolution was far beyond that of the crude medieval Barbarian to whom the Mystery Play was at once a naïve entertainment and a doctrinal edification. The intervening culture had developed a society the extremes of which met—the aristocratic and the plebeian—with a middle class between, from which, as if from some Hebraic lineage, had sprung the iconoclastic Puritan, the nearly fledged Democrat, whom it is absolutely necessary to take into account, as prophetic of a divestiture of title and privilege which, while antagonistic to drama and fiction and all the creations of art, was to prepare the way for the full emancipation of the creative imagination.

It is true that this reactionary Puritanism, which was a more potent and controlling influence in England than any similar reactionary force on the Continent except perhaps in Germany, delayed this emancipation, being itself a suppression not only of æsthetic but of all those natural impulses which are the ground of a spontaneous development of art, especially in literature. It did not suppress Shakespeare, though it was powerful enough for a time to close the theatres against him, nor Milton, who was himself a Puritan; it made a Bunyan, and, by reaction, the poets of the Restoration and, later, Byron and the Lake poets; but while it could not prevent Scott, it laid upon fiction a heavy ban from which it did not fully recover before the middle of the nineteenth century. Yet in all this period it stimulated the ethical, political, and educational influences which made for human freedom and, therefore, ultimately, for the freedom of art.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century it has been the art of fiction which, more than any other art, has reflected a nature in the modern man—individual and collective—which has entered upon, if it has not fully occupied, its heritage of freedom. This nature—by which we mean the sensibility of the modern man as developed in experience and consciousness—is again, in the true sense of the word, a nature; at least it is in the true way of becoming a nature, just as the fiction which reflects it is in the true way of becoming natural.

The primitive nature in man could have no reflection in art; it was insulated, with only the sense of the near and immediate; its development was closely provincial, but, from the first, social, establishing the bond first of family and then of tribal kinship. Art in its earliest form was not a reflection but an exalted expression of life through vibrant rhythm of bodily movement in song and dance. When the human Psyche broke this chrysalis and gained her wings, those primitive intimacies were relaxed by the distances of her flight, and the creations of representative art reflected as well as exalted the awakened and expanded nature in man, created in him by his imagination, which now took a wider range

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corresponding to his more varied experience and enlarged consciousness, peopling the unseen world with mythical impersonations shaped by his hopes and fears, and the remote past of his race with the legendary heroes fashioned by his pride and aspiration. Appealing to a nature thus constituted, we behold a representative art such as the Hellenic was, its rhythmic tension far transcending the merely physiological ecstasy of an earlier time. Greek sculpture, architecture, and drama, all seemed to rise to the rhythmic measure of stately music.

What, then, is this new nature in man which is coming to be? What is it in contrast to the nature upon which Æschylus and Dante and Shakespeare and all the old masters in art and literature built their stately superstructures?

It is antipodally correspondent to primitive naturalism. It has, fully developed, the sense of kinship, but that sense is catholic, not provincial; nothing human is alien or, from instinctive suspicion, antagonized as hostile; war therefore is becoming to seem as monstrous to human sensibility as the old rite of human sacrifice.

The new nature is rhythmically accordant with the old ideals entertained at every stage of departure from the first naturalism, but it translates every term of superstition, heroism, and competition into a new language. It is not without a sympathetic comprehension of every investment it has repudiated, nor lacking reverence for symbols it has foregone. Possessed of the essential verity thus clothed upon and partially represented in the past, it not only can more clearly interpret the old costume and insignia than if these were a part of its own intimate familiarity, but still finds them impressive and cherishes them as souvenirs of a memorable human pilgrimage. It recollects, with the thrill of race-remembrance, and revives the art which reflected and exalted the older nature in man, and often in its own distinctive arts of fiction and music blends the old with the new—as in a Hewlett romance or a Wagner opera.

Every renewal of the nature in man has included in its own distinctive harmony a resurrection and redemption of his past nature—the rescue, at least, of the living moments of that past—so that it has been called a revival, which is something quite different from a survival. The ultra-modern renewal, with its so complete divestiture of characteristic outward traits of past humanity, is yet the most radical revival of humanity itself. A sense of realized humanity, or rather of humanity in the process of realization, in the totality of its powers and capacities, becomes a luminous disclosure of the whole evolutionary procedure in its reality and harmony.

This sense of realization is not at all like that millennial conception of a redeemed humanity which abolishes nature altogether, coming to its flat conclusion in static equilibrium. It is simply a recognition of possibilities in the line of what has already become a part of our experience. The primary elements of human nature remain the same, but the human sensibility has been transformed, becoming the ground of a new and expanded consciousness, to which the real phenomena of life and the world are more impressive than mythical superhuman impersonations or legendary heroes or any stately pomp and circumstance.

It is to this modern nature in man, still fallible in all its enlightenment, still struggling for more light and for greater freedom of expression, though liberated from so many old obsessions and tyrannies and sophistical entanglements, that the art of fiction especially appeals—not as a representative art, with the old detachment from life, but as immediately creative within the bounds of a living human experience. There is room within these bounds, so wide and including so many and so novel variations, for such detachment as is necessary for art's sake; suggestion enough, also, for the harmonious selection and significant visualization essential to form; and stimulant motive enough for dramatic tension. The imagination which shapes modern life, creating experience, is not far removed from that which creatively embodies this experience in the most vital modern fiction.

In art as in life the creative, the real, and the natural—that is, the natural in our modern sense of the word, as indicating a nature in man plainly human in the whole scope of its experience—are coming to mean the same thing.

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Editor's Drawer

An Experiment in Archaeology

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

I S'POSE every man, at some time in his life, has been overcome with the desire to git rich quick. Even a cow-puncher who has been spendin' the best part of his years listenin' to the creak of saddle leather and autographin' the hides of more or less reluctant horned critters ain't immune. Maybe I wouldn't have had such an overwhelmin' desire to be a captain, instid of a corp'ral, of industry if it hadn't been fer Pecos Johnson, a single cincher from Noo Mexico, who strayed onto the Wyoming range and had me dreamin' of millions before he had been sharin' my tarpaulin a week.

"The trouble with you, Billy," says Pecos, "is that you ain't been keepin' your eyes open fer chances to amass wealth sudden. The West is changin' fast, but you ain't seen anythin' but the same old bunch of steers right ahead of you. Tourists have been flockin' past you singly, in pairs, and in droves, but you have let 'em go and throw their money into the laps of less able men, with the result that you are still fightin' broncos and ropin' dogies at ten a week and spearin' your grub outen a kittle instid of havin' it served in courses. I kin see the day comin' when you will have to sell your saddle and buy a collie and go to sheep-herdin', or else draw porch room on the sunny side of some poorhouse."

I didn't pay much attention to Pecos, 'cause I'd seen and heard lots of other gabby cow-punchers from the Southwest country. Then, too, when he was asked jest how he'd go to work to make a million without heatin' the brandin'-irons, Pecos 'd simply shake his head wonderful wise-like and say:

"Oh, you leave it to me. I'm thinkin' while you're snorin' holes in your blankets, and purty soon I'll spring a scheme on you that 'll dazzle you so you'll have to wear blinders fer a month."

Things went on that way till the last days of the fall round-up, and after the beeves was all shipped and the outfit was headed home Pecos unfolded his plan fer puttin' us both on good grass.

"The tourist—the gentle Eastern tourist, with his vacation money in his pocket—he's our game," said Pecos.

"If you mean that we're to turn guides in the elk country, you git my excuses right now," I declared, firmly. "I was horse-wrangler to the most pop'lar guide in the Jackson Hole country one season, and after havin' my head almost blowed off seven times by irresponsible doods, and gittin' no sleep on account of wimmen whose favorite specialty was screechin' that there was rattlers in their tents, I quit the game."



YOU'D SWEAR YOU WAS LOOKIN' ON HANDIWORK THAT WAS AT LEAST A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

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"Your ignorance makes me onhappy," said Pecos. "If you've read the lives of rich men in the noospapers we've got the bunkhouse papered with, you'll remember that they didn't make their fortunes by follerin' the day wage plan. What they've done is to git an inspiration and then foller that inspiration to the limit."

"Well, I ain't nat'rally pessimistic," I remarked, "but if anybody has ever seen an inspiration cavortin' around this here panorama of sage-brush and gumbo, I'll help him hang its hide on the fence. When did you ever git an inspiration here?"

"I got one the first day we rode circle from the round-up camp on Dry Gulch," said Pecos. "I found an ideal place for makin' a fortune slicker 'n a gold-mine. You know my stampin'-ground's the Southwest country, where cliff-dwellin's is thicker 'n tenement-houses in Noo York. I've found an ideal place fer a cliff-dwellin' not half a mile f'm the line cabin where we've got to spend the winter."

"But there ain't no cliff-dwellin' there," I put in, "because I've rode through that country fifty times, and I know the aborigineses had more sense than to settle in a place that's dry as a bone and with hardly enough feed to keep a Shetland pony alive."

"Of course there ain't any cliff-dwellin' there," snorted Pecos. "If you was half as quick with your gun as you are with them hair-trigger doubts of yourn, you could beat Wild Bill Hickock's shootin' record dead easy. What we want to do is to put a cliff-dwellin' there—to supply the deficiency left by the unthinkin' ancients."

I must have looked as if I thought Pecos was locoed, fer he went on to explain.

"You know," he says, "that down in the cliff-dwellin' country thousands of dood tourists f'm the East are puttin' up their good, hard money to go and gaze at the ancient handiwork of them forgotten critters who used to hold forth when Mother Nature was a gigglin' girl. I've seen 'em come in by droves and pay all kinds of fancy prices fer goin' out and gazin' on ruins that I wouldn't stable a broken-down bronk in. All the cliff-dwellin' sites has been snapped up, of course, and every doggone rancher who has one that can, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a ruin is makin' his everlastin' fortune by showin' the same to inquirin' spirits from the world's brain centres. There ain't ever been any cliff-dwellers in this country, it is true, but that needn't keep us out of the game. I have found a spot where a cliff-dwellin' can be built in a few days by a couple of husky moderns like us. We have got to spend all winter alone in that line cabin, and we can put in some of the time constructin' the cliff-house instead of playin' seven-up. Then we can advertise our discovery to the world, and next summer we can quit the cow game and begin guidin' a large and increasin' mob of sightseers who are willin' to put up with—and fer—the discomforts of pack-train travel."

There's no use denyin' that I was interested in Pecos's scheme. In fact, I was prickin' up my ears like a range hoss that had got his first whiff of oats. When we reached the line cabin, where we was to hang out fer the winter, the first thing we did was to light out fer the site of the proposed cliff-dwellin'. It was in a dry gulch. There was a few cottonwoods in the bottom of the draw, and half-way up one side there was a sort of cave that could be reached by a trail from below.

"We'll build a house right in that cave frontin' the gulch," said Pecos, pointin' at it with an air of pride. "It 'll sure look fine from here or from acrost the gulch. Them amatoor photographers will shoot up their films by the yard gettin' picters of the place where the cliff-dwellers used to hold forth against their hereditary enemies, the great-grandfathers of the Sioux. We kin fix up a kiva, or council-chamber, in the dwellin', and it might pay to have a burial-place from where we kin drag an occasional mummy. I know a curio man in Denver who has bought a noospaper and a circus with the proceeds of the mummy-manufacturin' game. He is supplyin' mummies fer some of the oldest established cliff-house businesses in the Southwest, and his goods allus please. He kin also supply us with what we need in the way of necklaces, pottery, farmin' implements, skulls, or anythin' else the cliff-dwellers was in the habit of usin' in their line of business. He ain't got any more conscience than a jack-rabbit has hoofs, and, backed by a genius like that, we can't help but win."

To say I fell in with Pecos's scheme is puttin' it mild. I was simply bogged in enthusiasm in a minute. We hadn't been established in the line cabin two weeks before we had a fine start on the cliff-dwellin'. The gulch was full of nice round stones—just the right sort fer makin' walls. Pecos mixed the mortar from the 'dobe soil, and he had a trick of smudgin' it with smoke and also givin' the stones a coatin' of the same. When he got them black stones and mortar in place, you'd swear you was lookin' on handiwork that was at least a thousand years old.

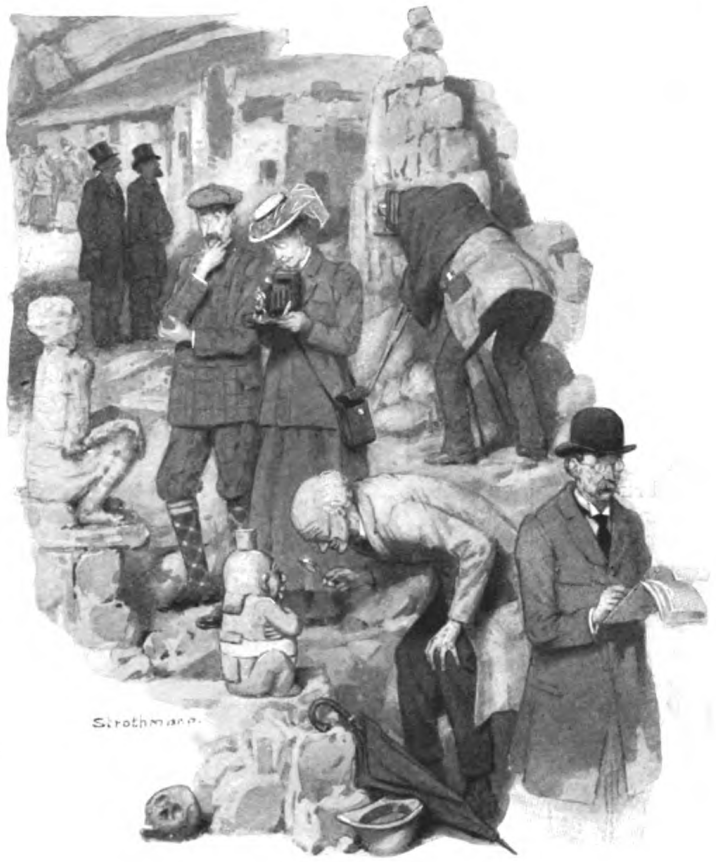
We got along so well with the plan that we wasn't satisfied with just a house of one room. We made a reg'lar palace of it and strung rooms along until they filled up the hull cave. We built the ruins of ovens and council-chambers, and we made lots of little doorways that we had to crawl through. The ceilin's, too, we made low, as Pecos said the cliff-dwellers was a little people, and we didn't want to overlook any bet and commit anything that some scientific sharp 'd pull on us as an anachronism—a big word that Pecos was uncommon fond of usin'.

After we had the cave filled with a string of stone tenement-houses Pecos, jest fer

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good measure, has the ruin of a communal house built on the top of the cliff above the main dwellin's. This didn't take long, as we jest built the walls up a foot or so and then scattered stones around as if the buildin' had been torn down.

"That 'll make a good point," said Pecos, "as we can tell visitors that this house must have been destroyed by the Injuns who was the cliff-dwellers' mortal enemies. Ladies and gents, after the communal house up here was destroyed, there is every evidence to prove that the cliff-dwellers retreated to their houses in the gulch, where they made a successful defence, and where they lived until they was overcome in the volcanic eruption that covered a great part of this country with lava."



WE HAD ALL KINDS OF TENDERFEET

Pecos practised talk like this so he could spring it on visitors, and he sure did it so fine that sometimes I had to lay down my trowel and gaze at him in admiration. If there was any man ever had a genius fer onusual combinations of words, it was that Pecos man.

It was a fine open winter and there wasn't much to do in lookin' after the cattle, and we got along fine with our work. Nobody come out to see us and we knowed we wouldn't be disturbed. The curio man from Denver sent up a fine lot of mummies and skulls and pottery. He said it was some new models he had just turned out and was the finest and most ancient-lookin' stuff he had ever manufactured. He guaranteed it to be inspection-proof and said it would turn the gaze of any Smithsonian sharp. Next to the genuine Navajo blankets he was manufacturin' in Hoboken, New Jersey, he considered his archylogical relics his finest line.

After we got the cliff-dwellin's fixed to our satisfaction Pecos went out and drove a stake in the middle of the gulch and took the place as a placer claim, and I done likewise and took up a claim adjoinin' his.

"There ain't no mineral here," said Pecos, "but that gives us pertection against any unscrupulous gent who ain't animated by our high sense of honor and who thinks he sees a chance to come along here and scoop us out of this heritage we have received from the ancients. Now, after we destroy these here mortar-boards and rub a little more of our sixteenth-century finish on some spots of the walls that look a little too new, we'll be ready to throw open our cliff ruins fer the inspection of any one who wants to pay us fer bringin' 'em hither."

It was well along toward first-chinook time when we rode out and spread the news of our find. I knowed a noospaper man at Cheyenne whose specialty was supplyin' hair-raisin' tales of Western life to the Eastern press, and I got him to come up and look over the place. He was greatly impressed, and he sure did work it for all it was worth, fer pretty soon he begins sendin' us full-page stories he had got in the Eastern Sunday papers, showin' the wonderful new cliff ruins that had been discovered by two cowboys in Dry Gulch, and how the ruins was easily accessible and offered one of the most wonderful attractions the West afforded to sightseers.

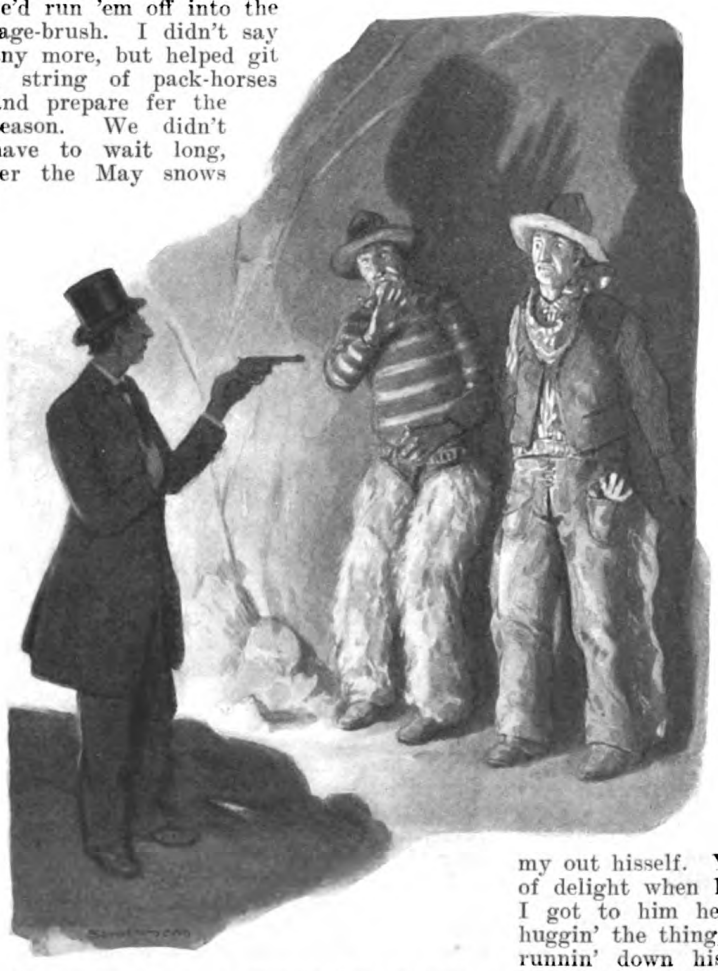
We put up signs in Bovina, the little cattle-shippin' town that was the nearest railroad point, callin' attention to the cliff ruins; and Pecos was perticl'erly proud of the one he stuck in the depot, which read as follers:

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tourists and Gents Atenshun

Don't fail to sea the dRy GulCH clif DweLings, ten mile East. Reads liKe a Messuge from the Passt. Most wonDeRful ColEkshun of Mummys and PoTerie in ExistUnCe. gOoD campInG on the GRounD. PAck Trains daiLY, frOM Lone Star stabul. Get RaTes of OWners THere. SCientists SPeciaLLy InViTed.

I didn't like that last about invitin' scientists. It seemed like courtin' trouble; but Pecos insisted you had to make some bluff like that, and if any bunch of scientists got too busy with geologists' hammers and microscopes he'd run 'em off into the sage-brush. I didn't say any more, but helped git a string of pack-horses and prepare fer the season. We didn't have to wait long, fer the May snows



HE COVERED US WITH A SIX-INCH GUN AND CONFUSION, WHILE HE TOLD US THAT WE WERE FAKERS

wasn't off before we begin to get letters askin' all about the wonderful ruins. We had the Cheyenne noospaper man answer those, and the descriptions didn't lose nothin' by his tellin'. Then people begin droppin' off the train fer a day or two to see the much-advertised cliff ruins, and before the summer was well started we had to git more hosses and send out a reg'lar string of pack-trains every day. We had all kinds of tenderfeet, includin' a generous sprinklin' of schoolma'ams f'm the East. We charged 'em good stiff rates fer the use of saddle-hosses and fer puttin' 'em up in tents at the ruins. We had a permanent camp there with two cooks and several attendants, and the money was flowin' to us like water. We kep' the Denver curio man busy makin' more mummies, as we made a specialty of draggin' a new mummy from the ruins every other day. This we could generally sell fer fifty dollars without any trouble, and when mummies wholesale are only $3.48, f. o. b., Denver, you can see we was makin' plenty of profit. Then, too, we had a standard rate of ten dollars fer every skull that we dug out of the ruins, and pieces of pottery ranged from fifty cents fer fragments to one hundred dollars fer complete specimens. The Denver curio man complained that we was crowdin' him, and that he was afraid such a constant rush of orders would cause his workmanship to deteriorate, and that he might make a flaw somewheres that would be fatal to his reputation, but Pecos was gittin' careless and told him to fill the orders and never mind quality.

"Too strong nothin'," said Pecos when I remonstrated with him fer chargin' a tourist two hundred dollars fer a fresh mummy that had just got in the day before. "I turned that feller loose with a pickaxe and let him dig the mummy out hisself. You oughter heard his yell of delight when he found it. By the time I got to him he was down on his knees huggin' the thing, and the tears of joy was runnin' down his face. That give me a chanct to cut the price tag off the mummy, which tag had been left on by mistake when I buried it. The tenderfoot will never miss his two hundred, while he has been made happy fer life by gittin' the chanct to go back East and tell all his wonderin' friends how he dug up with his own hands a mummy that makes the mortal remains of Rameses II. look like a infant."

Just the same, I was some worried over the turn matters was takin', with Pecos

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gittin' more reckless every day. To be sure, the money was comin' in, and I was beginnin' to have visions of buyin' a cattle ranch down on the Rio Grande with my million. And then Pecos 'd laugh away my fears, and jest to show that he was right he'd go out and sell a chunk of pottery fer enough money to stock a whole china-store.

We got to thinkin' of openin' an automobile service, doublin' our rates, and puttin' up a big hotel facing the cliff ruins, when one day there comes along a little, bespectacled, black-whiskered man who talked such busted English that he kept you dodgin' fragments, and trouble follered in his wake like a cloudburst.

From the first I seed the feller and took notice of his long line of scientific handles that stuck out in front of the name on his visitin'-card I knowed he meant our doom. I was fer refusin' to let him go over to the cliff-dwellin's, but Pecos, bein' all puffed up with pride and the lust of gold, said:

"Why, doggone it, he's just the man we want. This Perfesser Spoofenberger, or whatever his name is, went through all the big German universities, sometimes two at a jump. He is the greatest scientific sharp in the world, but you bet we can fool him. After he's dug up a skull and a mummy he'll write us up in all the scientific magazines, and we'll have scientists flockin' here from all over the world. We can sell out to some big college that is backed by a multimillionaire, and after that we'll have nothin' to do but spend our winnin's. By all means, he's got to be took over to the cliff-dwellin's. We've got to take him ourselves, and we've got to see that he's fooled artistically and to the limit. This ain't no job fer hired help."

So we took the perfesser over to the cliff-dwellin's, him bein' silent most of the way, except to ask a few questions in that busted dialect of his, which Pecos answered in his guide-book style. The perfesser seen everything there was to see at the ruins. He broke off bits of the plaster, but seemed satisfied, and I seen Pecos breathe easier. He dug up pottery and a skull and a mummy and bought 'em all at big figgers and Pecos begin to swell and swell with pride.

But at last he got us at the camp-fire at night, and, droppin' his dialect and his whiskers, he covered us with a six-gun and confusion, while he told us that we was fakers of the worst kind and that we was to git out of the country before daylight or he would have us tarred and feathered and used as tree decorations.

"You know the temper of this here community and you know what 'd happen to you if I was to expose you," he says in a voice that cut like steel. "You've got a chance to make the mornin' train by fast ridin' and you'll be out of harm's way when I publish this swindle broadcast, as I'm goin' to do. Now hustle and saddle up."

There was nothin' fer us to do but pull our freights as he suggested, and we saddled up and started forth into the onfeelin' world without so much as a word of protest. But jest as we was startin' Pecos pulls up his hoss and calls out:

"Who are you, anyway, stranger?"

"I'm the Denver curio man you've been buyin' your mummies from," was the answer. "I've reformed and joined the Salvation Army, but before I quit the fakin' business I vowed I'd stop anybody who was a bigger faker than I was and you fellows have been elected. Now *vamos!*"

And by mornin' we was in the smoker tryin' to build a new fortune on the ruins of our shattered dream.



WIFE. "*John, here's a letter from Aunt Maria asking us to dinner on Monday.*"
HUSBAND. "*But, hang it! my dear, Monday's a holiday.*"

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"Cornelia's Jewels"

CORNELIA. *"As I am going away for some time and shall close my house, I would like to put my 'jewels' in your safe-deposit vault."*

For the Bird

DURING a grammar lesson in one of the Cleveland public schools the teacher was telling the boys of the functions of the hyphen. She wrote upon the blackboard several instances of the correct as well as the incorrect use of that mark. Among these was "bird-cage."

"What is the reason," she asked of one boy, as she pointed to the word, "for placing a hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage'?"

After a short silence the lad, who had been unjustly reckoned as one of the dullest in the class, replied,

"It's for the bird to perch on, ma'am."

Pouring

MISS PAYNE—you know Jane's friend,
Miss Payne?
Well, they were chatting in the rain
At the front door, and she asked Jane
If, like a dear, she'd come and "pour"
On Tuesday afternoon at four;
And Jane said "Yes." What could she,
more?

Now, it so happened that the rain
In some way overheard Miss Payne
When making her request of Jane.
So Mr. Rain, who teas adored,
At four that Tuesday came abroad
And poured,
and poured,
and poured,
and
poured!

GEORGE ALISON.

No Competition

AN old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighboring village, exclaimed, "Why, what are you doing here?"

"I'm at work trying to make an honest living," was the reply.

"Then you'll succeed," said the judge, "for you have no competition."

The Result

THE young teacher looked around at the little assemblage that constituted the slum kindergarten of which she had taken charge, and began in sweet gurgling tones supposed to express intense interest in her subject, "Now, I wonder how many little children here this morning can tell me whether the little kitty wears fur or feathers?"

A dirty-faced urchin rolled his eyes ceilingward and groaned, audibly:

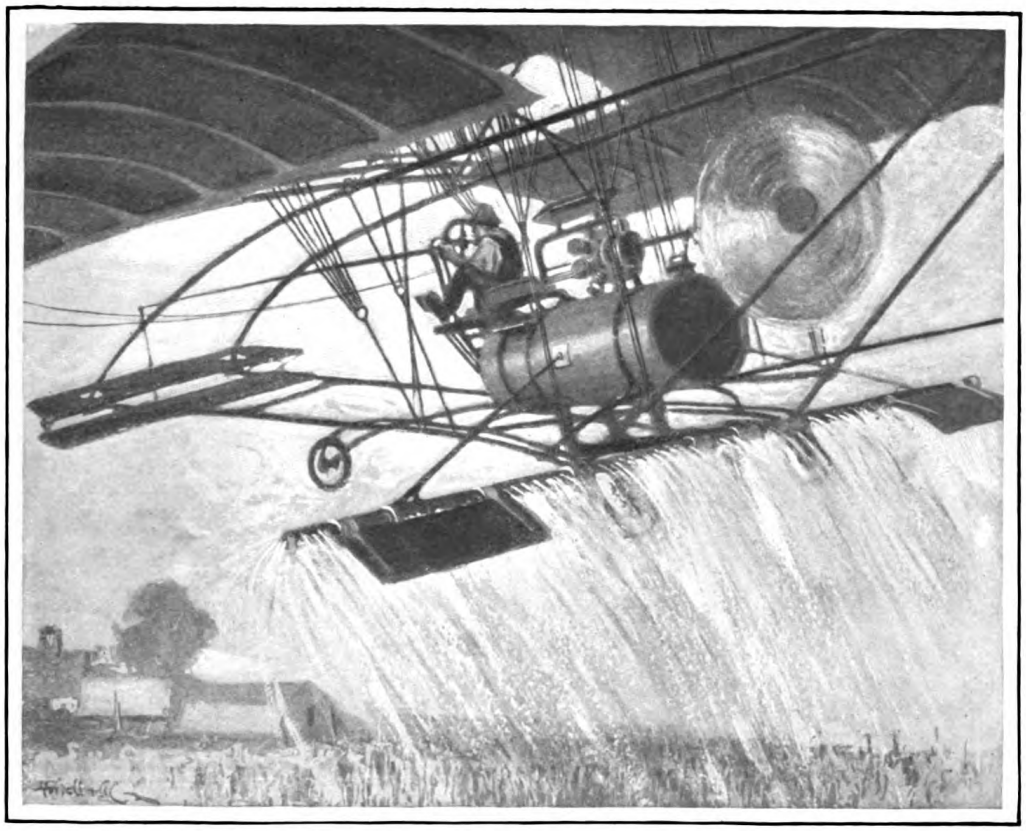
"Gee! ain't she never seen a cat?"



Confused Dates

LITTLE MARY *(just home from Sunday-school)*. *"Oh, George and Martha Washington, did you eat the stolen apple?"*

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"Who Cares if it Doesn't Rain"

Brief All Around

A YOUNG woman from the East, who married a Seattle man, recently had a novel experience when she engaged her first Chinese cook.

"What's your name?" she asked when the preliminaries had been settled.

"My name Hong Long Loo," said the Celestial, with much gravity.

"And I am Mrs. Harrington Richard Buckingham," said his new employer. "I am afraid I shall never be able to remember your name — it's so long. I shall call you John."

"All light," returned the Chinese, with a suspicion of a smile. "Your namee too longee, too. I callee you Charley."

Too Full

A LITTLE girl was visiting Old Point for the first time, and her father took her to bathe in the ocean. Nothing more extensive than the bath-tub at home had been her experience.

As she waded out, tightly holding her father's hand, she was presently up to her neck in the water.

"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "take me out; it's too full."

Why Elijah Did It

AMONG the questions put on one occasion by the teacher of a Sunday-school class in Trenton was this: "Why did Elijah put water on the sacrifice?"

After some hesitation an answer was forthcoming from a little girl in front, who said:

"To make the gravy, ma'am."

A Good Habit

BABY FLORENCE was much annoyed when her mother would not allow her to go to see her little cousin who had the measles.

"Why, mamma, you know I theldom take the meathles," said Florence in a pleading tone.

Hero Worship

THE firemen's parade passed the primary school just as the little ones were dismissed.

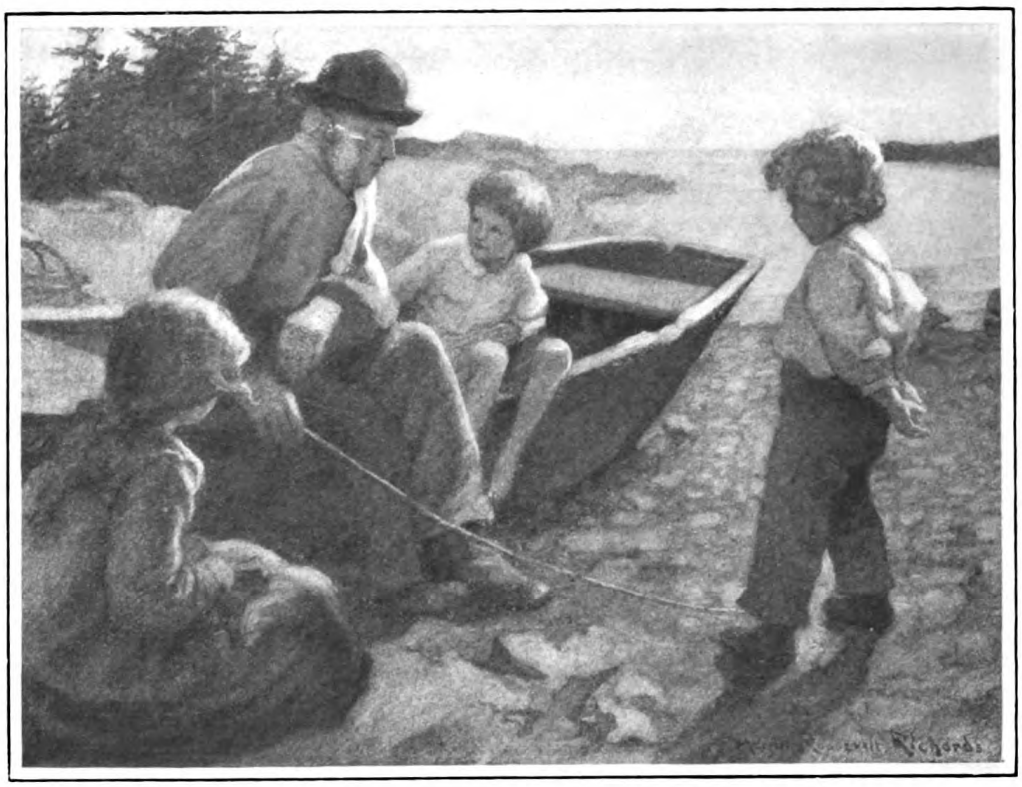
When Willie reached home his mother noticed he was under the influence of some deep emotion, so she said, gently,

"Willie dear, what is the matter?"

Clasping his little hands, he solemnly said,

"Mother, I touched a fireman."

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The Story Hour

Freddy Simpson's Misfortune

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

FREDDY SIMPSON—he ain't never had a lickin' in his life;
Not even when he broke th' blade o' his pa's bran'-new knife,
An' cut th' parlor carpet, an' made gouges in th' floor,
An' whittled his in-nishuls, too, right on their big front door.
You see, his ma opposes any punishment like that—
Why, she jest *reasoned* with him when he spoiled his pa's new hat.

Huh! Walter Perkins told him how *his* pa would take a switch
An' whip him so th' places for a day or so would itch!
An' I told Freddy Simpson 'bout th' lickin's that I get—
So hard sometimes I'd ruther stand up for my meals than set.
An' Oscar Jones, an' Rufus an' Bob an' Freckles Smith,
They said they'd take th' lickin's rather than be *reasoned* with.
Us boys, we got to tellin' Freddie how th' whippin's feel,
An' how your pa whacks harder when you wriggle 'round an' squeal,
An' how you holler to him, "I won't do it any more!"
An' how you just *don't* do it, long as you keep feelin' sore.
An' we got Freddy Simpson to believe it isn't fair
Fer his folks jest to *reason*—when th' reasons never scare.

So Freddy Simpson started out to-day to be real bad,
An' played some tricks at breakfast till his pa was awful mad
An' started out to *reason*—but Fred kept a-makin' noise
An' said, "Why don't you lick me like the others does their boys?"
An' so his pa he licked him, an' now Freddy says his ma
Spent all th' mornin' *reasonin'* about it to his pa.

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Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "The Soul of Mervisaunt"

JOCELIN, WITH MANY ENCOMIUMS, DISPLAYED HIS EMERALDS

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The Desert Laboratory

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, PH.D.

Department of Geography, Yale University

AS the Sunset Express pulled out of San Antonio, a mild altercation arose between the Pullman porter and a woman passenger. He was not trying to put over her head a soft paper bag three feet square, as she seemed to think. His action merely intimated that the desert was at hand, for he was simply persuading her to take off her hat and stow it in the bag, out of the dust. To be sure, the desert was still a day's run distant, but what is that in Texas? From morning till night the train moved deliberately westward. It was called an express, but it stopped at every section-house and siding, and occasionally at a mere sign-board in the midst of the vast brown plain. This part of western Texas is so dry and sparsely settled that the railroad does not think it worth while to run more than one passenger train a day in each direction over a stretch of track six hundred and twenty miles long, from San Antonio to El Paso —as far as from Pittsburg to St. Louis. Yet the country is by no means a desert —at least not in the eastern part. To be sure, all the brooks and most of the rivers are waterless, but the dun-colored steers seen from the car-windows wander over fine grass-lands studded with symmetrical oaks, or lower their spreading horns to force a way through dense thickets of bushy chaparral. Only during the night does the train enter the really dry portion of America. There naked slopes of cliffed limestone prevail, and truculent yuccas and bunchy grasses contend with moving sand. In the morning, near El Paso, as the masculine traveller excavates his blue serge suit from under the dunes which have drifted through the screened window, he reviles the desert, and wishes that he, like his feminine neighbor, had been persuaded to have a paper bag, not only for his hat, but for himself and all his belongings. He begins to be thirsty, too, with a thirst that lasts till California. Except in midwinter he may drink till he can drink no more, but in an hour he drinks again as gladly as before.

As the train rolls on through New Mexico and Arizona, most travellers grow weary of the desert. They may be enthusiastic over the deep, precipitous cañons near El Paso; and may be amused at the mental attitude of the man who inserted in the railway folder the statement that in one of these splendid chasms "the water is clear as crystal and plenty of black bass." They may be charmed by the spaciousness and freedom of the desert, and may revel in the glorious transformation of the noonday glare into the translucent colors of a sunset so perfect that the shades of the whole spectrum appear in subdued bands in the twilight arch. No traveller can fail to be fascinated by the novel vegetation—the quaint candelabra and deceptively fluffy coats of the spiny cholla

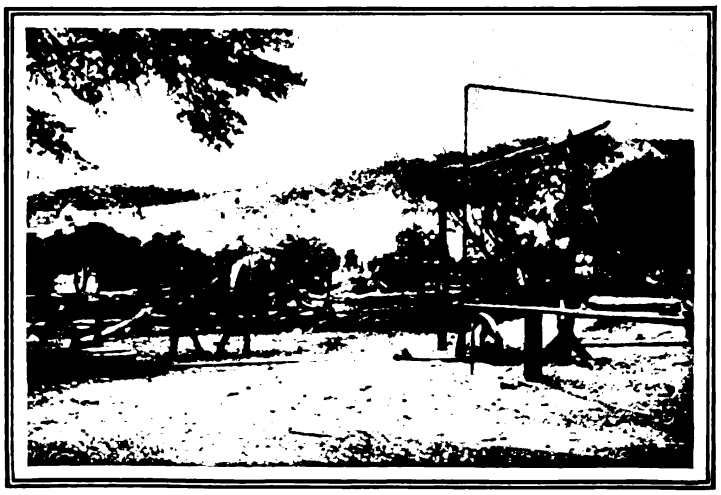
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cactus, the great fluted columns of the sahuaro, giant of cacti, and the sword-leaved rosettes from which the agave and yucca shoot their towering spikes of creamy flowers. Yet in spite of these charms most travellers pull down the curtains on the sunny side of the train, and devote themselves to sleepy reading or the trivialities of the interior of a passenger car. They feel about the desert as the cowboy felt about the fifty miles that separated him from a saloon and a drink: "I ain't got no use for this here country. I'm just ridin' through it because it's here."

Doubtless the desert often seems monotonous, but so do the prairies and the sea. To those whose eyes are open it is full of the charm of the untamed and unknown. Even the dusty, thirsty individual in the Pullman, whose chief occupation is waiting for the "first call for luncheon in the dining-car," admits that the long green slopes and jagged blue mountains present a striking type of scenery—only there is too much of it, and it is all too far from the railroad. The poor "lunger" extols the country and its climate to the skies, even when the man whose lungs are not tuberculous is broiling in a temperature of one hundred degrees. The prospector is equally enthusiastic. Most of his kind have never made more than a scanty living, but he may "strike it rich" to-morrow in one of the many mountain ranges. So, too, with the archæologist and his parody, the treasure-seeker. Where else in America is the country so full of ancient ruins and of delightful tales of pots of gold hidden by greedy Spanish priests or opulent hidalgos? And finally the promoter finds here his richest field, for the land is dry enough for the very driest dry farmer, and the mountains are large enough to contain all the metals in the world.

It is hard to realize the vastness of the desert and the paucity of its inhabitants. In the fifteen hundred miles between San Antonio, in the centre of southern Texas, and San Bernardino, the first city reached on the coastal slope of southern California, only two places deserve to be called cities—El Paso and Tucson. Suppose that between New York and Topeka, Kansas, fifteen hundred miles apart by way of the Pennsylvania and Union Pacific lines, Springfield, in Ohio, and Sedalia, in Missouri, were the only cities. Throw in another town of 20,000 people, near Hannibal, Missouri, let us say, to represent Phœnix, the capital of Arizona, which is located some thirty-five miles north of the main line, and assume that no other real cities exist within a distance of two or three hundred miles on either side of the railroad. Then we should have a fair representation of the distribution of cities in the desert. There is absolutely nothing to correspond to Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton in New Jersey, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Altoona, Johnstown, and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, Columbus and Dayton in Ohio, Indianapolis and Terre Haute in Indiana, and St. Louis and Kansas City in Missouri. All fifteen of these towns are on the direct line from New York to Topeka, and every one is larger than any city in the desert. Scores of smaller cities having a population of less than forty thousand, and hundreds of thriving villages, on



PUMPING WATER AT A MEXICAN RANCH

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THE DESERT LABORATORY
Photograph by D. T. MacDougal

the line from New York to Topeka would be represented on the line from San Antonio to San Bernardino merely by cattle ranches or small mining-camps.

In travelling by automobile from Phœnix to Yuma in southwestern Arizona we rode two hundred miles from the end of cultivation near Buckeye to its renewal at Yuma. The distance was equal to that from Boston to Albany by way of the Albany Railroad through Worcester, Springfield, and Pittsfield. In the entire distance we passed but one place where the slightest attempt was made at cultivation. There the cultivated area did not exceed twenty or thirty acres. Besides this we passed two ranches where deep wells furnish water for cattle, but the animals were dying by the score because of the dry season and the absence of pasturage. In all the rest of the two hundred miles the only inhabitants were a few miners and railroad men. In not a single place was any one getting a living from the soil, for the simple reason that the country is so dry that there is no water either above ground or below. A little farther south, along the Mexican border of southern Arizona, one could set down the entire State of Massachusetts with its three million people and not cover a single farm or cattle ranch, nor more than half a dozen small mines.

The longer one stays in the desert, the more one realizes its vastness and the small progress made by man in subduing it. He has opened a few mines in its mountains, bound it with the threads of a few railroads, and taken what little water he could find on or near the surface for irrigation, but that is all. As population increases and the need of land for cultivation becomes greater, the question arises, How can a country so dry be made to yield food? Perchance some day, when the denizens of Mother Earth become like Lowell's Martians, we shall distil the water of the sea with solar engines and pump it hundreds of miles to irrigate the lands that now are dry. Meanwhile we must try other methods. There are three ways of attacking the problem of deserts—the empirical, the so-called practical, and the purely scientific. The first is illustrated by a tall rancher from Kansas who strode into our camp in the midst of the potsherds of an ancient pre-Indian village one night in April. "Yes," he said, "I'm trying dry farming. It's pretty hard this year. I only came

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from Kansas last year. I ploughed up twenty acres and planted it to barley in the fall, but somehow not a bit of it sprouted. It seems like this year ain't a good year for rain. I'm digging a well, and it's mighty deep to water, and it's going to come pretty dear to keep a gasoline-engine going all the year. I don't calculate that I can do any irrigating with it. I've got a ditch covering part of my land, but there hasn't been a bit of water down the river this year, and it don't seem like there's going to be any. Well, I must hurry on or I won't catch that cow before dark, and I can't afford to lose her when everything else I've got seems to be going back on me." Hundreds of farmers have tried what he is trying, and have found the desert too much for them.

The so-called practical method is that of the experiment stations. Every one knows the methods of their experiments with crops and soils and new varieties of plants. Their splendid work, as they themselves feel keenly, is greatly hampered, because immediate results are demanded. The necessity of showing exactly what they have accomplished in dollars and cents forces them to refrain from long and painstaking lines of research whose practical value is not at once apparent. Only in this way, however, is it possible to ascertain the fundamental facts as to how the plants of the desert came to have their present characteristics, and how they grow and produce seeds. Till these things are known a large proportion of all efforts at improving the conditions of agriculture in the desert may be misdirected. It is impossible to eradicate a disease until its cause is known.

The third method of solving the problems of the desert finds expression in a single unique institution—the Desert Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. About eight years ago the Institution determined to establish a Department of Botanical Research, the chief function of which should be the study of the relation of plants to physical environment. It was decided that the most profitable results could be obtained in a dry climate where conditions are rigorous and botanists have as yet done comparatively little work. Accordingly a laboratory was established near Tucson, the largest city of Arizona, and is now actively at work with a consider-



VIEW FROM THE DESERT LABORATORY
The Tucson Hospital is on the left, and the Santa Catalina Mountains in the Background
Photograph by D. T. MacDougal

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able staff of botanists under the direction of Dr. D. T. MacDougal. The purpose is to study the abstract problems which are essential as the foundation of real progress. They bear the same relation to agriculture that a knowledge of human anatomy and pathology bears to the practice of surgery and medicine. The problems are not selected with a view to immediate "practical" results, although their solution may ultimately be of incalculable importance in the affairs of every-day life. They may require tens or scores of years for solution. No government institution could possibly undertake them, for legislatures are not yet educated to the point where they can see that abstract science pays.

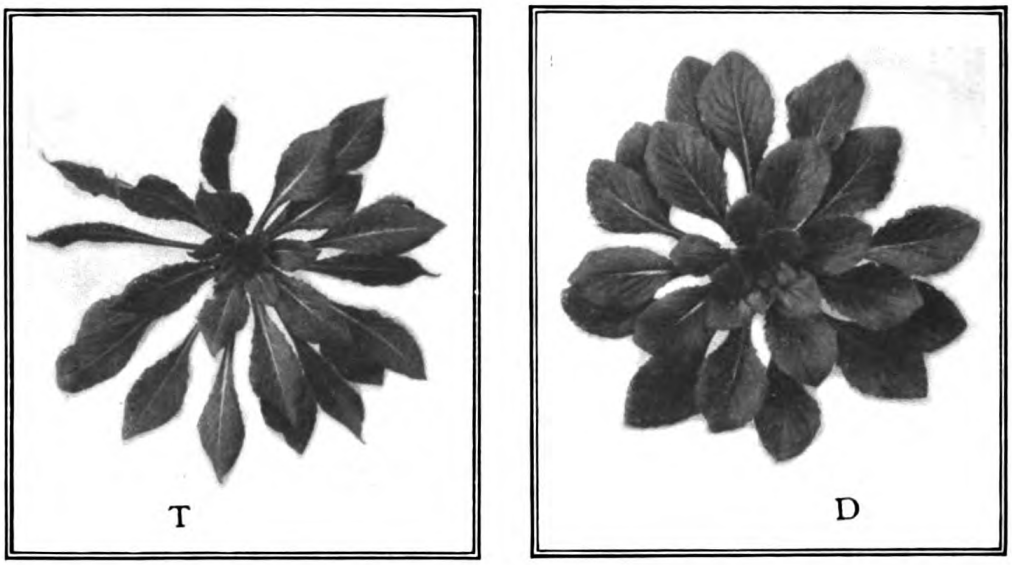


POUNDING THE PULP OF A BARREL CACTUS

A few illustrations will show the kind of work in which Doctor MacDougal and his fellow botanists are engaged. Among other things they have undertaken a study of the distribution of roots in dry regions as compared with moist. I went to the Desert Laboratory with the common idea that in deserts roots penetrate very deeply in order to reach a permanent supply of ground water. I soon learned that this is true only in certain places, such as valley bottoms where water flows part of the year, and where the level of ground water is only ten or twenty feet below the surface. In the great gravel slopes, which constitute a large proportion of most deserts, the water-level is scores or hundreds of feet below the surface, so that roots cannot possibly reach it. Accordingly the roots spread horizontally to great distances, keeping close to the surface to get as much water as possible when occasional rains moisten the ground to a depth of a few inches or possibly a few feet. This explains why desert plants seem to be scattered so sparsely. They *look* scattered, but, as a matter of fact, they are as crowded as the plants of wet regions. The individuals may be ten or twenty feet apart, but there is no room between them for others, simply because the roots spread widely in a horizontal direction, and those of a single plant require all the available moisture of a considerable area.

In investigating this matter at the Desert Laboratory, Doctor Cannon, who did most of the work and is now studying it in North Africa, had no immediate practical end in view. Yet when his work is completed, it may be of immense importance as an aid to agriculture in dry countries. The United States, through its admirable Bureau of Plant

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THE OLD (T) AND THE NEW (D) SPECIES OF OENOTHERA BIENNIS
Photograph by D. T. MacDougal

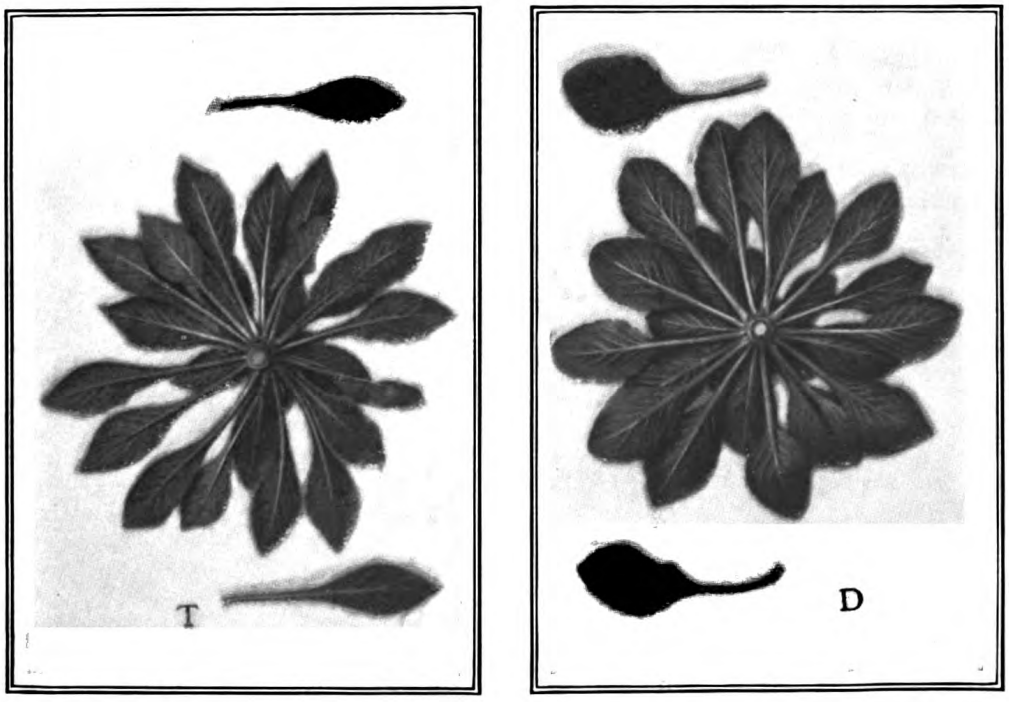
Introduction, is spending thousands of dollars in finding new varieties of food plants adapted to the varying conditions of different parts of the country. Much effort has been devoted to obtaining a kind of wheat which will thrive with very little water and will mature quickly. Hitherto it has been the practice merely to test one kind of wheat after another to see which gave the best results. The work has commonly been empirical. That is, the quality of the grain has been observed, but there has been relatively little attempt to ascertain what particular conditions of root, stem, leaves, and other organs give rise to the valuable characteristics noted in the grain. When our knowledge of the root system is complete it will be possible actually to develop the right kind of roots. In course of time it is possible that by careful selection we may obtain a variety of wheat which, as soon as it sprouts, will begin to develop its roots horizontally, and will spread them far and wide before it sends up much of a shoot. Such wheat might not grow in dense fields like those of moist regions, but in isolated heads, perhaps, with several stalks to a head. It might not yield crops equal to those of rainy regions, but it would at least give fair crops on lands which now are entirely wasted.

The Desert Laboratory is beginning to correct the mistaken popular notion that the number of species of plants in dry regions is less than in moist. Three types of vegetation thrive in deserts. Even the dryest country contains certain wet spots along the watercourses or where water stands for a while in temporary marshes. Such places naturally foster the growth of hydrophytic or water-loving plants which do not differ essentially from any other hydrophytic plants. During the brief rainy season another type of vegetation becomes prominent. At that time the conditions in a desert are not unlike those in ordinary regions. Accordingly the ground is quickly covered with a great number of small annuals or bulbous perennials which are mesophytic, or medium in their demands for water. Most of them are small, because they are obliged to make their full growth during the comparatively short period of moisture. They resemble the common plants of rainy regions—the buttercup, daisy, pigweed, and a host of others. Practically all of the useful plants belong to this group. It includes not merely the common garden vegetables, but most of the grasses and all our grain plants. In addition to the moisture-loving plants and those which grow where it is neither very dry nor very wet, there are the xerophytic or drought-loving forms. These are distinctly desert

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plants, such as the cacti, the creosote bush, and various kinds of acacia. They grow to considerable size, and remain in evidence all the year. Taking the three kinds together, we see clearly that the species of dry regions may well be more numerous than those of moist. What relation this fact may have to the development of agriculture in arid regions we cannot now tell. It indicates at least that all the ordinary types of useful plants can grow in the desert at certain seasons. The problem is to develop forms growing fast enough and spreading their roots widely enough to enable them to withstand desert conditions.

Another peculiar plant function which Doctor MacDougal and his associates are investigating is the storage of moisture by plants such as the cacti. I felt as if we had become almost as skilful as Indians when we took our first drink from a chunky barrel cactus. Doctor MacDougal cut off the top with a big sheath-knife. Then we pounded the pulpy interior with the butt end of a stick of the green-barked palo-verde tree. It was hard work, for our cactus was unusually large and tough. Little by little, however, the fibre broke up, cool drops of sap flew into our faces at every blow, and soon a mass of soft broken pulp filled the hollow which our pounding had produced in the top of the truncated cactus. With our hands we squeezed the fluid out of the pulp into the hollow, and then drank it—a whitish, but not unpalatable, liquid with no special taste except that of plants in general. All the cacti and many other desert species of the xerophytic type possess this same property of storing water. The length of time that they can remain moist is amazing. Doctor MacDougal has removed specimens from the ground and placed them in dry air for several years. No new water has been accessible to the plants, and yet year after year they keep on thriving. The gourd-like storage organ or bulbous stem of an Ibervillia which he placed in the New York Botanical Gardens in 1902 has sent out green shoots each year at the proper season. After producing them, it has, as it were, drawn back part of the moisture from the stem and leaves and gone once more into dormancy. Except at the time when it sends out leaves the



THE OLD (T) AND THE NEW (D) SPECIES OF OENOTHERA BIENNIS
Photograph by D. T. MacDougal

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plant loses water at an extremely slow rate, as is shown by frequent weighings. Doctor MacDougal estimates that the plant can live at least twenty years, and possibly more if the rate of loss should diminish as it grows older. Compare this with any plant of moister regions. There is scarcely one that could live twenty days, let alone twenty years, if pulled up by the roots and hung in a dry room. Desert plants are very slow in growing; they are correspondingly slow in drying.

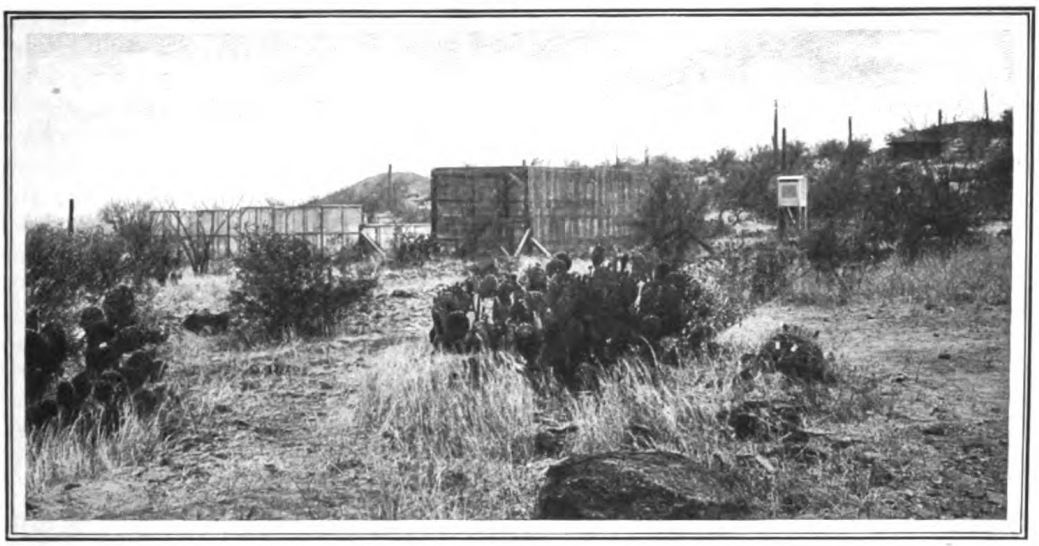
More important than the study of any of the problems mentioned above is the investigation of the methods by which plants adapt themselves to their environment. Many scientists believe that hereditary changes in plants—that is, changes which are passed on from generation to generation and give rise to new species—arise only from alterations in the original germ cells. Others believe that changes in physical environment may so influence the plant as not only to modify its appearance, which is a matter of common occurrence, but also to cause it to pass on the new characteristic to its descendants without respect to environment. To test these theories the Desert Laboratory has established "acclimatization" stations. Two or three are located near Tucson at various levels from that of the main laboratory, 2,500 feet above the sea, to the top of the neighboring Santa Catalina Mountains, which have an altitude of about nine thousand feet and a rainfall more than twice as great as at the Laboratory. Another station has been established at Carmel, in the fog belt on the California coast close to Monterey. Plants from other regions are taken to the various stations, or those of one station are taken to another, and observations are made each year or oftener upon the rate of growth, the size and shape of the leaves and stems, the nature of markings and hairs, the time of flowering, and many other points which only a botanist can well describe. Beetles and other insects are also experimented with in the same way. In some cases the transplanted species will not grow at all; in others they are dwarfed, or show no change. This is exactly what one would expect. It is surprising, however, to find that often plants grow better under the new than under the old conditions. Much is said about the delicacy with which nature adjusts life to its environment, but evidently the adjustment is far from perfect. If it were perfect a plant would never grow better under a new environment than under that to which it is native.

The main purpose of the acclimatization stations is to raise the plants for many generations under a new environment. Then, if they show some change,



THE OLD AND THE NEW SPECIES OF RAIMANNIA ODORATA
Photograph by D. T. MacDougal

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ACCLIMATIZATION SHELTERS
In which experiments upon beetles are carried on at the Desert Laboratory

as many are sure to do, they will be taken back to the old environment or to still other conditions, and will be observed to see whether they retain their new characteristics. The entire process will take many years, but on its completion we shall have an answer to one of the most fundamental of all questions in evolution. Yet the answer will not be final. Suppose that it should prove that plants do acquire new characteristics under changed physical conditions, and that these characteristics become permanent and are passed on from generation to generation, no matter what the environment may be. We still need to know what has caused the change. Is it due to some difference in the chemical composition of the soil, to the effect of different conditions of light and heat upon the protoplasm, or to some other cause? If new characteristics are inherited, is it because changes in the main body of the plant affect the reproductive cells, or because the cells themselves are acted upon by outside agencies? Evidently there is room for endless study and experiment before we can answer all questions as to how evolution takes place.

The most striking part of the work of the Desert Laboratory is a series of experiments in actual evolution. For the first time in history man has consciously and successfully interfered with natural processes in such fashion as to cause the actual evolution of a new type of plant—a type which the systematic botanist would classify as belonging to a species different from that of the parent. The process of obtaining the new species has not been long, nor is it difficult, now that it is once understood. It is of tremendous significance because it inaugurates a new era in our study of the method by which, through the ages of the earth's history, type after type of plant and animal has arisen, only to disappear. The disappearance of species is easily accounted for by the great vicissitudes of climate and of distribution of land and sea to which the earth has been subject. Their origin is still shrouded in mystery, although it is the most vital of all problems in the evolution of life.

The process employed by Doctor MacDougal can be understood by any one. He has taken highly dilute solutions of zinc sulphate, potassium iodide, calcium nitrate, and other compounds, and has injected them into the ovaries of plants, previous to fertilization. The injection is performed by means of a hypodermic syringe. The solution penetrates into the various tissues of the ovary. It may or may not enter the ovules themselves. At any rate it completely surrounds them. Thus in growing down through the pistil to reach

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the ovules the pollen-tubes are obliged to pass through the solution. This causes a change of some sort, and the seeds produced by the union of the nuclei of the pollen and ovule possess certain qualities not belonging to either parent. Not one seed in perhaps ten thousand, however, gives rise to a new species. In the first place the process of injection often kills the entire ovary. In the second place the great majority of the ovules are not influenced by the solution, even if the ovary lives. If the solution is strong enough to insure an effect on all the ovules, it is almost sure to cause the death of the ovary as a whole. The few seeds actually transmuted by the solution are subject to all the ordinary vicissitudes which assail the processes of ripening, of rest through the winter, and of germination. Even then they still must grow to maturity with a host of unaffected seeds, for it may be that the new qualities will not become apparent until the time of flowering or fruiting. Moreover, many changes which cannot be detected without microscopic examination may occur in the structure or shape of the cells. The manipulation requisite in detecting these of course might kill the plants, even if the task were not itself almost impossible, when hundreds must needs be examined minutely to detect a single variant.

When all the vicissitudes in the life of the plant have been surmounted, and when the botanist has detected the individual which shows a visible variation from the parent type, the supreme test still remains. The seeds of the variant must be planted and carefully watched to see whether they produce plants of the old type or the new. If the old type reappears, the fact is of no special significance; if the new—then man has added incalculably to his power of controlling nature.

The difficulties of experimentation are so great that as yet only a few species have shown noteworthy results. Two of these are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The first series represents a plant known to botanists as *Œnothera biennis*. The photograph marked T shows the top view of a specimen of the original or "type" plant, and the one labelled D represents a new species or "derivative." In the type specimen the rosette of leaves is less close, and the leaves are more linear than in the other. The second photograph shows the under side of two similar plants. Here the differences are more evident than in the upper view. It is noticeable that while the midrib is prominent in both the type and the derivative, the subsidiary veins are more prominent in the derivative. Apparently they have become depressed, as it were, so that they are more prominent on the lower surface. Other changes have occurred, but do not show in the photographs because they pertain to such matters as the number and form of the hairs or other small prominences, or to still more minute matters of structure.

The photographs of *Raimannia odorata*, on another page, show a change much more striking than that of *Œnothera*. The original plant or type appears on the right. It is a relative of the evening-primrose. Its habit of growth is biennial. During the first year it produces a clump or rosette of leaves such as is illustrated in the photograph. The leaves are long and narrow and bear striking hairs of two forms. Doctor MacDougal treated ovaries of this plant with a highly dilute solution of zinc sulphate. Most of the seeds, as might be expected, either failed to germinate or produced plants essentially like the parents. In one case, however, the new type illustrated on the left of the two photographs of *Raimannia* was produced. This plant is an annual, whereas its parent was a biennial. In a single year it makes its entire growth, produces its flowers, as shown in the photograph, and dies; while the form from which it was derived requires two years for the completion of these processes. In various other respects the new type differs from the parent, notably in the complete absence of hairs.

One primary biological test of a species as distinguished from a mere variety is the ability to breed true. In other words, a real species continually reproduces its kind without notable variation, provided the conditions of growth remain constant. A mere variety, on the other hand, tends continually to revert to the parent type, and can be kept distinct only by continually weeding out the individ-

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THE SCENERY OF THE DESERT
Giant cacti and palo-verde trees

uals which show reversion. According to this test the species obtained by Doctor MacDougal are real species. *Œnothera* has now been cultivated for six or more generations, and the derivative still retains its characteristics and shows no tendency to revert to the parent type. Another test whereby a species is distinguished from a variety is found in the fact that under natural conditions distinct species rarely hybridize, while varieties hybridize indefinitely. If black corn be planted beside a white variety, the pollen of one type will fertilize the ears of the other, as every one knows, and the result will be a mixture of white and black kernels upon a single cob. If corn and sorghum, on the contrary, are planted together, they will not mix, because they are distinct species. The new and the old forms of *Œnothera* have been grown together repeatedly, so close to one another that the branches interlock, but they do not readily mingle. In other words, the new form shows all the attributes of a genuine species. It remains to be seen whether experiments with other new forms will give the same results, but it seems highly probable.

The importance of Doctor MacDougal's discovery will appear greater with the lapse of time Hitherto in all our attempts to improve the quality of plants and animals we have been obliged to wait for some natural variation, produced by causes not yet understood, and then carefully to preserve the variant until it changes again in the desired direction. Now it appears as if man might soon be able to induce variation in plants almost at will. Where formerly only one seed in a million showed any distinct departure from the parental type, a thousand may now be made to possess new attributes. Mankind has suddenly acquired a new and untried weapon which may be of incalculable importance, not merely for good, but for ill. Poor judgment on the part of some experimenter may allow the evolution and escape of some useless grass of stunted growth and low food value, so hardy as to drive the valuable grasses from the hay-fields of a State. The risk of evil, however, is far outbalanced by the possibilities of good.

Let us turn back to the problem of obtaining a type of wheat adapted to highly arid conditions. By long and patient work the botanists of the Desert Laboratory and of other institutions for pure research are determining the type of root system, the form of shoot and leaf, the cellular structure, the chemical composition, and innumerable other qualities of the plants of the grass family which are most nearly al-

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lied to the wheat, and which at present grow in arid regions. Their work is demonstrating with scientific precision that such and such qualities must be induced in wheat to adapt it to desert conditions. Knowing this, the experimenter can intelligently go to work to induce variations and to originate new species. Those characterized by the desired qualities will be kept and made to vary further. Thus in a score of years it may be possible to accomplish that which now could scarcely be brought to pass in a thousand. It is no idle dream to hope that some day wheat or other useful grains may grow wherever grass now flourishes. The wonderful process of evolution, rightly directed, may ultimately double the food supply of the world.

The tale of man's conquest of nature is an old, familiar story. In the portion dealing with the desert a new chapter is now being written. For ages the world has seen men like the rancher from Kansas who passed us in the twilight with his tale of failing crops and straying cattle. Their pluck and endurance have won great victories, but in the end the rigors of the desert have defeated them, except where streams from the mountains furnish verdure and life. Their cry has gone up for succor, and the country has answered with great irrigating dams and ditches on the one hand, and with experiment stations on the other. But those who build the dams are the first to tell us that the total supply of water, both above ground and below, is so small that scarcely a tenth of the land can ever be adequately watered; and those who experiment with crops know that their knowledge of how plants grow is so slight that half their work is in the dark. And so there is another cry, much fainter than the first because only the far-seeing realize how great is the need. That cry demands pure knowledge apart from any practical result. To obtain that knowledge is the work of the Laboratory. Part of what is learned may help the world materially to-morrow, and part may remain unused for a hundred years, or may never be used except as a step toward some other phase of truth. Yet even so its value is incalculable. The very fact of the existence of the Desert Laboratory will stir ten men to think where one man thought before.

A Song in April

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

SUN!—and the rush of the rain
Swift through the lilac lane;
The joy o' the world and the grief o' the world
Beat at my window-pane.

Love!—and the ancient tears;
Hope!—and a hundred fears.
The light o' the world and the dark o' the world,
They follow us down the years.

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The Soul of Mervisaunt

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

IT is a tale which they narrate in Poictesme, telling how love began between Perion of the Forest, that was a captain of mercenaries, and young Mervisaunt, who was a king's sister. They tell also how these two parted, since there was no remedy, and policy demanded she should wed the Earl of Dyvniant.

Then Perion fitted out a ship and sailed with his retainers to seek desperate service under the harried Kaiser of the Romans.

This venture was ill-fated, since, as the Free Companions were passing not far from Masillia, their vessel being at the time becalmed, they were attacked by three pagan galleys under the admiralty of the proconsul Demetrios. For Perion's men, who fought so hardily on land, were novices at sea. They were powerless against an adversary who, from a great distance, showered liquid fire upon their vessel.

In such fashion Demetrios took some thirty prisoners, and made slaves of all save Ahasuerus the Jew, whom he released on being informed of the lean man's religion. It was a customary boast of this Demetrios that he made war on Christians only.

And presently, as Perion had commanded, Ahasuerus came to Mervisaunt.

The princess sat in a high chair, the back of which was capped with a big lion's head in brass. It gleamed above her head, but was less glorious than her bright hair.

Ahasuerus made dispassionate report. "Thus painfully I have delivered, as my task was, these fine messages concerning Faith and Love and Death and so on. Touching their rationality I may reserve my own opinion. I am merely Perion's echo. Do I echo madness?—This madman was my loved and honored master once, a lord without any peer in the fields where men contend in battle. To-day those sinews which preserved a throne are dedicated to the transportation of luggage. Grant it is laughable. I do not laugh."

"And I lack time to weep," said Mervisaunt.

So, when the Jew had told his tale and gone, young Mervisaunt arose and went into a chamber painted with the histories of Jason and Medea, where her brother the King Uricyns hid many jewels, such as had not their fellows in Christendom.

She did not hesitate. She knew that Perion was in captivity and might not look for aid from any person living save herself.

She gathered in a blue napkin such emeralds as would ransom a pope. She cut short her marvellous hair and disguised herself in all things as a man, and under cover of the ensuing night slipped from the castle. At Manneville she found a Venetian ship bound homeward with a cargo of swords and armor.

She hired herself to the captain of this vessel as a servant, calling herself Jocelin Gaignars. She found no time wherein to be afraid or grieve for the estate she was relinquishing so long as Perion lay in danger.

Thus the young Jocelin, though not without much hardship and odd by-ends of adventure here irrelevant, came with time's course into a land of sunlight and much wickedness where Perion was.

There the boy found in what fashion Perion was living and won the dearly purchased misery of seeing him, from afar, in his deplorable condition, as Perion went through the outer yard of Nacumera laden with chains and carrying great logs toward the kitchen. This befell when Jocelin had come into the hill country, where the eyry of Demetrios blocked a crag-hung valley as snugly as a stone chokes a gutter-pipe.

Young Jocelin had begged an audience of this heathen lord and had obtained

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it—though he did not know as much—with ominous facility.

Demetrios lay on a divan within the Court of Stars, through which you passed from the fortress into the Women's Garden and the luxurious prison where he kept his wives. He was of burly person, which he by ordinary, as to-day, adorned resplendently; of a stature little above the common size and disproportionately broad as to his chest and shoulders. His eyes were large and insolent, colored like onyxes; and for the rest, he had a handsome surly face which was disfigured by pimples.

He did not speak at all while Jocelin explained his errand was to ransom Perion. Then, "At what price?" Demetrios said, without any sign of interest; and Jocelin, with many encomiums, displayed his emeralds.

"Ay, they are well enough," Demetrios agreed. "But then I have a superfluity of jewels." He leisurely unfastened the great chrysoberyl, big as a hen's egg, which adorned his fillet. "Look you, this is of a far more beautiful green than any of your trinkets. I think it is as valuable also, because of its huge size. Moreover, it turns red by lamplight—red as blood. That is an admirable color. And yet I do not value it. I think I do not value anything. So I will make you a gift of this big colored pebble if you desire it, because your ignorance amuses me. Most people know Demetrios is not a merchant. He does not buy and sell. That which he has he keeps, and that which he desires he takes."

The boy was all despair. He did not speak. He was very handsome as he stood in that still place where everything excepting him was red and gold.

"You do not value my poor chrysoberyl? You value your friend more? It is a page out of Theocritos—when there were golden men of old, when friends gave love for love. And yet I could have sworn— Come now, a wager," purred Demetrios. "Show your contempt of this bauble to be as great as mine by throwing it, say, into the gallery, for the next passer-by to pick it up—and I will credit your sincerity. Do that and I will even name my price for Perion."

The boy obeyed him without hesitation. Turning, he saw the horrid change in the intent eyes of Demetrios, and he quailed before it. But instantly that flare of passion flickered out.

Demetrios gently said: "A bargain is a bargain. My wives are beautiful, but their caresses annoy me as much as formerly they pleased me. I have long thought it would perhaps amuse me if I had a Christian wife with eyes like violets and hair like gold and of a plump white person. One tires so soon of ebony and amber. Procure me such a wife and I will willingly release this Perion and all his fellows who are yet alive."

"But, seignor"—and the boy was shaken now—"you demand of me an impossibility."

"I am so hardy as to think not. And my reason is that a man throws from the elbow only, but a woman with her whole arm."

There fell a silence now.

"Why, look you, I deal fairly, though. Were such a woman here—Demetrios of Anatolia's guest—I verily believe I would not hinder her departure, as I might easily do. For there is not a person within many miles of this place who considers it wholesome to withstand me. Yet were this woman purchasable, I would purchase. And—if she refused—I would not hinder her departure; but very certainly I would put Perion to the Torment of the Water-drops. It is so droll to see a man go mad beneath your eyes, I think that I would laugh and quite forget the woman."

She said, "O God, I cry to You for justice!"

He answered: "My good girl, in Nacumera the wishes of Demetrios are justice. But we waste time. You desire to purchase one of my belongings? So be it. I will hear your offer."

Just once her hands had gripped each other. Her arms fell now as if they had been drained of life. She spoke in a dull voice. "I offer Mervisaunt that was a princess. I cry a price for red lips and bright eyes and a fair woman's tender body without any blemish. I cry a price for youth and happiness and honor. These you may have for playthings, seignior, with everything which I possess, except my heart, for that is dead."

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Demetrios asked, "Is this true speech?"

She answered: "It is as sure as Love and Death. I know that nothing is more sure than these, and I praise God for it."

He chuckled, saying, "Platitudes break no bones."

On the next day were the chains filed from Perion de la Forêt and all his fellows, save the nine unfortunates whom Demetrios had appointed to fight with lions a month before this, when he had entertained the Soldan of Bacharia. These men were bathed and perfumed and richly clad. A galley of the proconsul's fleet conveyed them toward Italy and set the twoscore slaves of yesterday ashore not far from Naples. The captain of the galley on departure left with Perion a blue napkin, wherein were wrapped large emeralds and a bit of parchment as well.

It read:

"*Not these, but the body of Mervisaunt, that was once a princess, purchased your bodies. Yet these will buy you ships and men and swords with which to storm my house where Mervisaunt now is. Come if you will and fight with Demetrios of Anatolia for that brave girl who loved a porter as all loyal men should love their Maker and customarily do not. I think it would amuse us.*"

Then Perion stood by the languid sea which severed him from Mervisaunt and cried: "O God, that has permitted this hard bargain, trade now with me! now barter with me, O Father of us all! That which a man has I will give."

He stood in the clear sunlight with no more wavering in his face than you may find in the next statue's. Both hands strained toward the blue sky, as though he made a vow. If so, he did not break it.

And now no more of Perion. At the same hour young Mervisaunt, wrapped all about with a flame-colored veil and crowned with marjoram, was led by a spruce boy toward a threshold, over which Demetrios lifted her, while many people sang in a strange tongue. And then she paid her pitiable ransom.

Now Mervisaunt abode in the house of Demetrios, whom she had not seen since the morning after he had wedded her. A month had passed. As yet she could not understand the language of her fellow prisoners, but Halaon, a eunuch who had once served a cardinal in Tuscany, informed her the proconsul was in the west provinces, where an invading force had landed under Ayrart de Montors.

A month had passed. She woke one night from dreams of Perion—what else should women dream of?—and found the same Ahasuerus that had brought her news of Perion's captivity, so long ago, attendant at her bedside.

He seemed a prey to some half-scornful mirth. In speech, at least, the man was of entire discretion. "The Splendor of the World desires your presence, madame." Thus the Jew blandly spoke.

She cried, aghast at so much treachery, "You had planned this!"

He answered: "I plan always. Oh, certainly I must weave always as the spider does. Meanwhile time passes. I, like you, am now the servitor of Demetrios. I am his factor now at Calonak. I buy and sell. I estimate ounces. I earn my wages. Who forbids it?" Here the Jew shrugged. "And to conclude, the Splendor of the World desires your presence, madame."

He seemed to get much joy of this mouth-filling periphrasis as sneeringly he spoke of their common master.

Now Mervisaunt, in a loose robe of green Coan stuff shot through and through with a radiancy like that of copper, followed the thin, smiling man. She came thus with bare feet into the Court of Stars, where the proconsul lay on the divan as though he had not ever moved from there.

Real stars were overhead, so brilliant and (it seemed) so near they turned the fountain's jet into a spurt of melting silver. The moon was set, but there was a flaring lamp of iron high as a man's shoulder yonder where Demetrios lay.

"Stand close to it, my wife," said the proconsul, "in order I may see my newest purchase very clearly." And she obeyed him; and esteemed the sacrifice, however unendurable, which bought for Perion the chance to serve God and his love for her by valorous and commendable actions to be no cause for grief.

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"I think with those old men who sat upon the walls of Troy," he said, and laughed because his voice had shaken so. "Meanwhile I have returned from crucifying a hundred of your fellow worshippers," Demetrios continued. His speech had an odd sweetness. "Ey yes, I conquered at Yroga. It was a good fight. My horse's hoofs were red at its conclusion. My surviving opponents I consider to have been deplorable fools when they surrendered, for people die less painfully in battle. There was one fellow, who hung six hours upon a palm tree, always turning his head from one side to the other. It was amusing."

She answered nothing.

"And I was wondering always how I would feel were you nailed in his place. It was curious I should have thought of you. But your white flesh is like the petals of a flower. I suppose it is as readily destructible. I think you would not long endure."

"I pray God hourly that I may not!" said tense Mervisaunt.

He was a little pleased to have wrung even one cry of anguish from this lovely effigy. He motioned her to him and laid one hand upon her. He gave a gesture of distaste. "No, you are not afraid. However, you are very beautiful. I thought that you would please me more when your gold hair had grown a trifle longer. There is nothing in the world so beautiful as golden hair. Its beauty weathers even the commendation of poets."

No power of motion seemed to be in this white girl, but certainly you could detect no fear. The prospect was alluring. The gross man began to chuckle as water pours from a jar.

"Decidedly I shall get much mirth of you. Go back to your own rooms. I had thought the world afforded no adversary and no game worthy of Demetrios. I have found both. Therefore, go back to your own rooms," he gently said.

On the next day was Mervisaunt installed in more magnificent apartments, and thereafter lived to all appearances the favorite among the proconsul's wives. It must be recorded of Demetrios that thenceforth he scrupulously avoided even to touch her hand. "I have purchased your body," he proudly said, "and I have taken seizin. I find I do not care for anything which can be purchased."

It may be that the man was never sane; it is indisputable that the mainspring of his least action was an inordinate pride. Here he had stumbled upon something which made of Demetrios of Anatolia a temporary discomfort, which bedwarfed the utmost reach of his illdoing into the teasings of a gnat; and perception of this fact worked in him like a poisonous ferment. To beg or once again to pillage he thought equally unworthy of himself. "Let us have patience." It was not easily said so long as this fair Frankish woman dared to entertain a passion which Demetrios could not comprehend, and of which Demetrios was—and knew himself to be—incapable.

He had his proven theories, his cunning, and, chief of all, an appreciation of her beauty as his henchwomen. She had her memories and her clean heart. They duelled thus accoutred.

Meanwhile his other wives peered from screened alcoves at these two and duly hated Mervisaunt; thrice had Callistion —the first wife of the proconsul and the mother of his elder son—attempted the life of Mervisaunt; and thrice had Demetrios spared the woman at Mervisaunt's entreaty. For Mervisaunt (out of her own experience very soon) could understand that it was love of Demetrios, rather than hate of her, which drove the Dacian virago to extremities.

Ahasuerus came and went at will. Nothing was known concerning this soft-treading furtive man except by the proconsul, who had no confidants. By his decree Ahasuerus was an honored guest at Nacumera. And always the Jew's eyes when Mervisaunt was near him were as expressionless as the eyes of a snake, which do not ever change.

Once she had told Demetrios that she feared Ahasuerus.

"But I do not fear him, though I have larger reason. For I alone of all men living know the truth concerning this same Jew. Therefore, it amuses me to think he is my factor and ciphers over my accounts." And Demetrios laughed, but told her nothing more.

So Mervisaunt abode among these odi-

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ous persons as a lily which is rooted in mire. She was a prisoner always, and when Demetrios came to Nacumera—which fell about irregularly, for now arose much fighting between the Christians and the pagans—a gem which he uncased, admired, curtly exulted in, and then, jeering at those hot wishes in his heart, locked up untouched when he went back to warfare. To her the man was uniformly kind, if with a sort of sneer she could not understand. Pride spurred him on as witches ride their dupes to a foreknown destruction. "Let us have patience," he would say.

Demetrios often brought her news of Perion in that locked palace where no echo of the outer world might penetrate except at the proconsul's will. He told her, with an unfeigned admiration, of how Perion had gathered another company of Free Companions, and had ridden through many kingdoms, at adventure, serving many lords, and always fighting applaudably; and of how in time this Perion of the Forest had wedded a fair Veronese lady, and had begotten two lusty children, and now lived blessed with wealth in his far barony.

"He has forgot you, Mervisaunt, as a wise man will always put aside the dreams of his youth. Yet you do not forget."

"I know not of this Perion you tell me of. I only know the Perion I loved has not forgotten," answered Mervisaunt.

And Demetrios, evincing a twinge like that of gout, demanded her reasons. It was a May morning, very hot and still, and they sat, as was Demetrios's self-tormenting custom, in the Court of Stars.

Said Mervisaunt:

"It is very likely that the Perion men know to-day has forgotten me and one slight service which I joyed to render him. I pray for old sake's sake he and his lady may taste of every prosperity. Indeed, I do not envy her. Rather I pity her, because last night I wandered through a certain forest hand in hand with a young Perion, whose excellencies she will never know as I know them in our own woods."

Said Demetrios, "Do you console yourself with dreams?" The swart man grinned.

"Nay, but our woods are very beautiful. For it is always twilight in these woods, and the light there is neither green nor gold, but both intermingled. It is like a friendly cloak for all who have been unhappy, even very long ago. Iseult is there, and Thisbe, too, and many others, and they never weep, because they are not severed from their lovers now."

Said Demetrios, "Do you console yourself with madness?" He showed no sign of mirth.

"Ah no, the Perion she knows is but a man—a very happy man, I pray of God and all His saints. I am the luckier, who may not ever lose the Perion that to-day is mine alone. I may not grieve so long as no one else dares enter into our own woods."

"Now go," said the proconsul when she had done, and he had noted her soft, deep, devoted gaze at one who was not there; "now go before I slay you!" And this new Demetrios whom she then saw was featured like a devil in sore torment.

Wonderingly Mervisaunt obeyed him.

Thought Mervisaunt, who was too proud to show her anguish:

"I could have borne aught else, but this I am too cowardly to bear without complaint. I can only weep that I, robbed of all joy and with no children to bewail me, must travel very tediously toward death, a maiden cursed by fate, while she laughs with her children. She has two children, as Demetrios reports. I think the boy must be the more like Perion. I think she must be very happy when she lifts that boy into her lap."

Thus Mervisaunt; and her full-blooded husband was not much the more light-hearted. He went away from Nacumera shortly, in a shaking rage which robbed him of his hands' control, intent to kill and pillage, and, in fine, to make all other persons share his misery.

And then one day, when the proconsul had been absent some six weeks, Ahasuerus fetched Dame Mervisaunt into the Court of Stars. Demetrios lay upon the divan supported by many pillows, as though he had not ever moved since that first day when an unfettered Mervisaunt, who was a princess then, exulted in her youth and comeliness.

"Stand there," he said, and did not

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move at all, "that I may see my purchase."

And presently he smiled, though wryly. "Of my own will I purchased misery. Yea, and death also. It is amusing. Two days ago, in a brief skirmish, a league north of Calonak, the Frankish leader met me for the first time hand to hand. He has endeavored to bring this about for a long while. I also wished it. Nothing would be sweeter than to feel the horse beneath me wading in his blood, I thought. Ey well, he dismounted me at the first encounter, though I am no weakling. In fine, it would appear he broke my backbone as one snaps a straw, since I cannot move a limb of me below the shoulders."

"Seignior," said Mervisaunt, "you mean that you are dying!"

He answered: "It is a trivial discomfort, now I see that it grieves you a little."

She spoke his name some three times, sobbing. It was in her mind even then how strange that she should grieve for Demetrios.

"O Mervisaunt," he harshly said, "let us have done with lies. That Frankish captain who has brought about my death is Perion de la Forêt. For years this duel has endured. Your emeralds paid for his first armament.—Why, yes, I lied. I always hoped the man would do as in his place I would have done. I hoped in vain. For many long and hard-fought years this handsome maniac has been assailing Nacumera, and tirelessly."

"And why?" said Mervisaunt. A glorious change had come into her lovely face.

"Because of you. Oh, I had taken pains that you should never know. The love this man bears for you," snarled Demetrios, "is sprung of the High God whom we diversely worship. The love I bear you is only human, since I, too, am only human." And Demetrios chuckled. "Talk, and talk, and talk! There is no bird in any last year's nest."

She laid her hand upon his unmoved hand, and found it cold and swollen. She wept to see the broken tyrant, who to her at least had been not all unkind.

He said, with a great hunger in his eyes: "And so likewise ends the long duel which was fought between us two. I would salute the victor if I might. Ey, Mervisaunt, I still consider you and Perion are fools. We have a not intolerable world to live in, and common sense demands we make the most of every tidbit it affords. Yet you dare find in it only an exercising-ground for an infatuation, and in all its contents—pleasures and pains alike—so many obstacles for rapt insanity to override. I cannot understand this mania; I would I might have known it, none the less. Always I envied you more than I loved you. Always my desire was less to win the love of Mervisaunt than to love Mervisaunt as Mervisaunt loved Perion. I was incapable of this. Yet I have loved you. That was the reason, I believe, I put aside my purchased toy." It seemed to puzzle him.

"Fair friend, it is the most honorable of reasons. You have done knightlily. In this, at least, you have done that which would be not unworthy of Perion de la Forêt." A woman never avid of strained subtleties, it may be that she never understood, quite, why he laughed.

He said: "I mean to serve you now, as I had always meant to serve you some day. But to see, and writhe at, your perfection has meant so much to me that I could not—" The man grimaced. "My son Orestes, who will presently succeed me, has been summoned. I will order that he conduct you forthwith into Perion's camp—yonder by Quesiton. I think I shall not live three days."

"I would not leave you, friend, until—"

His grin was commentary and completion equally. "A dead dog has no teeth wherewith to serve even virtue. Nay, but my women hate you far too greatly. You must go straightway—to this Perion—while Demetrios of Anatolia is alive, or else not ever go."

She had no words. She wept, and less for joy of winning home to Perion at last than for her grief that Demetrios was dying. And, woman-like, she could remember only that the man had loved her. And, woman-like, she could but wonder at the strength of Perion.

Then Demetrios said: "I must depart into a doubtful exile. I have been powerful and valiant, I have laughed loud, I have drunk deep, but Heaven no longer wishes Demetrios to exist.

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"Chiefly I grieve because I must leave Mervisaunt behind me, in a perilous land, abandoned to the mercy of all those who wish her ill. I was a noted warrior, I was mighty of muscle, and stoutly could I have defended her. But I lie broken in the hand of Destiny. It is necessary I depart into the place where sinners, whether crowned or ragged, must seek for unearned mercy. I bid farewell to all that I have loved; and so in chief of you, dear Mervisaunt, I crave farewell and pardon.

"O eyes and hair and lips of Mervisaunt, that I have loved so long, I do not hunger for you now. Yet, as a dying man, I cry to the clean soul of Mervisaunt—the only adversary that in all my lifetime I who was once Demetrios could never conquer. Conquered and impotent, I cry to you, O soul of Mervisaunt, for pity and for pardon."

She gave him both—she who was prodigal of charity. Orestes came, Ahasuerus smiling at his heels, and Demetrios sent Mervisaunt into the Women's Garden, so that father and son might talk together. She waited in this place for a half-hour, just as the proconsul had commanded her, and consciously obeying him for the last time.

It was not gladness which she knew in this brief while. Rather, it was a strange new comprehension of the world. Here was a world created by Eternal Love that people might serve love in it not all unworthily.

She did not dare to think of seeing Perion again. She only made a little song in her clean heart because of him, which had not any words to it, so that I cannot here retail this song.

Thus Mervisaunt, who knew that Perion loved her. Then Mervisaunt went back into the Court of Stars.

And as she entered, Orestes lifted one of the red cushions from Demetrios's face. The eyes of Ahasuerus, who stood negligently by, were as expressionless as the eyes of a snake.

"The great proconsul laid an inconvenient mandate upon me," said Orestes. "The great proconsul has been removed from us in order that his splendor might enhance the glories of Elysium."

She saw that the young man had smothered his own father in the flesh as he lay helpless; and knew thereby he was indeed the son of Demetrios.

"Go," this Orestes said thereafter, "go, and remember I am master here."

Said Mervisaunt: "And by which door?" A little hope there was as yet.

But he, as half in shame, had pointed to the entrance of the Women's Garden. "I have no enmity against you, outlander. Yet my mother desires to talk with you. Also there is some bargaining to be completed with Ahasuerus here."

Then Mervisaunt knew what had prompted the proconsul's murder. It seemed unfair Callistion should hate her with such bitterness; yet she remembered certain thoughts concerning Perion's wife; and did not wonder at Callistion's mania half so much as did Callistion's son.

"I must endure discomfort and it may be torture for a little longer," said Mervisaunt, and laughed whole-heartedly. "Oh, but to-day I find a cure for every ill," said Mervisaunt; and thereupon she left Orestes as a princess should.

But first she knelt by that which yesterday had been her master. "I have no word of praise or blame to give you in farewell. You were not admirable, O my husband. But you depart alone upon a fearful journey, and in my heart there is just memory of the long years wherein according to your fashion you were kind to me. A bargain is a bargain. I sold with open eyes that which you purchased. I may not reproach you.

"Only I pray that you may know I am the happiest woman in the world, because I think this knowledge would now gladden you. I go to slavery where I was queen, I go to hardship, and it may be that I go to death. But I know this assuredly—that love endures, that the strong knot which unites my heart and Perion's can never be untied. Oh, living is a higher thing than you or I had dreamed! And I have in my heart just pity, O Demetrios, for you who never found the love I must endeavor to be worthy of. A curse was I to you unwillingly, as you—I now believe—have been to me. So at the last I turn anew to bargaining and cry—in your deaf ears —*Pardon for pardon, O Demetrios!*"

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Then Mervisaunt kissed pitiable lips, which would not ever sneer again, and, rising, passed into the Women's Garden, proudly and unafraid.

Ahasuerus shrugged so patiently that she was half afraid. Then, as a cloud passes, she saw clearly that all further buffetings would of necessity be trivial. For Perion, as she now knew, was very near to her—single of purpose, clean of hands, and filled with such a love as thrilled her with delicious fears of her own poor unworthiness.

Dame Mervisaunt walked proudly through the Women's Garden, and presently entered a grove of orange trees, the most of which were at this season about their flowering. In this place was an artificial pool by which the trees were nourished. On its embankment sprawled the body of young Diophantus, a child of some ten years, Demetrios's son by Tryphera. Orestes had strangled him in order there might be no rival to Orestes's claims. The lad lay on his back, and his left arm hung elbow-deep in the water, which swayed it gently.

Callistion sat beside the corpse and stroked its limp right hand. She had hated the boy throughout his brief and merry life. She thought now of his likeness to Demetrios.

She raised the dilated eyes of one who has just come from a dark place. "And so Demetrios is dead. I thought I would be glad when I said that. Hah, it is strange I am not glad." She rose, as with hard effort, as a decrepit person might have done. "Now, through my son, I reign in Nacumera. There is no person who dares disobey me. Therefore, come close to me that I may see the beauty which besotted this Demetrios whom, I think now, I must have loved."

"Oh, gaze your fill," said Mervisaunt, "and know that had you possessed a tithe of it you might have held the heart of Demetrios." For it was in her mind to provoke the woman into killing her ere worse befell.

But Callistion only studied the proud face for a long while and knew there was no lovelier person between two seas. "No, I was not ever as beautiful as you. Yet this Demetrios loved me when I, too, was young. You never saw the man in battle. I saw him single-handed fight with Abradas and the three other knaves who stole me from my mother's home—oh, very long ago! He killed all four of them. He was like a horrible unconquerable god when he turned from that finished fight to me. He kissed me then—blood-smeared, just as he was. I like to think of how he laughed and of how strong he was."

The woman turned and crouched by the dead boy and seemed painstakingly to appraise her own reflection on the water's surface. "It is gone now, the comeliness Demetrios was pleased to like. I would have entered hell—and singing—rather than let his little finger ache. He knew as much. Only it seemed a trifle because your eyes were bright and your fair skin unwrinkled. In consequence the man is dead. Oh, Mervisaunt, I wonder why I am so sad!"

Her meditative eyes were dry, but those of Mervisaunt were not. The girl came to the Dacian woman and put one arm about her in that dim sweet-scented place. "I never meant to wrong you."

Callistion did not seem to heed. "See now! Do you not see the difference between us!" These two knelt side to side by this, and either looked into the water.

Callistion said: "I do not wonder that Demetrios loved you. He loved at odd times many women. He loved the mother of this carrion here. But afterward he would come back to me, and lie all sprawling at my feet with his big crafty head between my knees; and I would stroke his hair, and we would talk of the old days when we were young. He never spoke of you. I cannot pardon that."

"I know," said Mervisaunt. Their cheeks touched now.

"There is one master who could teach you that drear knowledge—"

"There is but one, Callistion."

"He would be tall, I think. He would, I know, have thick, brown, curling hair. His face would be all pink and white like yours—"

"Nay, tanned like yours, Callistion. Oh, he is like an eagle, very resolute. His glance bedwarfs you. I used to be afraid to look at him, even when I saw how foolishly he loved me—"

"I know," Callistion said. "All women know. Ah, we know many things—"

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She reached with her free arm across the body of Diophantus and presently dropped a stone into the pool. "See how the water ripples. There is not any trace now either of my poor face or of your beauty. All is as wavering as a man's heart. And now your beauty is regathering like colored mists. Yet I have other stones."

"Oh, and the will to use them!" said Dame Mervisaunt.

"For this bright thieving beauty is not any longer yours. It is mine now, to do with as I will—as yesterday it was the plaything of Demetrios. Why, no! I think I will not kill you. I have at hand three very cunning Cheylas—the men who carve and reshape children into such droll monsters. They cannot change your eyes, they tell me. It is a pity, but I can have one plucked out. Then I will watch them as they widen your mouth from ear to ear, take out the cartilage from your nose, wither your hair till it will always be like rotted hay, and turn your skin—which is like velvet now—the color of baked mud. They will as deftly strip you of that beauty which has robbed me as I pluck up this blade of grass! Oh, they will make you the most hideous of living things, they assure me. Otherwise, as they agree, I shall kill them. This done, you may go freely to your lover. I fear, though, lest you may not love him as I loved Demetrios."

And Mervisaunt said nothing.

"For all we women know, my sister, our appointed curse. To love the man and know the man loves just the lips and eyes Youth lends to us—oho for such a little while! Yes, it is cruel. And therefore we are cruel—always in thought and, when occasion offers, in the deed."

And Mervisaunt said nothing. For of that mutual love she shared with Perion, so high and splendid that it made of grief a music, and wrung a new sustainment out of every cross, as men get cordials of bitter herbs, she knew there was no comprehension here.

Orestes came into the garden with Ahasuerus and nine other attendants. The master of Nacumera did not speak a syllable while his retainers seized Callistion, gagged her, and tied her hands with cords. They silently removed her. One among them bore on his shoulders the slim corpse of Diophantus, which was burned on the same afternoon (with every appropriate ceremony) in company with that of his father. Orestes had the nicest sense of etiquette.

This series of swift actions was performed with such a glib precipitancy it was as though the deed had been rehearsed a score of times. The garden was all drowsy peace now that Orestes spread his palms. A little distance from him Ahasuerus with his forefinger drew designs upon the water's surface which appeared to amuse him.

"She would have killed you, Mervisaunt," Orestes said, "though all Olympos had marshalled in interdiction. That would have been irreligious. Moreover, by Hercules! I have not time to choose sides between snarling women. He who hunts with cats will catch mice. I aim more highly. And besides, by an incredible forced march, this Perion of the Forest and all his Free Companions are battering at the gates of Nacumera—"

Hope blazed. "You know that were I harmed he would spare no one. Your troops are all at Calonak. Oh, God is very good!" said Mervisaunt.

"I do not asperse the deities of any nation. It is unlucky. Yet your desires outpace your reason. For grant that I have not more than fifty men to defend the garrison, yet Nacumera is impregnable except by starvation. We can sit snug a month. Meanwhile our main force is at Calonak undoubtedly. Yet my infatuated father has already recalled these troops in order they might escort you into Perion's camp. Now I shall use these knaves quite otherwise. They will arrive within two days, and to the rear of Perion, who is encamped before an impregnable fortress. To the front unscalable walls, and behind him at a moderate computation three swords to his one. All this in a valley from which Dædalus might possibly escape, but certainly no other man. I count this Perion of the Forest as already dead."

It was a lumbering Orestes who had proclaimed each step in his enchained deductions by the descent of a blunt forefinger upon the palm of his left hand. Demetrios had left a son but not an heir.

Yet the chain held. She tested every

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link and found each obdurate. She foresaw it all. Her Perion would necessarily be surrounded and overpowered. "And these troops come from Calonak because of me!"

"Things fall about with an odd patness, as you say. It should teach you not to talk about divinities lightly. Also, by this Jew's advice, I mean to further their indisputable work. For you will appear upon the walls of Nacumera at dawn tomorrow in such a garb as you wore in your native country when Perion first saw you. Ahasuerus estimates he will not readily leave pursuit of you in that event, whatever his lieutenants urge, for you are very beautiful."

Mervisaunt cried aloud: "A bitter curse this beauty has been to me! ay, and to all men who have desired it."

"But I do not desire it," said Orestes. "Else I would not have sold it to Ahasuerus. I desire only the governorship of some province on the frontier where I may fight daily with stalwart adversaries and ride past the homes of conquered persons who hate me. Ahasuerus here assures me that the Emperor will not deny me such employment when I bring him the head of Perion. The raids of Perion have irreligiously annoyed our Emperor for a long while."

She muttered, "Thou that once wore a woman's body—!"

"And I take Ahasuerus to be shrewd in all respects save one. For he desires trivialities. A wise man knows that women are the sauce and not the meat of life; Ahasuerus, therefore, is not wise."

Here Orestes laughed. And thus the young man left them.

When he had gone the Jew remained unmoved. Only he continued to dabble his finger-tips in the water as one who meditates. Presently he dried them on either sleeve so that he seemed to embrace himself. "What instruments we use at need!"

She said: "So you have purchased me, Ahasuerus?"

"Ay, for a hundred and two minæ. It was a great sum. You are not as the run of women, though."

She did not speak. She was considering the beauty of this cloistered place wherein so many infamies writhed and contended like a nest of little serpents.

"Mervisaunt," the Jew harshly said, "I make no songs. My deeds must speak for me. Concede that I have labored patiently." He paused, and his lips smiled. His eyes were mirthless. "This mad Callistion's hate of you and of the Demetrios who had abandoned her was my first stepping-stone. By my advice a little wire was fastened very tightly around the fetlock of a certain horse, between the foot and the heel, and the hair was smoothed over it. Demetrios rode that horse in his last battle. It stumbled, and our terrible proconsul was thus brought to death. Callistion managed it. Thus I betrayed Demetrios."

She said, "You are too foul for hell to swallow." And he manifested indifference to this imputed defect.

"Thus far I had gone hand in hand with an insane Callistion. Now our ways parted. She desired only to be avenged on you, and very crudely. That did not suit my plan. I fell to bargaining. I purchased—O rarity of rarities!—with a little rational advice and much gold as well. Thus in due season I betrayed Callistion. Well! who forbids it?"

She said: "God is asleep. Therefore you live and I—alas!—must live for a while longer."

He returned: "There is a venerable adage concerning the buttering of parsnips. So I content myself with bidding you remember that I have not ever faltered. I shall not falter now. You loathe me. Who forbids it? I have known from the first you detested me, and have always considered your verdict to err upon the side of charity. Believe me, you will never loathe Ahasuerus as I do. And yet I coddle this poor knave sometimes—oh, as I do to-day!" he cried.

And thus they parted.

The manner of the torment of Mervisaunt was this: a little before dawn she was conducted by Ahasuerus and Orestes to the outermost turrets of Nacumera, which were now beginning to take form. Very suddenly a flash of light had flooded the valley, the big crimson sun was instantaneously apparent as though he had leaped over the bleeding night-mists.

Now Mervisaunt could see the long and narrow plain so far beneath her. It was overgrown with a coarse rippling grass,

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which mimicked rising waters from this distance, save where clumps of palm trees showed like islands. Farther off the tents of Perion were as the white, sharp teeth of a lion. Also she could see —and did not recognize—the helmet-covered head of Perion as he knelt in the wavering grass just out of bow-shot.

Now Perion could see a woman standing in the new-born sunlight under many gayly colored banners. The maiden was attired in a robe of sea-green silk, and around her neck was a collar of gold wherein were set large emeralds and pearls. Her hair blazed in the light, bright as the sunflower glows; her skin was whiter than milk, the down of a fledgling bird was not more grateful to the touch than were her hands. Whoso beheld her was fulfilled with love. This much could Perion know.

Thus Perion, who knelt in adoration of that listless girl, all green and silver, and gold, too, where her blown hair showed like a halo. Desirable and lovelier than words may express was Mervisaunt as she stood thus in lonely exaltation, and behind her glorious banners fluttered and the blue sky took on a deeper color. What Perion saw was like a church window when the sun shines through it. Ahasuerus perfectly understood the baiting of a trap.

Perion came unarmed into the open plain before the castle and called on her dear name three times. Then Perion, thus naked to his enemies, sung cheerily a song such as they term an aubade, which he had made in honor of Dame Mervisaunt when they were young and ignorant of misery. The song was no great matter, since the man excelled at sword-work rather than at rhyming; but the splendid futility of its performance amid such touch-and-go surroundings she considered to be august. And consciousness of his words' poverty, as Perion thus lightly played with death in order to accord her reverence, was to Dame Mervisaunt in her high martyrdom as is the twist of a dagger in an already fatal wound; and made her love augment.

Orestes spoke beside her. His voice disturbed her rapture, thinly, as that of a ghost, and she remembered now the bustling world was her antagonist.

"Assuredly," Orestes said, "this man is crazed. I will forthwith command my archers to despatch him in the middle of his caterwauling. For at this distance they cannot miss him."

But Ahasuerus said: "Nay, seignior, not by my advice. Slay Perion now, and his retainers will speedily abandon this desperate siege. But they will not retreat so long as the man lives and sways them, and we hold Mervisaunt, for, as you plainly see, this abominable reprobate is quite besotted with love of her. His death would win you praise; but the destruction of his armament will purchase you your province. Now in two days at most our troops will come, and then we will slay all the Free Companions."

So Orestes was ruled by him, and Perion, through no merit of his own, departed unharmed.

Then Mervisaunt was conducted to her own apartments; and eunuchs guarded her, while the battle was, and men she had not ever seen died by the score because her beauty was so great.

Now about sunset Mervisaunt knelt in her oratory and laid all her grief before the Virgin, imploring counsel.

This place was in reality a chapel which Demetrios had builded for her in exquisite enjoyment.

The sunlight shone on Mervisaunt through a richly colored window wherein were shown the sufferings of Christ and the two thieves. This siftage made a welter of glowing and intermingling colors all about her, above which her head shone with a clear halo.

This much Ahasuerus noted.

"You offer tears to Mary of Bethlehem. Yonder they are sacrificing a bull to Mithras. But I do not make either offering or prayer to any god. Yet of all persons in Nacumera I alone am sure of this day's outcome." Thus spoke the Jew Ahasuerus.

The woman rose. "What of the day, Ahasuerus?"

"It has been much like other days that I have seen. The sun rose without any perturbation. And now it sinks as usual. Oh, true, there has been fighting. The sky has been clouded with arrows, and horses, nicer than their masters, have screamed because they were appalled by so much blood."

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She said, "Is Perion hurt?"

"Is the dog quickly hurt that has driven a cat into a tree? Such I estimate to be the position of Orestes and Perion. Ah no, this Perion who was my captain once is as yet a lord without any peer in the fields where men contend in battle. But love has thrust him into a bag's end, and his fate is certain."

She spoke her steadfast resolution. "And my fate, too. For when this Perion is trapped and slain I mean to kill myself."

"I am aware of that," he said. "Oh, women have these notions! Yet at a pinch I think you would not dare. For I know your beliefs—"

Then Mervisaunt waited for a while. She spoke without any modulation. "And how should I fear hell who crave a bitterer fate! Nay, for this too is an old tale. I know that you desire me as a plaything very greatly. The infamy in which you wade attests as much. Yet you have schemed to no purpose if Perion dies, because the ways of death are always open. I would die many times rather than endure the touch of your finger. Ahasuerus, I have not any words wherewith to tell you of my loathing—"

"Turn then to bargaining," he said, and seemed aware of all her thoughts.

"Oh, to a hideous bargain. Let Perion be warned of those troops that will to-morrow outflank him. Let him escape. There is yet time. Do this, O hungry man, and I will live." She shuddered here. "Yes, I will live and be in all things obedient to you, my purchaser, until you shall have wearied of me, or at the least until God has remembered."

His careful eyes were narrowed. "You would bribe me as once you bribed Demetrios? and to the same purpose? I think that fate excels less in invention than in cruelty."

She bitterly said, "Heaven help me, and what other wares have I to vend!"

He answered: "None. No woman has in this black age; and therefore comfort you, my girl."

She hurried on. "Therefore anew I offer Mervisaunt that was a princess. I cry a price for red lips and bright eyes and a fair woman's tender body without any blemish. I have no longer youth and happiness and honor to afford you as your toys. These three have long been strangers to me. Oh, very long! Yet all I have I offer for one charitable deed. See now how near you are to victory. Think now how gloriously one honest act would show in you who have betrayed each overlord you ever served. Oh, judge how laughable the thing would seem, since laughter is your only god!"

He said: "I am suspicious of strange paths. My plan is fixed. I think I shall not alter it."

"Ah no! nay, think instead how beautiful I am. There is no comelier animal in all this big lewd world. Indeed, I cannot count how many men have died because I was a comely animal—" She smiled as one who is too tired to weep. "That, too, is an old tale. Now I—I that am Mervisaunt—abate my price, and very lamentably. For I am purchasable now just by one honest deed."

He returned: "You forget that a freed Perion would have a sonorous word or two to say. Demetrios was a dread lord. It cost him daily warfare to retain you. I who lack swords and castles—I who dare love you much as did Demetrios—why, in that event, I would retain neither Mervisaunt nor, very possibly, my own existence for an unconscionable while. Ah no! I bear my former general no grudge. I merely recognize that while Perion lives he will not ever leave pursuit of you. I would readily concede the potency of his spurs, even were there need to look on you a second time— It happens that there is no need! Meanwhile I am a quiet man and I abhor dissension. And for the rest, I do not think that you will kill yourself, and so I think I shall not alter my fixed plan."

He left her, and Mervisaunt prayed no more. To what end should she pray when there was no hope for Perion?

Into Mervisaunt's bedroom, about two o'clock in the morning, came Ahasuerus the Jew. She sat erect in bed and saw him cowering over a lamp which his long glistening fingers shielded, so that the lean face of the man floated upon a little golden pool in the darkness. She marvelled that this detestable countenance had not aged at all since her first sight of it.

He smoothly said: "Now let us talk.

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Painting by Howard Pyle

"I HAVE LOVED YOU FOR A GREAT WHILE, FAIR MERVISAUNT"

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I have loved you for a great while, fair Mervisaunt."

"You have desired me," she replied.

"Faith, I am but as other men. Why, what the devil! man may have Javeh's breath in him, but even Scripture proves that he was made of clay." He now puffed out his jaws as if in recollection. "*You are a handsome piece of flesh,* I thought once in Poictesme. I thought no more than this. And presently, because of an odd reason which I had, I served Demetrios willingly enough. He paid me well. So I arranged the bungling snare Demetrios proposed — too gross, I thought it, to trap any woman living. Ohé, and why should I not lay an open and frank springe for you?" he snarled. "Who else was a king's daughter, young, and blessed with wealth and honor and every other comfort which the world affords?" Now the Jew made as if to fling away a robe from his gaunt person. "And you cast this, all this, aside as nothing. I saw it done."

"Ah, but I did it to save Perion," she wisely said.

"Unfathomable liar," he returned, "you boldly bought of life the thing which you most earnestly desired. Nor Solomon nor Periander has won more. And thus I saw that which no other man has seen. *I* saw the wise and naked soul of Mervisaunt. And so I loved you, and I laid my plan—"

She said, "You do not know of love—"

"Yet I have builded him a temple!" the Jew sharply cried. He continued, with that old abhorrent acquiescence: "Now, a temple is admirable, but it is not builded until many laborers have dug and toiled waist-deep in dirt. Here, too, such spatterment seemed necessary. For you and Perion—oh, children lost upon a battle-field! I played, in fine. The high pride of Demetrios, the hatred of Callistion, and the ambition of Orestes—these were so many stops of that dire flute on which I played a deadly music. Who forbids it?"

She motioned him, "Go on." Now she was not afraid.

"Come then to the last note. You offer me a bargain: Save Perion and have my body as your chattel. I answer *Click!* The turning of a key solves all. Accordingly I have betrayed the castle of Nacumera. I have this night admitted Perion and his broad-shouldered men. They are killing Orestes yonder in the Court of Stars even while I talk with you." Ahasuerus laughed. "Oh, vanity! I needs must do the thing with some magnificence. Therefore I do not give this Perion a paltry life, I give him also victory and much throat-cutting and an impregnable rich castle. Have I not paid the price, fair Mervisaunt? Have I not demonstrably won God's masterpiece through a small wire, a purse, and a big key?"

She answered, "You have paid."

He said: "You will hold to your bargain? Ah, you have but to cry aloud, and you are rid of me. For this is Perion's castle."

She said: "Christ help me! You have paid the price."

And now the Jew raised his two hands in very horrible mirth. "Oh, I am almost tempted to praise God. Because of a word said you would arise and follow me on my dark ways if I commanded it. You will not weight the dice, not even at this pinch, when it would be so easy! For Perion is safe, and nothing matters any more. Again I see my Mervisaunt who is not just a pair of purple eyes and so much lovely flesh."

His face was as she had not ever known it now, and very tender.

"My way to victory is plain enough. And yet there is an obstacle! For I love Mervisaunt and not that handsome piece of flesh which all men—oh, and even Perion, I think!—have loved so long with laughable infatuation. Accordingly I had not ever designed that the edifice on which I labored should be the stable of my desire. Accordingly I played—and accordingly I give you Perion. I that am Ahasuerus win for you all which righteousness and honor had denied. I *give* you Perion— He would be about his butchery, I think, in the Court of Stars. I have retained my right to laugh."

Ahasuerus knelt, kissing her hand.

"Fair Mervisaunt, such abominable persons as Demetrios and I are fatally alike. We may deny, deride, deplore, or even hate, the sanctity of any noble lady accordingly as we elect; but there is for us no possible escape from worshipping it. Your wind-fed Perions, who will not

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ever acknowledge what sort of world we live in, are less quick to recognize the soul of Mervisaunt. Such is our sorry consolation. Oh, you do not believe me yet. You will believe. Meanwhile, O all-enduring and all-conquering! go now to your last labor; and—if my Brother dare concede as much—now conquer even Perion."

Then he had vanished. She never saw him any more.

She lifted the Jew's lamp. She bore it through the Women's Garden, wherein were many discomfortable shadows and no living being. She came to its outer entrance. Men were fighting there. She skirted a hideous conflict, and ascended an enclosed stairway which led toward the balcony about the Court of Stars.

Below her men were fighting. To the farther end of the court Orestes sprawled upon the red and yellow slabs—which now for the most part were red—and above him towered Perion of the Forest. The conqueror had turned to cleanse his sword upon the same divan Demetrios had occupied when Mervisaunt first saw the dead proconsul; and midway in the act he had perceived the common denizen of all his dreams. A tiny lamp glowed in her hand quite steadily.

"O Mervisaunt," said Perion, with a great voice, "my task is done. Come now to me."

She instantly obeyed whose only joy was to please Perion. Descending the enclosed stairway, she thought how like its gloom was to the fleet unhappiness she had passed through in serving Perion.

He stood a dripping statue, for he had fought horribly. She came to him, picking her way among the slain. He trembled who was fresh from slaying. A flood of torchlight surged and swirled about them, and within a stone's cast shouting men killed one another.

These two stood face to face and did not speak at all.

I think that they knew disappointment first. He looked to find a girl, and she a boy.

He found a woman, the possessor still of a compelling beauty. Oh yes, past doubt. She was a stranger to him, though, as he now knew with an odd sense of sickness. Thus, then, would end the lifelong quest of Mervisaunt. Their love had flouted Time and Fate. These had revenged this insolence, it seemed to Perion, by a ironical conversion of either rebel into another person. For this was not the girl whom he had loved in far red-roofed Poictesme; and he—as Perion for the first time perceived—was not and never could be any more the boy who had so magnanimously loved her.

Then Perion understood that their love was so great as to bedwarf consideration of the man and woman whom it swayed. He saw that this was reasonable. I cannot justify this knowledge. I cannot even word just what it was that Perion was made aware of in this while. For many men have seen the sunrise, but the serenity and awe and sweetness of this daily miracle, the huge assurance which it emanates that the beholder is both impotent and greatly loved, is not entirely an affair of the sky's color. And thus it was with Perion; he knew what he could not explain, he knew such joy and terror as he could not ever word.

Now he saw Mervisaunt for the first time.

I think he saw the lines already forming in her face, and knew that, but for him, this woman, naked now of gear and friends, had been to-night a queen among her own acclaiming people. I think he worshipped where he did not dare to love. The pity and the beauty of that world wherein High God had—scornfully?—thrust a smug Perion, seemed to the man, I think, unbearable. I think a new and higher love smote Perion as a sword strikes.

I think they did not speak because there was no scope for words. I know he knelt (incurious for once of even victory) before this stranger who both was and was not the fair Mervisaunt whom he had loved so long, and that all consideration of this lost young Mervisaunt had instantly departed from him, as mists leave our world when the sun rises.

I think that this was her high hour of triumph.

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Why Flying-Machines Fly

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ASK a scientist, "What is an aeroplane?" and he will reply, "Any flat or slightly curved surface propelled horizontally through the air." That, being merely a definition of a thing, and not an explanation of flight, tells little of what is most wonderful about a flying-machine. Time and time again we have all asked ourselves: Why is it that this combination of planes, propellers, motors, and rudders does not fall? Why is it that a machine many times heavier than the air stays aloft?

It is the air pressure beneath it, and its motion, that keep up a plane. If it is to remain in the air, an aeroplane must constantly move like a skater on thin ice. The skater must move fast enough to reach a new section of ice before he falls; the aeroplane must move fast enough to reach a new section of air before it falls. Both are constantly struggling with gravitation.

The simplest and most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. By holding it against the wind, or by running with it, if there happens to be only a gentle breeze, this oldest of flying-machines is kept aloft. Invent a substitute for the string, some device, in other words, which will enable you to hold the kite in the proper direction, and you have invented a flying-machine. The pull or the thrust of an engine-driven propeller is that substitute.

In order to steer the aeroplane, after it is launched, two sets of rudders are required. A steamboat is a vehicle that travels in two dimensions only; hence it requires only a single, vertical rudder, which serves to guide it from side to side. An aeroplane moves not only from side to side, but up and down as well; hence it is equipped not only with a vertical rudder similar to that of a steamboat, but also with a horizontal rudder, which serves to alter its course up or down, and which is becoming more widely known as an "elevator."

If only these simple principles were involved in a solution of the age-old problem of artificial flight, aeroplanes would have skimmed the air decades ago. Some way must also be found of starting the machine on its voyage through the atmosphere. Like a kite or a soaring bird, an aeroplane must rise in the very teeth of the wind. What is more, it must be in motion before it can fly. How this preliminary motion was to be obtained long baffled the flying-machine inventor. Eagles, condors, and other soaring birds launch themselves either by leaping from the limb of a tree or the edge of a cliff, or by running along the ground with wings outspread, until they have acquired sufficient speed. Many of us have disturbed wild ducks on the water and noticed them run along it, flapping their wings, for some distance, to get velocity before they can fly. A vulture can be confined in a small cage which is entirely open at the top, simply because he cannot make a preliminary run. The necessity of initial velocity is as great with an artificial flying-machine as it is with a bird.

With the gliders or motorless aeroplanes of Lilienthal, Pilcher, and Chanute, it was no difficult matter for the aeronaut to launch himself into the air. He simply carried his apparatus to the top of a hill, grasped the handle-bar, ran down the hill at top speed for a short distance, and then drew up his legs, like any bird. Thus he would slide down the air for several hundred feet as if upon an invisible track.

It is difficult to launch a ship, although gravity keeps it down upon the ways. Here the problem is much more difficult of solution. The aeroplane on the ground is as much out of its element as a feather that has fallen from a bird's wing. It is ready, like the feather, to obey any

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chance gust, and to fly hither and thither instead of in the direction intended. A ship glides into the water along definite ways, but there are no definite ways on which an aeroplane rises into the air. After repeated failures, Langley succeeded in launching his craft, somewhat as a ship is launched into the water, the machine resting on a car, which fell down at the end of a track, and released the aeroplane for its freer flight.

In their earlier experiments the Wright brothers employed an inclined track. The machine was placed upon a car which ran upon a single rail. By means of a falling weight, connected by ropes with the car, the machine was propelled down the rail at high speed and thus given its preliminary motion.

Even before the Wright brothers threw aside all secrecy and flew publicly in the United States and in France during the summer of 1908, Curtiss and Farman had made short flights on machines which were mounted on bicycle wheels. The machines would run on the wheels for several hundred feet before leaping into the air. So successful has this system been that in somewhat improved form it is embodied in every successful aeroplane. Even the Wright brothers, who long persisted in using the starting-rail in the face of the obvious advantages of wheels, have followed the example of their rivals.

Once in the air, the pilot must see to it that he keeps his balance so that the aeroplane will glide on an even keel, an art so difficult that even a hawk sways from side to side as he soars, in the constant effort to steady himself, like an acrobat on a tight rope. An aeroplane has weight; that is, it is always falling. It is kept aloft because the upward air pressure is greater than the falling force. The weight or falling tendency is theoretically concentrated in a point known as the "centre of gravity." Opposed to this gravitative tendency is the upward pressure of the air against the under surface of the plane, which effect is theoretically concentrated in a point known as the "centre of air pressure." Gravitation (weight) is constant; the air pressure, because of the many puffs and gusts of which even a zephyr is composed, is decidedly inconstant. Hence, while the centre of gravity remains in approximately the same place, the centre of air pressure is more restless than a drop of quicksilver on an unsteady glass plate.

The whole art of maintaining the side-to-side balance of an aeroplane consists in keeping the centre of gravity and the centre of air pressure on the same vertical line. If the centre of air pressure should wander too far away from that line of coincidence, the aeroplane is capsized. The upward air pressure being greater than the falling tendency, and having been all thrown to one side, the aeroplane is naturally upset. Because of the wind's capriciousness, the aeroplane drops more on one side than on the other. To maintain his balance the aeronaut must in some way lift the falling side or lower the rising side, or do both. Human flight would have been practicable long ago if there had only been some mechanical way of mimicking the swaying vulture that circles in the blue, watching for carrion below. It was not until the Wrights found a way of doing what the vulture does—a way of meeting the countless little blasts unheeded by most of us—that flying became possible at all. They hit upon a means of bending the planes, so that if one side of the machine were tilted up the resistance could be increased beneath the falling side to lift it. In other words, they made of the aeroplane a kind of seesaw, which is so distorted that upward pressure is brought to bear upon the falling end. To prevent skidding, during this warping of the wings, the vertical rudder is suitably manipulated. This principle which they discovered—of increasing the pressure beneath the falling side and of simultaneously employing the vertical rudder—is embodied in every successful flying-machine of the day. Clearly, the vertical rudder of a flying-machine serves not only for steering the aeroplane from side to side, like the rudder of a ship, but to keep it on an even keel as well.

Instead of bending or twisting the wings, as the Wrights do, many designers, among them Curtiss and Farman, employ what the French call "ailerons"—small flaps hinged to the rear edges of the main planes, and so manipulated as to bring about the same result. By lowering such an aileron, or

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flap, on the falling side of a flying-machine the upward air pressure beneath that side is increased and the machine righted. Whether or not it is necessary to employ the vertical rudder to correct any skidding tendency is the chief point at issue in the various patent infringement suits brought by the Wright brothers.

The aviator of the present day is somewhat in the position of the bicycle-rider on a slack wire, armed with a parasol. He must exercise incessant vigilance lest he lose his balance. The strain upon nerves and muscles, for the beginner at least, is tremendous. Hence, even now, we hear of automatic devices which will prevent the loss of a flying-machine's equilibrium and which will enable the aviator to soar in the sky more blithely than he can at present. When Louis Brennan exhibited to the world a monorail car which was kept on an even keel merely by gyroscopes—in other words, by swiftly revolving fly-wheels—it seemed almost obvious to apply the same device to the flying-machine. Yet the attempt had been made long before Brennan came to the front. Sir Hiram Maxim made promising experiments with the gyroscope some years ago. Paul Regnard, a French experimenter, has recently been testing a flying-machine which is perfectly controlled by a little wheel measuring only a few inches in diameter, but turning 10,000 times a minute. The success of the gyroscope in preventing the rolling of ships at sea and in guiding Whitehead torpedoes on their course would seem to augur well for the automatically controlled aeroplane.

When a line of soldiers wheels around a street corner the man at the inner end of the line does little more than mark time; the man in the centre of the line marches along at a steady pace; while the man on the outside all but runs. In order that the line may be straight the movement must be progressively faster from the inner to the outer end. An aeroplane as it turns horizontally is in exactly the same predicament as a line of soldiers. The outer end of the machine must move faster than the inner end.

As the speed of an aeroplane increases, its lifting power also increases. Hence the more rapidly moving outer end of an aeroplane will be subjected to a greater lifting effort than the slowly moving inner end, and hence the entire machine is canted at a more or less sharp angle on a turn. This natural canting or banking has its advantages. It counteracts the effects of centrifugal force which are unavoidable in any rotary movement.

What centrifugal force means we see when a weight at the end of a cord is whirled around. If swung fast enough, the weight will describe a circle, because the centrifugal force is very much greater than the force of gravitation. If the whirling be slackened below a certain critical point, the weight will drop back to the hand. A flying-machine is like the whirling stone. It has a very large centrifugal force as it turns. So great is that force that it must be checked by the gravitation—in other words, by the weight of the machine. The more the machine is heeled over, the more marked will be the action of gravitation.

The same principle is applied on bicycle tracks and railway curves. In order that the bicyclist may race around curves at high speed, the track is banked, so that he can oppose his weight to the centrifugal force which tends to throw him off the track. In order that the train may round a curve at high speed, the outer rail is raised above the inner, so that the cars lean in.

If the canting of a flying-machine be very pronounced, it is possible that gravitation may overcome the centrifugal force, so that the machine will slide down to the ground. To forestall that possibility the aviator may either sweep his circle on so long a radius that there will be but little canting, or he may employ wing-warping devices or ailerons to counterbalance the canting action. Since most aeroplanes are provided with either warping devices or ailerons, it is the usual practice to depend upon them in turning. The result is that we see skilful pilots swinging in an arc at a speed that cants their machines at an angle which may be more than sixty degrees to the horizontal, and which almost causes the spectator's heart to stop beating, so perilous does the exploit seem.

All this sounds very easy; yet, even after a successful aeroplane had been in-

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vented, many machines were wrecked before the trick of making a turn was learned. It took the French two years to acquire the art. Indeed, a wealthy Parisian, named Armengaud, offered a prize to the first Frenchman who flew in a circle. Henry Farman won that prize so recently as July 6, 1908. The Wright brothers spent the whole flying season of 1904 in learning how to sweep a circle when the wind was blowing.

A sharp turn on an aeroplane is like one of those moments on a yacht when you slack away quickly on the main-sheet and prepare for the boom to jibe. There is none of the yacht's hesitancy, however; for the machine slides away on the new slant without a quiver. An inexperienced passenger on an aeroplane is tempted to right the machine as it swings around and tilts. In a canoe or on a bicycle it would be natural to use the body. In an aeroplane the movement is unnecessary, because the machine does its own banking.

In the Curtiss and Santos-Dumont machines any instinctive movement on the part of the aviator to right the careening machine actuates the ailerons or wing-warping devices in the proper way. In the Curtiss biplane the seat-back is pivoted at the bottom and is connected by cables with the ailerons. Should the pilot involuntarily throw his weight over to right the machine, the cables are pulled, and the ailerons are almost automatically tilted to regulate the air pressure beneath the planes in the proper manner. In the Santos-Dumont monoplane, the cables that warp the wings lead to a piece of metal sewed to the back of the pilot's coat.

The flying creatures of nature—insects, birds, fishes, and bats—spread wings that lie in a single plane. Because these wings are thus disposed, birds may be properly regarded as single-decked flying-machines, or "monoplanes," in aviation parlance, and because the earliest attempts at flying were more or less slavish imitations of bird-flight, it was but natural that the monoplane was man's first conception of a flying-machine.

It is a circumstance of considerable scientific moment that the wings of a gliding bird, such as an eagle, a buzzard, or a vulture, are wide in spread and narrow in width. Much painstaking experimenting by Langley and others has shown that the best shape of plane is that which is oblong; the span must be considerably greater than the width. In other words, science has experimentally approved the design of a bird's wings.

Long spans are unwieldy, often too unwieldy for practical, artificial flight. Suppose we cut a long plane in half and mount one half over the other. The result is a two-decked machine, a "biplane." Such a biplane has somewhat less lifting power than the original monoplane, and yet it has the same amount of surface. But the biplane is a little steadier in the air than the monoplane, and therefore a little safer, just as a box-kite is steadier than the old-fashioned single-surface kite. Still, the difference in stability between biplane and monoplane is so slight that designers base their preferences on other considerations. Both types are inherently so unstable that it requires a skilled hand to correct their capsizing tendencies.

By placing one plane over another certain structural advantages are obtained. It is comparatively easy to tie two superposed planes together and to form a strong, bridge-like truss. The proper support of the outstretched surfaces of a monoplane, on the other hand, is a matter of some concern.

If a monoplane were to fall vertically like a parachute, it would offer the resistance of its entire surface to the fall; if a biplane were to fall, it would offer the resistance of only one of its planes to the fall. Hence the monoplane is a better parachute than the biplane. The point is of slight value. If an aviator is high enough when his motor fails him, he can always glide to the ground on a slant, which may be two miles in length. Paradoxical as it may seem, the greater the distance through which he may fall, the better are an aviator's chances of reaching the ground with an unbroken neck. At a slight elevation from the ground, both monoplanes and biplanes are in a precarious position in case the motor breaks down. There is no distance to glide, for which reason they must fall.

Since an aeroplane, whether it be of single-deck or two-deck construction, must be driven at considerable speed to keep it in the air, and must, further-

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more, get up a certain preliminary speed before it can fly at all, some inventors have thought of rotating the planes, as if they were huge propellers, instead of driving them along in a straight line. Such screw propellers, to push a machine from the ground, are mounted on a vertical shaft, the whole constituting a machine which goes by the name "helicopter." A helicopter should theoretically screw its way up into the air. Because no screw propeller can at present support a weight in air with anything like the aeroplane's economy of power, the helicopter has not been a practical success. Indeed, the pathway of aeronautic invention is strewn with wrecked helicopters. Many dreamers have pinned their faith to the blades of their revolving screws. In France, where fashions in flying-machines are created with the same facility as fashions in clothes, the type still engages the attention of a few enthusiasts, despite the brilliant success of the aeroplane.

Far less encouraging than these experiments with helicopters have been the efforts of a few misguided aviators who have sought to build what are known as ornithopters—machines that flap wings like a sparrow. It seems very natural to adopt the flapping-wing principle, because all birds depend upon it more or less. The most earnest experimenter with the flapping wing was Hargrave, who ultimately gave the world the box-kite, the prototype of the biplane. He built eighteen flapping-wing models between 1883 and 1893. With one of these, at least, a flight of 343 feet was made in 1891. It must be said that Hargrave relied on flapping wings solely for propulsion and not for support. His efforts to devise an efficient sustaining surface gave us the box-kite. Only a few French inventors still persist in working on the flapping-wing principle.

In most forms of locomotion increased speed is obtained at the expense of power. When you run, you expend more energy than when you walk. A locomotive driven at high speed utilizes more power than at low speed. Paradoxically enough, the aeroplane follows no such rule. Professor Langley discovered that the higher the speed of an aeroplane, the less power is required to drive it. Theoretically at least, it seemed to him that a speed could be reached where the power received would be nil.

It might be supposed from all this that the flying-machines of man are far more efficient contrivances than the eagle or the hawk. Marvel as we may at the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the modern flying-machine, we have still much to learn from soaring birds. Little as we know of the efficiency of flat and curved surfaces in the air, we know still less how to drive those surfaces without an inordinate expenditure of power, fuel, and lubricant. We have only to compare the amount of energy expended by the great flying creatures of the earth with that required by our machines to realize how much we have to learn.

Professor Langley long ago pointed out that the greatest flying creature which the earth has ever known was the extinct pterodactyl. Its spread of wing was probably as much as twenty feet; its wing surface was in the neighborhood of twenty-five square feet; its weight was about thirty pounds. Yet this huge creature was driven at an expenditure of energy of probably less than 0.05 horse-power. The condor, which is pre-eminently a soaring bird, has a stretch of wing that varies from nine to ten feet, a supporting area of nearly ten square feet, and a weight of seventeen pounds. Its approximate horse-power has been placed by Professor Langley at scarcely 0.05. The turkey-buzzard, with a stretch of wing of six feet, a supporting area of a little over five square feet, and a weight of five pounds, uses about 0.015 horse-power. Langley's own successful, small, steam-driven model had a supporting area of fifty-four feet and a weight of thirty pounds. Yet it required one and a half horse-power to drive it. How much power is needed to fly at high speeds in machines may be gathered from the fact that although Blériot crossed the Channel with a 25 horse-power Anzani motor, and the Wright machine uses a 25 or 30 horse-power motor, most aeroplanes have engines of 50 horse-power and upward. When we consider that one horse-power is equal to the power of at least ten men, we see that even the smallest power successfully used in an aeroplane represents the combined continuous effort of more than two hundred men. To be sure, our

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flying-machines are very much larger than any flying creature that ever existed; but comparing their weights and supporting surfaces with the corresponding elements of a bird, their relative inefficiency becomes immediately apparent.

The memorable experiments of Professor Langley on the Potomac River gave rise to the idea that only an engine of extreme lightness could be employed if the flying-machine was ever to become a reality. Since his time biplanes have lifted as many as six passengers, besides the pilot, over short distances. While the ultimate achievement of flight was due to the lightness of the gasoline motor in relation to the power developed, subsequent experiment has demonstrated how the efficiency of the sustaining surfaces can be increased so as to diminish head resistance and to make extreme lightness in the motor desirable only on the score of freight-carrying capacity. The original motor used by the Wrights was comparatively heavy for the power developed.

Because lightness and durability are antagonistic qualities, and because the more trustworthy the machine, the heavier must be its construction, it may well be inferred that the aeroplane motor is not a model of durability or reliability. The aeroplane-builder appears at present willing to tolerate very little reliability, largely because the aeroplane is still in the hands of record-breakers and prize-winners, rather than of ordinary tourists.

The need of improvement in motors was strikingly evinced in the famous Circuit de l'Est of 1910, a circular cross-country race which started from Paris and finished there, and which included the towns of Troyes, Mézières, Douai, and Amiens. The contest was remarkable because the air-men were expected to perform what they had never attempted before. They had to fly over a given course on specified days without being able to choose weather conditions most favorable to them. Eight machines started from Paris, but after the second day the only competitors left were Leblanc and Aubrun on their Blériot monoplanes. The failure of the others was due solely to engine troubles.

It is probable that the future aeroplane will carry two motors instead of one, each motor independently operative, so that if one fails, the other will still be able to drive the machine safely through the air. For military purposes, at least, such a double-motor aeroplane is absolutely necessary. Imagine a spy in the air compelled to glide ignominiously down into an enemy's camp, because his engine failed him! Mere considerations of safety also demand the installation of two motors on a flying-machine. In March, 1910, the French aviator Crochon fell to the ground in a cross-country flight from Mourmelon to Châlons, because his motor broke down. Le Blon was killed at San Sebastian on April 2, 1910, as a result of a similar motor trouble. During the Nice meeting in April, 1910, Chavez and Latham mercifully dropped into the Mediterranean, also because of motor trouble. All of these accidents might have been avoided if the aviators could have relied upon a second motor.

It is likely that in the near future we may be able to economize motive power by practically applying the discovery of Langley that at high speed less supporting surface and less power are required than at low speeds. A machine may yet be constructed which, taking advantage of this law, will be provided with a supporting surface adjustable in area, so that it can start with a large surface, and reduce it, when travelling at full speed, to a mere fin.

What will this flying-machine of the future be like? He would be a wise man indeed who could predict with any degree of accuracy its exact form and dimensions. The dreams of the old-time imaginative novelist seem almost to be realized now. Mr. R. W. A. Brewer, an English authority, sees a larger and a heavier machine than we have at present, a kind of air-yacht, weighing at least three tons, and built with a boat body. The craft of his fancy will be decked in. It will carry several persons conveniently, and will be provided with living and sleeping accommodations. He prophesies that it will fly at speeds of 150 to 200 miles an hour, for the reason that high speeds in flying mean less expenditure of power than lower speeds. Mr. F. W. Lancaster, another authority, entertains similar views on the necessity of high speed. He argues that the aeroplane speed must be twice that of the maximum wind in

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which the machine is to be driven. A certain amount of automatic stability is thus obtained; for a machine travelling at a hundred miles an hour is practically uninfluenced by gusts and eddies that might prove disastrous at thirty-five miles an hour. A modern *Lusitania* plunges undaunted through waves that would be perilous to a schooner. If it is ever possible for an aeroplane to travel at such terrific velocities, the United States will become the playground of the Chicago aviator. Daily trips of one thousand miles would not be extraordinary.

It seems certain that special starting and alighting grounds will be ultimately provided throughout the world. If street-cars must have their stables and their yards, it is not unreasonable to demand the provision of suitable aeroplane stations. Depots or towers will be erected for the storage of fuel and oil—garages on stilts, in a word. The aviator in need of supplies may some day signal his wants, lower a trailing line, and pick up gasoline by some such device as we now employ to catch mail-sacks on express trains.

The early days of the bicycle and the automobile industries offer a close parallel to the present position of the aeroplane industry. The pioneers having shown the way, the machine immediately became an instrument of sport. Speed was the thing first desired, and the speed of anything that moves can best be demonstrated in competition. Bicycle and automobile races became and still are, to some extent, the manufacturer's opportunity of testing and demonstrating the quality of his machines. Long before the manufacture of either touring-bicycles or touring-automobiles assumed its present proportions, the production of the racing-machine was all-important. The flying-machine is now in this stage. Races and endurance tests will be the battles from which will emerge the flying-machine of the future—the machine capable of sustained flights, at high speed, many hours in duration. The racer will give birth to the touring-flyer, just as the touring-car of to-day was evolved from the racing-car of ten years ago.

Compared with the flying-machine of the future, the motor-car will seem as tame and dull as a cart drawn by a weary nag on a dusty country road. Confined to no route in particular, free as a bird, an adventurous pilot can satisfy his craving for speed in the high-powered monoplane of the future. Even the most leisurely of air-touring machines will travel at velocities that only a racing-automobile now attains, while the air racer will flit over us, a mere blur to the eye and a buzz to the ear. In an hour or two a whole province will be traversed; in a day half a continent. Swifter than any storm will be the flight of its pilot. If the black, whirling maelstrom of a cyclone looms up before him, he can make a détour or even outspeed it; for the velocity of his machine will be greater than that of the fiercest of howling, wintry blasts. At a gale which now drives every aviator timorously to cover, he snaps a contemptuous finger, plunges through it in a breathless dash, and emerges again in the sunshine, as indifferent to his experience as a locomotive engineer after running through a drizzling rain.

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A Man of Feeling

BY ALICE BROWN

JOHN SETON, speaking his concluding words on the lecture platform of the Club, was an inspiring sight to the ladies there before him, he looked so strong, so fit in every way for the struggle he had predicted. He was a young man who believed intensely in the validity of his subject, though he had to put it tentatively, because he was still modest enough to wonder sometimes whether, after all, he had found the very clearest window into the future. So he had announced himself under the wavering interrogation, "Am I a Socialist?" That seemed to throw the burden of proof on the ladies; and they, gazing at him from under furrowed brows, thought they knew: he looked too honest and impulsive not to take a stand, too significant, with that face made for tenderness and laughter.

"Won't you come home with us, Mr. Seton?" asked a matron, in the congratulatory crowd about him. "Come and have a cup of tea."

He was about to answer with the perfunctory courtesy of the man used to shunting social tributes, when something arrested his glance and held it for a second, inappreciable but significant. Mrs. Underhill was a lady of middle height and of a certain luxuriance of type which she had subdued to the note of the perfect dress she wore, a smoky gray with all the concomitants of exquisite finishing, fur, and the gleam of the necessary chain that held her lorgnon. Her color was high, though not in the least coarsely so, and, wholesome as she was, she breathed out an inexplicable hint of being at the mercy of her own emotions. Seton, looking at her in the instant of her invitation, thought absently, with that part of his mind that was always commenting on the byplay of life, that he had seen precisely her type that morning at a tenement-house door: a woman fresh from easy battling at the tub, her face shining with health and a consciousness of warm benevolence toward her man, her children, and beyond them such of the world as did not interfere with their well-being. Two Underhill daughters, easily recognized as of the mother's blood, but of a reduced type—warm-hearted, small-brained, affectionate creatures waiting to do their duty to the world through some form of child-nurture—stood at her right side, their hands already in their muffs, an attitude of waiting with the patient symbolism of wrists in fetters. But at that instant of looking, Seton caught something like a message that did not mean to be a message: a ray from the blue eyes of the other daughter, standing at the left. She was younger than these two plump summoners to the dance of life, taller and slender, yet with every implication of strength, of a clear pink and white skin, hair light yellow, and gray eyes that told overmuch of themselves, and a nature that, without certainty of response, meant to tell nothing at all. Then Seton surprised himself.

"Thank you very much," he said to the mother. "I will."

At once he seemed to have shuffled off his answers to the interrogative clamor that might not have been needed if anybody had really listened to his talk, and made way for the ladies through the perplexed and surgent throng. He nearly always, after speaking, left the room—unless the audience had been of those whose beliefs, like his own, were nearly crystallized—with an impression of frowning faces, brows tense under the impact of his revelations; and it was tiring. Today he hardly cared at all. He was able to throw off the aura of the listening ladies, as his lungs got rid of the bad air, and presently he was in the car, being driven away.

Their progress itself offered a glimpse into the exuberant benevolence of his

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hostess. Her conversation, made up, at this juncture, of delight in Seton's lecture and wonder how any one could possibly live in the world and ignore its ill condition, was punctuated with little shrieks of caution to the chauffeur not to run over this man or that dog. Her attitude of mind seemed to be that of one who, almost alone in her perspicacity, has discovered how wilfully determined everybody is to run over everybody else, and that the only possible office for a well-wishing person is that of the voluble censor, the champion of plain decencies. Seton gathered that she was a lady of great emotional leisure, because she pounced upon the evidences of want or abuse, and waved and objurgated at things piteously commonplace in the every-day economy, things he had learned not to score his mind with, lest he should go really mad. But Mrs. Underhill had plenty of indignation and ruth to pour into the channel of mere noise. Before they reached the stately front that walled her home, Seton had learned that she abominated persons who docked the tails of horses and dogs, used an overhead check, ground down the working-man, and did not remember that the apple-woman and the roasted-chestnut man had human rights. He, too, hated the sight of clipped animals, and was pretty sure his brother was his brother; but he had no more temptation to shriek about it than to go into a library where he might study the causes of things, and insist on chanting: "This is a. This is b. This is c." To all the mother's gush of warning and partisanship and robust solace of kindness, two of the daughters added little agreeing cries; but the golden-haired girl sat straight and said nothing. Seton saw that, for some reason, she could not by nature add her comment to the ever-springing leafage of benevolence beside her. She could not keep telling how she loved everybody and hated to have them hurt. For some reason, she could not.

When they had entered the rather dark hall, sombre with the hue of old wood, they were met by an avalanche of dogs—three only, but dogs so glad that they hurled themselves into a miniature exposition of all dogdom. Seton was presented to them, and given instantly an impression that they were far more important than he, and would continue to be, unless he should have the ill fortune to lose a hand or a job. Then the benevolence of the ladies might shift temporarily to the human side. The dogs—two Irish terriers, very fat, Nick and Con, and a bull, Elizabeth—had been out nearly all the afternoon, Mrs. Underhill was assured by the maid; but she detected disappointment in their air, and called upon some daughter to give them one more run. The two reproductions of the mother type were immediately glad to go, and Annette, she who seemed to be a sort of odd one in the family atmosphere, went with Seton and her mother into the library, sumptuous in all conventional furnishings, and gravely made the tea. Here Mrs. Underhill told him, as if the confidence were his by right because he was studying the reform of the social structure, how very painful it was to her that everybody was not quite happy. She did not seem a lady who cared much about facts, or to have an urgent tendency toward their acquisition. She seemed only to be living in a kind of emotional glow generated by her own expression of kindliness, and to be sensuously alive to the pleasures of being sorry for people. Seton found impossible questions popping into his head as he followed her lead, questions as crude as if he asked her what her income was, or whether her glossy puffs were the growth of her own scalp or that of another. His unmanageable mind wanted to pelt her with inquiries as to how she could look so cheerful in particular when she felt so low about the general scheme, how she could dwell upon the prevailing gloom with such roseate unction. And having rattled off a series of impudent inquiries like these, his mind confided to him, as if it were a conclusion anybody might come to, that she had acquired her benevolence only after her children had grown up. This special sort of exuberant well-wishing might easily be another form of the natural passion hovering over a child's cot, and when the child no longer needed nurture, seeking another outlet. While these extraneous conclusions amused themselves together in his mind, and he replied mechanically to offers of sugar

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and cream, he heard the maid, leaving the room, recalled by his hostess with a requisition for some special sandwich.

"Cut them, Susan," she was specifying, "very thin."

Susan's neat skirt was no sooner across the threshold than Mrs. Underhill turned to him with one of her smiles, half indulgent of herself as a woman of feeling, and not in the least concerned lest you find her so.

"I never," said she, "call them without wondering at the injustice of it all."

Seton's quick brown eyes asked for him exactly what it was she so deplored, and she answered at once:

"Susan, you know. I called her by her Christian name. We must, of course —but the injustice of it! Why isn't she calling me by my Christian name? Why am I not calling her Miss— Well, I don't remember what her surname is. But really isn't it unjust?"

Seton said in a rather dazed way that it didn't seem to him material.

"Oh, but it is material," said Mrs. Underhill. "I wonder you can talk as you have this afternoon, I wonder you can grasp the situation as you do, and not see how material it is."

Seton only thought her rather queer; but what he chiefly wanted was to get the young Annette to himself in some corner of the drawing-room or universe, it didn't matter where, and talk to her for a long time. He was frankly conscious of this: that there had never been anybody with such an appeal to him, such a trick of direct glances and grave sudden hidings of the eyes, with such an implication of having her own serious thoughts and nobody to help her out when they grew too troublesome. He even had a desire to tell Mrs. Underhill that, if she had this degree of longing to spend her sympathy on a world in need, she might first lavish a little of it on her young daughter. How, he could not have told. Only he was conscious of her as a cause. But now Mrs. Underhill was telling him how impossible she found it to accept the world as it is, and how she was almost sure she was a socialist. One could hardly help being who had any eyes or ears; yet her husband wouldn't sympathize in the least. He never had sympathized.

"Mother!" said the girl, in a low, reminding voice.

Yet when her mother turned at the sound of it, Annette proffered only a request for more bread, or sugar, or some of the necessaries of the tea table, where she had ceased to preside when the tea was ready. Still, the tone had been a reminder. He knew it. And now Mrs. Underhill, summoned to a telephone interview, left them, as the sandwiches came in, and Seton felt that his chance had come, and turned to the girl with such bright eagerness that she, turning to him with just such an involuntary appeal, yet sat with lips parted, not speaking, and evidently surprised by the ardency of his challenge. Now Seton had nothing to say. The trouble was he had everything to say. The girl herself, that was his instant concern. What was she? What was there underneath her calm that clamored to be heard, to be heard by him especially? She was the one to begin.

"My father—" she burst forth, with an instant brightening of the eyes— "he's not—you mustn't think he isn't sympathetic."

"No," said Seton, irrationally, bent only on reassuring her. "I'm sure he is."

"It's only that"—she seemed to seek about for something sufficiently illuminating and yet not overdrawn—"he can't express himself. I understand him perfectly."

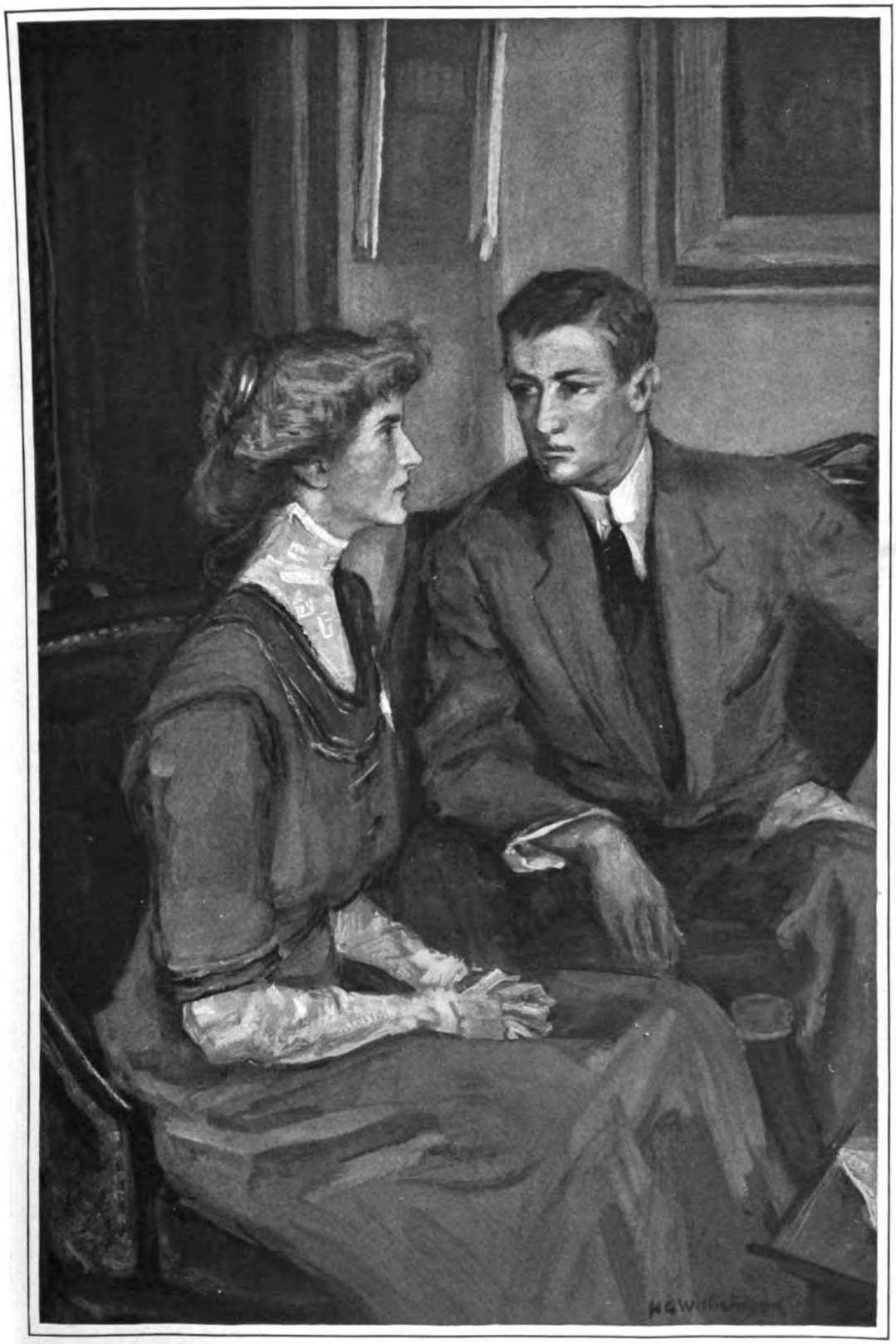
"It's a mighty big question for men—men of affairs." Seton tried his way. "It has a good many bearings. Those of us that talk—well, we can make a very pretty scheme of a reconstructed world, but I wouldn't be the one to undertake to govern it. You upset so many balances."

But she was not listening at all. Her eyes had taken on a grave solemnity. They questioned him as if they asked one thing only: whether she might trust him. Then, having drawn her conclusion, she spoke.

"My father has gone away." It sounded like the statement of a calamity. "We don't know where."

There seemed to be nothing he could answer. Strangely, for all his slight knowledge of her, it was apparent to

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

SETON WAS BITTERLY SORRY FOR HER

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him that there was something she wanted him to do, and this was why she had spoken. That was the point he answered.

"You want to know," he hazarded. "You want to know where he is?"

Her eyes filled with tears, so slowly, with such a contraction, that he knew how it hurt. She nodded slightly.

"First his dog went, his old dog Pat. Then father had a talk with me. He said he was going to be away a good deal now; not for always, but simply a good deal. I asked if he was going to Europe, and he said he might go, but not at once. If he did go, he'd let us know, so we might know where to find him, but at present he should simply not be living at home."

"But surely—" Then Seton changed this, from a certainty that surely the man's wife would know where he was, to the more gracious supposition, "And your mother of course knows no more than this?"

"He told her she was not to worry. If we needed him, he'd be here. So that makes me think he isn't so far away."

Her slender, ringless hands were in her lap now, interlacing painfully, and by their grip on each other counselling her to keep emotion curbed. Seton was bitterly, extravagantly sorry for her. And he was not astonished at this challenge of his help and sympathy, because, as strong as his certainty that she would not for worlds have bared her heart to chance confidence, was his feeling that it had been perfectly sane and natural to do it before him. But he was throwing his mind into the channel of practical conjecture.

"May I ask you"—it seemed possible to ask anything now—"if your father is in business of any sort?"

He had inevitably gone there for the secret, and she answered him at once.

"No; papa's retired. He made a lot of money—Underhill & Green—cloth, you know, cotton-mills—and he went out three years ago. No, he isn't worried about money. He's just gone away."

Had she been less immediate to his concern, he would have wanted to reply: "Yes, but people don't disappear for nothing. Don't look any further. You'll find something you'd rather not hear." But she had thrown over him the spell of her sincere belief, and he answered reflectively, "I see," though really he saw nothing at all but her candid eyes. Now she was gathering at once and casting at him the real burden of her argument.

"And what I wanted is this: You go about in all sorts of places—"

"I have to, you know," he put in, because it seemed for the first time unusual to choose to go about in diverse places. "If you're on a newspaper you have to."

"Oh, I know. And if you hadn't gone to the town where they had the prize-fight, you wouldn't have been there to look into the strike— Well, you're likely to go anywhere, aren't you?"

"To the ends of the earth," said Seton, gravely. He took a solemn pleasure in meaning he would go to the ends of the earth for her, and knowing she could not by any possibility guess he meant it.

"And so," said she, in the accelerated tone that would have been less distinguishable than a whisper even to any one just outside the sill, "if you should see my father—he's not very tall, and he's got a scar right across his face here—he got it in Germany—I want you to tell him to write, to please, please write."

Seton accepted it, the extravagant romance of it, the remote possibility that he should come by chance upon a father not very tall, with a scar across his face, and bowed gravely, as if such nebulous commissions were part of every day's work.

"You want to see him like the dickens," he hazarded, and she hastened to correct him with a quick loyalty to the absent.

"No, no. That isn't it. If he needs to be away, why, he has to be. I see that. Only if I could know—if I could know just where—if anything should happen to him—" Here her face was suffused again, and the like of those other painful tears came and gave her eyes a sombre pathos.

Seton hardly knew what he was to think of a father who could wilfully ignore such grief. Then all at once Mrs. Underhill had done with her interview and the dogs with their walk, and daughters, mother, and dogs came in together, all a voluble interchange of comment on a world made for the comfort of dogs. Mrs. Underhill distributed lumps of

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sugar, and confided to Seton, while the dogs crunched with dripping jaws, that it was of no use in that house to think dogs could be brought up as dogs. She knew it all, the whole horrid formula: one meal a day and dog-biscuit at night, and how did we think we should like to be treated like that? Then she conveyed a terrier up her silken and very sloping lap, and Seton had an absurd feeling that she was going to ask in a minute whether he didn't think it a wrong to call dogs by their first names. And while the other daughters had their tea and the dogs were crowded with sippets and lumps, Annette sat still, her grave eyes not regarding what was evidently the accustomed scene, but looking very tired.

When Seton rose to take his leave, Mrs. Underhill at once invited him to dinner for the following night. She was very selfish, she said. She had a thousand things to ask him that he hadn't so much as touched on in his lecture. She supposed the upshot would be that when he really told her all the reasons why he was a socialist, she should be able to find out whether she was one, too. Seton had an engagement for the next evening—the theatre, with another man; but he promptly cancelled it and expressed his great pleasure in coming here to dine. When he left the house he felt like shaking himself like a dog coming out of the water; the saccharine benevolences dripping from that hospitable roof seemed to have drenched him through and through, and his accustomed habit of thought felt cold and slippery. It was enough, he said, with a rueful headshake at the moon, looking so incongruous there at the end of the street, to make you forswear brotherly love, heroic doses were so weakening. Then his mind leaped to Annette, so vivid in her appeal to him while they were alone, so pathetic in her lassitude when she gave him a hand at parting, and he knew he could breast even those tumultuous seas of fraternity to find her.

He sat more than once at Mrs. Underhill's table, but the impression of that first hour was only intensified. Annette's confidence was not repeated. Her face never even seemed to interrogate him for news. She had apparently given the conduct of his adventure, his task of finding a man with a scar across the face, into his own hand, and was waiting with a hopeful confidence until he should have done something with it. He saw that, and saw also, with a compassionate wonder whether it might be hard for her, how foreign she was to the atmosphere of the house, how gently passive in it. For once inside the door, he felt as if he had embarked on a tossing sea of violent kindliness, throwing him from one wave to another of pity for this and indignation over that. Annette, in her little boat on the same sea, had the air of riding passively and gracefully over the waves, the exhilaration of being so exceedingly warm-hearted, which prevailed with Mrs. Underhill, and the depression because other people were not warm-hearted enough. This idea of the boat got such hold on him that in the midst of his most breathless tasks, when he had scant time to think of extraneous things and Annette least of all, she was so moving to him, he would suddenly have the vision of her in the tossing skiff, her hands folded, her lips a little apart, her eyes fixed unfadingly on some point: perhaps the indeterminate shore where walked a man with a scar across his face. He wondered if she were unhappy beyond the reaches of that longing for her father. He knew he should have been wretched to the point of breaking amid that chorus of love to humanity, in which, though all his mind had been travelling for the last three years toward more just conditions for the race, he could not join. He was a stanch lover of dogs; but the Underhill dogs he hated with the nervous aloofness you feel toward the innocent cause of any electric storm. They had all the silken cushions they chose to take, chairs were sacred to them, their least preference was consulted in the matter of food, and a fusillade of endearment rang through the house. Yet they were not inordinately spoiled. They were good, self-respecting dogs at heart, placed in a ridiculous position. He had an idea that if he could take them into the open for a walk, with a camp-fire, and a bone to gnaw, and a cuff here and an ear-rubbing there, they would get back to dogdom once more and he could like them. But with their pottering strolls

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and leashed security, their pampered instincts, they were getting "soft," and he felt a disproportionate rage over the wrong done them by idle womankind. And then he would chide himself and asked what could you do with a dog in the city? You had to guard and leash him. But nevertheless, whenever he saw them in their cloistered ease, he found himself saying, "Poor devils," and wishing they could smell a little life.

He had not been lecturing for some time now. That was an intermittent affair, wedged in where he could place it, between stunts of journalism. It had come about from the book he had written, wherein he had tried to formulate his own miserable certainty that industrial conditions are all wrong in some such way as would make the acquiescent stop to wonder, as he had, and then perhaps give a push to the old chariot of privilege. The book had been well written, and it had somehow, by that mysterious law we call luck, found its way like a text-book of a sort into the hands of women who want the latest thing in brains. Therefore it was to clubs chiefly he had spoken.

And now one day he was summoned, by a letter written in a small, rather cramped hand and expressed in the phraseology of business, to a street he knew in a clean, philistine slab of the city, where lodging-houses abounded, and all occupations jostled one another and let one another live in peace, because there was no time to be inordinately curious or particular. With all these people, the fight was on: with the landladies for the renting of their rooms, with the lodgers to keep the place, whatever it was, that gave them the money to hire the rooms. When you got into this quarter of the city you were "up against" the hand-to-hand struggle for bed and board with no luxuries. These were not the submerged and hopeless. They were the decent working men and women who see no prospect but work, and ask no favors but an honest wage. At any other moment Seton might not have regarded the letter, though it carried an intimate authority of its own, as some letters do; but the times were drab-colored and had been for a week. Annette had been away at a country house, and he had somehow fancied that his welcome with Mrs. Underhill had paled its lustre by a degree. He wondered if the sun of benevolence was not to shine on him with its full continued radiance, and that made him nervous. For there was Annette.

And having an hour at the end of the day, he took his stick and walked briskly down to the brick house, like its neighbors in the dull street, rang the bell, and asked for Mr. C. T. Charles. There was no hesitation. He was in, the bewigged, enormous landlady said, and would Seton "go right up." That seemed to be the custom of the house, and it was also a manifest cruelty to expect any landlady of that bulk to essay even two flights in heralding; so Seton thanked her, went up the stairs not too briskly, to remind her of her own quiescence, and knocked at a yellowed door. It was not opened at once, and he had time to observe how exactly the gilt-scrolled paper patterned all the other paper of such houses, when there was a stirring within, the door opened, and he found himself confronting a thin, gray-haired man with a scar from his cheek-bone nearly to the corner of his mouth. But that was not so significant. He had, under bushy, unkempt brows, withdrawn as if by the shrinking of age, Annette's eyes. That settled it. Altogether it was what could be called a lovable face. All the lines in its thin dryness were kind, and the mouth, not really hidden by a short gray mustache, was tenderness itself. So instantly grounded was Seton's conviction that this was the man with the precise scar that he would not have been surprised if his summoner's first question had been, "How's Annette?" But the man only opened the door wider, and said in a gentle voice that had fallen into a nervous habit of haste:

"Mr. Seton, this is very obliging of you. Come in."

So Seton went in, and they sat down in two horribly constructed oak chairs, upholstered in a plush that was much indebted to time for fading it. And as if he had been summoned by Annette's old reference to him, a gaunt Irish terrier poked forward from some corner, smelled at Seton's trousers, suffered his touch, and then cast himself with a sigh at his master's feet. Seton was aware that his host was regarding him with a

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scrutiny that momentarily banished the lustre of his eyes and drew them to a glittering smallness.

"I've never seen you so close," said the man, in immediate explanation, as if he knew he was staring and formulating. "I've heard you lecture."

"We haven't met?" said Seton, interrogatively. He knew they hadn't, because Annette's sparse description had now become the most valid evidence.

"No. I've read your book, too. You're a young man."

Seton had had that fact handed him in various forms: sometimes, when it concerned his reactionary theories, as damaging to him; once or twice, when he wanted promotion, as something in his favor. But this man stated it very neutrally, and he felt bound for some reason to tell him.

"Twenty-six."

"Ah! You've got it all before you."

This seemed to be neither commiseration nor envy. It was merely the weighing of chances, Seton saw, and he nodded in answer.

"Yes," he said. "I hope there's a good deal before me."

"I might as well come to the point," said the other. He was holding the corrugated arms of his chair tightly with slender hands, as if that were a form of controlled nervousness he might allow himself. "You're a busy man. Are you attached to your profession?"

"Journalism?"

"Yes. Are you attached to it?"

"Why!" said Seton, doubtfully, "why!"

That was all he could say for the moment. It was so complex a thing. He liked the strain and "go" of it, the scant praise and sudden rough commendation when he had handed in a good story. On the other hand, he was conscious of an undercurrent of determination to write other things when he should have learned to write better and of assuaging that soft spot in him by seeing if the world need be so stupid in arranging its affairs. As he still kept his puzzled silence, the other spoke again, with the air of putting down a second card, not having perhaps played quite fairly.

"I ought to explain myself a little. You can't be expected to act in the dark. Now, you're a socialist."

Seton said nothing. His book told that, he knew; and his spoken utterances implied it.

"So'm I," said his host, "so'm I. I don't say you made me one, but you helped me along. Your book was so simple. It's elementary. That's what I need. And it's all so puzzling."

He looked at Seton with a frank implication of not being wise, not being able to think out anything, but just of suffering. That was the last thing he meant to imply. He would, Seton knew, not only because he was manly, but because he was sensitive to the verge of lost control, have realized that to obtrude your own sense of the wretchedness of the world on a world that has as much as it can bear, is only to inject another drop of ink into waters already murky. His delicate face, ready, it might be, to quiver, told that, yet the line of his mouth added the balancing determination that something must be done. Seton had many a time, in moments of low vitality, cursed his own futile wretchedness over the suffering of the world; but the strength of his youth prevailed, and he had, in another day with a whiff of air, overborne it and started again with no less irrational courage on the path to betterment. But here was a man, he saw, who had suffered, in a life more than twice as long as his, an equal misery, and had now no compensatory youth to help him through.

"Things are in a bad way," the man was saying, as if he didn't really know how to put into words the enormity of what rested upon him, and had to make it as simple as possible. "It used to hound me down. Always hounded me. I thought one time 'twould hound me out of life."

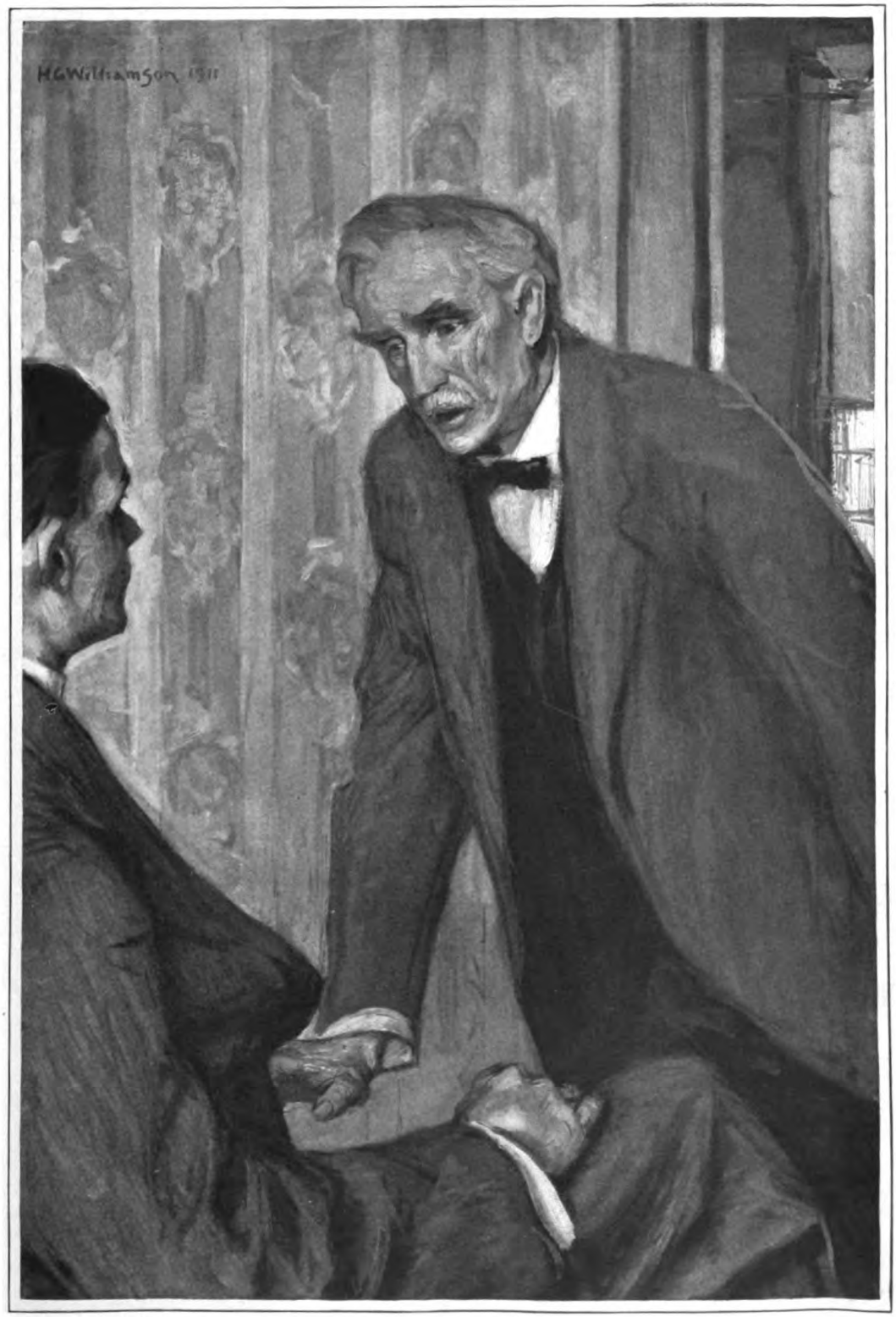
"That's the way," Seton confirmed him. "That's the way it takes us."

"I thought then 'twas something we'd got to bear. I thought 'twas the state of the world. Folks said 'twas the will of God. I never thought that, I guess. If I had, I shouldn't have been able to serve under a God like that. Well, sir, if there's a remedy—"

He paused and his eyes came out of their hiding and besought Seton to say again that there was one.

"There's got to be," said Seton. It was all he could honestly swear.

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson

"I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU. IT'S FROM ANNETTE"

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The other man nodded, as if he thanked him for even so small a grace.

"Of course I don't altogether see it," he owned. "I'm old-fashioned. I've spent my brains, what I had of 'em, in making the thing go. Business, you know, that sort of thing. Of course I don't see how you're going to reckon with human nature. Seems to me the man we're throttling now, when we give him the chance to live and breathe and get some blood into him—seems to me he's just as like as not to turn into the kind that throttles the man under him. I don't know. I have a kind of a theory that the Napoleons and the robbers and the grafters, rich or poor, are going to keep on being born for quite a spell—Well, well, we won't talk of that. Tires my head. I try not to think of 'em."

His harassment over the unequal burdens of life came out suddenly all over him in the rigidity of his controlled figure, the appeal—almost articulate—of his glance, and Seton had an answering pang of wretched fellowship, a savage desire to forbid his making them irretrievably miserable together. But by a big effort the man had evidently pulled himself up out of the slough where they both knew they must not flounder.

"So," said he, "I've come to a conclusion. I can't do anything. Don't see what there is to be done that won't upset the kettle of fish on the other side. But your book makes it pretty plain to me that it's the System we've got to fight. That's what's the matter—the System."

"Yes," said Seton, emerging into the clearer light of the few certainties he had, "it's the System."

"Now we're getting somewhere." He was, outwardly at least, unshaken by the sense of horror at the vision of temporary wrong. "Now, I've made my money by the System. I'm going to spend it—what I don't owe to other people—I'm going to spend it fighting the System I made it by."

Was Annette one of the other people? Was it the exuberant trio, the satiated dogs, that were to have had the spending of it? Seton made no answer, nor did the other man seem to expect him to make one.

"So," he began again, in exactly the same fragmentary fashion, "when I saw you, I saw you knew there was a remedy. You were cocksure. Now I want to buy your time. You can put it in as you like, lectures, books, research—I don't confine you to this country: go where you please. Only I'll back you to do what I haven't the youth, the strength—brains, too, sir, the brains—to do for myself. How's that? What do you say?"

He was regarding Seton now with a sudden smile that illuminated his face into an unmistakable beauty. Seton was silent for a moment from the inability to get hold of it all. Yet it seemed very reasonable, the man himself was so simple, so frank, so true.

"To fight the System?" Seton repeated, stupidly.

The other man nodded, with a look of almost savage will in the compression of his lips.

"The System," said he, as if he were toasting it. "That's what's the matter. Stamp it out. I'm backing you."

Then suddenly Seton's wits came with a rush, and he knew one only question had to be answered first.

"I have a message for you," said he. "It's from Annette."

The other man sprang up so violently that the dog at his feet, thrown as suddenly out of his dream, sprang also and sat down a yard away, fixing his master with reproachful eyes. Seton went on at once in a swift flow of narrative. He told what had led him to that house. He made no secret that it was not the mother's invitation, but the unconscious call of Annette's face. And ending, he threw at the other man the question he thought he had the necessity if not the right to ask. They couldn't give him so many keys unless they gave him the key to the house itself.

"What made you come down here?"

Underhill took the question in a perfectly good part, but the answer seemed to be beyond him. He had stepped thoughtfully back to his chair; and the dog, waiting for that only, dropped again, his head at his master's toe, as if to say if there were further mobilization he should at least know it as soon as anybody. Underhill seemed to be thinking. He looked at Seton and his face worked.

"I can't! I can't!"

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That was all he seemed able to say.

"Your daughter wants you tremendously," Seton ventured.

"Yes." This came in a quick burst of what might have been longing for her, a confident pride in her affection for him, and an accepted grief that things had to be as they were. "If it was Annette alone, I could take Annette to live with me—" There he paused, looked most hopelessly at Seton, and shook his head. "No," he said, "you can't understand it. Nobody could. I'm a queer Dick. What's the use?"

But Seton was bound to understand. For the sake of Annette and her beseeching eyes he meant to push his way at once inside this defended pale. The phrase of Mrs. Underhill herself leaped into his mind.

"I see," he said; "you have to get away by yourself. It's not—not sympathetic."

Underhill clutched at the word, but in a special sense.

"That's it," said he, "it's too damned sympathetic. I can't stand it, Seton. Can't stand the outcry. That's what it is all the time, outcry. It's about everything. If you've got a wound you bandage it up, don't you? You try to forget it. Well, they don't. They can't. My wife's a good woman—two girls just like her—well, they're always seeing where folks bleed and telling you of it, and I can't stand it, Seton, can't, to save my life I can't. So Pat and I came off down here."

Seton understood so poignantly that he had nothing to say. The father of the family had not been able to endure the tossing of the boat on the emotional waves. And in a moment Underhill seemed to pass him another key — a smaller one, but of use.

"You won't understand it, but I actually got to hating the dogs. Then I saw 'twas time to go, Pat and I. I'm very fond of dogs, but I can't stand outcry. Can't, can't. Don't you see, when folks are as extreme as that, they don't leave you anything. You've got to scream as loud as they do. I've often felt it about the children. My wife lavished things on 'em so she didn't leave me anything to do. I should have had to gild 'em all over, or bellow, if I wanted to tell 'em they were good girls. All but Annette. Annette's the one. She'd understand. Always has. Well!"

His eyes, like Annette's own, were appealing for something. Was it, Seton wondered, that he should not leave him to the loneliness of being queer and old, of having no valid ground to stand on because custom and ethics themselves might be warning him back to the tossing boat? And Seton laughed. That seemed to be the best thing he could do, to confirm the other man's title to this poor little refuge he had snatched.

"They're terribly kind ladies," said he. "I guess we're reactions, you and I."

Underhill's worn face looked pathetically grateful; but he threw off even that in a trembling haste.

"How is it," said he, "about the other thing? Going to let me back you?"

Seton shook his head. He was sure of that, and yet he couldn't stop to talk about it.

"I don't know how to put it," said he, "but a chap's got to stand on his own feet. If I were a little more stuck on myself! No, I can't do it. I should get punky in a year. What shall I tell Annette?"

Her father considered.

"You tell Annette," said he, "tell her I'm all right. She's a good girl. I miss her like the Old Harry. But I don't see how I can let her in. It's a queer position—making her keep a secret from her mother. When she's a little older she can choose. Maybe she might choose to come to me. Or if she married, maybe she'd marry a good chap and I'd drop in."

Seton got out of his chair with a bound, disconcerting to Pat, the lover of ordered ways.

"I'll tell you this," said he: "You won't drop in. You'll come and stay for good. I'll tell you that right now."

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Reminiscences of George du Maurier

TAKEN FROM NOTES MADE BY MR. T. ARMSTRONG, C.B., LATE DIRECTOR OF SCIENCE AND ARTS DEPARTMENT, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

THESE are notes, made from time to time, about the life I led in Paris more than fifty years ago, when I made acquaintance with George du Maurier, who became my lifelong friend. I thought then that some day, that elusive some day, the reliance on which swallows up so many good intentions, I might put them into better shape, and that they might interest those who cared for the man and his work with pen and pencil.

When my friend died, and again when we lost our dear T. R. Lamont, the water-color painter, there were periods of emotion when my recollections of our early life together were very vivid; and so it was, but in a slighter degree, when Whistler followed the other two.

It is more than half a century ago, and much water has flowed under the Pont des Arts, since we foregathered in the Quartier Latin as art students—"rapins," as they used to be called. I and the President of the Royal Academy are now (in 1909) the only survivors of the Paris "gang." We have lost Lamont, whose portrait remains in "the Laird." Rowley, the original of "Taffy," died in 1908—a splendidly handsome old man—surrounded by numerous progeny, sons and daughters and grandchildren, who have more or less inherited his fine physique—he was very proud of them. He lived on the Dee near Hawarden, where he owned collieries and was a neighbor and friend of Mr. Gladstone.

Lamont and I, at the time of the high tide of *Trilby's* success, used to threaten its author that we would give him away by writing "la vérité vraie" about the events described in his story unless he made it worth our while to be mum. Lamont's grievance arose from the ridiculous figure he made with his broken French in the book, and mine from being left out of it altogether.

I recall that I first made the acquaintance of du Maurier and Lamont at the Hôtel Corneille. There were two young Cornishmen living in the house who were walking the Paris hospitals, and from passing the time of day at the porter's lodge I made acquaintance with them and was asked to their rooms. I say rooms, for they had a sitting-room—a luxury most of us could not indulge in. It is strange that my recollections of that first meeting with du Maurier should be so vivid, but I suppose his personality from the first was very attractive to me. I can revive the picture of him, in my mind's eye, sitting astride one of the dingy Utrecht velvet chairs with his elbows on the back, pale almost to sallowness, square-shouldered and very lean, with no hair on his face except a very slight mustache. Little did I think that I was meeting a man with whom I should have unbroken affectionate relations for more than fifty years. Some years ago, when *Trilby* was at the flood tide of its popularity, I met at a dinner-party a young novelist who has since then much bettered his growing reputation, and as we walked home together we talked about du Maurier, whose books, he said, impressed him with the conviction that if he had had the pleasure of knowing the writer he could have told him all his secrets. I think this was very much what we all felt. His personality was a very engaging one and evoked sympathy and confidence even in those who knew him very little.

In the evening our little circle used to frequent a café in the Rue de Vaugirard, a bit to the southward of the Odéon theatre, and we took our meals at a *crémerie*,

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or sometimes at the little restaurant kept by Trin, whom we came to know much better afterward. The summer was waning, and I was rather ailing, so I decided to go to Barbizon for a while and try my hand at landscape-painting. In this way I lost sight of my new friends for a time and did not see them again until I came back to Paris in October, crippled with rheumatism.

At Barbizon, Jean François Millet, Bodmer, and C. Jacques, who up to that time had painted pigs more than sheep, and was called locally "Cochon Jacques," had houses of their own. Millet was the only artist whom I made acquaintance with. At that time he was a burly farmer-looking sort of man with a pleasant face and sympathetic manners. It was not until long afterward that I knew anything of his work.

The country folk about Barbizon were not comely. The men were dressed as you see them in Millet's drawings, but Millet had a "parti pris," and in his revolt against the prevalent picturesqueness of peasant costume in pictures he went to the opposite extreme. You may remember how stiff the cloaks of his shepherds are, and how the ugly trousers never seem to take the shape of the leg in the least. There was a story of a friend of Millet's who, having ordered a picture from him, stood over him while he was working on it, painting the clothes of a peasant. The friend pleaded for a little relaxation toward the picturesque, saying, "Voyons, Millet, un pauvre petit pli, s'il vous plaît!"

I left to go back to Paris, driven thence by rheumatic fever, and after nine weeks in the *Maison de Santé*, as soon as I could I went back to my lodgings in the Rue de Seine, resuming my former life and seeing much of my friends, while I went on copying in the Luxembourg Gallery.

I have been reading lately the account of the Christmas dinner in *Trilby*. Christmas was drawing near for us that year, and our preparations for the feast had been carefully made. The leg of Christmas mutton with a turkey and a plum pudding was coming from London, and it was settled that the banquet should take place in Lamont's studio, which was in an old ramshackle building behind the Ecole de Médecine, and already condemned for demolition by the city authorities. The staircase was narrow and decrepit, and the rooms were on the third story and small. The concierge was a very fat, good-natured woman, who took much interest in the Christmas meal of the crazy English, which she had undertaken to cook, and among the neighbors there was merriment about the boiled leg of mutton—"gigot bouillé." "Dieu de Dieu! did anybody ever hear of such a thing?" "Il faut bien être Anglais pour en manger."

The box of provisions did not arrive from London until six o'clock, having been kept at the depot until fetched by two of our party, on account of two bottles of whiskey contained in it. These were seized, but Tammie, as we called Lamont, remembered having seen in the Rue de Rivoli a dealer in British spirits, and on their way home they called at his shop and replaced the two bottles which had been detained. The dinner was not ready until



CHARLES KEENE AND DU MAURIER
Sketch by du Maurier

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nine o'clock. How we did enjoy it! There was wine, but for the most part we drank English bottled beer with our food, and whiskey and water afterward—"vrai chic Anglais"! It must be borne in mind that English drinks in those days were uncommon and dear.

I think it was on the following New-year's Day that we took possession of Henry Morris's studio at 53 rue Notre Dame des Champs. Four of us shared it—du Maurier, Lamont, Poynter, and myself—and for a while we only went there in the daytime; but soon afterward Tammie removed his furniture there—it was not much—and a little later I gave up my room and joined him. There was a bed in the studio which Tammie used, while I, being still accounted an invalid, selfishly slept in the bedroom, until Tammie himself had an illness. Very soon we hired a piano, and friends used to come to see us in the afternoon; and we used to box and fence after four or five o'clock and du Maurier would sing. It was not considered seemly to put aside our brushes for foils or boxing-gloves until after four o'clock; and when Joe Rowley came to us from the north side of the Seine, before we were ready for play, he used to take silent exercise by walking on tiptoe without shoes up and down the studio with a thirty-pound dumb-bell in each hand until we "knocked off." It is a good exercise.

About this time du Maurier did a little painting of Osbaldiston and Di Vernon. I took this home with me to England and on du Maurier's behalf sold it for a "fiver" to a friend—Mr. (now Sir) Edward Green—who had been brought to the studio, and whose friendship I have enjoyed up to the present time of writing. This little work is very interesting from the fact that the five-pound note I was able to send the artist in payment for it was the first money du Maurier ever earned by artistic work. It is the only existing oil-painting by him, except a portrait of himself done long afterward in London, which shows very much better workmanship, but is unfinished.

The drawing called "Ye Societie of our Ladye in the Fieldes" (Notre Dame des Champs), which is reproduced



CHARLES KEENE AND DU MAURIER
Sketch by du Maurier

(p. 697), represents the members of our confraternity. The man in bed in the upper left-hand corner is "the Laird," and the likeness was a good one when he wore side-whiskers and shaved his chin, as I did. Next to him on the right comes the Greek musician, Sotiri, who has sometimes been identified as "Svengali," and who used to come often to the studio and play his own compositions on the piano. We were much impressed by the fact of his having composed an opera, though it had never been performed. After we left Paris we lost sight of him and never heard if he had any success in his profession. The figure to the right of Sotiri was meant for me when I was still much reduced by my long spell of rheumatic fever. Below me is Poynter, who was always a Nazarite, having worn his beard since it first began to grow. He was a worker and had been well trained to work systematically, and we all believed in his eventual success, but he did spend a good deal of time at the piano,

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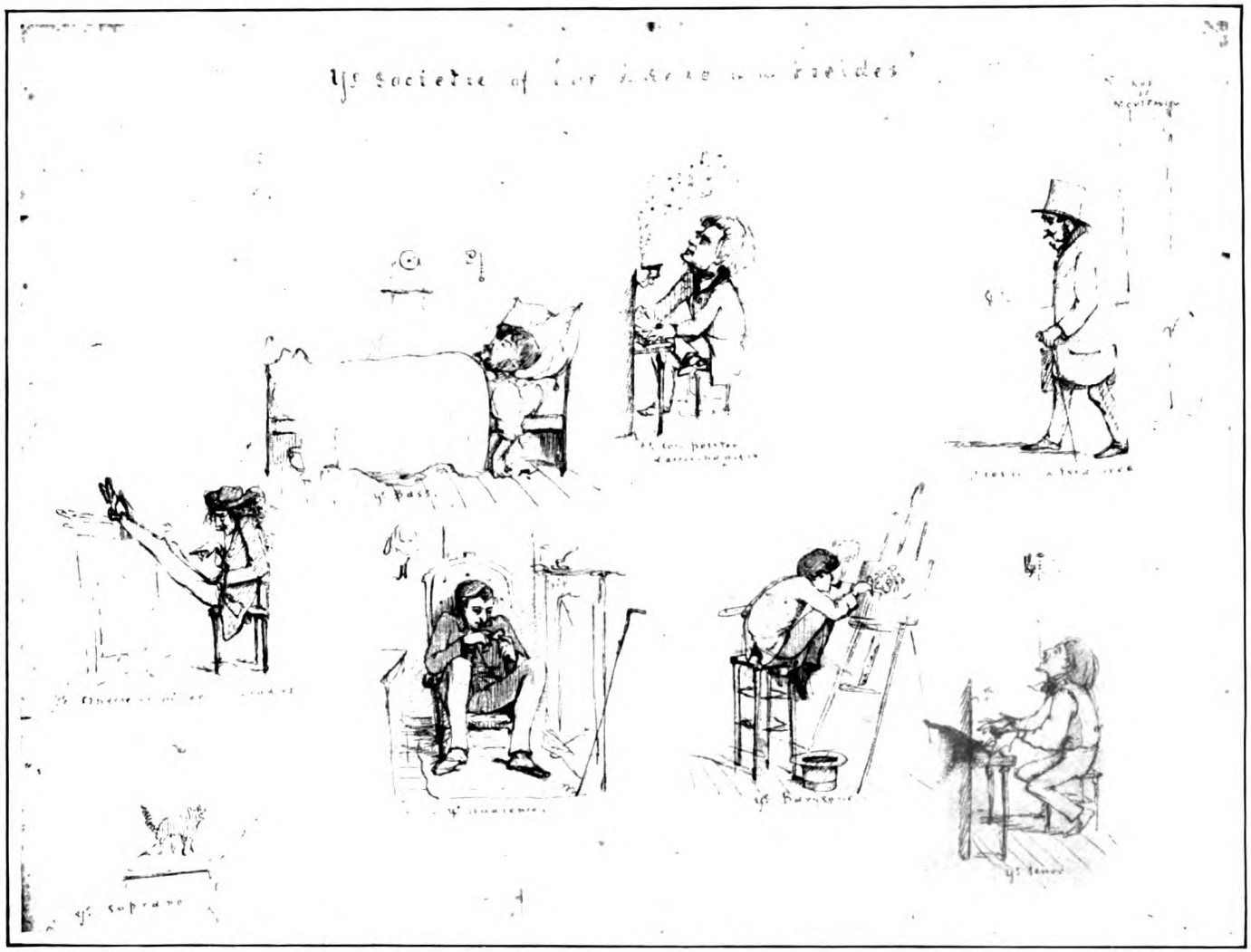
especially in singing airs from *Trovatore* then in vogue. "Ah! che la morte" was the favorite air. He was some years younger than the others. Perhaps if he had been older he might have had a wholesome influence in making us work more steadily. Next to Poynter on the left is du Maurier, represented at an easel, painting — a position in which he was rarely seen. Then farther to the left is Aleco Ionides coloring a pipe, his principal occupation at that time, and one to which amusing reference is made in *Trilby*, where Ionides appears as "the Greek." This young man was afterward Greek Consul-General in London, and came of a family by whom the members of our confraternity were received with the greatest kindness and unvarying hospitality after we came to settle in London. On the extreme left is Whistler; but this is not a very good likeness of him, though his curly black locks were worn longer than they were when he came to England. In fact they were what one might call ringlets, as represented in the drawing, in which, however, the hat is hardly of the shape he affected. He did not then separate and keep together the hairs of his white lock.

The friendly intercourse begun through Aleco with the Ionides family lasted many years, and the house at Holland Park, where the old people afterward lived, was the favorite resort of many interesting artists, notably of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Legros, and Philip Webb.

Rossetti's first appearance at the Tulse Hill house of the Ionides was on one summer Sunday, when a cab-load set out from Chelsea, with Whistler, du Maurier, Legros, Ridley, and myself among those who were in or on it. The occasion was a memorable one. Then for the first time was revealed to this artistic circle the beauty of two girls, relations or connections of the Ionides family, and daughters of the Consul-General for Greece in London, Mr. Spartali. We were all "à genoux" before them, and of course every one of us burned with a desire to try to paint them. Very shortly afterward Whistler got the younger one, Miss Christine Spartali, to sit for his large painting, "Une Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," which for a long time hung in the "Peacock room" at Mr. Leyland's house in Princes Gate. The elder sister, well known afterward as an artist, must have sat to several of these friends, but I never saw any representation of her in painting which gave a fair idea of her sweetness and stateliness, of the striking nobility of form and charm of color, before which we all bowed forty years ago. I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming out on the lawn of her father's house on Clapham Common where there was a large garden-party, and one of our friends, certainly the most distinguished, saying, "She is so beautiful I feel as if I could sit down and cry." She wore a dress trimmed with little bunches of ribbon of various colors, like that in which Rossetti represented Lucretia in his water-color drawing called the "Borgia Family."

I have been drifting far away from the studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. The big wooden gate, "porte cochère," opened on the street, and next to it on the left as you entered was the porter's lodge, where dwelt Vinot and his wife and their two boys. Then came an "appartement" occupied by two young people, brother and sister, about whose position we were much given to speculating. They were picturesque and interesting in appearance, and we used to think they were people who had come down in the world. The brother was attached to one of the great public libraries. During the time du Maurier was with us we never got beyond passing the time of day with them as they stood about or sat on their doorstep when we were going out together in the evening. He admired the lady very much as being of a highly bred appearance, and she certainly was very good-looking, thin and tall, with a great deal of black hair, and with very finely shaped feet, such as one does not often see, and large dark eyes. But there was no suggestion of Trilby here; nor even in a girl who used to sit regularly to a sculptor (a Count) on the opposite side of the court. We never knew this sculptor, but we heard strange stories of his practice as an artist. It was said that he had built up a figure entirely from measurements taken from this girl. She was very friendly, and I think the Count bored her for she often came to call on us.

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"YE SOCIETIE OF OUR LADYE IN THE FIELDES"

Sketch by du Maurier

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Vinot and his wife were great characters, and they figure in *Trilby* largely, being for the most part faithfully depicted. The reader will recall the description in the story of a visit made by the heroes of *Trilby* to the old atelier. I think I saw it in 1859, when Madame Vinot, in the absence of the tenant, let me into it. It seemed very small, and yet we used to think it such a fine large studio. There was no foot of Trilby, or another, on the wall. I wonder how that fancy was developed? I suppose the fine feet of the dark lady suggested it. The ropes and the trapèze were still hanging from the beam.

His friends knew how powerful an influence music was in du Maurier's life. He used to say that no emotion evoked by literature, painting, or sculpture could for a moment be compared with that produced on a sensitive person on hearing a beautiful and well-trained human voice, or a well-played violin; but this is all better expressed by him in *Peter Ibbetsen*. When we made the acquaintance of the Greek musician Sotiri, of whom I have already spoken, du Maurier used to sing to the maestro's accompaniment. We made a great deal of Sotiri, none of us having ever before known a person who had composed an opera. I didn't think there was anything in him to suggest "Svengali," for he was a mild-mannered sort of man, little given to assert his views about music, and he never showed any symptoms of being a mesmerist.

Du Maurier often gave Thackeray's "Little Billee," on which he had made musical variations. But of all his songs in those early days I think the most popular was the "Le Vin à Quatre Sous," which he afterward introduced so amusingly in *Trilby:*

> "Fi! de ces vins d'Espagne,
> Ils ne sont pas faits pour nous;
> C'est le vin à quatre sous
> Qui nous sert de Champagne."

And this was well known in London wherever he went.

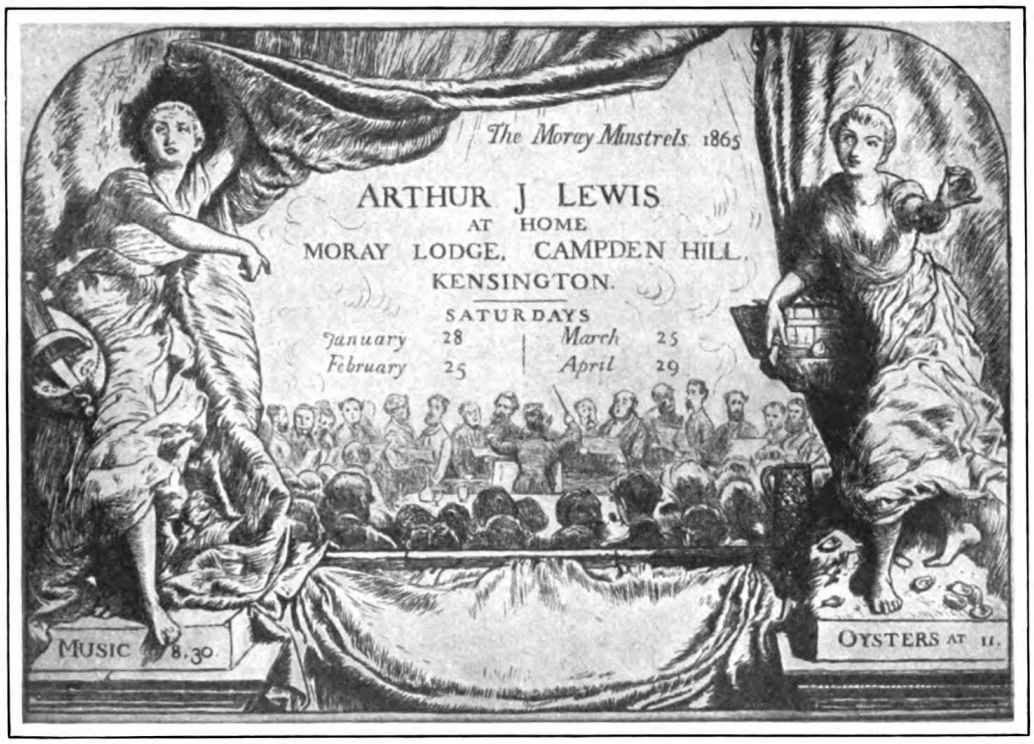
Soon after he came to London he used to attend the musical parties given by the late Mr. Arthur Lewis, who afterward married Miss Kate Terry, but was then a bachelor, and who had been one of the foremost organizers of a body of part-singers better known as the "Jermyn Street Band," for Mr. Lewis lived at that time in rooms in Jermyn Street. After Mr. Lewis removed to the more spacious and sumptuous quarters at Moray Lodge, these gatherings became less frequent, taking place only four times a year, but with a very numerous attendance. They had a great vogue, and people of all ranks sought invitations, the invitation cards for which were drawn by Fred Walker.

Among the notable guests at these parties, Millais was conspicuous from his stature and his handsome head, and also his brother William, whose presence was much prized on account of his beautiful tenor voice. There was something very strange about the likeness of William to his brother John, whose fine, handsome, and engaging presence is still remembered. I should never have guessed that Sir John had any Jewish ancestor, but he told du Maurier that he had; in his brother William I should have recognized the Eastern type at once.

The brothers' admiration of each other was amusing and sometimes touching. "Have you heard my brother Bill sing?" John would say. "He is the finest tenor you ever heard; his voice is far finer than Giuglini's." Giuglini was the great tenor opera-singer of the day. At the time of sending in the pictures to the Royal Academy Exhibition, William would go about saying: "Have you seen Jack's pictures this year? Finest things ever done."

A musical version of Morton's *Box and Cox*, for which Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music, and in which du Maurier was one of the principals, was performed at Moray Lodge, and it was afterward given more than once before a public audience, notably at Manchester, when the *Punch* authors and artists gave the representation. I cannot remember how long afterward *Trial by Jury*, with words by Gilbert and music by Sullivan, was produced at the Royalty Theatre, but it would appear that the genesis of the very notable series of operas or musical pieces, quite different from any imported works, and so charming, tuneful, and witty that after their production an Englishman could look a Frenchman in the face, is to be

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CARD OF INVITATION TO THE MORAY MINSTRELS
Designed by Fred Walker

found in the amateur performances at Moray Lodge, where Arthur Sullivan was a constant guest.

Henceforth du Maurier was well known as an accomplished amateur singer, and his company was much sought after. Acquaintance thus made often ripened into friendship with those who, coming to know him, were charmed by his kindly and affectionate nature and his interesting conversation. Among these friends were the G. H. Leweses, "George Eliot" and her husband, who lived at the "Priory," a detached house in a garden at St. John's Wood, and here he came on Sunday afternoons and warbled trivial ditties like "Le vin à quatre sous," to the delight of many serious people.

It was considered a very great privilege to be allowed to attend these Sunday afternoon receptions. I think I was more shy and awe-stricken the first time I was shown into the Presence at the Priory than I was the first time I went to Court. Smart people and people of rank (as such) had always been denied admittance, or at least had not been encouraged to come, and I only remember one person of title among the frequenters.

One Sunday afternoon the conversation at the Priory turned on Disraeli, and what was called his want of sincerity. Browning told us how, at the recent Royal Academy banquet, Disraeli, in his speech, had said that, "however much the English school of painting might be defective in technical skill, it had at any rate that high imaginative quality, which in art is beyond and above all others." (Browning added that on a former occasion, at an Academy dinner, a speech had been made by Disraeli which contained a passage to the same effect.) After dinner, the speech-making being over and the guests strolling about the galleries, looking at the pictures, as was the custom, the poet came upon the Prime Minister, shuffling about with the gait those who saw him must remember very well. Disraeli took Browning's arm, and walking along with a glance now and then at the walls, exclaimed: "Tut! Tut! Not a single picture with the slightest trace of imagination in it!"

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I heard afterward from a friend who knew Mr. Gladstone very well about the reception he gave this story when Browning told it to him. He said: "Yes, isn't it hellish? That's just the way he used to behave in the House of Commons." Mr. Gladstone could not see anything funny in it. I am sure that "hellish" was the word.

It was from Huxley that I heard long afterward of Browning having found courage to remind Lord Beaconsfield of what he had said. The latter's comment was very characteristic. "My dear Mr. Browning," he said, "nobody but a Poet would allow confusion to arise between what he says and what he thinks."

But to return to our life in Paris. On Saturday evening our little company generally made a descent into the middle of the city and treated ourselves to British food and drink at a little place of no account, in the rue Royale, where the roast beef and mutton, the boiled potatoes, and the beer and gin were excellent and cheap. It was frequented by people in some way or other connected with horseflesh—swell grooms or men about horse-dealers' stables. Here we had very jovial evenings, proud of our country's beer and gin. We were at that time like those wearing dog-collars, about whom the old riddle was made: "Pourquoi porte-t-il des faux cols? Parcequ'il est fier d'étrangler (d'être Anglais)."

Sometimes, when the English gin had been mixed with very hot water, we sang the "Marseillaise." It is many years ago now, and the pleasure we had or thought we had in doing something of which the "agents de police" disapproved is no longer possible. Perhaps young fellows have hit upon something else which is forbidden, to replace it.

In du Maurier's books, especially in *The Martian*, there are descriptions of schoolboy life in France which accurately represent his experience in a French school. In the earlier years of our acquaintance he used to express great dislike for French schoolboys and their ways, both in class and in the playground, but I think his opinions were modified as he grew older. He always said that French boys had to work much harder than English boys, and that games were held to be of little importance among them. So far as I was able to judge, his own education had been very thorough, and the things he had been taught he knew "à fond." The school at Passy to which he went as a day-boy when his family lived in that suburb of Paris was, I believe, the only one of which he had any experience in France. After his removal to England he was a student at University College, but I never heard him speak of any literary courses at this place, where his training was in chemistry. He told us that French schoolboys did not have to make Latin verses as we did, but they were well trained in French prosody. He, at least, had been, and he seemed to be master of its complications. I remember an evening we spent together at Simeon Solomon's, when the early French poets, Ronsard, Marot, and François Villon, were discussed by him and Rossetti with reference to the later prosody of Malherbe.

It was a very memorable occasion, as it was the first time either of us had met Rossetti or Swinburne, and this discussion led to an exhibition of the extraordinary memory of the latter. Burne-Jones, Stanhope, Madox-Brown, Boyce, Arthur Hughes, and others belonging to the "Clique" were of the party, to which I cannot put a date, but it was some years before Rossetti's manuscript poems, which in despair he had thrown into the coffin of his wife, were recovered and published. *A propos* of Villon, Swinburne spoke of the admirable translation of "Les Neiges d'Antan," and, after asking Rossetti in vain to try and remember it, he recited it himself, with no hesitation, as you will find it in the collection of Rossetti's poems, and he afterward repeated the original version in French. It was said that Swinburne had seen and read the manuscript once only, and it must have been several years earlier, for I am sure that Mrs. Rossetti's death was not very recent.

These recitations led to others, from Swinburne's manuscript poems, afterward published in the *Poems and Ballads*, and we both came away very much impressed by what we had heard. It was something of a revelation to us. We both knew the "Atalanta in Calydon,"

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which had been already published, but in these other poems, still in manuscript, there were rhythms and metres which were new to us, word-music most melodious and fascinating. Neither of us could forget that evening.

Du Maurier himself made verses from time to time, which, after appearing in *Punch* or the *Cornhill Magazine*, have been collected and published. I do not know of any prose compositions until he had been some time at work on *Peter Ibbetsen*, and, indeed, it was not natural that he should talk much to me about the important new venture, for I was not at all sympathetic. He had practised water-color painting a little, and had finished, and sold at good prices, several elaborate water-color reproductions of cuts which had appeared in *Punch*. It was my belief that if he could have persevered he might have got a vogue for small portraits in water-color, which would have been very profitable. It was, then, because I thought he was neglecting his opportunities of success in a new kind of work which would bring him more fame, and profit enough to free him from anxiety about provision for himself and his family if his sight failed altogether, that I looked with a "mauvais œil" on the distraction of story-writing; for his energy, it was evident, was more and more being directed into the channel of his new work. But the enormous success of his novels justified him rather than me, although he himself used to say in after-years that nobody was so much surprised at this success as he was.



DU MAURIER ON PEGASUS
Drawn by himself

Among the early etchings by Whistler —in the set of twelve if I am not mistaken—there is one of a seated figure of a girl with long hair hanging loose about her shoulders and with a basket in her lap. This was done from Héloïse, a girl model well known in the Quartier. She was a remarkable person, not pretty in feature, and sallow in complexion, but with good eyes and a sympathetic sort of face. As this was long before the fashion came in for women and children to wear their hair hanging loose, and not in plaits down their backs, Héloïse attracted the notice of passers-by almost as much as Jemmie Whistler did when he was wearing, "more Americano," his summer suit of white duck and the jaunty little flat-crowned Yankee hat. She used to go about bareheaded, carrying a little basket containing crochet-work and a volume of Alfred de Musset's poems. This little "pose" added to the interest excited by her flowing locks and her large eyes. She was a chatterbox and at times regaled us with songs, rather spoken than sung, for she had not much voice or power of musical expression.

In this Héloïse were some slight suggestions for the character of Trilby, but only in the basket of work and in the book, and I know of no other female inhabitant of the "Quartier Latin" who had any of the characteristics of this famous heroine. I am very sorry and feel like an impostor, but really this Héloïse is as near as I can get to the original of Trilby.

After du Maurier's return to London he lived in Newman Street and Berners Street. I remember a house near the northern end of Newman Street in which he and Jemmie Whistler joined in a room. It was long and narrow, with a window at one end looking out to the back.

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and at about the middle of it a string was fixed across from wall to wall, and over this hung a piece of silk drapery about the size of two pocket-handkerchiefs. This was supposed to separate the parlor from the bedroom. I have often heard du Maurier tell of the way in which Whistler, when they lived here together, kept him awake far into the morning hours with his wonderful narratives of adventures he had had during the day. I think he was at that time sincerely attached to Whistler, and he was vastly impressed by his cleverness in many ways, but after a while this life "à deux" became impossible, for Jemmie was so very inconsiderate and exacting.

My visits to London about this time were not frequent nor very long. I used to stay in Newman Street, and we all dined at a little eating-house in Castle Street, near Cavendish Square. It was a homely sort of place, frequented mostly by people who looked like gentlemen's servants. We were allowed to do pretty much as we liked, and the waiting was done by women, with whom we were favorites; but there came a time when we felt we were getting up in the world and might venture to a more "toney" and expensive place—a place one could give a French name to—and call a "Restaurant"; so Charles Keene was asked to "prospect" at Pamphilon's in Argyle Street. He was to find out whether the prices there were within our means, and also to report on the kind of people who were "habitués," and to judge from their appearance if they would be too respectable to tolerate us. He gave a most satisfactory report, so we migrated from Castle Street to Argyle Street, and for many years afterward some of us were always to be found there at dinner-time. Besides the Paris "gang," some of Keene's Scotch friends used to dine there, and now and then Marks and Fred Walker.

This is but a fragmentary account of the life du Maurier lived in the early days after he returned to England from Düsseldorf and places in Belgium, where he had been under treatment for his terribly impaired eyesight. Work came to him slowly but increasingly. For a long time the *Leisure Hour* was a great standby, and for it he illustrated long serial stories. He took any work he could get in those days, gradually obtaining better prices. It was a great day when his work first got admission to *Punch*, for which he did many initial letters in a casual sort of way before he had commissions for any large drawings. I don't remember his having any other "gagne-pain" at this time.

Beginning with the initial letters for *Punch*, he also drew for *Once a Week*, a periodical which was perhaps more important than any other in furthering the new movement in drawing on wood, which may be said to have begun in Moxon's illustrated edition of Tennyson. Whistler did three drawings only for *Once a Week*—the first very good indeed, showing some of his best quality. It represented a graceful female figure seated in a room with Venetian blinds drawn down. It seems to me that many admirers fail to realize that there are Whistlers and Whistlers, and that the thing did not come off always or indeed often.

I never knew how far du Maurier really cared for that supreme quality in Charles Keene's drawings and in the best of Whistler's painting, but if he did see and care I think he felt that too much was sacrificed to obtain it—too much of the human beauty in the figures, to which he was so keenly alive. He made drawings occasionally out-of-doors on Hampstead Heath when he had in hand an outdoor subject, but he did not do this lovingly and caressingly as a thing to be cared for for its own sake, and but seldom and *ad hoc* when he thought the composition he was working on required details of landscape. To him the shapes of a human figure, and without much consideration of accidental illumination, were of supreme importance, and in his art as a draughtsman he cared only for the expression of this beauty. Herein he was a master.

He created a type, it is the fashion to say nowadays, and nobody, to the best of my belief, has ever drawn so many beautiful young women and children. Taste may return to high foreheads and sloping shoulders, and the rabbit mouths of the Books of Beauty, but I think the best of his young women will last. His imitators have so far not added anything to the charm of his type nor im-

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proved on what he evolved. He was always studying faces, for which he had a wonderful memory, and he used to take pleasure in showing how the profile of the Venus of Milo's face could be altered by taking away a little from the root of the nose in front of the eye. This he did by putting a bit of paper cut for the purpose over the part of the photograph which he desired to remove. This alteration gave a more lively—though perhaps a less divine—expression to the face.

It was, however, in his treatment of the tip of the nose that he made his girls so attractive. There was something of an upward tilt generally, and the heaviness one finds in the so-called antique noses was avoided—it may be at the cost of a little dignity; but there are no unimpaired antique noses that I know of except that of the Hermes of Olympia, for even the Venus of Milo has had the extreme tip restored, and how much difference may not be made by altering the extreme tip! Years and years ago I found a terra-cotta mould of an antefix in the Etruscan Museum in Florence, and I brought away a cast taken from it and treasured it very much, for the nose of the head in the middle of it is quite different from any antique nose I know. There can be no question as to the antiquity of the mould, which was found near Orvieto. One day in the eighties, when Monsieur Guillaume, the famous sculptor, and then "Directeur Général des Beaux Arts," was in my studio, I showed him the plaster cast, and he exclaimed: "Mais c'est le type des demoiselles anglaises desinées par du Maurier dans le *Punch!*"

His preparatory studies for the figures for the *Punch* drawings were done from living models with pencil, and in course of time he got to do them with great skill and apparent ease. A number of these pencil studies were recently acquired for the Art Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they may be seen mounted in juxtaposition with reproductions of the wood-cuts published in *Punch*, for which they were made. For the making of these drawings, generally representing people of fashionable appearance, he used to employ models who could wear his clothes and his wife's—nice, clean people who came to him twice a week. I knew one married couple who sat to him in this way for many years. In these preliminary pencil drawings there was no attempt to give the heads, the place and sizes of which were indicated only—but the clothes were carefully done. From such studies he drew the composition again with ink, adding heads to suit the characters of the subjects. These heads he would do from memory, never making a likeness which could be offensive to the person depicted. Sometimes friends—ladies—were asked to sit for them, but it was very seldom, for he had very desirable models close at hand—his daughters and grandchildren were constantly used. Most people who remember the *Punch* pictures of the nineties will bear in mind the charming little boys who used to figure in them. There was no lack of these grandchildren, of all sizes, from two families, and among them were those who suggested *Peter Pan* to Mr. Barrie.

At Night

BY SARA TEASDALE

LOVE said: "Wake still and think of me."
Sleep: "Close your eyes till break of day,"
But Dreams came by and smilingly
Gave both to Love and Sleep their way.

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The Kidnappers

BY JAMES BARNES

THE Misses Agnes and Lois Fearn lived at "Fearn Farm," a small estate of ten acres that at first glance one might judge to be far from town. It was mostly woodland, with just enough cleared pasture to support a cow. Thirty-five minutes on the train would land any one at the Grand Central.

It was a beautiful May morning. Miss Agnes was sitting on the porch, in a rocking-chair, with a monthly magazine, devoted to the needs and phases of femininity, spread out in her lap. Miss Lois, her back just visible above the short box-hedge, was in the garden.

Suddenly the elder Miss Fearn rose to her feet. "Oh my! Oh my!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

Miss Lois, hearing, straightened up, with a trowel in one hand, and pushed back her sunbonnet.

"Was it a bee?" she asked.

Her sister, with the periodical pressed close to her bosom, answered in tones of trembling ecstasy: "Lois! Oh, Lois! Come here! Do come here!"

The younger Miss Fearn, shaking off her loose gloves after the manner of a baseball out-fielder, hastened from the garden to the veranda steps.

"Agnes, what is it?" she panted. "What has come over you?"

"Lois!" thrilled her sister, beckoning, "did you ever see such a baby? Did you ever!"

One of the pages of this particular combination of Hints on Hygiene, Home Life, and Fashion was devoted to the adoption of children. Each month appeared the portraits and semi-pedigrees of little waifs who wanted mothering. Miss Agnes's finger pointed to one at the head of the list.

"She is very young," ventured Miss Lois. "I—I don't think we know very much about very young babies—"

"But we have Blossom," interrupted Miss Agnes. "She gives enough milk for a baby, and there are some wonderful foods advertised in the back pages. . . . Here, let me read."

The paragraph of description accompanying this especial human ware went on to state briefly that "Baby Millicent," eighteen months old, was to let for the rest of her natural life for nothing. Her pathetic story was shortly related; she was the daughter of a poor Englishwoman whose husband, a friendless mariner, had been lost at sea. The young widow had "reluctantly surrendered Baby Millicent to a Children's Home Society."

"That," said Miss Agnes, "is the very one for us—the very one."

Miss Lois's fingers swept the picture of the little face affectionately.

"Oh, Agnes," she faltered, "do you think we could?"

Now the elder Miss Fearn was a woman of almost automatic inspiration.

"There's the 11.47," she said. "I can get my lunch in town and be back for supper."

"Will you bring her with you?"

"I most certainly will," returned Miss Agnes, decidedly. "There'll be a hundred people for that baby before the day's out. We must lose no time."

Inside of twenty minutes every one but Blossom, the aged cow, had been informed. Susan, the cook, was volubly rejoiceful; Mary, the maid, after a sigh, had joined in the enthusiasm; John, the old man of all work, suggested that they might make it a boy.

"Boys are a nuisance," decided Miss Agnes, emphatically; and with that she made her preparations for departure. With the aid of her sister, and a breath-racking trot up the hill, she caught the trolley, and was in time for the 11.47.

By four in the afternoon the following message was delivered at Fearn Farm:

"Coming on 5.43. Everything arranged. Perfectly adorable. Meet me."

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A quarter of an hour before the train was due, Miss Lois was at the station, walking nervously up and down. And there we leave her, at least for those slow-speeding fifteen minutes.

It takes but a short time to tell of Miss Agnes's doings, because of her exceedingly business-like methods. Immediately on her arrival she had called on the editor of the periodical, and made a great impression—so successful, in fact, that when she had presented her credentials she had been sent at once, with a subordinate, to the "Children's Home Society." To her surprise, the ceremonies and requirements were very simple. Baby Millicent had taken to her immediately; that was the most important thing—and she was quite up to specifications. Miss Agnes at 4.30 had obtained possession. Very little was told her, except that the little one's mother, whose name was Dow, lived somewhere on the East Side, and worked in a laundry. Miss Agnes, to ease her conscience, promptly, intentionally, and deliberately forgot the address. If she could have secured the baby without giving her own name, she would have done so. She left particular instructions as to secrecy at the Home.



"THERE ARE SOME WONDERFUL FOODS ADVERTISED IN THE BACK PAGES"

In a taxicab she arrived at the station some minutes before starting-time; and blushing with a delight that she felt all over, and that was an entirely new sensation, she made her way to the train, carrying Baby Millicent in her arms. The child's tiny hand clung to her back hair; the top of the much-befrilled little cap rested against her cheek. Miss Agnes ached with a strange enjoyment.

One thing she was determined upon: In all household and financial matters Lois and she had made it share and share alike; but this time—well, no child could have two mothers; Lois, she was sure, would make a most excellent aunt!

No sooner had Miss Agnes seated herself than the precious possession cuddled up on her lap and went to sleep. The car began to fill—perspiring commuters poured in. A little man with very round spectacles, attired in a light-gray suit of clothes, halted beside her.

"Is this seat engaged, madam?"

The admiring glance he gave at the sleeping infant won him place.

"It's very hot," began the little man, affably, as he wedged himself in. "Very warm for children to be travelling this weather."

"Oh, she doesn't mind it a bit," returned Miss Agnes, and looked out of the window.

The little man glanced over the top of his glasses at her, and took out his watch.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Miss Agnes, suddenly turning. "This gentleman in front of us is just getting up. There's a friend of mine out there on the platform. Would you mind taking that seat ahead, and keeping this one for me and my friend? I'll leave Baby here, and if any one comes, you can just say that its—moth—that is—I'll be back in just one minute."

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"With pleasure," smiled the little man.

Miss Agnes deposited Baby Millicent in the corner of the empty seat and hastened up the aisle. Oh, when Mrs. Minturn Park just saw that sleeping child! Miss Fearn was stopped at the



"Is this Seat engaged, Madam?"

car door by a fat man getting on with two bags and four fishing-rods. She cast a furtive, despairing look over her shoulder, a look that was caught by the little man with the spectacles.

It was evident that the train was soon to start; the new guardian of Baby Millicent thrust his head out of the window. Going in the opposite direction at a terrific rate toward the station entrance was a tall woman with a brown feather in her hat. It was not Miss Agnes, but she also wore a brown feather.

Now, Mr. Carl Dutton Ogleby, undermaster of a boys' academy not far from New Haven, was a man of impulse and imagination. When these two work in exact co-ordination, mistakes will happen.

Picking up the sleeping child, he rushed to the rear platform. The brown feather could just be discerned hurrying away like a person who did not wish to be overtaken. Now Mr. Ogleby, who was slightly lame, and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, was lacking in the qualities that make progress through crushes of humanity at all easy; but a young man with the build of a football-player caught up with him, striding past easily. And just at that moment there sounded the shout of "All aboard!"

"My dear sir," panted Mr. Ogleby, excitedly, "a great favor! This infant"—he dangled Baby Millicent at arm's length—"has been deserted on the train by that woman with the brown feather going through the gate. Catch up with her—don't parley—don't delay!"

If the young man had not had some practice at football, the sleepy burden might have dropped to the platform.

"Quick! Quick!" shouted Mr. Ogleby, pointing. "Take after her, sir! Hurry!"

The young man did not wait to see whether Mr. Ogleby had boarded the moving train or not. He tucked the baby under one arm, and rushed after the brown feather as if bound for a touch-down.

When he dodged round the half-shut gate he gave a swift glance to right and left. The oriflame had disappeared! Labyrinthine passages ascended and descended in all directions. Where had she gone? The gentleman who now held the

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fully awakened Baby Millicent under his arm decided quickly. He chose the first temporary stairway from the temporary landing, and in five jumps was in the temporary corridor. Through the opening that gave on Lexington Avenue he saw a lady with a large brown feather, her features hidden by a tight brown veil, getting into a red taxicab. Before he could reach the entrance, the cab missed a down-coming car by a scant six inches, and flew on its way up-town.

This story has to do—as will easily be perceived—with people who do not sit down with their heads in their hands and deplore untoward circumstances. Mr. John Drake Emery belonged to the simultaneous actors and thinkers who have helped to make history.

"I'll nail her," he said to himself. "She won't get away from me!" And with that he chased across the avenue to a waiting green taxi.

"See that red cab going up there?" he ordered. "Catch it and I'll give you two dollars! On the jump now!"

As he drove through the door Baby Millicent and the policeman across the way looked at him with some surprise and no little suspicion. The policeman said, "That feller's in a good deal of a hurry"; Baby Millicent said, "Ga—ga—"

She couldn't have given a very prolonged utterance of any kind, for, having had one narrow escape from making a fumble, Mr. Emery was determined not to drop her. Being very young, Millicent objected to the tightness of the clasp around her waist in a tone of vociferous expostulation. Mr. Emery put her down on the seat beside him, straightened her cap, and took a look at her. His charge glanced up at him out of a pair of tear-wet and reproachful eyes.

"Gee whiz!" observed Mr. Emery, aloud. "You're a beaut! Why any one wanted to desert you beats me!" He slipped his arm round her very gently, and looked out of the window.

They were approaching Fifty-ninth Street, and here the gods of chance came to the green taxi's aid: a cross-town car had seen fit to bump a loaded coal-wagon so hard that the tail-board had fallen down and half a ton of coal was deposited on the cross-town track.

The red taxi had come to a halt. The green one, puffing and blowing like a tugboat stemming the tide, swayed up with a gurgle and stopped directly behind it.

Mr. Emery gathered his astonished fellow passenger to his breast, opened the door, and stepped out. Without much ceremony he pulled the door of the red taxi open. The lady with the brown feather and the brown veil gave a sudden exclamation—whether of dismay or fright, the hero of the chase did not stop to reason.

"Madam," he challenged, indignantly, "what do you mean by deserting your child? It's a shame— A crying shame!"

The latter part of the speech was certainly true. Baby Millicent's feelings were hurt. She was indignant.

The lady was tugging at the brown veil with both hands, trying to get it past the tip of her nose. At last with an upward thrust her whole face was exposed to view. It was very pretty and very flushed. She had half risen from the seat, dropping a heavily monogrammed bag.

"John Drake Emery!" she exclaimed, in tones of many mingled emotions. "What —what are you talking about? What do you mean? Have you gone crazy?"

"Good heavens, Miss Baylies—you!" responded Mr. Emery—his voice suddenly fainting away. "I—I thought you were deserting this child."

Baby Millicent had risen to the occasion. If she felt deserted, she had but one way of expressing it. Her wails of determined anger were now mingled with an appeal for assistance. The crowd that had been watching the coal-cart driver and the motorman, longing for action, were diverted.

"What's goin' on here, guv'nor?" asked a rough man in his shirt sleeves.

"Don't hold that baby that way—you're hurting it!" screamed a woman.

"He's tryin' to kidnap it. Where's the police?" cried another.

"Aw, give it to the lady," suggested some one.

This last remark had some common sense in it.

Mr. Emery thrust the squalling burden into the arms of the fair occupant of the cab with such force that she sat down with it in her lap.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Baylies, take this child," he volleyed. "I'll explain

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matters! Hi! Here, you!"—this to the driver of the green car. "Keep the change. It's O. K.!" Quickly he stepped into the red taxi. "Turn round," he shouted. "Drive down-town!"

"Where to?" asked the man.

"I don't give a whoop!" grinned Emery. "Get out of this—quick!"

With a gnarling and gnashing of machinery, the red taxicab swung back over the route it had travelled on its northward journey.

"Now," said Miss Claire Baylies, confronting her companion, "if you'll explain your behavior, I shall be very much obliged. What does it mean?"

To do him justice, besides possessing determination, Mr. Emery possessed a sense of humor. He did not reply at once. He was leaning forward, his chest on his knees, his arms hanging limp, and his knuckles touching the floor.

"Well, when you please, Mr. Emery." The young lady tried to throw some indignation into her tone, with only fair success; she could not repress a half-hysterical giggle of her own.

Mr. Emery straightened up at last and wiped his eyes. "The idea of it!" he exclaimed. "It's the funniest ever! Oh, my gracious Peter!"

"Well, tell me," interrupted Miss Baylies, "whose baby is it?"

"I don't know whose baby it is."

"Then why did you try to give it to me?"

"I thought you were its mother!"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Baylies. "What under the moon and stars are you talking about?"

"Well," began John Drake Emery, "I'm a gullible fool. That's the answer!"

"Go on!" said his companion. "No one has contradicted you."

"Well!" He was fairly composed now. "It's this way: A little man with glasses and a gray suit of clothes thrust this infant into my arms on the platform at the Grand Central; told me that a lady with brown feather in hat had deserted it on the train and was trying to escape. I got mixed up and followed you—brown feather, you see — great hurry—sprinting to beat the band and all that! What was your rush?"

"I was in a hurry to get up to my aunt's, Mrs. Knowlton's. She's waiting for me now. . . . Where are we going, by the way?" Miss Baylies gave a sniff of suspicion.

"I don't know!" Her companion made



"SEE THAT RED CAB? CATCH IT!"

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"I—I THOUGHT YOU WERE DESERTING THIS CHILD"

a foolish wave of the hand. "That little man with the glasses did a dive for the train. Maybe it was a plant on me, and the other brown feather had no more to do with it than you! Stung!"

"It's an awfully pretty baby," remarked Miss Baylies, glancing down at Millicent. "Oh, you perfect, ducky dear!" This last was not addressed to Mr. Emery.

"It's a beaut," said he. "Girl, isn't it?"

"Don't be silly—of course she is. Oh, you perfect darling!"

The reason for all this excitement returned the caressing so directly and naturally that the action went straight to Miss Baylies's heart.

"Here we are at the Grand Central," cried the young lady, suddenly—"perhaps—"

"Perhaps nothing," interrupted Mr. Emery. "If you are going to say that I'll find my friend with the goggles waiting, you'll have a guess coming. Oh, the whole thing was timed to a nicety! Perhaps he thought I'd adopt it! Maybe he judged I had a motherly face. What are we going to do? Take it to the police station?"

"The police station!" Miss Baylies echoed the words in horror. "This child to the police station? We'll take it up to Aunt Emily's. She's had lots of experience—she'll know what to do. . . . Just tell the driver."

Mr. Emery stuck his head out of the window and gave the bewildered chauffeur an address in West Fifty-fourth Street. The cab swung round again.

If Mr. Emery had got out immediately and made his way to the platform he might have found that the little man in the gray suit of clothes was still there. He had never succeeded in boarding the 5.43, owing to the fact that the Pullman cars were on the rear of the train and the vestibule doors were closed.

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Mr. Ogleby did not know whether to be well satisfied with his work or not. He trusted that the tall young man had caught the brown feather, and yet he could not reconcile the lady's strange act with what he remembered of her rather strong and kindly features. There was one thing that he had reasoned from a certain subtle power of observation: she did not look as if she were the baby's mother, or anybody's mother, for that matter. Perhaps she was a third person, employed to put the dastardly desertion into practice.

Before he had reached Comfort Station, Mr. Ogleby had reviewed his conduct from four or five different standpoints, and always with the same result. Whatever he had done, or whatever had happened, he had been actuated by the best of motives. He concluded that he had better let it go at that. He'd got all the papers next morning, even those three or four that were never allowed at the school. If there was nothing recorded, he would know all was well and pat himself on the back for having risen to an unexpected emergency.

We left Miss Lois anxiously walking up and down the platform awaiting the arrival of the 5.43. She was rather glad it was Agnes and not herself who had gone to town to secure the goods as advertised. Miss Lois had a way of being easily persuaded; she had bought things that were "just as good" all her life. And then there was another thing: Agnes could survive the outspoken curiosity of the commuters with more fortitude, carry off the situation with more aplomb.

Ah! here came the train! From the third car descended her sister. She was leaning heavily on the arm of Mrs. Minturn Park. The conductor and the brakeman helped them both down.

Lois ran forward. "Agnes," she cried, "what is the matter?"

Her sister looked at her with staring eyes; then she placed her shaking hands on the lean shoulders and swayed weakly.

"Lois!" she gasped, "I've lost the baby! Don't tell any one. . . . Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?"

Mrs. Minturn Park, who had been supporting Agnes by both elbows, suddenly gave an exclamation of relief and rushed away. Down the platform she grasped a tall gray-bearded man, who had just descended from the smoker, by the lapels of his coat.

"Oh, Doctor Hopkins!" she cried, "come here with me at once. . . . Miss Agnes Fearn imagines she's just lost a baby eighteen months old—she's quite hysterical—you must—you *must* help us get her home!"

When the taxicab stopped in front of the number in West Fifty-fourth Street, a hansom-cab had just deposited a slender and very well-dressed lady in black, who halted half-way up the brownstone steps at the hail of: "Aunt Emily! Oh, Aunt Emily!" She turned as she was getting her latch-key out of her reticule. To her surprise, Mrs. Knowlton observed some one with a very flushed face and dancing eyes advancing toward her, holding in her arms, in the most experienced way in the world, a healthy and well-dressed infant of about eighteen months. Down on the sidewalk, a young man, whose back she did not recognize, was paying off the driver of the red taxi without a glance at the recording meter.

"My dear Claire!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Knowlton, "what does this mean? What have you there?"

"Oh, Aunt Emily," responded Miss Baylies, her voice rising excitedly, "isn't this the loveliest baby you ever saw?"

"What are you doing with it?" Mrs. Knowlton's voice sounded far away. "What—" Then she recognized the young man—and it failed her altogether.

"Oh, do let's go into the house and I'll explain," put in Miss Baylies; "or, at least, Mr. Emery and I will, for really it's the most remarkable story! . . . Oh, please do open the door."

Somewhat dazed, Mrs. Knowlton obeyed, and the two young people followed her into the cool and darkened hallway. Everything was done up in gray muslin, the stair carpets had been removed, the place echoed to their tread. Miss Baylies pushed her way into the shrouded parlor.

"Oh, how lucky we are to find you! Aren't we, Mr. Emery?"

If Miss Baylies had addressed him as "John," Mrs. Knowlton certainly would have fainted.

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"Now, if you young people," she began, "will please tell me what you mean by carrying round a child—a strange child—at this time of the day—why you brought her to me, I should be most—er—be most enlightened."

"Well, you see," returned Miss Baylies, "I'm stopping at my club, and so is Mr. Emery—I mean he is stopping at his club—and we couldn't take her there, either of us, so we thought of you, Aunt Emily."

Mrs. Knowlton collapsed into a linen-covered chair that gave emphasis to her state of surprise by sliding along on its casters until it collided with a draped whatnot. "But that doesn't explain anything," she exclaimed. "Whose child is it?"

"We don't know," answered both the young people, in chorus.

Mrs. Knowlton gasped. "Then what are you doing with it?"

"We brought it to you for advice," said Miss Baylies. "Don't you think she's too ducky for anything?"

Mr. Emery, seeing that he was expected to say something, acknowledged the responsibility.

"Well, I suppose it's 'up to me,'" he opened. "You see, it's this way—" And for the second time he related the story of the man with the spectacles and the gray suit of clothes.

Having listened attentively, Mrs. Knowlton delivered her opinion.

"It strikes me," she observed, "my dear Mr. Emery, that the little man you have described is one of those pin-headed individuals who are continually mixing with other people's affairs. I believe that unwittingly you have helped him to run off—with somebody else's child. I don't think anybody abandoned her at all."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Mr. Emery. "Don't you think it might have been his?"



"I'VE LOST THE BABY! OH, WHAT AM I TO DO"

"No more his than yours."

"That goes without saying." Mr. Emery blushed.

"Oh!" mumbled Miss Claire, in a smothered whisper, pretending to devour one of the tightly closed little fists, "I wish it was mine!"

Her aunt looked at her with a flash of unspoken responsiveness.

"Here, let me take her a minute," she coaxed; "she wanted to come to me."

Millicent was not averse to the transfer; she looked up at Mrs. Knowlton

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and fingered her slightly "touched-up" hair. "Mamma!" she said, very plainly.

"I must remind her of her mother," trembled Mrs. Knowlton. "Have you searched for her name or anything?"

Mr. Emery looked at Miss Baylies and blushed again. "Not yet," he answered. "You see—I—there wasn't much time."

"Well, if you'll just step out into the hall," suggested Mrs. Knowlton.

Mr. Emery retired for a few moments, to be called back in a "Now-you-may-come-in" tone of voice, by both ladies in unison.

"Not a mark of any kind," observed Mrs. Knowlton, on whose knee Millicent was sitting, while Claire was buttoning up her back. "Everything is brand-new, though."

"There's a price tag on her what-you-may-call-it," added her niece.

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Mr. Emery, boldly. "Shall I go down to the newspapers and tell the whole story and advertise that I've a strange child on my hands?"

"She's not on your hands any longer," remarked Miss Claire. "You deliberately gave her to me in the cab."

"No, no," held forth Mrs. Knowlton, emphatically, paying no attention. "I wouldn't do that. If any woman has lost her baby, she'll let the newspapers know—it 'll all come out to-morrow, and then you can just return her and keep your names out of this mix-up. I wouldn't do anything about it until to-morrow."

"But, my dear aunt Emily, what are we going to do?" put in Miss Baylies. "Of course you can keep her here for to-night, can't you?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Knowlton, "where are your brains? Here I leave on the eleven-o'clock train to join your uncle Harvey's yacht at Boston, and accompany him up to his salmon river in Labrador. You know my plans. Oh!" she interrupted herself in her long explanation. "The very idea! I've got the very thing! The Kingsburys, next door, have been cleaning up their house, preparatory to going to Europe, and there's been such a nice woman there that I've been interested in—such a genteel little person. She's used to children. Now, not another word! I'll be back in a minute."

With that the good lady bustled out into the hall and closed the outside door. The two young people sat on the sofa, with the bond of sympathy between them. The conversation need not be recorded.

It seemed less than two minutes when Mrs. Knowlton reappeared.

"It's all arranged!" she announced. "I shall send the child over to her, and she'll bring her to the Kingsburys here to-morrow. My maid has nothing to do until she meets me at the train."

A stout, good-looking woman appeared on the threshold. Millicent went to her as readily as she had gone to everybody else. She seemed entirely unprejudiced. Mrs. Knowlton went out into the hall, and the two young people, left alone, fell to whispering.

"You leave it to me," arranged Mr. Emery. "I'll be up here next door at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"So will I," whispered Miss Baylies.

In regard to Baby Millicent, Anna, the maid, had not been taken into thorough confidence. She had been told to deliver the child at such and such an address, and to meet Mrs. Knowlton at the eleven-o'clock train for Boston. When at last she arrived, phlegmatic and on time, she replied to Mrs. Knowlton's questions in regard to the fulfilment of her commission with: "Yes, madam, I give the note. The woman seemed very glad to get the child. I think she'll take good care of it."

As both Mrs. Knowlton and Anna were good travellers, they dismissed the matter from their minds, and were asleep before the train reached the borders of Connecticut. By twelve o'clock the next day they had boarded Mrs. Knowlton's brother's steam-yacht and put out to sea.

Before sailing, Mrs. Knowlton had bought all the morning papers, but there was no news from New York that interested her.

For two hours Miss Baylies and her attending squire waited in the Kingsburys' laundry for Millicent's return—or better, her arrival. Then Mr. Emery suggested the Park; the caretaker's surveillance—for she had not been let into the secret at all—was beginning to be irksome.

As, in silence, they entered one of the wooded paths after their short walk up the Avenue, Mr. Emery heard a strange

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sound; he glanced at his companion. She had stopped and turned, her eyes filled with tears. Her under lip had begun to quiver.

"Don't take it so hard," he entreated; "please don't!"

"Oh!" was the reply. "Don't you see it all? I do! . . . Oh, perfidious Aunt Emily! She told that woman not to come back—and—and she's put the whole thing into the hands of somebody else!"

"But she told me—" blurted Emery.

"I don't care what she told you—I remember hearing her once say that she didn't think you had much business ability, that you put too much time into sport."

"Well, if she said that, I'll show her—" The young athlete gritted his teeth, and Miss Baylies was immediately aware that he held her hand, for she winced and withdrew it.

"Let's both of us show her," said she. And at that Mr. Emery gained possession again.

No woman or child turned up at the Kingsburys' that day or the next, and Miss Baylies departed from the city.

At Fearn Farm things were not going smoothly. Doctor Hopkins—who proved to be the most useless of amateur detectives—began to get worried over Miss Agnes's condition. She began slowly to wear away under the continued strain.

"My dear Mrs. Park," said he, one afternoon, to that lady, who had called at his office (the case had dragged into a fortnight), "this thing cannot go any further; that baby must be found. You were right when you first outlined your ideas on the subject."

"I was quite sure of it," responded Mrs. Park. "I thought you'd come to my way of thinking—quite certain of it."

"At half past five to-morrow," repeated the doctor, "that baby is found in the possession of its mother. The baby is suffering from cholera-morbus when I find her. The poor child cannot and does not survive. That I will attend to. There'll be a few tears, and we will see Miss Fearn slowly but surely regain her wonted health. I am going to recommend a sea voyage—"

"Splendid—just the thing," interrupted Mrs. Park.

"There never was a baby!" went on the doctor, encouraged to be dogmatic. "It is just a mental quirk of Miss Fearn's that can be cured only by the methods I suggest. She has the delusion that she really got the baby—a delusion! There was no little man in a gray suit! No Mrs. Dow! But what makes me angry is the secretiveness of those people at that confounded Home! If they would only have told us *who* it was that they really allowed to take this child, we'd have stopped all this wild-goose chase. But they've practically denied that the lady's name was Fearn."

"Oh, doctor," cried Mrs. Park, "let me help with a little suggestion—a tiny invention—quite justifiable—quite convincing—"

"Well, my dear lady?"

"We'll do exactly what they do in books," exclaimed Mrs. Park; "we'll find this mythical Mrs. Dow a husband. . . . The very idea! The man in the gray suit! But we must never tell Lois."

"Oh no," assented the doctor. "She'll help Agnes to believe it all."

It was August—the *Morganatic* was two days out of port, eastward bound. The first and second days had been rather rough; few passengers had appeared on deck. The third day was glorious, with hardly a lift in the sea that sparkled and shone out to the wide-stretching horizon. In the steamer chairs, that lined the gangways, passengers of various ages, sorts, and shapes lolled, read, or sipped gruel at their ease.

At the very end of the line were two young people, much engrossed in each other; their chairs were close together, and they used the same steamer rug. There were a number of their kind on board, but from every evidence they were the newest.

Forward, at the entrance to the ladies' lounge, sat, cuddled up, a little red-faced lady, who was so consciously pleased with the thought of being really at sea, and bound for the indefinite and long-postponed bourne of Europe, that she had read the same page of *Rambles About Rome* for the tenth time, and for all she remembered might have been reading about Jerusalem. Suddenly she looked up. A little man in a gray suit of clothes,

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with big spectacles, lowered himself into the next chair. He nodded pleasantly to the little woman, whose abstract smile became definite.

"They're all up to-day," opened the little man, pleasantly.

"Yes," answered the lady with the ruddy complexion. "I had no idea there were so many! My sister, too, is much better. I expect her out this morning."

"I should like so much to meet her," began the little man. "You know some people hold that seasickness is actually a—"

What he was going to say he never finished. If the day had been very rough, his facial accent of intense distress might have been understood. The younger Miss Fearn glanced at him in astonishment; without a word of explanation he had left the chair and plunged through the doorway. Standing opposite, holding on to the stanchion by the rail, was a tall, athletically built young fellow with a bronzed face. He was gazing after the disappearing gentleman with what the doctors might call a truly "adenoid" expression. Then he suddenly turned and walked on.

The little man in gray, having dashed down the main stairway, paid his first visit to the smoke-room.

The steward, used to sudden orders from the lately resurrected, departed in haste.

"Great heavens!" muttered the little man to himself. "The gentleman to whom I gave the baby at the Grand Central Station is on this ship!" After he had taken a sip or two of cognac, he indulged the steward in conversation.

"Oh yes, sir; young gentleman in deer-stalking cap, sir, very large plaid? Mr. John Drake Emery, of New York, often crossed with us. Recently married, the head steward informs me. His—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Ogleby, "thank you very much. Thank you—thank you."

Mrs. John Drake Emery, who also had a readerless and uncut book in her lap, observed her husband approaching her. She was not entirely familiar with all his expressions as yet, but the one he was now wearing was new and somewhat shocking. He sank down by the chair.

"Great heavens, Claire," he faltered, weakly, "the man who gave me the baby at the Grand Central Station is on the ship!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the bride, clasping her husband's hand. "Did he recognize you?"

"Yes, and he did the same thing he did before—bolted like a white-head. He was seated in a chair next to a little old maid, who looked like a dried apple."

"Heavens and earth!" faltered the young lady. "Did you ever! Did you ever!"

The Emerys gazed into each other's frightened eyes in dead silence. Then they said, in a low, simultaneous whisper, "What *are* we going to do?"

The gentleman from Comfort, having finished his brandy, essayed to go on deck again, determined to brazen it through. As he went down the corridor toward the main staircase from the main saloon, he almost collided with a tall woman with iron-gray hair. They looked at each other, gasped, and rushed in opposite directions. If it had been feasible to change vessels in mid-ocean, Mr. Ogleby would have taken steps in that direction.

Miss Lois started into an upright position at a sudden voice at her elbow. It was Agnes, her sister, looking very, very bad indeed.

"Agnes!" cried the younger Miss Fearn. "You should not have gotten up. Go down-stairs at once to bed. . . . Now, please try to control yourself. Do!"

"It's not that," quivered the elder Miss Fearn, seating herself almost in her sister's lap. "Lois, the man who took that baby is on this ship!"

"Merciful Powers! What are you saying, Agnes? Are you sure?—*sure?*" asked Miss Lois.

"Yes, positive—in the same suit of clothes and the same spectacles."

"Gray?" asked Miss Lois, "with tortoise-shell bows?"

Agnes nodded.

"That's his chair!" Lois pointed to the next seat. "His name is Carl Dutton Ogleby, and he's a schoolmaster. He told me all about himself. He said he was unmarried. Oh! Agnes, you must be—I'm sure you are mistaken."

"Mistaken! He kidnapped that child! He deliberately stole her! Even if he was her father—what right had he? He's afraid to meet me now."

"He certainly has committed nothing

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wrong," put in Lois. "He restored the poor little thing to her mother; it was the way they became reconciled. Don't you remember what Doctor Hopkins and Mrs. Minturn Park told us—and all about poor little Millicent's illness? Why should he be afraid to meet you? But, Agnes, Agnes, I'm sure there's a mistake somewhere!" Her pinched face contorted.

Miss Agnes cogitated aloud. "I've always had a lingering suspicion of Doctor Hopkins," she said, "and Mrs. Park's behavior, too, was very strange from the beginning. Oh, suppose the dear little darling was—"

"Now, please don't go conjuring up any more ideas," interrupted Miss Lois, nervously. "You know you were told not to think about it any more, and I hoped you'd get it out of your mind."

"I shall never get it completely out of my mind until the whole thing is cleared up. Your friend Mr. Ogleby may be able to enlighten us. One thing: he can't escape us here—he can't run away."

Miss Agnes's face took on a look of decision.

Probably because she was somewhat nervous, young Mrs. Emery, after her husband's departure, got up and leaned against the rail. She stood there looking across the intervening space that separated the first-class from the second-class passenger promenade deck. Suddenly she started and returned hastily to the chair that she had just vacated. Over the back hung a pair of marine-glasses in their case—a wedding-present to her husband, although, of course, they had been directed to her. Sitting down, she focussed the glasses and gazed—not out to sea, but toward the after-part of the ship.

"It is," she said. "I cannot be mistaken—I'm sure of it. There can be no mistake at all! Oh, what if it really was!" She dropped the glasses and sat back weakly in the chair. "I must be imagining!" she faltered. At that moment her husband appeared.

"Can't find him," he remarked. "Perhaps he's jumped overboard. Hope so."



"I CANNOT BE MISTAKEN—I'M SURE OF IT"

"Jack!" His wife beckoned him nearer. "I think I have—it's the strangest thing! . . . Oh! Here's somebody looking for you!"

The deck steward had stopped before them with a military salute.

"Oh, Mr. Hemery, sir. There's a Mr. Hogleby and a Miss Fearn would like to see you in the ladies' cabin, sir."

"Oh—er—er— All right," faltered Emery, and turned to his wife. He grinned pallidly. "I think you'd better come along too, my dear."

"Oh, you couldn't leave me behind," returned Claire, bravely. "I'm involved, you must remember. . . . I've got the strangest thing to tell you . . . only you'll think me crazy." She repressed herself. "Who is Miss Fearn?" she asked.

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"I haven't the least idea," said her husband. "I give it up!"

"We'll soon find out something," returned Mrs. Emery. "I'm beginning to see things— Come on—don't hang back! Now, courage! Oh, think— If it only should be true!"

Owing to the fineness of the weather there was no one inside the ladies' cabin except the two Miss Fearns and Mr. Carl Dutton Ogleby, who formed a triangular group at the farther end.

"It is all very well, Mr. Ogleby, to harp on the fact that your intentions were of the best," the elder lady was essaying, "but all this does not explain—"

"Agnes!" interjected Miss Lois, soothingly extending her hand, "Mr. Ogleby evidently has not heard—"

Mr. Ogleby interrupted a little testily, but with finesse: "My dear young lady" (Miss Lois felt a chill of delight at these words, and her color heightened)—"my dear young lady, I positively can assure you that I have never even heard of this Doctor Hopkins, nor did I know the baby's name, or anything about her relations or antecedents. In fact, I was firmly convinced that your sister was—er—if I remember rightly, Miss Fearn, in requesting me to keep an eye on the infant, used the word—er—"

"I said nothing of the kind," interrupted Miss Agnes, mendaciously. "I used no word *at all*—I said that *I* would return, and if you had been any judge of human nature you would have known that I was a responsible person."

"Well," observed Mr. Ogleby, "there's no use in getting into an argument on a small side issue. The gentleman to whom I gave the child is Mr. John Drake Emery, though I did not know his name until a few minutes ago. He's here on this ship, and the steward is looking for him, and as soon as he comes we'll get at the truth of the matter. He probably knows where the child is now."

"But, Mr. Ogleby," whispered Miss Lois, "we told you that the poor little thing—that Doctor Hopkins said—"

She got no farther, for it was at this moment that the Emerys appeared. Mr. Ogleby rose to meet them. As is the case with a great many timid men in sudden emergencies, he hid his confusion under a demanding abruptness.

"You remember me, Mr. Emery," he opened, "at the Grand Central Station, just at the hour of 5.43, on the evening of June ——" he gave the date with conciseness—"I handed you an infant, a girl child of about eighteen months. What did you do with her? Is she alive—and if so, where is she?"

The two Miss Fearns had now joined the group, and all were standing.

"Why, you little snipe!" gasped Mr. Emery, trying to disentangle himself from his wife's clinging arm, "if you talk to me like that—I'll take you by the slack of the pants and drop you overboard!" He made as if to put the proposition into practice.

Mr. Ogleby shrank to his actual personality. He also shrank behind the elder Miss Fearn, who extended two protecting arms.

"Now, pray, no violence," she implored. "Listen."

"Jack, dear Jack," put in Mrs. Emery. "Listen to what the lady has to say."

The lady extracted Mr. Ogleby from behind her with a sweep of one hand. "Did this gentleman hand you a child, as he said he did?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Emery. "He threw one at me, and I caught it."

"Well, what did you do with it?" Mr. Emery took no offence at the tone.

"I say," said he, "let's all sit down and take it quietly. Come over here in the corner and I'll talk with you."

They followed him and arranged themselves in the recess, leaning forward as if playing some trivial parlor game, and with the same expression of united concentration.

"Before I go on," suggested Mr. Emery, "perhaps *you'd* better tell me something—"

"You begin, Agnes," said Miss Lois, whose voice always acted like oil on troubled waters. "I think you should start."

Miss Agnes began immediately, and finished with only one interruption. It was a smothered exclamation of "Oh!" from Mrs. Emery when it came to Doctor Hopkins's assurance that the child, after reaching its mother, had died of cholera-morbus. The recital having been concluded at last, the two Miss Fearns and Mr. Dutton Ogleby turned to Mr. Emery.

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"Now, who is it," asked the elder lady, "that you gave Baby Millicent to? You have acknowledged that you took her from this—" Miss Agnes paused—"this very impetuous gentleman. Are you the child's father?"

"Me? Nonsense!" retorted the young athlete, emphatically. "I gave the baby to my wife—that is, she wasn't my wife then — but hold on; you'd better let me— You see it was this way—" Once more Mr. Emery related his side of the affair, of course bringing in Aunt Emily—and all the rest of them.

"It's just as much of a mystery as ever," cried Miss Agnes, again. "But how did Doctor Hopkins find out so much? And when did the poor little thing—"

"'Depart,' my dear," suggested Miss Lois, half to herself, in a whisper.

Here young Mrs. Emery dropped a bomb with paralyzing effect.

"The baby isn't dead!" she exclaimed. "I think *she's on board this ship.*"



SHE CAME UP TIMIDLY WITH MILLICENT

At these words the party, that had been bending forward in earnest attention to one another's narrative, opened out pyrotechnically, and from a close body became *disjecta membra.* Mr. Ogleby jumped across the edge of the settee and tripped over a card-table; Miss Agnes fell back and nearly slid to the floor. Lois stood upright, indulging in the motions of a person in a crowded car reaching for an elusive strap. As for Mr. Emery; as if afraid that his wife was about to do something remarkable also, he caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "My darling! my darling! what are you saying?"

"I'm telling you the truth, Jack; I tried to tell you before—only I wasn't exactly certain, but I'm positive now —positive — positive. If you'll all come with me, I'll show her to you—Jack, please don't!"

"But, Claire, darling—"

"I told you you'd think me crazy — but I'm not. Oh, don't look at me that way! I tell you I'll show you that child—if she hasn't been thrown overboard. Will you come?"

In single file, Mr. Emery bringing up the very rear, still looking constrained and uncertain, the little party threaded their way past the steamer chairs to the after-rail.

"There!" cried Mrs. Emery, pointing—"There! look, oh, look! Here they come!"

A smiling young man of about thirty-five, dressed in the uniform of a deck steward, came dancing down the gangway of the second-cabin promenade deck. It did not need the glasses now to distinguish that the charming burden on his shoulder, with the flying, tiny ringlets, and the little cap hanging down her back, was the elusive "X" of the problem. . . . It was Baby Millicent!

"Hey there!" shouted Mr. Emery, in a

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voice that rose above the chorussed gasps on either side of him. "Hey there!"

The steward, who was very English in appearance, called back, over the intervening space, "Coming, sir."

He put down the little one, opened the swinging gate, and came forward toward the group. Miss Agnes fairly elbowed her way past the others.

"May I ask where you got that child?" she inquired, her voice trembling.

"Why, she's mine," responded the man.

"Yours?"

It is remarkable how five voices could be united in a diapason of astonishment on a single word.

"Her name," stated Miss Agnes, emphatically, "is Millicent Dow."

"Quite right," said the steward, "and I'm George Leacroft Dow, her father."

"Impossible!" returned Miss Fearn. "Her father was lost at sea."

The steward smiled affably.

"No, madam, you're quite mistaken," he said. "Hi was 'ead steward of the *Tunbridge Wells,* New York to Buenos Ayres. She foundered hoff the coast of Brazil, hall boats lost but one, the second maite's. Hi was picked up in 'er by a sailing-vessel bound for Valparhaiso. She was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. Quite a chapter of haccidents, must confess, madam! But that's not the hend of it. When we was rescued by a survey-ship, Hi comes down with the fever, and it's two years before Hi gets back to 'Oboken, where Hi'd left my wife and family. That little one 'ere, Hi'd never seen *'er!* but I found 'em at larst, livin' in a hawful 'ole over in New York. . . . Bringin' 'em hall 'ome now, to Sout'ampton—all four of 'em and my wife. 'Ere she comes now! That's *'er!* Min," he called. "'Ere's some ladies and gentlemen as ha' picked up friends with Millicent."

"Oh," interjected Miss Fearn, "we knew of your wife in New York. But—"

"Ah, indeed, ma'am?" returned the steward, encouraging his wife to approach with further gesturing. She came up timidly, Baby Millicent helping to bring her along. As soon as she got within ear-shot, Miss Agnes, to whom the others had resigned the position of interlocutor, continued.

"I am Miss Fearn," she said, "and I'm glad that Doctor Hopkins was mistaken."

The woman's face looked blank.

"So Millicent did recover!"

"Yes, ma'am—quite recovered, ma'am." The reply was perfunctory.

Here Mrs. Emery broke in. "I'm Mrs. Knowlton's niece," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Knowlton!" Mrs. Dow's voice was pleasant and musical. She turned to her husband. "She was the loidy who was so kind, George, and sent Milly to me with them fine clothes. I didn't have time to thank her proper, miss."

"'Mrs.,'" corrected the bride. "'Mrs.' Emery."

"Oh yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am."

Mrs. Dow approached a little nearer to the rail, and said something intended only for Miss Agnes's ear.

"Please, ma'am, don't say anythin' about the 'Ome. 'E don't know anything about it," she implored.

Miss Agnes smiled reassuringly and then glanced down at Baby Millicent. Through the bars of the gate she had extended both hands, and caught Mr. Dutton Ogleby by the knees of his trousers, at the same time she was gazing up enticingly into his spectacled face.

"That's 'er," laughed Mr. Dow. "She'd go to an 'Ottentot, she would!"

"We 'ope we'll see you again," said Mrs. Dow, picking up Millicent, "and thank you all for your kindly interest."

When Doctor Hopkins received the first transatlantic cable that had ever been delivered at his office door, he jumped into his creaky runabout and puffed off to the house of Mrs. Minturn Park.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Was my diagnosis correct? Wasn't I right? Ah, poor woman! poor woman!"

What Mrs. Park read was this:

"Baby Millicent on board with us. Not dead. Mother and father also well.

AGNES FEARN."

"Do you think I'd better go over and try to find them?" suggested the doctor.

"No," responded Mrs. Park, sagely. "You let well enough alone. I think they've—er—found out something."

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Gladys-Marie—Merely a Maid

BY ANNE WARWICK

"SO, 's I was tellin' you this mornin', Marmaduke," Gladys-Marie flipped her dish-towel at the yellow kitchen cat, "I ain't so thrilled over the i-dea. As Adalbert said to Evelyn Hortense, in *The Madness of a Handsome Hero,* when the grewsomeness o' this black scheme was sprung upon me, I—well, Marmaduke, though 'twas me own missus, Lady Elinore, put it up to me, I says, 'Oh, pshaw!' I did, fer a fact. Course I knew all along Lady Elinore and Mr. Michael was goin' away, 'n' leave me here to head off th' burglars, but w'en she—bless her heart!—come in here yesterday mornin' 'n' broke it to me that that Mrs. Verplanck was goin' to be here while they was away—! Marmaduke, me boy, y' could 'a' had me fer this dish-rag, I was that limp 'n' speechless. 'Mrs. Verplanck 'n' her husband need a change,' says Lady Elinore, in that kind o' pitiful sweet way o' hers. 'Y' see, they live in a hotel, 'n' they don't know nothin' about a home, or the country,' she says. 'I'm dependin' on you, Gladys-Marie, to mak' 'em see how nice it is. Yes,' she says, drawin' on her sixteen-button gloves thoughtful—like the heroine when she's plannin' the daynooment—'you c'n teach Ellen 'n' Knollys a lot,' she says.

"Oh, I know it's funny, Marmaduke! Y' needn't squint yer old wall-eye at me! I know just 's well 's you that fer me, Lady Elinore's gen'ral housemaid, to teach Mrs. Knollys Verplanck 'n' husband anything is such a Hippodrome-size joke, y' couldn't get anybody t' laugh at it. 'N' my eye! W'en the station-master drove 'em over last night, I says t' meself, it's you that has the nerve, I says, t' imagine Lady Elinore was drivin' at anything but a joke, herself. Anyway," Gladys-Marie patted her pompadour reassuringly, "she don't even wear a transformation, 'n' she'd be real plain, Mrs. Verplanck, if 'twasn't fer her eyes. My, but she has the lamps, Marmaduke—all big 'n' black 'n' soft—'n' the clothes! Gee! makes a *Bon Ton* colored plate look like a suffragette! Now git out o' my way, yer Grace, 'n' pertly too—I gotta get a hike on an' lift in the dinner. Livin' 'n hotels don't give ye no correspondence course in th' gentle art o' waitin'." And Gladys-Marie shoved Marmaduke affectionately under the table as she pinned on her scrap of a cap and took up her tray.

"Really quite a quaint place, don't you think, Knollys?" Mrs. Verplanck was saying, as Gladys-Marie came in with the soup. She sat languidly back in her chair, so that the gracious candle-light touched her shimmery gown to even more wonderful glory than a *Bon Ton* colored plate. "It was most awfully sweet of Anne and Michael to turn it over to us for this week, though I dare say they grow bored enough with the quiet. I can't think why they don't come in town for at least the winter."

"Lady Elinore says th' country in winter 's the most gorgeous place in the world," plumped Gladys-Marie, twirling her tray resentfully. "'N' last winter we had taffy-pulls 'n' sleigh-rides, 'n' corn-roasts, 'n' toboggans, 'n' Miss Dorry 'n' Mister Timothy says people was just fightin' over bids t' come out here. I used t' think th' city was th' lobby o' heaven meself, but my word! 'tain't nothin' to the country—Lady Elinore's country!" She looked at Mrs. Verplanck earnestly.

Mrs. Verplanck looked at her—as though Gladys-Marie had never been heard to say a word.

"Er—rather an interesting person, my dear." Knollys Verplanck put up his eye-glasses after the little maid's retreating figure. "A bit—er—chatty, certainly, but—er—"

"Anne has spoiled her scandalously," returned Mrs. Verplanck. "Fancy her

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putting in like that, in the midst of serving! No waiter at the hotel would dare think of such a thing. And then calling Anne 'Lady Elinore,' as though she were a personage—it's absurd. Yet Anne seems entirely satisfied with her."

"Um-m!" Mr. Verplanck looked about the charming, well-ordered dining-room. "She does seem a good servant, doesn't she? This soup is excellent." And, behind the big bowl of daffodils, he tipped his plate for the last spoonful—a thing he would never have dared to do in the hotel, before a waiter.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Verplanck admitted, indifferently, "I suppose she can cook and sweep and things, this—er—Marie (I can't really be expected to call her whole name), but she gives no tone, no prestige to the place, does she? And that's so important nowadays, when one's friends —really, Knollys, I think we should move to the St. Midas this spring. Where we are now, it hasn't the name it used to have, you know."

"No?" Knollys looked mildly undisturbed. "Then why not take a house some place? Really, Ellen, this—this strikes me as very pleasant, this house of Michael's; all the room, you know, and no liveries forever underfoot. Even this—er—Marie person's a relief. I've been Sir-ed now for over ten years. Do you know it is ten years since we went to live at Marble Court, Ellen?"

"We were married ten years ago next Sunday," Ellen's great black eyes were softer than usual, "and we went to live at the hotel directly we came back from our honeymoon. Yes, it is almost ten years, Knollys. But I'm quite contented; aren't you? We should never be as comfortable in a house as we have been at Marble Court, I am sure. A house is such a care."

"I suppose it is." Knollys smothered his sigh—it was ten years since he had remembered to sigh for a house. "Too much trouble, and all that."

"Yes," said Ellen, firmly. "And with all I have to do—and next year I'm up for the Four-in-Hand Club—oh, it's not to be thought of, of course. No doubt you were only joking, Nollsie—" yet she looked at him a little anxiously; for in spite of the ten years, she was more than very fond of him.

"Joking?" When he let his glasses fall, in that absent-minded way, it suddenly occurred to her that he was almost forty. That slight silvering of the hair about his temples (which secretly pleased her, as an aristocratic touch) took on a hint of new significance. "Joking? Yes, I suppose I was, my dear. I suppose I was. Yet"—his voice grew unwontedly wistful—"it would have been nice if I hadn't been, wouldn't it? If our house hadn't been just a joke. Anne and Michael—"

"Anne and Michael are the two most erratic people one knows," put in Ellen, somewhat shortly. "As a criterion, they aren't to be taken seriously. They hide themselves here in the woods in order that Michael may write books— Oh, they're good books, I admit that (as Knollys started to interrupt)—but what Anne does with herself while he's writing them I can't imagine. A week here is very nice; but a lifetime!" Mrs. Verplanck's slender hands went up in expressive wonderment.

"That—er—Marie girl said the winters were all right," reminded Knollys, tentatively; "she said—"

"My dear—" Mrs. Verplanck regarded her husband with the nearest disapproval she could turn upon him. "And what if she did? Do you think *she* knows—what would be all right for you and me? After all, you are Knollys Verplanck, of Wall Street and Marble Court. This girl—this Marie may be perfectly conscientious, perfectly respectable; but she is nothing but a plain person, my dear Knollys, merely a maid, is she not?" And with reassured composure Mrs. Verplanck rang for her.

"What are you doing?"

Two days later, and Mr. Verplanck was squinting his glasses for a nearer view of Gladys-Marie's trim stooping figure. The stoop was over a bed of strawberries, near which Marmaduke sniffed about for catnip, guileless and very, very yellow in the morning sun.

"I'm weedin' this strawb'ry-patch," puffed Gladys-Marie, looking up very flushed in the face. "What 're *you* doing?"

"I am—ah—I am doing just nothing," admitted Mr. Verplanck, suddenly aware

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy

"I USED T' THINK TH' CITY WAS THE LOBBY O' HEAVEN"

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that it was a trivial occupation. "But I should like to weed very much if I—"

"You'd spoil yer clothes," said Gladys-Marie, briefly; "'n' besides, what 'd she say t' you?"

Mr. Verplanck stopped regarding his spotless white flannels and regarded Gladys-Marie somewhat sharply; then—"She can't say anything," he returned. "She shut me out of the kitchen because she was making angel-food; and whatever I may do in revenge— I say, Gladys-Marie, if I were to change my clothes, you know?"

"There's a pair o' Mister Michael's overalls in the closet under the stairs," Gladys-Marie relented. "But you're s' much taller— Ain't he the handsome figger of a man, though?" she murmured to Marmaduke as Knollys disappeared within the house. "An' t' think o' him cramped up in a hotel! My eye! he'd ought a have the whole world t' run around in!"

And Marmaduke blinked assent as he swept his yellow tail majestically among the tall grasses.

"Y' see," said Gladys-Marie, when she had turned over her trowel to Knollys, "this is Lady Elinore's strawb'ry-patch, 'n' while she's away I gotta keep it goin' fer her. D'ye ever notice, Mister Verplanck, how much more ye feel like doin' fer other folks w'en y're in the country? In the city it's ev'ry kid fer 'imself, 'n' a rush t' get the main graft first. But in th' country, seems like there's time fer other people, s' much time that yerself kind a fergits its kickin'."

Again Mr. Verplanck glanced penetratingly at her, the plain conscientious person; but the curve of a pink ear was all that he could see. The rest of Gladys-Marie seemed to have been absorbed by the strawberry-bed.

"I guess I never told you about George—the swell middy I'm engaged to?" From the green leaves the friendly voice went on unself consciously. "He's gotta serve another year yet, an' honest, Mister Verplanck, before I come to th' country I took on worse 'n any Deserted at th' Altar, over the dee-lay. I was thinkin' all th' time about me clothes, 'n' how we c'd board for a year er two, George 'n' me, so's t' put on a little more style, y' know. But now—well, I tell y' on the straight, since I got this country habit, style kinda strikes me like movin' picters at a vaudyville. I'm s' keen on the main show, I ain't no time t' waste on it. So George 'n' I 're goin' t' be married next June, out here; 'n' we're goin' to have a House!"

When she said that, Gladys-Marie looked up with a smile that did things to Knollys's throat. A House!

"Nollsie! Nollsie!" Before he could answer the little maid, some one called from the kitchen porch. "I'm going to make the icing now—you can come and help, if you like." Looking up from the strawberry-patch, one could see Ellen, pink-cheeked and swayingly girlish in her blue cotton frock. "Why, Nollsie Verplanck!" As she caught sight of the overalls her laugh rang out as Knollys had almost forgotten it used to ring. "Whatever are you doing?"

"There—run along, quick!" Gladys-Marie took the trowel from him with an impetuous hurry. "Don't che see? She wants ye t' help her!— 'N' what I was ever s' cross-eyed 's to call her plain for, it 'ud take a couple o' Con-an Doyles t' tell me! Don't it beat Parce how some people c'n get all their best points brought out by chambray at 'leven cents th' yard?" And Gladys-Marie looked up wistfully at the two just disappearing into the kitchen. She would have liked to go in and make icing with them, as she often did with Lady Elinore; but something back of her pompadour reminded that she was merely a maid. So she sighed, and went on weeding Lady Elinore's strawberry-patch.

In the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Knollys Verplanck (of Wall Street and Marble Court) sat opposite each other, with a big yellow bowl between them. The blue of Mr. Verplanck's overalls exactly matched the blue of Mrs. Verplanck's cotton frock.

"Great eye for color, Anne and Michael, ain't they?" reflected Mr. Verplanck, mildly, as he sifted sugar into white of egg, with some absorption. "But a blessed good thing they left some of their clothes around. Ours are rather—er—too exotic for this atmosphere."

"Well, one could hardly bake a cake in white broadcloth, could one?" defended Mrs. Verplanck, as though an excuse demanded itself.

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"I never knew one could bake a cake at all," returned her husband, watching the clever white hands admiringly.

"Mother taught me before I was married; but of course at the hotel—"

"Exactly." There was something so suggestive in Knollys's complete understanding that Mrs. Knollys glanced at him suspiciously from under her thick black lashes.

"Anyway, we go back on Monday," she reassured herself, aloud. "I—it will seem natural to have some one to order about once more, won't it? With this Gladys-Marie I find myself falling quite into Anne's lax indulgence—why, do you know, Nollsie, this morning I even dusted the hall for her, and sewed a fresh frill on her cap. Fancy!"

"I suppose that's what Anne does while Michael's writing books," fancied Knollys, dropping vanilla with fascinated attention. "Rather fun, isn't it?"

"Oh, for a while, perhaps," acknowledged Ellen, carelessly. "Of course we're having great larks playing at it, this week, and the house is sweet, but—after all, I'd rather have a little bit more tone, wouldn't you, Knollys?"

"Gladys-Marie wouldn't," said Knollys, gazing out toward the strawberry-patch. "She says she's so keen on the main show that she has no time to think about style and things."

"The main show?" Ellen looked up, puzzled.

"Getting married, you know, and—a House. A House in the country."

"Oh!" For some minutes Ellen stirred in silence. Then suddenly she set the bowl down on the table and untied her apron. "I think"—she took Knollys firmly by the hand—"we will go up and put on our own clothes. Gladys-Marie can finish the icing."

"Certainly she can," agreed Knollys, bewildered, "but why? Weren't we doing it perfectly well?"

"Too well," returned his wife, succinctly, pushing him before her out of the kitchen.

But as she saw him safely started up the stairs, she slipped back guiltily for just one look at her cake.

Mrs. Verplanck stood regarding a ragged wreath of daisies. Across the centre ran "10 Yeres" in straggling brown-eyed-susan capitals. It was Sunday morning.

"10 Yeres"! Something brighter than the dew upon the daisies brimmed Mrs. Verplanck's eyes and fell upon the awkward little wreath.

"Why, you silly goose, Ellen!" Her friend, Mrs. Deverence (out from town for the anniversary), took her by the shoulders with an amused little laugh. "Getting sentimental over a bunch of wild flowers!—it was merely a maid who fixed them, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Verplanck turned sharply to answer. Then she remembered the words had a quoted ring. "Merely a maid," she assented, mechanically, but in spite of her, two more big drops of sentiment fell upon the daisies.

"It's a good thing for you you're going back to town to-morrow," declared Mrs. Deverence, briskly. "Another month of this morbid country atmosphere—"

"It isn't a morbid atmosphere," contradicted Ellen, impolitely.

"With nobody in the house except a servant and your husband," went on the friend calmly. "Tell me, Ellen, hasn't it seemed awfully odd, having Knollys about, all the time?"

"About, all the time?" Ellen's amazement was too frank to be mistrusted. "Why, my dear Sheila, I've scarcely seen him. You see, he weeds the strawberry-patch every morning, while I'm dusting and doing the flowers, and then after lunch I have my sewing and practising—yes, actually I've managed two hours a day!—and Knollys always gets through his mail and goes to the village to wire for stock quotations—why, we've never been as busy in our lives."

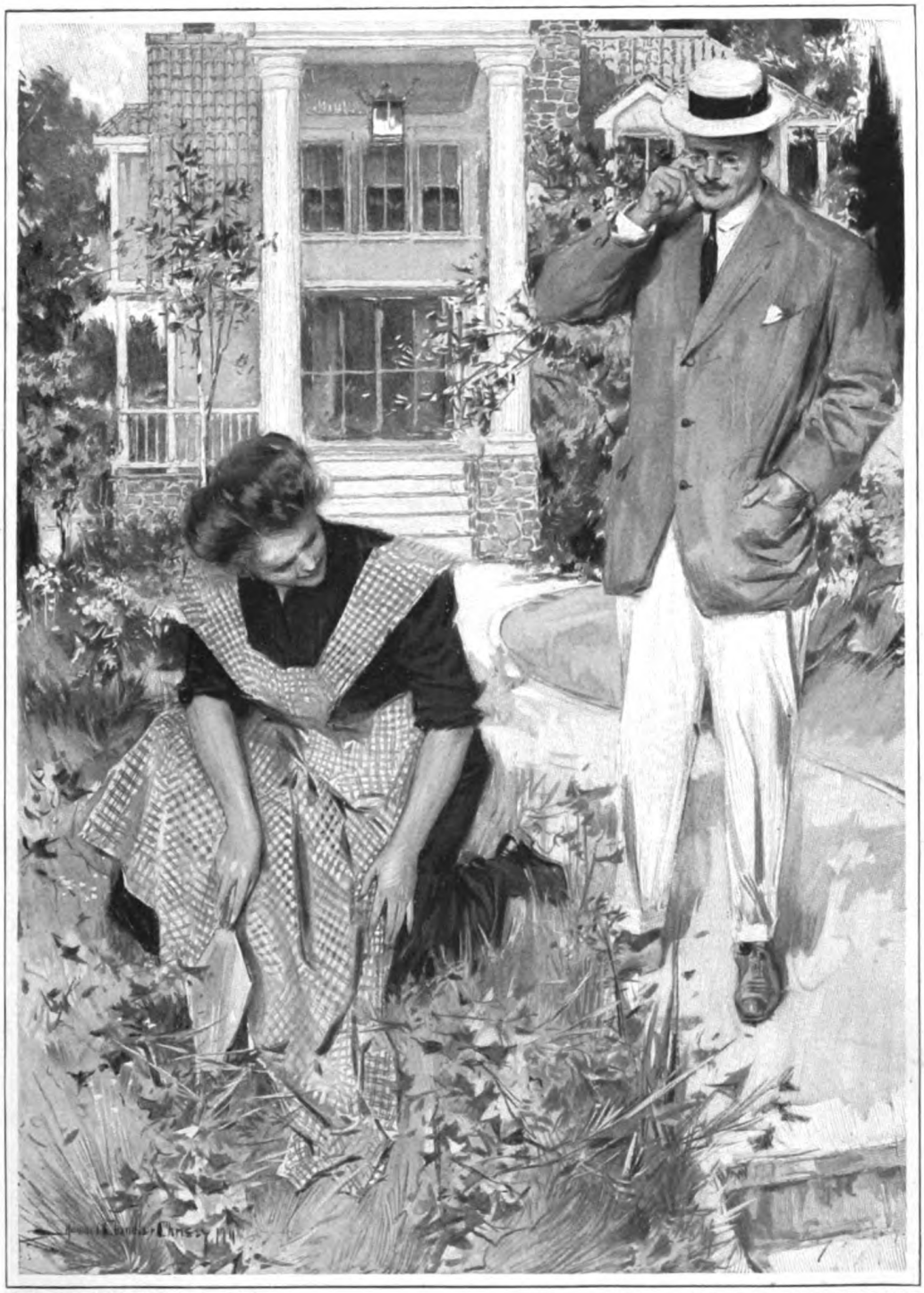
"Um-m! And to-morrow it all ends—" Mrs. Deverence sat down very practically to breakfast.

"To-morrow—yes, I suppose so." Ellen sat down too—as though one chair had been pushed from under her. "We go back—to the hotel to-morrow."

"And I see you're up for the Four-in-Hand," Mrs. Deverence's manner added to itself blitheness as the men came in. The change in attitude had never before struck Ellen as artificial.

"Yes—a regular club-gourmand she's getting to be, eh, Knollys?" Hawley

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

MR. VERPLANCK WAS SQUINTING HIS GLASSES FOR A NEARER VIEW OF GLADYS-MARIE

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Deverence's weighty laugh took heavy possession of the charming sunny dining-room as he slumped into his chair. "The women are usurping us, Nolly, my boy—they're usurping us!"

"And Ellen's such a complex person," amended Mrs. Deverence. "A whirl of committees and things just suits her. Of course"—she looked brightly at Knollys—"this is all very well for a week, but for a lifetime—!"

"I think it might do quite well for a lifetime," said Ellen, sitting very straight as she poured the coffee. "Two lumps, Hawley?"

"Er—thanks, three." Hawley was staring at the graceful uplifted hands. "Ah—you really do that very well, you know, Ellen," he allowed, graciously. "Don't think I ever saw you pourin' things before. You've always been at the hotel, haven't you?"

"Yes"—Ellen looked at Knollys with a smile that had a twist to it—"always at the hotel."

When Knollys looked back at her there was something in his eyes that seemed to sweep away ten years.

"Well," Mrs. Deverence announced, cheerfully, "a house is very nice—we've had ours ever since we were married; but it's a great care—oh, a shocking care, really!—and for you, Ellen—" she shrugged her pretty shoulders with a soft laugh. "I simply can't imagine it. A house for you would be a joke!"

"Why?" Knollys turned to her very quietly. "Why do you think so?"

"Oh, dear me, now I do hope I haven't said something ultra," fluttered Sheila. "All I meant was the clubs and things, you know—dear Ellen has so many, and so much to do."

"I dare say you are right," said Ellen, slowly. "A house for me would be a joke. Yet—did I tell you, Knollys, what Gladys-Marie said yesterday? 'Always seems t' me,' she said, 'like a woman's house is a sort of frame for her, only some poor things don't care enough about it t' more'n passe-partout 'emselves.'"

"Ha! ha! Smart little baggage, isn't she?" roared Hawley.

"But, my dear Ellen"—Mrs. Deverence raised her eyebrows a trifle—"surely you don't encourage a person like that to talk so freely with you? Why, no servant at the hotel would dare—"

"No," said Ellen, this time avoiding Knollys's eyes. "No servant at the hotel; but Anne's and Michael's servant—"

"Still, one can't take them as an example, can one, dear? Delightful people, of course, but a bit—er—eccentric. Her frocks—you know—"

"This is one of them." Ellen smoothed it with a sudden tenderness. "I—it has been a very nice frock."

"Ahem! A very decent chap he is—the husband, I mean," put in Hawley, evidently feeling things a bit strained. "Writes A-1 books, doesn't he?"

"It was really too dear of them to lend you this place, wasn't it?" Sheila came in conscientiously on her husband's initiative. "Simply a wonderful house!"

"Yes," agreed Ellen and Knollys simultaneously, "a wonderful house!"

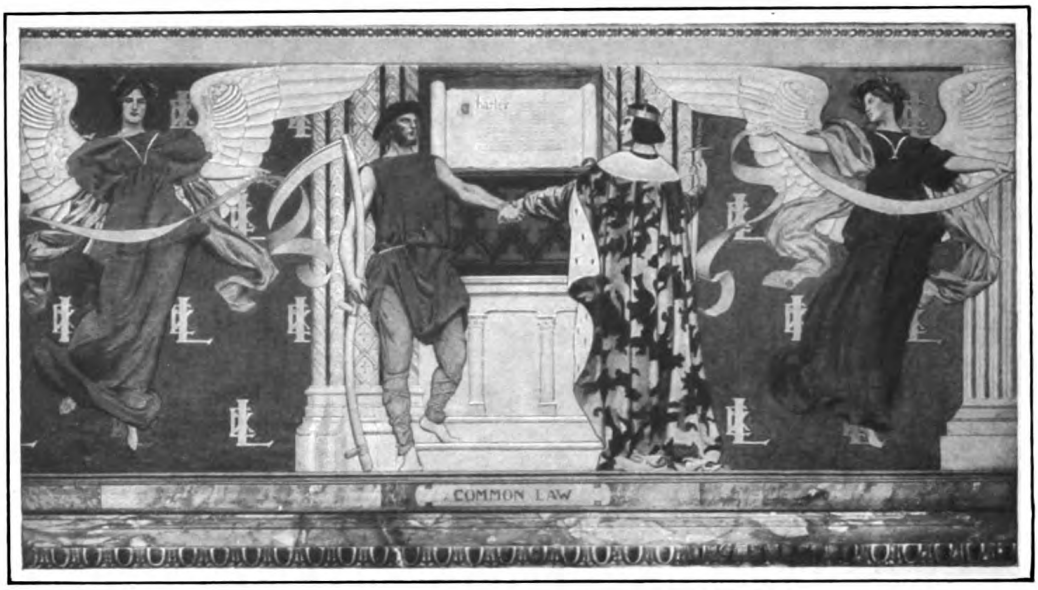
The Deverences were gone. Knollys and Ellen sat on the porch alone. Beside them lay Gladys-Marie's wreath.

"Ten years," said Knollys, meditatively. "Ten years—in the hotel. And tomorrow we go back. To clubs and Wall Street!" There was no cynicism in his brief laugh—just an ache, a sort of emptiness.

"Knollys Verplanck"—his wife laid her hands impressively upon his shoulders, and even through the darkness he could feel the warmth in her great dark eyes—"we're not going back! That's the only joke—I—oh, those silly city people! Knollys!—Knollys dear, we're going to have a House. Say we are! I—I don't want to be just passe-partouted. Knollys—couldn't we—don't you think we might pretend it's ten years ago? Don't you think we might start over and be just plain married people?"

And Gladys-Marie, coming round the corner of the porch just in time to see Knollys's answer, stole noiselessly back into the house with Marmaduke. A conscientious person, Gladys-Marie, though, after all, merely a maid.

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THE COMMON LAW
A section of the frieze in the Appellate Court

The Recent Mural Decorations of H. Siddons Mowbray

BY WILLIAM WALTON

THE development of the art of mural painting in this country has been so comparatively recent that in but very few instances have fixed principles been attained, or, it might be said, even recognized. The canons of art, being far from immutable, are frequently overturned by brilliant exceptions to the general rule; when this somewhat inconstant Muse, however, finds herself allied with her graver sister, Architecture, she becomes more amenable to definite precept. A certain orderliness and unity of scheme being necessary to make the building stand, and not fall, this should naturally spread its influence and affect the finishing and ornamenting of the structure. In the work of one of the contemporary American mural painters, Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, notably in the monumental decoration of the library of the University Club in New York, there has been recognized by many architects the establishment of a precedent in architectural decorative work in this country, the initiative being furnished by Mr. Charles F. McKim. It was Mr. McKim's desire in this library to establish a complete standard of architectural decoration, a unity of the design carried to its finish in color and detail, in conformity with a preconceived color scheme, all by one hand, even to the final architectural mouldings. And, as nothing better has yet been discovered—in spite of very many attempts and experiments—to accomplish this harmonious rendering, recourse was had to some of the old traditions accepted by the ages, in which certain technical methods were thought to perform best the difficult task of uniting the not necessarily allied arts of figure-painting and mural construction. A not too vivid suggestion of nature and reality in the paintings, a constant concern for both the stability

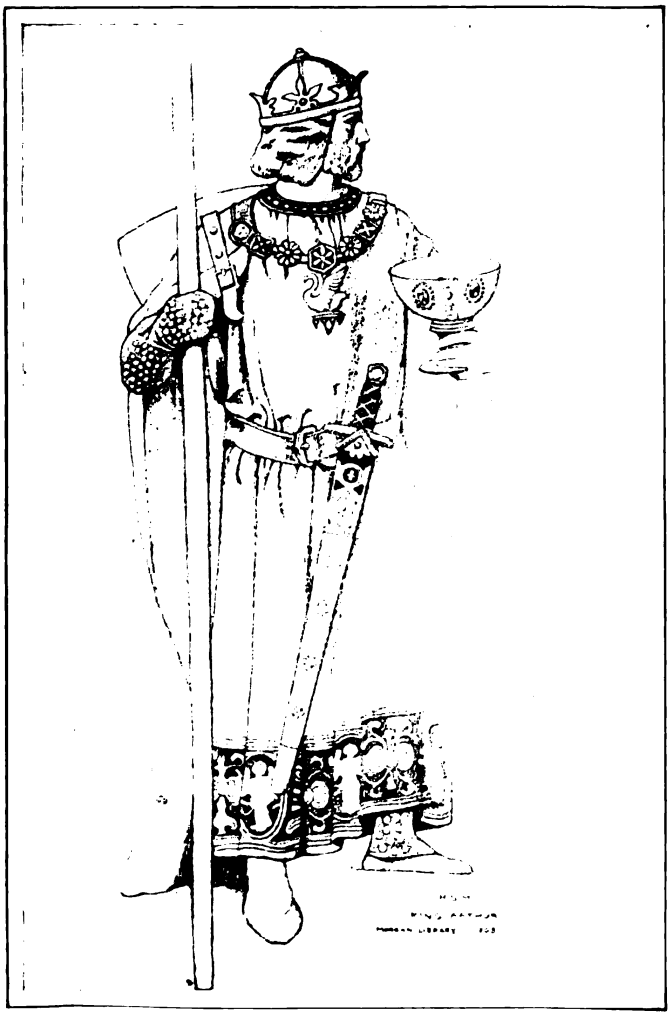
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ROMANCE
Lunette at east end of the University Club Library

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and the harmony of the structure, the preservation of a dignity and restraint in the design and color, the use of certain material processes—as the introduction of architectural features such as the free use of gold and even of relief in the ornamentation of the figures. To do all this the modern painter had to overcome a difficulty not encountered by his fifteenth-century forebear—an indifference to the, so to speak, alien atmosphere of his daily walks, the steeping of himself in the peculiar learned and scholarly traditions of the style in which his building had been conceived and executed. It was no longer question merely of a pleasing picture stuck on a wall—there was required a complete expression of an idea.



KING ARTHUR
Sketch of figure for lunette—Entrance Hall, Morgan Library

Mr. Mowbray was already well known by his easel paintings and by some previous mural decorations—the latter in the hall and corridor of the Huntington residence on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street in New York City, in the living-room of the residence of Frederick Vanderbilt, Hyde Park, New York, and still more by the frieze of the entrance hall of the Appellate Court, Madison Square, New York—this last alone being open to the public. In these the architects of the University Club thought they detected qualities that would permit the painter to subordinate himself as the exigencies of his task might require, and such a proposition was made to him with some hesitation. The frieze of the "Transmission of the Law" in the Appellate Court in particular testified also to a real distinction, as well as originality, of conception, color, and design, that would lend itself to the carrying out of the most monumental architectural decoration when it became necessary to modify, or even to depart from, the late Renaissance traditions.

The architect of the Appellate Court was the late James Brown Lord, and his selection of a number of sculptors and mural painters to contribute their works to its completion furnished one of our earliest contemporary examples of an edifice very abundantly so decorated.

Mr. Mowbray's frieze, painted in 1899 and put up in the following year, is eighty feet in length and forty-two inches in height, and at its highest altitude, in the central panel, about ten feet from the floor. Its execution presented peculiar difficulties owing to its situation, as it

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THE MORGAN LIBRARY—DETAIL OF CEILING OF EAST ROOM

follows the angles of the north wall, facing the doorways of the entrance hall, and in its course experiences much variety of lighting and of point of view. The central panel, on the face of the elevator shaft which projects into the hall, fronting the south, receives the full light from the entrances; the frieze on the two sides of this shaft which recede back to the main north wall is necessarily more in shadow and cannot be viewed from directly in front of the centres, because of the side stairways which mount along this main wall at right angles to the elevator shaft. The frieze, turning again at right angles, follows the main wall on both sides, and the stairs in their ascent naturally attain to the height of the frieze and even surpass it, so that its two ends are nearly on a level with the visitor's feet. The chronological beginning and ending of the painting receive comparatively little light from the entrance, but in compensation they get some from the second story, below the floor of which they lie. On bright days this daylight is somewhat colder than that from the doorways, but most of the time it is replaced by yellowish artificial illumination.

In view of all these varying conditions it was necessary to adopt a finish of execution which would permit of very close inspection and at the same time "carry" to a considerable distance, and a color scheme which—while of practically the same tonality from one end to the other—should be agreeable to the eye when viewed in isolated sections. As it is quite impossible for an observer to see the entire frieze at once from any point of view, and as he inevitably sees the central panel first on entering the building, the visitor, if logical, proceeds by partially ascending the western stairway, to begin at the beginning; then, facing round, he follows the continuation on the side of the shaft, then descends to view the centre, and reverses the process to finish at the eastern end. He finds his reward in the charm of the continuous harmony of the figures, seated and float-

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THE LYRIC MUSE
Lunette in Entrance Hall, the Morgan Library

ing, on the dark pomp of the background, and in the rhythm and beauty of the design.

Above, the painting meets the heavily gilded and decorated cornice of the ceiling, and, below, it is supported by the warm yellow and brown tones of the Siena marble which covers the lower walls. Unlike his confrères, who executed the paintings on the east and west walls of the entrance hall, Mr. Mowbray carried no cold tones into his color. His background, which runs from one end of the frieze to the other, is a deep ultramarine, on which are diapered in gold the monograms of the law, *Lex;* as his theme is, in brief, Law's development through the ages, his device is the simple one of representing its traditions handed on from one representative of a great epoch to another by winged and floating figures, handsome and tall, and not without a certain joy in their mission. These great representatives — Mosaic, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Norman—mostly sit in state, appropriately throned and guarded. At the very commencement, Moses, standing with Aaron, the militant Hebrew, armed beside him, receives from above the tables of stone; then comes the Egyptian, with the winged globe behind him; the Greek, two reverend philosophers with scroll and tablet, one of them probably Lycurgus; the Roman Augustus, holding the globe of sovereignty, guarded by a legionary with the eagle; and, on the central panel, the personification of the Law herself, throned, serene and imposing, with winged female figures holding wreaths on either side of her. On the return wall, the Byzantine—Justinian, possibly; then the representative of the people, more aggressive in their assertion of their rights, of their part in the execution of the law, the Norman knight, and doubting King John; the Common Law, where the yeoman with his scythe and the noble in robe and coronet and sword strike hands together before Magna Charta; and finally, Modern Law—two grave contemporary figures, Chancellor Kent and Chief-Justice Marshall. All these personifications, not entirely unfamiliar in decorative and monumental art, take on a new and lively interest by the unfailing instinct in design, line, and color which permits no detail to remain quite commonplace.

For the decorative finishing of the library of the University Club it was thought that no other combination of design and color in one architectural decoration would be so appropriate as one founded on the work of Pinturicchio in the library at Siena and in the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, which in splendor of design and color surpasses Raphael's Stanza. Bernardino di Betti, called Il Pinturicchio, was accepted by his contemporaries as "a

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THE MORTE D'ARTHUR AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA
Lunette in Entrance Hall, the Morgan Library

princely painter," an artist remarkable for delicacy of execution and richness of color. In 1898, before the building of the University Club was entirely completed, Mr. McKim developed his idea and selected his artist, though the shape of the field, the scale and the tone, were quite different from those of the Borgia apartments, taken as the type to follow. These apartments consist of moderate-sized rooms separated by simple doorways, and not to be seen *en suite;* the walls are of light plaster, toned in patterns to imitate marble and varied stones, while those of the New York club, lined with woodwork, shelves, and books, are of necessity different. But in the question of decoration the Borgia was preferred because of a general similarity of construction of arches and lunettes of ceiling, and because Pinturicchio's decorations with their grave richness were looked upon as peculiarly suited for a library. Another of this painter's characteristics is the expression of humanity in his figures in contrast with the more impersonal and academic forms which came later. The very good tonality which characterized them as a whole was taken for an inspiration for Mr. Mowbray's different scheme, in which every important object in the library—books, woodwork, floor-covering—had to be considered. But even where Pinturicchio is followed most faithfully he had to be translated, so to speak, to meet new conditions of scale and light, and to bring about a harmony with the varied warm tones below.

Very fortunately, these apartments in the Vatican, after having been long closed to the public, had been solemnly reopened by Pope Leo XIII. on March 8, 1897, cleaned and restored, and were not closed again until 1903, on the death of this pontiff, shortly before the end of Mr. Mowbray's sojourn in Rome, when he had practically completed his studies of the decorations. On his return to this country he was enabled to begin his actual work on the club ceiling in June, 1904, it being understood that he was to be in possession only a few months; and by dint of incessant industry on the part of himself and his workmen, shut in between the scaffolding and the ceiling, in comparative darkness and in very positive heat, the work was finished by the first of September following. As it was impossible to get any general view of the result in this construction piece by piece, the artist solaced himself with the consideration that as the scaffolding came down he could make such modifications as would be necessary to insure the general harmony; but when this ceremony took place the timbers fell so rapidly before the blows of the workmen that no amendments were possible. It was found, however, that there was nothing in the completed decoration of the ceiling, the coves, or the walls which required alteration.

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The library-room is a long gallery, something less than one hundred feet in length by sixteen feet in width exclusive of the alcoves, which are nine feet in depth, making the total width thirty-four feet. There are five alcoves on each side, and the gallery is lighted by windows in the five on the south side. The central alcove on the north communicates by a white marble portal with the central hall of the club. Access is also given to the library at the two ends. The main ceiling, which is semicircular in section, is a groined vault divided into a number of compartments corresponding to the alcoves. The central compartment is domical, the remaining four are groined, formed by the intersection of the vaults of the alcoves with that of the main portion of the library. The bookcases reach to the spring of the vault, thus leaving at the ends of the main apartment and at the ends of the alcoves, lunettes, semicircular in form. The painted decorations begin at the spring of the vault, except at the two ends of the main room and in the alcove enclosing the main entrance, where they extend down the walls on either side of the doorway.

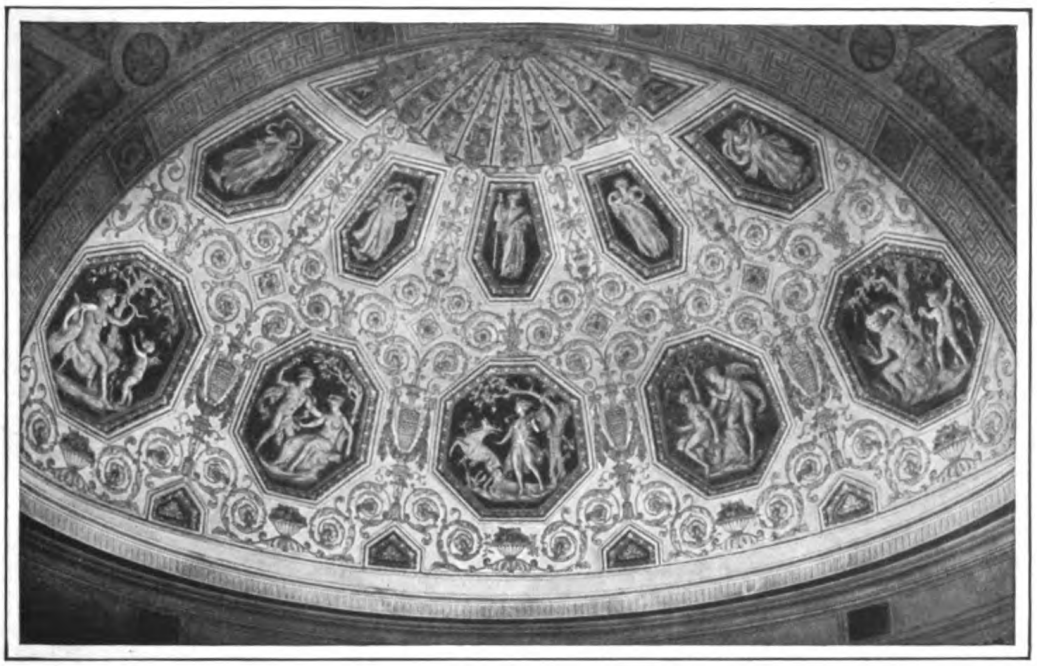
Not only the paintings, but the small figures in relief in the panels, and the final architectural mouldings, were designed by Mr. Mowbray and, with the exception of the last, entirely executed by him. These mouldings were all done by hand (mechanical repetition being thus avoided), having been executed in Rome under his direction by native workmen. The ceiling, with the principal mouldings of the arches, as received from the architects of the building, was finished only in plaster. Both the shape of the fields and the scale, as well as the general tonality, are different from Pinturicchio's. The device of filling the sky in the lunettes with gold bosses instead of a flat sheet of the metal was adopted as breaking the background up into light and shade and preventing any flashes of light from the gold. It may be added that the doubters, of whom there were some, were converted by the sight of the completed library; that Mr. McKim's enthusiasm was in more than proportion to his previous anxiety; and that John La Farge expressed his opinion that the decoration was most scholarly and had been executed with great elegance of design.



PORTRAIT OF SANGALLO
The Morgan Library

In viewing these paintings the visitor will be at a loss to determine which are Pinturicchio's and which are Mr. Mowbray's. On the north side the four large lunettes — Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, and Rhetoric — are copies of Pinturicchio, as are several of the smaller pieces in the vaults and arches. The large lunettes at the ends of the gallery, Romance at the east and History at the west, are Mowbray's, as are also the entire central bay, the panels in gold relief, the ornament of the arches, and most of the secondary paintings. The religious

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APSE OF ENTRANCE HALL
The Morgan Library

element, an important feature of the Borgia decorations, is introduced in two demi-lunettes over the central white marble portal—the Old and the New Testament. The secondary panels in the arches and the ceiling, carrying out two of Pinturicchio's themes, are devoted to Greek mythology and the myth of Isis and Osiris; the four smaller rectangular panels over the central bay, to Literature, Art, Science, and Philosophy; the four medallion portraits over each of the compartments on either side of the central one are, on the east, of Dante, Tasso, Virgil, and Petrarch, and, on the west, of Homer, Socrates, Goethe, and Shakespeare. The two very narrow panels, heavy in relief and gold, which descend on the wall on either side of the central white portal, represent, like mediæval illuminations, the Illumination and the Inscription, and on the opposite wall are the Papyrus and the Book. In all these paintings, so very varied in theme and composition, the painter has never once forgotten his text. Except in general qualities—general artistic taste and intelligence, a discreet and excellent color sense—the visitor would not recognize the author of the portraits and easel pictures—lighter perhaps in conception and touch—by which Mr. Mowbray had previously been known. The observer familiar with his previous mural decorations will feel a new inspiration, a recasting of conception and execution, in this academic and scholarly work, a delight both to the eye and to the intelligence, and fitly completing and crowning the architect's work.

The private library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan—a handsome little white marble building, in style early Renaissance—is on East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City. In general plan it is a rectangle squared to the four points of the compass, with a wing extending westward on the south, the entrance, side. The entrance hall, in the centre of this south front, is nearly square, and the main library-room occupies the whole of the eastern side of the building. In the interior the architectural details had been carried to a fuller completion when the painter began his work, though in both the library-room and the entrance hall he had been consulted by the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, with regard to the mouldings of the ceilings. On entering through the heavy bronze doors the visitor finds

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THE WAR CHARIOT OF THE REPUBLIC
Wall decoration in the Larz Anderson residence

himself in a vaulted marble hall paved with Roman stones—a great circular porphyry centre-piece, on either side a pair of beautiful Cipolino greenish marble columns, from the Château de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, etc.; and all this varying suggestion of color was taken into consideration by the painter. The ceiling is a groined vault, square in plan, resting upon three sides and an arch, the latter surmounting a semi-dome crowning the apsidal side opposite the entrance. This provides for three lunettes decorated with figure subjects, while the semi-dome of the apse is treated architecturally with ornament in low relief, five blue and white panels—classical subjects—and over these five smaller panels of single figures, all set in a graceful arabesque pattern of warm gray meandering over a creamy white background. In modelling these it was found that the conventional methods would not serve, because of the peculiar angle of the lighting of the hall, this light falling through the central double skylight, eight feet in diameter, of plate glass of marvellous transparency. Look upward through this double thickness, and the sky overhead is seen as through the empty air. This perpendicular light, largely reflected from the walls and floor, so affected the reliefs that it was found necessary to model them *in situ*, with constant descents to the floor below for inspection.

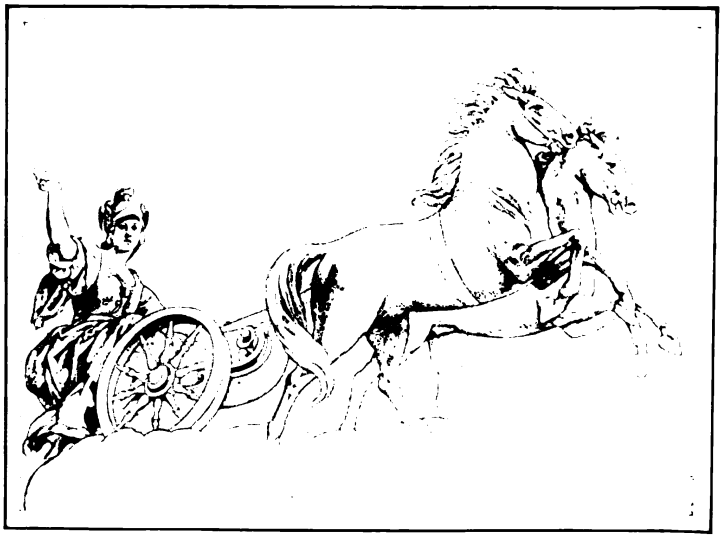
In the great semicircular lunettes over the cornice on the other three walls, about twenty-three feet from the floor, the sculptor became painter again; in large and symmetrically balanced compositions he represented, on the east, over the entrance to the library, the Epic Muse, throned in the centre, the Iliad and Odyssey personified in the groups on either side; on the west wall, the Lyric Muse, seated in similar state, on either side Petrarch and Tasso. In the lunette over the entrance the presiding divinity disappears to give place in the centre of the composition to a handsome little Renaissance structure, tabernacle, or shrine of

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the Muses, rich in carving and gold, with supporting winged figures on either side. Below, at right and left, stand the representatives of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Divina Commedia," King Arthur and Beatrice—thus supplementing the classic and the romantic, and completing the cycle of poetry. In these paintings, varied in color and rich though quiet in tone, the color is accented with much gold, in pattern and ornament, not too bright and all carefully worked out in relief, and the symmetrical balancing of the groups on each side of the central figure is judiciously maintained.

The ceiling of this hall, around the octagonal panel of the skylight, is separated by mouldings picked out in color on a gold background into panels—four, large and circular, containing seated female figures with cherubic attendants, somewhat Raphaelesque, the Muses of Art, Science, Literature, and Philosophy; in the angles, on the diagonal axes, rectangular panels with groups of figures, Scriptural and allegorical; and, nearer the centre, smaller panels with curved sides, containing groups in white against gold painted in close imitation of relief. The backgrounds in the painted panels are mosaic gold, and the general background of the whole ceiling is gold, over which wander grotesque and arabesque decorations.

The library proper, the east room, is rectangular in shape and has a coved ceiling with penetrations. The central part of this ceiling is flat, subdivided architecturally into panels, of which the largest, the central one, forms a skylight. The lunettes formed by these penetrations contain the figure subjects, and in the spandrels separating them are octagonal panels, also containing figures. By daylight a tempered, warm illumination falls through the long skylight, and in the evening the decorations in the heavy cove and sunken lunettes under the ceiling are seen by an ingenious arrangement of concealed electric lights, behind the ledge of the cornice, throwing their illumination across the room on the opposite wall. Over the entrance the cove breaks into the recess in the west wall, in which the doorway is placed. Around the walls the semicircular lunettes bear alternately a symbolic reclining figure and a medallion portrait, each pair representing a branch of literature, art, or science, and its most distinguished exponent. In the octagonal panels in the spandrels separating these recessed lunettes, fourteen in all, are represented with an unusual mythologic fulness the twelve signs of the Zodiac—it being not generally known that each of the twelve great gods has for a special residence the constellation which bears his or her attributes—and in addition, two typifying the Spring and the Autumn, the annual Anodos or coming up of Persephone from Hades, and her Kathodos or going down thereto. The principal tone color which the painter had to bear in mind in all these decorations was that of the Circassian walnut of the bookshelves below, the difficulties of lighting obviated by the use of color and gold, the backgrounds of the lunettes and medallion portraits being all of gold. The ceiling also carries, above the cove, an architectural ornament treated in color



SKETCH FOR THE WAR CHARIOT OF THE REPUBLIC

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and gold. All this intricate and elaborate abundance of material expression of man's thought seems to be worthily expended on this monument of private munificence.

For the Morgan library the preliminary sketches and studies were started in 1904, and in the spring of the following year Mr. Mowbray was enabled to begin work in the building. In 1906 the lunettes in the entrance hall were completed. Two years later he undertook a very different commission—the decoration of a room in a private residence in Washington, the architects of which were Messrs. Little & Brown of Boston. This was completed in December, 1909. Here it was necessary to bring his *motifs* still later chronologically—even down to the contemporary and the intimate. This room, in the residence of Mr. Larz Anderson, known as the Key Room, from the repetition of the Greek fret key in marble in the floor, is about sixteen by twenty-five feet, and not very high; it is lighted by two windows at one end, and has two doors in one side and one in the other, with one in the end opposite the two windows. Mr. Mowbray found a plain white wall without wainscoting, the doors framed in jambs in a purple and brown Brescia with touches of ochre, each surmounted by a heavy broken pediment in white marble, in which are set two small oblong panels in a dark stone. The large cove of the ceiling was smooth. As it was inadvisable to cover the whole of the long wall on either side with a decoration which could not be well seen as a whole, owing to the narrowness of the room, he put in a wainscoting about five feet high, broken into square and rectangular panels repeating the colors of the marbles in the floor, and designed above in each practicable case a central composition with the two ends accessory—the desire being to obtain a softened tapestry effect and to secure the spirit of a tapestry composition. The painting, carried along on the end walls, makes a continuous series all around the room, broken by the doors and windows, and kept together by a continuous heavy tapestry border, important because of these interruptions. In the presentation of the contemporary historical and military themes suggested by the owner it was thought best to temper realistic accuracy with something of an allegorical setting, with masses of verdure to complete the composition and bring the whole into harmony.

On one of the long walls the central composition represents the distribution of the diplomas of the Order of the Cincinnati by Washington. Many of the figures of the officers around him are portraits, among them Lafayette, Generals Greene and Wayne, Baron Steuben, and an ancestor of the owner of the house. Behind Washington a stately standing figure of War reluctantly yields her sword to winged Peace; on the other side of the group, Fame, fluttering through the air, brings wreaths of honor. Over the doors, relieved against the masses of verdure, little naked boys with wings display scrolls bearing extracts from the by-laws of the order, setting forth the reasons for commemorating the spirit of the Revolution. On the opposite side of the room is symbolized the War of the Rebellion; in the central group the winged figure of War rises in the air, brandishing his javelin and lighted torch; in the distance lies Charleston harbor, with Fort Sumter—held by Major Robert Anderson, an uncle of the owner of the house—smoking in the bombardment. Behind War the South, a graceful female figure with a branch of the cotton plant on her arm, offers him her sword, and behind her is the Republic, with helmet and shield, endeavoring to restrain her. At the end of the wall winged Peace takes the shackles from the slave, and beyond are seen the armies in blue marching across the plain. Over the door at the other end of the wall two boys against the verdure hold a shield with trophies.

The end wall with the door gives much less available space, and the other, with the windows, still less. On the former, the upright, rectangular panel is devoted to the Cuban War, with which the owner of the house was personally associated; the blue bay of Santiago lies in the distance, spotted with the white ironclads, and with the tents of the United States army seen on the shore; in the surging clouds overhead the Republic in her war chariot drawn by white horses comes to the rescue of the island. A handsome

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THE WAR OF THE REBELLION
Panel in the Larz Anderson residence

standing figure of Cuba is at the left, and over her a winged messenger calls her attention to this wonderful intervention; on the earth, in the middle distance, are seen two Cuban skirmishers. The opulence of the island is symbolized by the winged boys and the fruit and flowers crowning the central écusson of the heavy border at the bottom, with its crimson boss, and over the door of this room two more boys are seen against the verdure, bearing a shield of the Cuban medal commemorating the war. On the opposite wall of the two windows, the upright panel shows a pleasant view of the Ohio valley and the city of Cincinnati, with which this family has associations, the view framed in masses of foliage and clouds. The two windows are enclosed in the design and border, as is the thin strip between them and the side wall at each end.

Over the walls Mr. Mowbray broke the wide cove up into a series of intersecting pointed arches, painted as mouldings on a gold ground, with monograms and rosettes in the little panels formed by the intersections. In the ceiling the principal division is a long rectangular panel enclosing two large circular panels and various smaller ones, all defined by mouldings. In one of the circles the symbolic group represents the Society of the Cincinnati, and in the other the Triumph of the Republic—seated female figures with smaller attendants. In the first a winged messenger, a little girl, brings a scroll containing the names of those worthy to be inscribed in the great illuminated book which is held displayed by a winged boy; in the second, the Republic, armed and holding a palm branch, seated on the clouds, is attended by two more small naked youths, one with the fasces and the other presenting a wreath. Both these groups are painted against gold backgrounds, as are the Cupids in the two small panels between the circular ones, each with a great seal. At the angles of the ceiling are square panels, groups modelled in relief, white on a blue ground, of two or more figures each, each modelled by the painter-sculptor with special reference to the light which it receives. In these are presented, in the briefest synthesis: 1, The Pioneers; 2, The Call to Arms for the Revolution; 3, The French Alliance; 4, the Triumph. Seldom has one small room had compressed into it so fine and complete a presentation of History by Art.

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Small Sam Small

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WE were lying snug from the wind and sea in Right-an'-Tight Cove—the Straits shore of the Labrador—when Tumm, the clerk of the *Quick as Wink*, trading the northern outports for salt cod in fall weather, told the engaging tale of Small Sam Small, of Whooping Harbor. It was raining. This was a sweeping downpour, sleety and thick, driving, as they say in those parts, from a sky as black as a wolf's throat. There was no star showing; there were cottage lights on the hills ashore—warm and human little glimmers in the dark—but otherwise a black confusion all round about. The wind, running down from the northwest, tumbled over the cliff, and swirled, bewildered and angry, in the lee of it. Riding under Lost Craft Head, in this black turmoil, the schooner shivered a bit; and she droned aloft, and she whined below, and she restlessly rose and fell in the soft swell that came spent and frothy from the wide open through Run Away Tickle. But for all we in the forecastle knew of the bitter night—of the roaring white seas and a wind thick and stinging with spume snatched from the long crests—it was blowing a moonlit breeze abroad. The forecastle lamp burned placidly; and the little stove was busy with its accustomed employment—laboring with much noisy fuss in the display of its genial accomplishments. Skipper and crew—and Tumm, the clerk, and I—lounged at ease in the glow and warmth. No gale from the nor'west, blow as it would in fall weather, could trouble the *Quick as Wink*, lying at anchor under Lost Craft Head in Right-an'-Tight Cove of the Labrador.

"When a man lays hold on a little strand o' human wisdom," said Tumm, breaking a heavy muse, "an' hangs his whole weight to it," he added, with care, "he've no cause t' agitate hisself with surprise if the rope snaps."

"What's *this* preachin'?" the skipper demanded.

"That ain't no preachin'," said Tumm, resentfully; "'tis a *fact*."

"Well," the skipper complained, "what you want t' go an' ask a hard question like that for?"

"Sittin' here in the forecastle o' the ol' *Quick as Wink*, in this here black gale from the nor'west," said Tumm, "along o' four disgruntled dummies an' a capital P passenger in the doldrums, I been thinkin' o' Small Sam Small o' Whoopin' Harbor. 'This here world, accordin' as she's run,' says Small Sam Small, 'is no fit place for a decent man t' dwell. The law o' life, as I was teached it,' says he, 'is *Have;* but as I sees the needs o' men, Tumm, it ought t' be *Give*. T' *have*—t' *take* an' t' *keep*—breaks a good man's heart in the end. He lies awake in the night, Tumm—in the company of his own heart—an' he isn't able t' forget jus' how he *got*. I'm no great admirer o' the world, an' I isn't very fond o' life,' says he; 'but I knows the law o' life, an' lives the best I can accordin' t' the rules I've learned. I was cast out t' make my way as a wee small lad; an' I was teached the law o' life by harsh masters—by nights' labor, an' kicks, an' robbery, Tumm, by wind, an' cold, an' great big seas, by a empty belly, an' the fear o' death in my small heart. So I'm a mean man. I'm the meanest man in Newf'un'land. They says my twin sister died o' starvation at the age o' two months along o' my greed. May be: I don't know—but I hopes I never was born the mean man I is. Anyhow,' says he, 'Small Sam Small—that's me—an' I stands by! I'm a damned mean man, an' I isn't unaware; but they isn't a man on the St. John's waterside—an' they isn't a big-bug o' Water Street—can say t' *me*, "Do this, ye bay-noddie!" or, "Do that, ye bankrupt out-porter!" or, "Sign this, ye coast's whelp!" Still

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an' all, Tumm,' says he, 'I don't like myself very much, an' I isn't very fond o' the company o' the soul my soul's become.'

"'Never you mind, Sam Small,' says I; 'we've all done dirty tricks in our time.'

"'All?'

"'Never a mother's son in all the world past fourteen years,' says I, 'hasn't a ghost o' wicked conduct t' haunt his hours alone.'

"'You, too, Tumm?'

"'*Me?*' says I. 'Good God!'

"'Uh-huh,' says he. 'I 'low; but that don't comfort *me* so very much. You see, Tumm, I got t' live with myself, an' bein' quite well acquainted with myself, I don't *like* to. They isn't much domestic peace in my ol' heart; an' they isn't no divorce court I ever heered tell of, neither here nor hereafter, in which a man can free hisself from his own damned soul.'

"'Never you mind,' says I.

"'Uh-huh,' says he. 'You see, I *don't* mind. I—I—I jus' don't *dast!* But if I could break the law, as I've been teached it,' says he, 'they isn't nothin' in the world I'd rather do, Tumm, than found a norphan asylum.'

"'Maybe you will,' says I.

"'Too late,' says he; 'you see, I'm fashioned.'

"He was."

Tumm laughed a little.

Tumm warned us: "You'll withhold your pity for a bit, I 'low. 'Tis not yet due ol' Small Sam Small." He went on: "Small? An'—an' ecod! Small Sam Small! He gained the name past middle age, they says, long afore I knowed un; an' 'tis a pretty tale, as they tells it. He skippered the *Last Chance*—a Twillingate fore-an'-after, fishin' the Labrador, hand an' trap, between the Devil's Battery an' the Barnyards—the Year o' the Third Big Haul. An' it seems he fell in love with the cook. God save us! Sam Small in love with the cook! She was the on'y woman aboard, as it used t' be afore the law was made for women; an' a sweet an' likely maid, they says—a rosy, dimpled, good-natured lass, hailin' from down Chain Tickle way, but over-young an' trustful, as it turned out, t' be voyagin' north t' the fishin' with the likes o' Small Sam Small. A hearty maid, they says—blue-eyed an' flaxen—good for labor an' quick t' love. An' havin' fell in love with her, whatever, Small Sam Small opened his heart for a minute, an' give her his silver watch t' gain her admiration. 'You'll never tell the crew, my dear,' says he, 'that I done such a foolish thing!' So the maid stowed the gift in her box—much pleased, the while, they says, with Small Sam Small—an' said never a word about it. She'd a brother t' home, they says—a wee bit of a chappie with a lame leg—an' thinks she, 'I'll give Billy my silver watch.'

"But Sam Small, bein' small, repented the gift; an' when the *Last Chance* dropped anchor in Twillingate harbor, loaded t' the gunwales with green fish, he come scowlin' on deck.

"'They isn't none o' you goin' ashore yet,' says he.

"'Why not?' says they.

"'They isn't none o' you goin' ashore,' says he, 'afore a constable comes aboard.'

"'What you wantin' a constable for?' says they.

"'They isn't none o' you goin' ashore afore this schooner's searched,' says he. 'My silver watch is stole.'

"'Stole!' says they.

"'Ay,' says he; 'somebody's took my silver watch.'"

Tumm paused.

"Tumm," the skipper of the *Quick as Wink* demanded, "what become o' that there little maid from Chain Tickle?"

"Well," Tumm drawled, "the maid from Chain Tickle had her baby in jail. . . .

"You see," Tumm ran along, in haste to be gone from this tragedy, "Sam Small *was* small—almighty small an' mean. A gray-faced ol' skinflint—an' knowed for such: knowed from Chidley t' Cape Race an' the Newf'un'land Grand Banks as the meanest wolf the Almighty ever made the mistake o' lettin' loose in a kindly world—knowed for the same in every tap-room o' the St. John's waterside, from the Royal George t' the Anchor an' Chain—a lean, lanky, hunch-shouldered, ghastly ol' codger in Jews' slops an' misfits, with a long white beard,

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a scrawny neck, lean chops, an' squintin' little eyes, as green an' cold as an iceberg in gray weather. Honest or dishonest?—ecod! what matter? They's nothin' so wicked as meanness. But the law hadn't cotched un: for the law winks with both eyes. 'I'm too old for crime now, an' too rich,' says he; 'but I've worked hard, accordin' t' the law o' life, as she was teached me, an' I've took chances in my time. When I travelled the outports in my youth,' says he, 'I sold liquor for green paint an' slep' with the constable; an' the socks o' the outport fishermen, Tumm,' says he, 'holds many a half-dollar I coined in my Whoopin' Harbor days.' He'd no piety t' save his soul. 'No church for me,' says he; 'you see, I'm no admirer o' the handiwork o' God. Git, keep, an' have,' says he; 'that's the religion o' my youth, an' I'll never despite the teachin' o' them years.' Havin' no bowels o' compassion, he'd waxed rich in his old age. 'Oh,' says he, 'I'm savin' along, Tumm—I'm jus' savin' along so-so for a little job I got t' do.' Savin' along? He'd two schooners fishin' the Labrador in the season, a share in a hundred-ton banker, stock in a south coast whale-factory, God knows how much yellow gold in the bank, an' a round interest in the swiler [sealer] *Royal Bloodhound,* which he skippered t' the ice every spring o' the year.

"'So-so,' says he; 'jus' savin' along so-so.'

"'So-so!' says I; 'you're *rich,* Skipper Sammy.'

"'I'm not jus' in agreement with the plan o' the world as she's run,' says he; 'but if I've a fortune t' ease my humor, I 'low the Lord gets even, after all.'

"'How so?' says I.

"'If I'm blessed with a taste for savin', Tumm,' says he, 'I'm damned with a thirst for liquor.'

"'Twas true enough, I 'low. The handiwork o' God, in the matter o' men's hearts, is by times beyond me t' fathom. For look you! a poor devil will want This an' crave That when This an' That are spittin' cat an' growlin' dog. They's small hope for a man's peace in a mess like that. A lee shore, ecod!—breakers t' le'ward an' a brutal big wind jumpin' down from the open sea. Thirst an' meanness never yet kep' agreeable company. 'Tis a wonderful mess, ecod! when the Almighty puts the love of a penny in a mean man's heart an' tunes his gullet t' the appreciation o' good Jamaica rum. An' I never knowed a man t' carry a more irksome burden of appetite than Small Sam Small o' Whoopin' Harbor. 'Twas fair horrible t' see. Cursed with a taste for savin', ay, an' damned with a thirst for good Jamaica rum! I've seed his eyes glitter an' his tongue lick his lips at the sight of a bottle; an' I've heered un groan, an' seed his face screw up, when he pinched the pennies in his pocket an' turned away from the temptation t' spend. It hurt un t' the backbone t' pull a cork; he squirmed when his dram got past his Adam's apple. An', Lord! how the outport crews would grin t' see un trickle little drops o' liquor into his belly—t' watch un shift in his chair at the Anchor an' Chain, an' t' hear un grunt an' sigh when the dram was down.

"But Small Sam Small was no toper. Half-seas-over jus' on'y once. It cost un dear.

"I sailed along o' Cap'n Sammy," Tumm resumed, "on the swilin' v'yage in the spring o' the Year o' the Westerly Gales. I mind it well: I've cause. The *Royal Bloodhound:* a stout an' well-found craft. An' a spry an' likely crew: Sam Small never lacked the pick o' the swilin'-boys when it come t' fittin' out for the ice in the spring o' the year. He'd get his load o' fat with the cleverest skippers of un all; an' the wily skippers o' the fleet would tag the ol' rat through the ice from Battle Harbor t' the Grand Banks. 'Small Sam Small,' says they, 'will nose out them swiles.' An' Small Sam Small done it every spring o' the year. No clothes off for Small Sam Small! 'Twas tramp the deck, night an' day. 'Twas 'How's the weather?' at midnight an' noon. 'Twas the crow's-nest at dawn. 'Twas squintin' little green eyes glued t' the glass the day long. An' 'twas 'Does you see um, lads?' forever an' all; an' 'twas '*Damme, where's that fat?*' But 'twas now Sam Small's last v'yage, says he; he'd settle down when he made port again, an' live free an' easy in his old age, with a good fire

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t' warm his bones, an' a bottle at his elbow for reasonable sippin' of a cold night. A man should loosen up in his old age, says he; an' God grantin' him bloody decks an' a profitable slaughter, that v'yage, he'd settle down for good an' never leave port again. He was tired, says he; he was old—an' he was all tired out—an' he'd use the comfort he'd earned in all them years o' labor an' savin'. Wasn't so much in life, after all, for a old man like him, says he, except a fireside chair, or a seat in the sunlight, with a nip o' the best Jamaica, watered t' the taste.

"'You come along o' me as mate, Tumm,' says he, 'an' I'll fill your pocket.'

"'I'm not averse t' cash,' says I.

"'These here ol' bones creaks out t' the ice for *swiles*,' says he, 'an' not for the pleasures o' cruisin'.'

"'I'll ship, Skipper Sammy,' says I. 'I'll ship with the skipper that gets the fat.'

"'You hails from Chain Tickle?' says he.

"'I does.'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I'm a old man, an' I'm downcast in these last days; an' I been 'lowin', somehow, o' late, that a dash o' young blood in my whereabouts might cheer me up. I 'low, Tumm,' says he, 'you don't know a likely lad t' take along t' the ice an' break in for his own good? Fifteen years or so? I'd berth un well aboard the *Bloodhound*.'

"'I does,' says I.

"'You might fetch un,' says he; 'nothin' like young blood t' cheer the aged.'



"A LIKELY LAD, BLUE-EYED AND MERRY"

"'I'll fetch un quick enough, Skipper Sammy,' says I, 'if you'll stand by my choice.'

"'As I knowed you would, Tumm,' says he, 'you takes me cleverly.'

"It wasn't long after that afore a young lad I knowed in Chain Tickle come shoutin' down t' St. John's. A likely lad, too: blue-eyed, tow-headed, an' merry—the likes of his mother, a widow. No liar, no coward, no pinch-a-penny: a fair, frank-eyed, lovable little rascal—a forgiven young scapegrace—with no mind beyond the love an' livin' jollity o' the day. Hang the morrow! says he; the morrow might do very well, he'd be bound, when it come. Show *him* the fun o' the minute. An' he had a laugh t' shame the dumps—a laugh as catchin' as smallpox. 'Ecod!' thinks I; 'it may very well be that Sam Small will smile.' A brave an' likely lad: with no fear o' the devil hisself—nor overmuch regard, I'm thinkin', for the chastisements o' God Almighty—but on'y respect for the wish of his own little mother, who was God enough for he. 'What!' says he; 'we're never goin' t' sea with Sam Small. Small Sam Small? Sam Small, the skinflint?' But he took a wonderful fancy t' Small Sam Small; an' as for Skipper Sammy—why—Skipper Sammy loved the graceless rogue on sight. 'Why, Tumm,' says he, 'he's jus' like a gentleman's son. Why, 'tis—'tis like a nip o' rum—'tis as good as a nip o' the best Jamaica—t' clap eyes on a fair, fine lad like that. Is you marked his eyes, Tumm?—saucy as blood an' riches. They fair bored me t' the soul like Sir

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Harry McCracken's. They's blood behind them eyes—blood an' a sense o' wealth. An' his strut! Is you marked the strut, Tumm?—the very air of a game-cock in a barnyard. It takes a gentleman born t' walk like that. I tells you, Tumm, with wealth t' back un—with wealth t' back body an' brain an' blue blood like that—the lad would be a lawyer at twenty-three an' Chief Justice o' Newf'un'land at thirty-seven. You mark *me!*'

"I'm thinkin', whatever, that Small Sam Small had the natural prejudice o' fatherhood.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'he's cheered me up. Is he savin'?'

"'Try for yourself,' says I.

"Skipper Sammy put the boy t' the test, next night, at the Anchor an' Chain. 'Lad,' says he, 'here's the gift o' half a dollar.'

"'For *me,* Skipper Sammy?' says the lad. ''Tis as much as ever I had in my life. Have a drink.'

"'Have a *what?*'

"'You been wonderful good t' me, Skipper Sammy,' says the lad, 'an' I wants t' buy you a glass o' good rum.'

"'Huh!' says Small Sam Small; ''tis expensive.'

"'Ay,' says the lad; 'but what's a half-dollar *for?*'

"'Well,' says Skipper Sammy, 'a careful lad like you *might* save it.'

"The poor lad passed the half-dollar back over the table t' Small Sam Small. 'Skipper Sammy,' says he, '*you* save it. It fair burns my fingers.'

"'Mary, my dear,' says Sam Small t' the barmaid, 'a couple o' nips o' the best Jamaica you got in the house for me an' Mr. Tumm. Fetch the lad a bottle o' ginger-ale—*im*-ported. Damn the expense, anyhow! Let the lad spend his money as he has the notion.'

"An' Sam Small smiled.

"'Tumm,' says Small Sam Small, that night, when the boy was gone t' bed, 'ecod! but the child spends like a gentleman.'

"'How's that, Skipper Sammy?'

"'Free,' says he, 'an' genial.'

"'He'll overdo it,' says I.

"'No,' says he: ''tisn't in the blood. He'll spend what he haves—no more. An' like a gentleman, too—free an' genial as the big-bugs. A marvellous lad, Tumm,' says he; 'he've ab-se-*lute*-ly no regard for money.'

"'Not he.'

"'Ecod!'

"'He'll be a comfort, Skipper Sammy,' says I, 'on the swilin' v'yage.'

"'I 'low, Tumm,' says he, 'that I've missed a lot, in my life, these last fifteen year, through foolishness. You send the lad home,' says he; 'he's a gentleman, an' haves no place on a swilin'-ship. An' they isn't no sense, Tumm,' says he, 'in chancin' the life of a fair lad like that at sea. Let un go home to his mother; *she'll* be glad t' see un again. A man ought t' loosen up in his old age: I'll pay. An', Tumm—here's a two-dollar note. You tell the lad t' waste it *all* on bananas. This here bein' generous,' says he, 'is an expensive diversion. I got t' save my pennies—*now!*'

"Well, well!" Tumm went on; "trust Small Sam Small t' be off for the ice on the stroke o' the hour for swilers' sailin'—an' a few minutes t' win'ward o' the law. An' the *Royal Bloodhound* had heels, too—an' a heart for labor. With a fair start from Seldom-Come-By, Skipper Sammy beat the fleet t' the Funks an' t' the first drift-ice beyond. March days: nor'westerly gales, white water an' snowy weather—an' no let-up on the engines. Ice? Ay; big floes o' northerly ice, come down from the Circle with current an' wind—breedin'-grounds for swile. But there wasn't no swiles. Never the bark of a dog-hood nor the whine of a new-born white-coat. Cap'n Sammy nosed the ice into White Bay; he worked out above the Horse Islands; he took a peep at the Cape Norman light an' swatched the Labrador seas. But never a swile got we. 'The swiles,' says he, 'is t' the east an' s'uth'ard. With these here westerly gales blowin' wild an' cold as perdition they've gone down the Grand Banks way. The fleet will smell around here till they wears their noses out,' says he; 'but Cap'n Sam Small is off t' the s'uth'ard t' get his load o' fat.' An' he switched the *Royal Bloodhound* about, an' steamed off, with all sail spread, bound down t' the Grand Banks in a nor'west gale, with a burst o' snow t' season it.

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"We made the northerly limits o' the Grand Banks in fog an' ca'm weather. Black fog: thick 's mud. We lay to — butted a league into the pack-ice. Greasy weather: a close world an' a moody glass.

"'Cap'n Sammy,' says I, on the bridge, 'there's no tellin' where a man will strike the fat.'

"'Small chance for fat, damme!' says he, 'in fog an' broodin' weather.'

"'Give her a show,' says I, 'an' she'll lighten.'

"'Lighten?' says he. 'Afore night, Tumm, she'll blow this fog t' the Saragossa Sea.'

"The glass was in a mean, poor temper, an' the air was still, an' thick, an' sweaty.

"'Blow?' says he. 'Ay; she's breedin' a naughty nor'west gale o' wind down there.'

"It seemed t' me then I seed a shadow in the fog; an', 'Cap'n Sammy,' says I, 'what's that off the port bow?'

"'What's what?' says he.

"'That patch o' black in the mist.'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'you might tweak the toot-rope.'

"The *Royal Bloodhound* hadn't opened her mouth afore there came a howl from the mist.

"Cap'n Sammy jumped. 'What d'ye make o' that?' says he.

"'I make a ship,' says I.

"He lifted his hand. 'Hark!' says he.

"Whatever she was, she was yellin' for help like a bull in a bog.

"'Whoo-o-o-oo! Whoo, whoo! Whoo-o-oo-*ugh!*'

"Cap'n Sammy grinned. 'I make a tramp cotched fast in the ice,' says he.

"'Whoo-o-oo-*ugh!* Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo-o-*oop!*'

"'I make a tramp,' says he, rubbin' his hands, 'with her propeller ripped off.'

"I reached a hand for the rope.



"THEY WENT OFF, ARM IN ARM, LIKE OL' CRONIES"

"'Hol' on!' says he; 'you keep your hook off that there whistle.'

"'I was thinkin',' says I, 't' speed a message o' comfort.'

"'Let her beller a bit, ye dunderhead!' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'T' make sure in her own mind,' says he, 'that she needs a kindly hand t' help her.'

"'Twould be easy enough for the steam-swiler *Royal Bloodhound* t' jerk that yelpin' tramp, had she lost her propeller—as well she might, poor helpless lady o' fashion! in that slob-ice—'twould be easy enough t' rip her through a league o' the floe t' open water, with a charge or two o' good black powder t' help.

"'Tumm,' says Cap'n Sammy, by an' by, 'how's the glass?'

"'She've the look an' conduct o' the devil, sir.'

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"'Good!' says he. 'I hopes she kicks the bottom out. You might go so far as t' give that bellerin' ironclad a toot.'

"I tooted.

"'You come along o' me, Tumm,' says he, 'an' learn how t' squeeze a lemon.'

"Cap'n Sammy kep' explodin' in little chuckles, like a bunch o' Queen's-birthday firecrackers, as we trudged the ice toward the howlin' ship in the mist. 'Twas a hundred fathoms o' rough goin', I promise you, that northern slob, in which the tramp an' the *Royal Bloodhound* lay neighbors; an' 'twas mixed with hummocks an' bergs, an' 'twas all raftered an' jammed by the westerly gales o' that season. After dawn then; an' 'twas a slow, greasy dawn, I mind. But the yellow light growed fast in the fog; an' the mist thinned in a whiff o' wind from the nor'west. 'Twould lift, by an' by: a clean, gray day. 'Every man for hisself,' says Cap'n Sammy, as we drawed near, 'an' the devil take the hindmost. She's a likely-lookin' craft. Pinched fast, too. An' the weather-glass kickin' at its foundations! Eh, Tumm? Every man for hisself.' It turned out Cap'n Sammy was right. She was a tramp, the *Claymore,* two thousand tons, outbound from Liverpool t' Canadian ports, loaded deep, an' now tight in the grip o' the ice. In a big blow o' wind her iron sides would yield like paper t' the crush o' the pack. An' if the signs read true that blow was brewin' in the nor'west. 'Twas breezin' up, down there, with the sky in a saucy temper. From the deck o' the *Claymore* I looked t' the west, where the little puffs o' wind was jumpin' from, an' t' the sour sky, an' roundabout upon the ice; an' I was glad I wasn't shipped aboard that thin-skinned British tramp, but was mate of a swilin'-steamer, Newf'un'land built, with sixteen-inch oak sides, an' thrice braced with oak in the bows. She was spick an' span, that big black tramp, fore an' aft, aloft an' below; but in a drive o' ice—with the wind whippin' it up, an' the night dark, an' the pack a livin', roarin' whirlpool o' pans an' bergs—white decks an' polished brass don't count for much. 'Tis a stout oak bottom, then, that makes for peace o' mind.

"Cap'n Wrath, at your service, sir: a close-whiskered, bristly, pot-bellied little Britisher in brass buttons an' blue. 'Glad t' know you, Cap'n Small,' says he. 'You've come in the nick o' time, sir. How near can you steam with that ol' batterin'-ram o' yours?'

"'That ol' *what?*' says Cap'n Sammy.

"'Here, some o' you!' Cap'n Wrath yelled t' the crew; 'get a line—'

"'Hol' on!' says Cap'n Sammy; 'no hurry.'

"Cap'n Wrath jumped.

"'Got yourself in a nice mess, isn't you?' says Cap'n Sammy. 'An' in these busy times, too, for us poor swilers. Lost your propeller, isn't you?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Ah-ha!" says Cap'n Sammy. 'Got a weak blade, eh? Got a crack somewheres in the works, I'll be bound! An' you dassen't use your propeller in this here slob-ice, eh? Scared o' your for'ard plates, too, isn't you? An' you wants a tow, doesn't you? You wants me t' take chances with my blades, eh, an' bruise my poor ol' bows, buckin' this here ice, t' jerk your big yelpin' ship t' open water afore the gale nips you?'

"Cap'n Wrath cocked his red head.

"'Well,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'know what *I* wants? I wants a dram o' rum.'

"Cap'n Wrath laughed. 'Haw, haw, haw!' says he. An' he jerked a thumb for the ship's boy. Seemed t' think Cap'n Sammy was a ol' wag.

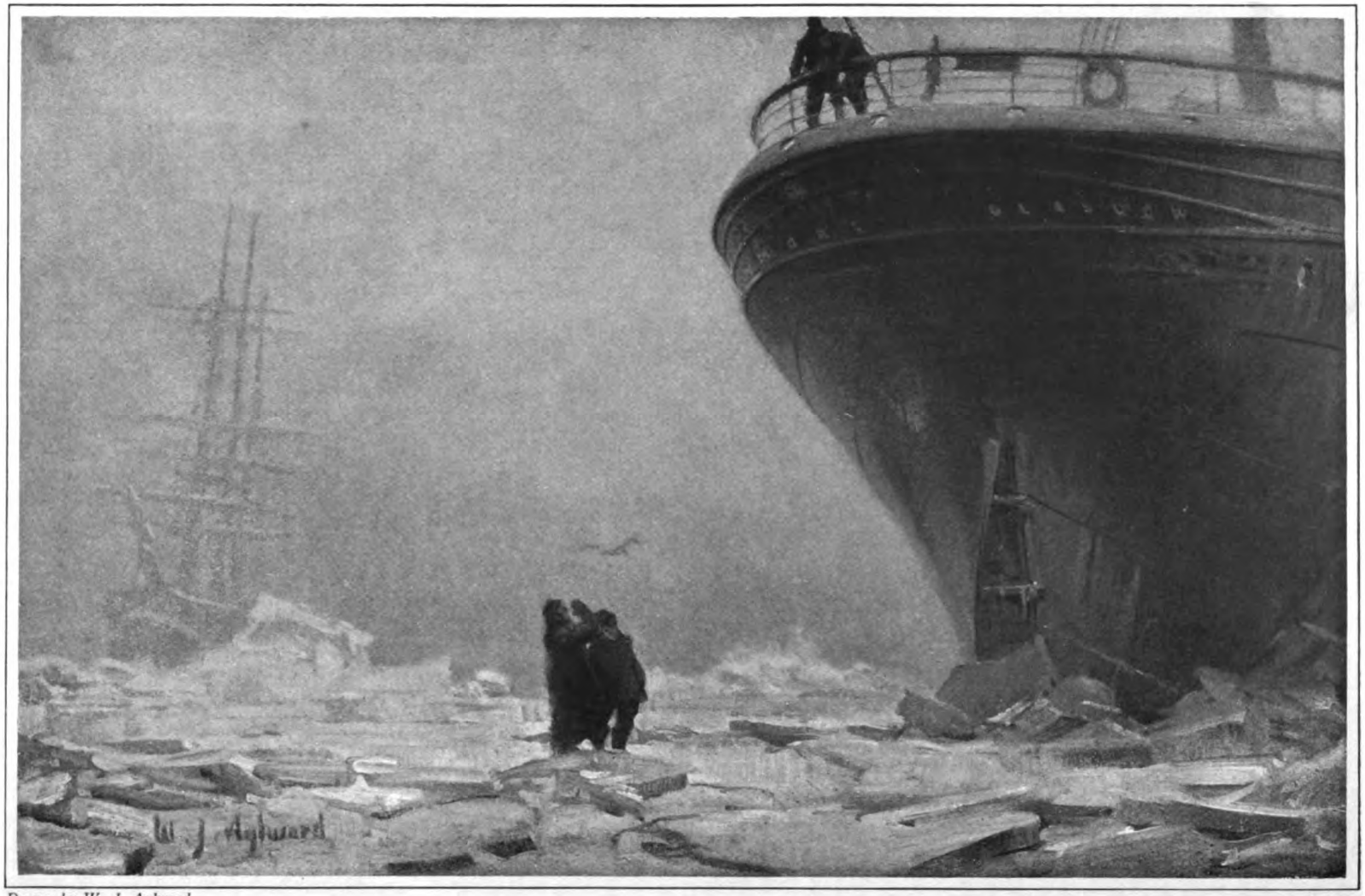
"'We better have that rum in your pretty little cabin,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'an' have it quick, for the weather don't favor delay. I'll want more, an' you'll need more, afore we strikes our bargain. Anyhow, I'm a wonderful hand with a bottle,' says he, 'when it ain't my bottle.'

"'Haw, haw! Very good, indeed, sir!' says Cap'n Wrath. 'I missed your wink, sir.'

"They went off then, arm in arm, like ol' cronies. 'A dram o' rum, in a little mess like this, sir,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'has heartened many a man afore you.'

"When they come down from the upper deck," Tumm resumed, "Cap'n Sammy was a bit weak in the knees. Tipsy, sir. Ay—Small Sam Small with three sheets in the wind. Free rum an' a fair prospect o' gluttin' his greed had overcome un for once in a way. But grim, sir—an' with little patches o' red

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

"'TWILL COST YOU JUS' A DOLLAR A MINUTE FOR DELAY"

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aflare in his dry white cheeks. An' as for Cap'n Wrath, that poor brass-buttoned Britisher was sputterin' rage like a Gatlin' gun.

"'A small difference of opinion, Tumm,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'over North Atlantic towage rates. Nothin' more.'

"'Get off my ship, sir!' says Cap'n Wrath.

"'Cap'n Wrath,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'you better take a thoughtful squint at your weather-glass.'

"Cap'n Wrath snarled.

"'You'll crumple up, an' you'll sink like scrap-iron,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'when that black wind comes down. Take the word for it,' says he, 'of a old skipper that knows the ice from boyhood.'

"Cap'n Wrath turned his back. Never a word from the ol' cock, ecod!—but a speakin' sight of his blue back.

"'If you works a cracked propeller in this here heavy slob,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'you'll lose it. An' now,' says he, 'havin' warned you fair, my conscience is at ease.'

"'Off my ship, sir!' says Cap'n Wrath.

"''Twill cost you jus' a dollar a minute, Cap'n Wrath,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'for delay.'

"Cap'n Wrath swung round, with that, an' fair spat rage an' misery in Cap'n Sammy's face.

"'I'll work the *Bloodhound* near,' says Cap'n Sammy, 'an' stand by t' take a line. This gale will break afore noon. But give her some leeway, t' make sure. Ay; the ice will feel the wind afore dark. The ice will talk: it won't need no word o' mine. You'll want that line aboard my ship, Cap'n Wrath, when the ice begins t' press. An' I'll stand by, like a Christian skipper, at a dollar a minute for delay'—he hauled out his time-piece—'t' save your ribs from crackin' when they hurts you. Yelp for help when you wants to. Good day, sir.' He went overside. 'Item, Cap'n Wrath,' says Skipper Sammy, squintin' up: 'to one dollar a minute for awaitin' skipper's convenience.'

"We got under way over the ice, then, for the *Royal Bloodhound*. 'Skipper Sammy,' says I, by an' by, 'was you reasonable with un?'

"'When I gets what I'm bound t' have, Tumm,' says he, 'they won't be much juice left in that lemon.'

"'You been lappin' rum, Skipper Sammy,' says I, 'an' you mark me, your judgment is at fault.'

"A squall o' wind near foundered the ol' feller; but he took a reef in his coon-skin coat an' weathered it. 'I'm jus' standin' by the teachin' o' my youth,' says he; 'an' they isn't no meanness in my heart. Give me your hand, Tumm, an' we'll do better in these rough places. How she blows! An' they's a chill comin' down with the wind. My bones is old, Tumm; they hurts me, an' it seems t' me I hears un creak. Somehow or other,' says he 'I'm all tired out.'

"When we got aboard the *Royal Bloodhound,* Cap'n Sammy bucked the ship within thirty fathom of the tramp an' lay to. 'Nothin' t' do now, Tumm,' says he, 'but take it easy. All my swilin' life,' says he, 'I been wantin' t' cotch a tramp Britisher in a mess like this; an' now that I *is* cotched one, on my last cruise, I 'low I might as well enjoy myself. I'm all in a shiver, an' I'm goin' t' have a glass o' rum.' An' off he went to his cabin; an' there, ecod! he kep' his ol' bones till long after noon, while the gale made up its mind t' come down an' work its will. Some time afore dark, I found un there still, with a bottle beside un. He was keepin' a little green eye on a Yankee alarm-clock. 'There's another minute gone,' says he, 'an' that's another dollar. How's the wind? Comin' down at last? Good—that's good! 'Twon't be long afore that tramp begins t' yelp. Jus' about time for *me* t' have a dram o' rum, if I'm t' keep on ridin' easy. Whew!' says he, when the dram was down, 'there's three more minutes gone, an' that's three more dollars. Been waitin' all my swilin' life t' squeeze a tramp; an' now I'm havin' a damned good time doin' of it. I got a expensive son t' fetch up,' says he, 'an' I needs all the money I can lay my hooks on. There's another minute gone.' He was half-seas-over now: not foundered—he'd ever a cautious hand with a bottle—but well smothered. An' I've wondered since—ay, an' many's the time—jus' what happened up Aloft t' ease off Sam Small's meanness in that hour. He'd never been mastered afore by rum: that I'll be bound

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for—an' never his own rum. 'I got a expensive son t' raise,' says he, 'an' I wants t' lay my paws on cash. There's another minute gone!' Queer work, this, o' the A'mighty's: rum had loosed the ol' man's greed beyond caution; an' there sot he, in liquor, dreamin' dreams, to his death, for the son of the flaxen girl he'd wronged.

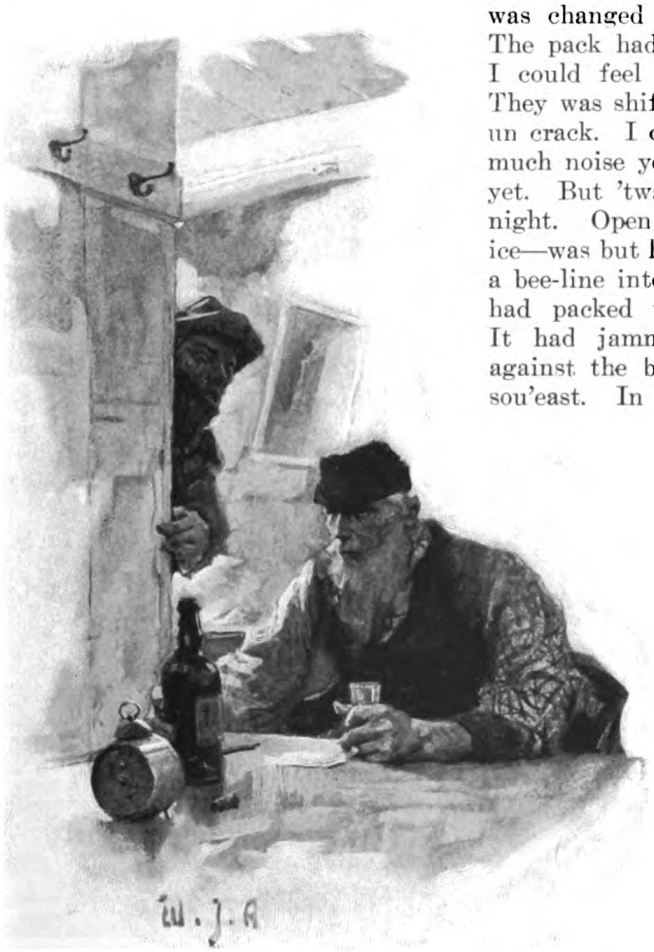
"I stepped outside; but a squall o' soggy wind slapped me in the face—a gust that tweaked my whiskers—an' I jumped back in a hurry t' Skipper Sammy's cabin. 'Cap'n Sammy, sir,' says I, 'the gale's down.'

"'The wind,' says he, 'has the habit o' blowin' in March weather.'

"'I don't like it, sir,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'I got a young spendthrift t' fetch up, isn't I?'

"'Still an' all, sir,' says I, 'I don't like it.'



"HE WAS KEEPIN' A LITTLE GREEN EYE ON A YANKEE ALARM-CLOCK"

"'Damme, Tumm!' says he, 'isn't you got nothin' better t' do than stand there carpin' at God A'mighty's wind?'

"'They's a big field o' ice t' win'ward, sir,' says I. ''Tis comin' down with the gale; 'twill ram this pack within the hour.'

"'You stand by,' says he, 't' take a line from that tramp when she yelps.'

"'Cap'n Sammy, sir,' says I, 'the ship lies badly. She'll never weather—'

"'Mr. Tumm,' says he, 'you got your orders, isn't you?'

"When Cap'n Sammy fixed his little green squint on me in jus' that frosty way I knowed my duty. 'I is, sir,' says I.

"'Then,' says he, 'h'ist your canvas. There's another minute gone!'

"By this time the wind was leapin' out o' the nor'west. Fog was come down with the gale, too. 'Twas fallin' thick weather. Comin' on dusk, now, too. The big, black tramp, showin' hazy lights, was changed to a shadow in the mist. The pack had begun t' heave an' grind. I could feel the big pans get restless. They was shiftin' for ease. I could hear un crack. I could hear un crunch. Not much noise yet, though: not much wind yet. But 'twas no fair prospect for the night. Open water—in a shift o' the ice—was but half a league t' the nor'west, a bee-line into the gale's eye. The wind had packed the slob about the ships. It had jammed half a league o' ice against the body o' the big pack t' the sou'east. In the nor'west, too, was another floe. 'Twas there, in the mist, an' 'twas comin' down with the wind. It cotched the first of the gale; 'twas free t' move, too. 'Twould overhaul us soon enough. Ever see the ice rafter, sir? No? Well, 'tis no swift collision. 'Tis horrible an' slow. No shock at all: jus' slow pressure. The big pans rear. They break—an' tumble back. Fields—acres big—slip one atop o' the other. Hummocks are crunched t' slush. The big bergs

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topple over. It always makes me think o' hell, somehow—the wind, the night, the big white movin' shapes, the crash an' thunder of it, the ghostly screeches. An' the *Claymore's* iron plates was doomed; an' the *Royal Bloodhound* could escape on'y by good luck or the immediate attention o' the good God A'mighty.

"Jus' afore dark I come t' my senses.

"'What's *this!*' thinks I.

"I waited.

"'Wind's haulin' round a bit,' thinks I.

"I waited a spell longer t' make sure.

"'Jumpin' round t' the s'uth'ard,' thinks I, 'by God!' I made for the skipper's cabin with the news. 'Cap'n Sammy, sir,' says I, 'the wind's haulin' round t' the s'uth'ard.'

"'*Wind's what!*' Cap'n Sammy yelled.

"'Goin' round t' the s'uth'ard on the jump,' says I.

"Cap'n Sammy bounced out on deck an' turned his gray ol' face t' the gale. An' 'twas true: the wind was swingin' round the compass; every squall that blew was a point off. An' Cap'n Sammy seed in a flash that they wasn't no dollar a minute for he if Cap'n Wrath knowed what the change o' wind meant. For look you, sir! when the wind was from the nor'west, it jammed the slob against the pack behind us, an' fetched down the floe t' win'ard; but blowin' strong from southerly parts, 'twould not on'y halt the floe, but 'twould loosen the pack in which we lay, an' scatter it in the open water half a league t' the nor'west. In an hour—if the wind went swingin' round—the *Royal Bloodhound* an' the *Claymore* would be floatin' free. An' round she went, on the jump; an' she blowed high — an' higher yet — with every squall.

"I jumped when I cotched sight o' Cap'n Sammy's face. 'Twas ghastly—an' all in a sour pucker o' wrinkles. Seemed, too, that his voice had got lost in his throat. 'Tumm,' says he, 'fetch my coonskin coat. I'm goin' aboard Cap'n Wrath,' says he, 't' reason.'

"'You'll never do *that!*' says I.

"'I wants my tow,' says he; 'an' Cap'n Wrath is a warm-water sailor, an' won't know what this ice will do.'

"'Skipper Sammy,' says I, 'tis no fit time for any man t' be on the ice. The pack's goin' abroad in this wind.'

"'I'm used t' the ice from my youth up,' says he, 'an' I'll manage the passage.'

"'Man,' says I, 'the night's near down!'

"'Mr. Tumm, I'm a kindly skipper,' says he, 'but I haves my way. My coonskin coat, sir!'

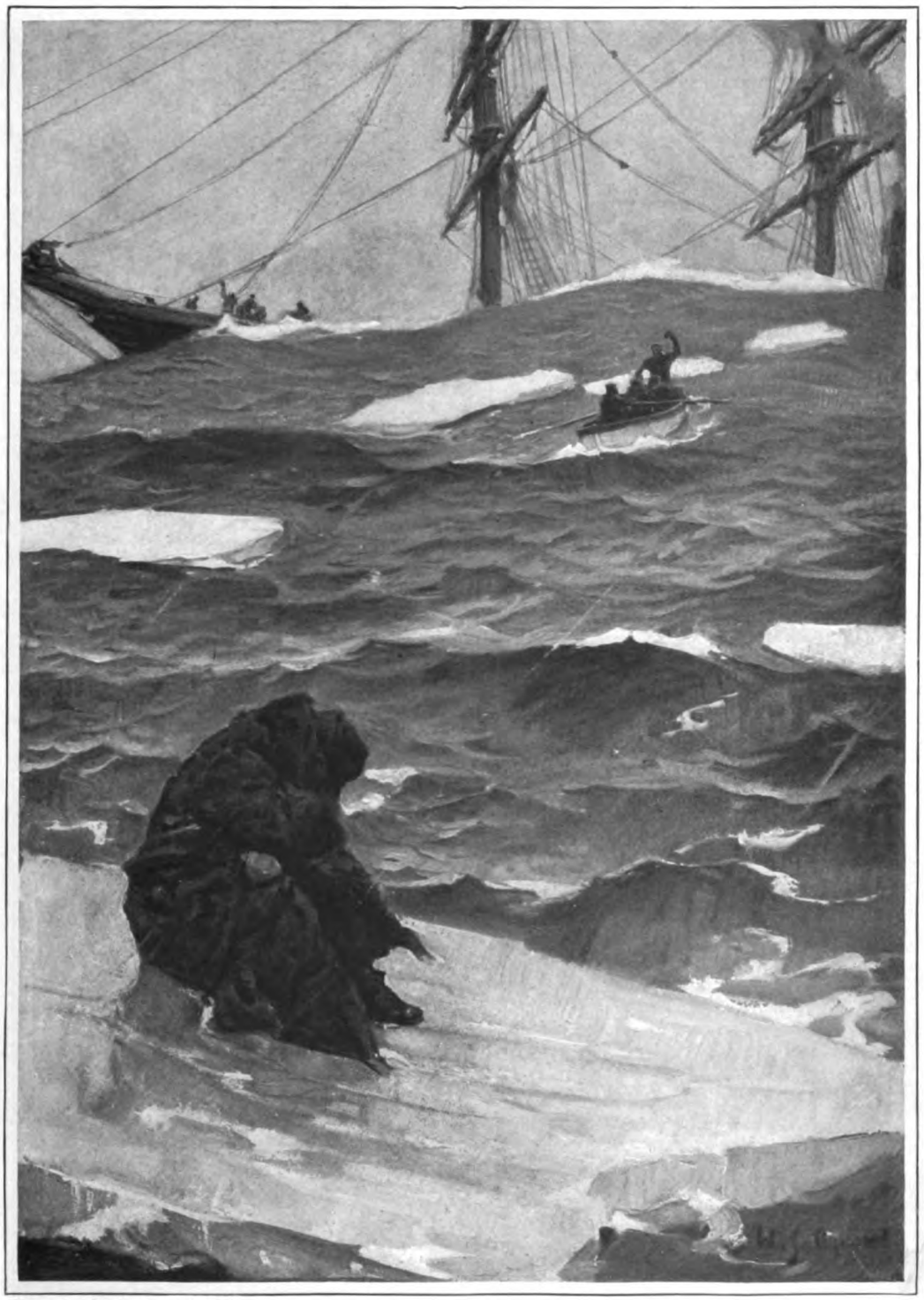
"I fetched it.

"'Take the ship, Mr. Tumm,' says he; 'an' stand aside, sir, an you please!'

"Touched with rum, half mad o' balked greed, with a face like wrinkled foolscap, Small Sam Small went over the side, in his coonskin coat. The foggy night fell down. The lights o' the *Claymore* showed dim in the drivin' mist. The wind had its way. An' it blowed the slob off t' sea like feathers. What a wonder o' power is the wind! An' the sea begun t' hiss an' swell where the ice had been. From the fog come the clang o' the *Claymore's* telegraph, the chug-chug of her engines, an' a long howl o' delight as she gathered way. 'Twas no time at all, it seemed t' me, afore we lost her lights in the mist. An' in that black night—with the wind t' smother his cries —we couldn't find Sammy Small.

"The wind fell away at dawn," Tumm went on. "A gray day: the sea a cold gray—the sky a drear color. We found Skipper Sammy, close t' noon, with fog closin' down, an' a drip o' rain fallin'. He was squatted on a pan o' ice—broodin'—wrapped up in his coonskin coat. 'Tumm,' says he, 'carry my ol' bones aboard.' An' he said never a word more until we had un stretched out in his bunk an' the chill eased off. 'Tumm,' says he, 'I got everything fixed in writin', in St. John's, for—my son. I've made you executor, Tumm, for I knows you haves a kindly feelin' for the lad, an' an inklin', maybe, o' the kind o' man I wished I was. A fair lad: a fine, brave lad, with a free hand. I'm glad he knows how t' spend. I made my fortune, Tumm, as I made it; an' I'm glad—I'm proud—I'm almighty proud—that my son will spend it like a gentleman. I loves un. An' you, Tumm, will teach un wisdom an' kindness, accordin' t' your lights. That's all, Tumm: I've

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

"WE FOUND SKIPPER SAMMY SQUATTED ON A PAN OF ICE"

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no more t' say.' Pretty soon, though, he run on: 'I been a mean man. But I'm not overly sorry now: for hunger an' hardship will never teach my son evil things o' the world God made. I 'low, anyhow,' says he, 'that God is even with me. But I don't know—I don't know.' You see," Tumm reflected, "'tis wisdom t' *get* an' t' *have,* no doubt; but 'tis not the whole o' wisdom, an' 'tis a mean poor strand o' Truth t' hang the weight of a life to. Maybe, then," he continued, "Small Sam Small fell asleep. I don't know. He was quite still. I waited with un till twilight. 'Twas gray weather still —an' comin' on a black night. The ship pitched like a gull in the spent swell o' the gale. Rain fell, I mind. Maybe, then, Skipper Sammy didn't quite know what he was sayin'. Maybe not. I don't know. 'Tumm,' says he, 'is you marked his eyes? Blood back o' them eyes, sir—blood an' a sense o' riches. His strut, Tumm!' says he. 'Is you marked the strut? A little game-cock, Tumm—a gentleman's son, every pound an' inch of un! A fine, fair lad. My lad, sir. An' he's a free an' genial spender, God bless un!'

"Skipper Sammy," Tumm concluded, "died that night."

The gale was still blowing in Right-an'-Tight Cove of the Labrador, where the schooner *Quick as Wink* lay at anchor: a black gale of fall weather.

"Tumm," the skipper of the *Quick as Wink* demanded, "what become o' that lad?"

"Everybody knows," Tumm answered.

"What!" the skipper ejaculated; "you're never tellin' me he's the Honor—"

"I is," Tumm snapped, impatiently. "He's the Honorable Samuel Small, o' St. John's. 'If I'm goin' t' use my father's fortune,' says he, 'I'll wear his name.'"

"'Twas harsh," the skipper observed, "on the mother."

"No-o-o," Tumm drawled; "not harsh. She never bore no grudge against Small Sam Small—not after the baby was born. She was jus' a common ordinary woman."

The Spring Maid

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

APRIL, half-clad in flowers and showers,
Walks, like a blossom, o'er the land;
She smiles at May, and, laughing, takes
The rain and sunshine hand-in-hand.

So gay the dancing of her feet,
So like a garden her soft breath,
So sweet the smile upon her face,
She charms the very heart of death.

The young moon in a trance she holds
Captive in clouds of orchard bloom,
She snaps her fingers at the grave,
And laughs into the face of doom.

Yet in her gladness lurks a fear,
In all her mirth there breathes a sigh,
So soon her pretty flowers are gone—
And ah! she is too young to die!

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Self-Sacrifice: A Farce-Tragedy

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I

MISS ISOBEL RAMSEY AND MISS ESTHER GARNETT

MISS RAMSEY: "And they were really understood to be engaged?" Miss Ramsey is a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl of nearly the length of two lady's umbrellas and the bulk of one closely folded in its sheath. She stands with her elbow supported on the corner of the mantel, her temple resting on the knuckle of a thin, nervous hand, in an effect of thoughtful absent-mindedness. Miss Garnett, more or less Merovingian in a costume that lends itself somewhat reluctantly to a low, thick figure, is apparently poising for departure, as she stands before the chair from which she has risen beside Miss Ramsey's tea table and looks earnestly up into Miss Ramsey's absent face. Both are very young, but aim at being much older than they are, with occasional lapses into extreme girlhood.

Miss Garnett: "Yes, distinctly. I knew you couldn't know, and I thought you ought to." She speaks in a deep conviction-bearing and conviction-carrying voice. "If he has been coming here so much."

Miss Ramsey, with what seems temperamental abruptness: "Sit down. One can always think better sitting down." She catches a chair under her with a deft movement of her heel, and Miss Garnett sinks provisionally into her seat. "And I think it needs thought, don't you?"

Miss Garnett: "That is what I expected of you."

Miss Ramsey: "And have some more tea. There is nothing like *fresh* tea for clearing the brain, and we certainly need clear brains for this." She pushes a button in the wall beside her, and is silent till the maid appears. "More tea, Nora." She is silent again while the maid reappears with the tea and disappears. "I don't know that he has been coming here so *very* much. But he has no right to be coming at all, if he is engaged. That is, in that *way*."

Miss Garnett: "No. Not unless—he wishes he wasn't."

Miss Ramsey: "That would give him *less* than no right."

Miss Garnett: "That is true. I didn't think of it in that light."

Miss Ramsey: "I'm trying to decide what I ought to do if he does want to get off. She said herself that they were engaged?"

Miss Garnett: "As much as that. Conny understood her to say so. And Conny never makes a mistake in what people say. Emily didn't say *whom* she was engaged to, but Conny felt that that was to come later, and she did not quite feel like asking, don't you know."

Miss Ramsey: "Of course. And how came she to decide that it was Mr. Ashley?"

Miss Garnett: "Simply by putting two and two together. They two were together the whole time last summer."

Miss Ramsey: "I see. Then there is only one thing for me to do."

Miss Garnett, admiringly: "I knew you would say that."

Miss Ramsey, dreamily: "The question is what the thing is."

Miss Garnett: "Yes!"

Miss Ramsey: "That is what I wish to think over. Chocolates?" She offers a box, catching it with her left hand from the mantel at her shoulder, without rising.

Miss Garnett: "Thank you, do you think they go well with tea?"

Miss Ramsey: "They go well with anything. But we mustn't allow our minds to be distracted. The case is simply this: If Mr. Ashley is engaged to Emily Fray, he has no right to go round calling on other girls—well, as if he wasn't—and he has been calling here a great deal.

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That is perfectly evident. He must be made to feel that girls are not to be trifled with—that they are not mere toys."

Miss Garnett: "How splendidly you do reason! And he ought to understand that Emily has a right—"

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, I don't know that I care about *her*—or not *pri*marily. Or do you say pri*mar*ily?"

Miss Garnett: "I never know. I only use it in writing."

Miss Ramsey: "It's a clumsy word; I don't know that I shall. But what I mean is that I must act from a general principle, and that principle is that when a man is engaged, it doesn't matter whether the girl has thrown herself at him, or not—"

Miss Garnett: "She certainly did, from what Conny says."

Miss Ramsey: "He must be shown that other girls won't tolerate his behaving as if he were *not* engaged. It is wrong."

Miss Garnett: "We must stand together."

Miss Ramsey: "Yes. Though I don't infer that he has been attentive to other girls generally."

Miss Garnett: "No. I meant that if he has been coming here so much, you want to prevent his trifling with others."

Miss Ramsey: "Something like that. But it ought to be more definite. He ought to realize that if another girl cared for him, it would be cruel to her, paying her attentions, when he was engaged to some one else."

Miss Garnett: "And cruel to the girl he is engaged to."

Miss Ramsey: "Yes." She speaks coldly, vaguely. "But that is the personal ground, and I wish to avoid that. I wish to deal with him purely in the abstract."

Miss Garnett: "Yes, I understand that. And at the same time you wish to punish him. He ought to be made to feel it all the more because he is so severe himself."

Miss Ramsey: "Severe?"

Miss Garnett: "Not tolerating anything that's the least out of the way in other people. Taking you up about your ideas and showing where you're wrong, or even silly. Spiritually snubbing, Conny calls it."

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, I like that in him. It's so invigorating. It braces up all your good resolutions. It makes you ashamed; and shame is sanative."

Miss Garnett: "That's just what I told Conny, or the same thing. Do you think another one would hurt me? I will risk it, anyway." She takes another chocolate from the box. "Go on."

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, I was just wishing that I had been out longer, and had a little more experience of men. Then I should know how to act. How do you suppose people do, generally?"

Miss Garnett: "Why, you know, if they find a man in love with them, after he's engaged to another girl, they make him go back to her, it doesn't matter whether they're in love with him themselves or not."

Miss Ramsey: "I'm *not* in love with Mr. Ashley, please."

Miss Garnett: "No; I'm supposing an extreme case."

Miss Ramsey, after a moment of silent thought: "Did you ever hear of anybody doing it?"

Miss Garnett: "Not just in our set. But I know it's done continually."

Miss Ramsey: "It seems to me as if I had read something of the kind."

Miss Garnett: "Oh yes, the books are full of it. Are those mallows? They might carry off the effects of the chocolates." Miss Ramsey passes her the box of marshmallows which she has bent over the table to look at.

Miss Ramsey: "And of course they couldn't get into the books if they hadn't really happened. I wish I could think of a case in point."

Miss Garnett: "Why, there was Peg Woffington—"

Miss Ramsey, with displeasure: "She was an actress of some sort, wasn't she?"

Miss Garnett, with meritorious candor: "Yes, she *was.* But she was a very *good* actress."

Miss Ramsey: "What did *she* do?"

Miss Garnett: "Well, it's a long time since I read it; and it's rather old-fashioned now. But there was a countryman of some sort, I remember, who came away from his wife, and fell in love with Peg Woffington, and then the wife follows him up to London, and begs her to give him back to her, and she does it.

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There's something about a portrait of Peg—I don't remember exactly; she puts her face through and cries when the wife talks to the picture. The wife thinks it is a real picture, and she is kind of soliloquizing, and asking Peg to give her husband back to her; and Peg does, in the end. That part is beautiful. They become the greatest friends."

Miss Ramsey: "Rather silly, I should say."

Miss Garnett: "Yes, it *is* rather silly, but I suppose the author thought she had to do something."

Miss Ramsey: "And disgusting, a married man, that way. I don't see any comparison with Mr. Ashley."

Miss Garnett: "No, there really isn't any. Emily has never asked you to give him up. And besides, Peg Woffington really liked him a little—loved him, in fact."

Miss Ramsey: "And I *don't* like Mr. Ashley at all. Of course I respect him—and I admire his intellect; there's no question about his being handsome; but I have never thought of him for a moment in any other way; and now I can't even respect him."

Miss Garnett: "Nobody could. I'm sure Emily would be welcome to him as far as *I* was concerned. But he has never been about with me so much as he has with you, and I don't wonder you feel indignant."

Miss Ramsey, coldly: "I don't feel indignant. I wish to be just."

Miss Garnett: "Yes, that is what I mean. And poor Emily is so uninteresting! In the play that Kentucky Summers does, she is perfectly fascinating at first, and you can see why the poor girl's fiancé should be so taken with her. But I'm sure no one could say you had ever given Mr. Ashley the least encouragement. It would be pure justice on your part. I think you are grand! I shall always be proud of knowing what you were going to do."

Miss Ramsey, after some moments of snubbing intention: "I don't know what I am going to do myself, yet. Or how. What *was* that play? I never heard of it."

Miss Garnett: "I don't remember distinctly, but it was about a young man who falls in love with her, when he's engaged to another girl, and she determines, as soon as she finds it out, to disgust him, so that he will go back to the other girl, don't you know?"

Miss Ramsey: "That sounds rather more practical than the Peg Woffington plan. What does she do?"

Miss Garnett: "Nothing you'd like to do."

Miss Ramsey: "I'd like to do something in such a cause. What does she do?"

Miss Garnett: "Oh, when he is calling on her, Kentucky Summers pretends to fly into a rage with her sister, and she pulls her hair down, and slams everything round the room, and scolds, and drinks champagne, and wants him to drink with her, and I don't know what all. The upshot is that he is only too glad to get away."

Miss Ramsey: "It's rather loathsome, isn't it?"

Miss Garnett: "It *is* rather loathsome. But it was in a good cause, and I suppose it was what an actress would think of."

Miss Ramsey: "An actress?"

Miss Garnett: "I forgot. The heroine is a distinguished actress, you know, and Kentucky could play that sort of part to perfection. But I don't think a lady would like to cut up, much, in the *best* cause."

Miss Ramsey: "Cut up?"

Miss Garnett: "She certainly frisks about the room a good deal. How delicious these mallows are! Have you ever tried toasting them?"

Miss Ramsey: "At school. There seems an idea in it. And the hero isn't married. I don't like the notion of a married man."

Miss Garnett: "Oh, I'm quite sure he isn't married. He's merely engaged. That makes the whole difference from the Peg Woffington story. And there's no portrait, I'm confident, so that you wouldn't have to do that part."

Miss Ramsey, haughtily: "I don't propose to do *any* part. If the affair can't be arranged without some such mountebank business!"

Miss Garnett: "*You* can manage it, if anybody can. You have so much dignity that you could awe him into doing his duty by a single glance. I wouldn't be in his place!"

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Miss Ramsey: "I shall not give him a glance. I shall not see him when he comes. That will be simpler still." To Nora, at the door: "What is it, Nora?"

II

NORA, MISS RAMSEY, MISS GARNETT

Nora: "Mr. Ashley, Miss Ramsey."

Miss Ramsey, with a severity not meant for Nora: "Ask him to sit down in the reception-room a moment."

Nora: "Yes, Miss Ramsey."

III

MISS RAMSEY, MISS GARNETT

Miss Garnett, rising and seizing Miss Ramsey's hands: "Oh, Isobel! But you will be equal to it! Oh! Oh!"

Miss Ramsey, with state: "Why are you going, Esther? Sit down."

Miss Garnett: "If I only *could* stay! If I could hide under the sofa, or behind the screen! Isn't it wonderful—providential—his coming at the very instant? Oh, Isobel!" She clasps her friend convulsively, and after a moment's resistance Miss Ramsey yields to her emotion, and they hide their faces in each other's necks, and strangle their hysteric laughter. They try to regain their composure, and then abandon the effort with a shuddering delight in the perfection of the incident. "What shall you do? Shall you trust to inspiration? Shall you make him show his hand first, and then act? Or shall you tell him at once that you know all, and— Or no, of course you can't do that. He's not supposed to know that you know. Oh, I can imagine the freezing hauteur that you'll receive him with, and the icy indifference you'll let him understand that he isn't a *persona grata* with! If I were only as tall as you! He isn't as tall himself, and you can tower over him. Don't sit down, or bend, or anything; just stand with your head up, and glance carelessly at him under your lashes as if nobody was there! Then it will gradually dawn upon him that you know everything, and he'll simply go through the floor." They take some ecstatic turns about the room, Miss Ramsey waltzing as gentleman. She abruptly frees herself.

Miss Ramsey: "No. It can't be as tacit as all that. There must be something explicit. As you say, I must *do* something to cure him of his fancy—his perfidy—and make him glad to go back to her."

Miss Garnett: "Yes! Do you think he deserves it?"

Miss Ramsey: "I've no wish to punish him."

Miss Garnett: "How noble you are! I don't wonder he adores you. *I* should. But you won't find it so easy. You must do something drastic. It *is* drastic, isn't it? or do I mean static? One of those things when you simply crush a person. But now I must go. How I should like to listen at the door! We must kiss each other very quietly, and I must slip out— Oh, you dear! How I long to know what you'll do! But it will be perfect, whatever it is. You always *did* do perfect things." They knit their fingers together in parting. "On second thoughts I won't kiss you. It might unman you, and you need all your strength. Unman isn't the word, exactly, but you can't say ungirl, can you? It would be ridiculous. Though girls are as brave as men when it comes to duty. Good-by, dear!" She catches Miss Ramsey about the neck, and pressing her lips silently to her cheek, runs out. Miss Ramsey rings and the maid appears.

IV

NORA, MISS RAMSEY

Miss Ramsey, starting: "Oh! Is that you, Nora? Of course! Nora!"

Nora: "Yes, Miss Ramsey."

Miss Ramsey: "Do you know where my brother keeps his cigarettes?"

Nora: "Why, in his room, Miss Ramsey; you told him you didn't like the smell here."

Miss Ramsey: "Yes, yes. I forgot. And has he got any cocktails?"

Nora: "He's got the whole bottle full of them yet."

Miss Ramsey: "Full yet?"

Nora: "You wouldn't let him offer them to the gentlemen he had to lunch, last week, because you said—"

Miss Ramsey: "What did I say?"

Nora: "They were vulgar."

Miss Ramsey: "And so they are. And

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so much the better! Bring the cigarettes, and the bottle and some glasses here, Nora, and then ask Mr. Ashley to come." She walks away to the window, and hurriedly hums a musical comedy waltz, not quite in tune, as from not remembering exactly, and after Nora has tinkled in with a tray of glasses, she lights a cigarette, and stands puffing it, gasping and coughing a little, as Walter Ashley enters. "Oh, Mr. Ashley! Sorry to make you wait."

V

MR. ASHLEY, MISS RAMSEY

Mr. Ashley: "The time *has* seemed long, but I could have waited all day. I couldn't have gone without seeing you, and telling you—" He pauses, as if bewildered at the spectacle of Miss Ramsey's resolute practice with the cigarette, which she now takes from her lips, and waves before her face with innocent recklessness.

Miss Ramsey, chokingly: "Do sit down." She drops into an easy chair beside the tea table, and stretches the tips of her feet out beyond the hem of her skirt in extremely lady-like abandon. "Have a cigarette." She reaches the box to him.

Ashley: "Thank you. I won't smoke, I believe." He stands frowning, while she throws her cigarette into a teacup and lights another.

Miss Ramsey: "I thought everybody smoked. Then have a cocktail."

Ashley: "A what?"

Miss Ramsey: "A cocktail. So many people like them with their tea, instead of rum, you know."

Ashley: "No, I didn't know." He regards her with amaze, rapidly hardening into condemnation.

Miss Ramsey: "I hope you don't *object* to smoking. Englishwomen all smoke."

Ashley: "I think I've heard. I didn't know that American ladies did."

Miss Ramsey: They don't, *all.* But they will when they find how nice it is."

Ashley: "And do Englishwomen all drink cocktails?"

Miss Ramsey: "They will when they find how nice it is. But why do you keep standing? Sit down, if it's only for a moment. There is something I would like to talk with you about. What were you saying when you came in? I didn't catch it, quite."

Ashley: "Nothing—now—"

Miss Ramsey: "I wanted to ask what you thought of Geralda Bracy in her Thistledown Dance. One can't tell from the papers; they're so censorious."

Ashley: "I've not seen her."

Miss Ramsey, regarding the smoking end of her cigarette with refined recklessness: "One hears such different opinions. Some people think her dancing is very spiritual; one man said that, anyway, her costuming was not very material." After a silence on Ashley's part, "Don't you think that was funny?"

Ashley: "I'm afraid I'm no judge of humor."

Miss Ramsey, inattentively: "I believe I shall get Geralda Bracy here to lunch, some day. I shall count upon you, Mr. Ashley. Say you'll come, and I'll fix a date. Have I offered you any tea?"

Ashley: "Thank you, I don't care for any."

Miss Ramsey: "And I can't persuade you to have a cocktail? I believe I'll have another myself." She takes up the bottle, and tries several times to pour from it. "I do believe Nora's forgotten to open it! That is a good joke on me. But I mustn't let her know. Do you happen to have a pocket-corkscrew with you, Mr. Ashley?"

Ashley: "No—"

Miss Ramsey: "Well, never mind. When I tell Jimmy Elder, he'll simply die laughing, he does enjoy a thing like that so. He was the one that said that about Geralda Brace's costuming. But you know him, don't you?"

Ashley: "Not very well."

Miss Ramsey: "You must. He's here nearly every day for afternoon tea. I know some people don't approve of him, but he says such good things, and I tell my brother so when he gets down on Jimmy." She tosses her cigarette into the grate, and lights another. "I wonder why they always have cynical persons smoke, on the stage? I don't see that the two things necessarily go together, but it does give you a kind of thrill when they strike a match, and it lights up their faces when they put it

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to the cigarette. You know something good and wicked is going to happen. It's just the same in a book, too. Have you read *A Mist of Blood and Tears?* It's full of passion from the first page to the last. Don't you like passion in books?"

Ashley: "I'm not sure I know what you mean. There are several kinds of passion: envy, avarice, anger—"

Miss Ramsey, forcing a laugh, which chokes into a cough, and leaves her gasping: "How delightful you are, Mr. Ashley! You must guess again. If you had read *A Mist of Blood and Tears* you wouldn't have to guess. But I know you are just making fun of me." She puffs violently at her cigarette, and then suddenly flings it away, and starts to her feet. "Will you—would you—open the window?" She collapses into her chair.

Ashley, springing toward her: "Miss Ramsey, are you—you are ill!"

Miss Ramsey: "No, no! The window! A little faint—it's so close— There, it's all right now. Or it will be—when—I've had—another cigarette." She leans forward to take one; Ashley gravely watches her, but says nothing. She lights her cigarette, but without smoking, throws it away. "Go on."

Ashley: "I wasn't saying anything!"

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, I forgot. And I don't know what we were talking about myself." She falls limply back into her chair, and closes her eyes.

Ashley: "Sha'n't I ring for your maid? I'm afraid—"

Miss Ramsey, imperiously: "Not at all. Not on any account." Far less imperiously: "You may pour me a cup of tea if you like. That will make me well. The full strength, please." She motions away the hot-water jug with which he has proposed qualifying the cup of tea which he offers her.

Ashley: "One lump or two?"

Miss Ramsey: "Only one, thank you." She takes the cup.

Ashley, offering the milk: "Cream?"

Miss Ramsey: "A drop." He stands anxiously beside her while she takes a long draught, and then gives back the cup. "That was perfect."

Ashley: "Another?"

Miss Ramsey: "No, that is just right. Now go on. Or, I forgot. You were not going on. Oh dear! How much better I feel. There must have been something poisonous in those cigarettes."

Ashley: "Yes, there was tobacco."

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, do you think it was the tobacco? Do throw the whole box into the fire! I shall tell Bob never to get cigarettes with tobacco in them after this. Won't you have one of the chocolates? Or a mallow? I feel as if I should never want to eat anything again. Where was I?" She rests her cheek against the side of her chair cushion, and speaks with closed eyes, in a weak murmur. Mr. Ashley watches her at first with anxiety, then with a gradual change of countenance until a gleam of intelligence steals into his look of compassion.

Ashley: "You asked me to throw the cigarettes into the fire. But I want you to let me keep them."

Miss Ramsey, with wide-flung eyes: "You! You said you wouldn't smoke."

Ashley, laughing: "May I change my mind? One talks better." He lights a cigarette. "You were speaking of *A Mist of Blood and Tears.* Do you remember where he tears her from her husband, and leaps with her from the window of the nursery where her child is sleeping, and runs along the house-roofs with her in his arms till he comes to a fire-escape and his automobile at the bottom of it before her father's door? She clasps him round the neck, and cries out: 'Oh, Max, Max! Husband and children, father and mother, and all the world for love and you!' Isn't it splendid?"

Miss Ramsey: "I—I think it's horrid."

Ashley: "Horrid?" He laughs boisterously. "Now *you* are joking; *you* are making fun. Miss Ramsey, I believe I *will* have a cocktail, after all."

Miss Ramsey: "Mr. Ashley!"

Ashley, without noting her protest: "I had forgotten that I had a corkscrew in my pocket-knife. Don't trouble yourself to ring for one." He produces the knife and opens the bottle; then, as Miss Ramsey rises and stands aghast, he pours out a glass, and offers it to her, with mock devotion. As she shakes her head and recoils: "Oh! I thought you liked cocktails. They are very good after cigarettes —very reviving. But if you won't—" He tosses off the cocktail and sets down the glass, smacking his lips. "Tell your

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brother I commend his taste—in cocktails and"—puffing his cigarettes—"tobacco. Poison for poison. Let me offer you one of *my* cigarettes. They're milder than these." He puts his hand to his breast pocket.

Miss Ramsey, with nervous shrinking: "No—"

Ashley: "It's just as well. I find that I hadn't brought mine with me. But about that book. Why should the mere fact that a man is married to a certain woman prevent his being in love with another, or half a dozen others; or *vice versa?*"

Miss Ramsey: "Mr. Ashley, do you wish to insult me?"

Ashley: "Dear me, no! But put the case a little differently. Suppose a couple are merely engaged. Does that fact imply that neither has a right to a change of mind, or to be fancy free to make another choice?"

Miss Ramsey, indignantly: "Yes, it does. They are as sacredly bound to each other as if they were married, and if they are false to each other the girl is a wretch, and the man is a villain! And if you think anything I have said can excuse you for breaking your engagement, or that I don't consider you the wickedest person in the world, and the most barefaced hypocrite, and—and—I don't know what—you are very much mistaken."

Ashley: "What in the world are you talking about?"

Miss Ramsey: "I am talking about you, and your shameless perfidy."

Ashley: "My shameless perf— I don't understand! I came here to tell you that I love you—"

Miss Ramsey: "How dare you! To speak to me of that, when— Or perhaps you *have* broken with her, and think you are free to hoodwink some other poor creature. But you will find that you have chosen the wrong person. And it's no excuse for you her being a little—a little—not so bright as some girls, and not so good-looking. Oh, it's enough to make any girl loathe her own looks! You mustn't suppose you can come here red-handed—yes, it's the same as a murder, and any true girl would say so—and tell me you care for me. No, Walter Ashley, I haven't fallen so low as that, though I *have* the disgrace of your acquaintance. And I hope—I hope—if you don't like my smoking, and offering you cocktails, and talking the way I have, it will be a lesson to you. And yes!—I *will* say it! If it will add to your misery to know that I did respect you very much, and thought everything—very highly—of you, and might have answered you very differently before, when you were free to tell me *that*—now I have nothing but the utmost abhorrence—and—disapproval of you. And—and— Oh, I don't see how you can be so hateful!" She hides her face in her hands, and rushes from the room, overturning the tea table at her start, and several chairs in her course toward the door. Ashley remains staring after her in a bewilderment which seems not altogether hopeless, while a succession of impetuous rings make themselves heard from the street door. There is a sound of opening it, and then a flutter of skirts and anxieties, and Miss Garnett comes running into the room.

VI

Miss Garnett, Mr. Ashley

Miss Garnett, to the maid hovering in the doorway: "Yes, I must have left it here, for I never missed it till I went to pay my fare in the motor-bus, and tried to think whether I had the exact dime, and if I hadn't whether the conductor would change a five-dollar bill or not, and then it rushed into my mind that I had left my purse somewhere, and I knew I hadn't been anywhere else." She runs from the mantel to the writing-desk in the corner, and then to the sofa, where, peering under the tea table, she finds her purse on the shelf. "Oh, here it is, Nora, just where I put it when we began to talk, and I must have gone out and left it. I—" She starts, with a little shriek, in encountering Ashley. "Oh, Mr. Ashley! What a fright you gave me! I was just looking for my purse that I missed when I went to pay my fare in the motor-bus, and was wondering whether I had the exact dime, or the conductor could change a five-dollar bill, and—" She discovers, or affects to discover, something strange in his manner. "What—what is the matter, Mr. Ashley?"

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Ashley: "I shall be glad to have you tell me—or any one."

Miss Garnett: "I don't understand. Has Isobel—"

Ashley: "Miss Garnett, did you know I was engaged?"

Miss Garnett: "Why, yes; I was just going to congrat—"

Ashley: "Well, don't, unless you can tell me whom I am engaged to."

Miss Garnett: "Why, aren't you engaged to Emily Fray?"

Ashley: "Not the least in the world."

Miss Garnett, in despair: "Then *what* have I done? Oh, what a fatal, fatal scrape!" With a ray of returning hope: "But she told me *herself* that she was engaged! And you were together so much, last summer!" Desperately: "Then if she isn't engaged to you, whom is she engaged to?"

Ashley: "On general principles, I shouldn't know, but in this particular instance I happen to know that she is engaged to Owen Brooks. They were a great deal more together last summer."

Miss Garnett, with conviction: "So they were!" With returning doubt: "But why didn't she say so?"

Ashley: "I can't tell you; she may have had her reasons, or she may not. Can you possibly tell me, in return for my ignorance, why the fact of her engagement should involve me in the strange way it seems to have done with Miss Ramsey?"

Miss Garnett, with a burst of involuntary candor: "Why, *I* did that. Or, no! What's she been doing?"

Ashley: "Really, Miss Garnett—"

Miss Garnett: "How can I tell you anything, if you don't tell me everything? You wouldn't wish me to betray confidence?"

Ashley: "No, certainly not. What was the confidence?"

Miss Garnett: "Well— But I shall have to know first what she's been doing. You must see that yourself, Mr. Ashley." He is silent. "Has she—has Isobel—been behaving—well, out of character?"

Ashley: "Very much indeed."

Miss Garnett: "I expected she would." She fetches a thoughtful sigh, and for her greater emotional convenience she sinks into an easy chair and leans forward. "Oh dear! It *is* a scrape." Suddenly and imperatively: "Tell me exactly what she did, if you hope for any help whatever."

Ashley: "Why, she talked of some of the dances at the theatres—"

Miss Garnett: "Shy ones? Go on!"

Ashley: "And some extreme jokes about them—"

Miss Garnett: "Jimmy Elder's, I suppose. Yes?"

Ashley: "And 'passion' in novels—"

Miss Garnett: "Splendid! Yes?"

Ashley: "And she offered me a cocktail—"

Miss Garnett: "Oh, how good! I didn't suppose she would dare! Well?"

Ashley: "And she smoked cigarettes—"

Miss Garnett: "How perfectly divine! And what else?"

Ashley, coldly: "May I ask why you admire Miss Ramsey's behaving out of character so much? I think the smoking made her rather faint, and—"

Miss Garnett: "She would have let it *kill* her! Never tell me that girls have no moral courage!"

Ashley: "But what—what was the meaning of it all?"

Miss Garnett, thoughtfully: "I suppose if I got her in for it, I ought to get her out, even if I betray confidence."

Ashley: "It depends upon the confidence. What is it?"

Miss Garnett: "Why— But you're sure it's my duty?"

Ashley: "If you care what I think of her—"

Miss Garnett: "Oh, Mr. Ashley, you mustn't think it strange of Isobel, on my bended knees you mustn't! Why, don't you see? She was just doing it to disgust you!"

Ashley: "Disgust me?"

Miss Garnett: "Yes, and drive you back to Emily Fray."

Ashley: "Drive me ba—"

Miss Garnett: "If she thought you were engaged to Emily, when you were coming here all the time, and she wasn't quite sure that she hated to have you, don't you see it would be her duty to sacrifice herself, and— Oh, I suppose she's heard everything up there, and—" She catches herself up, and runs out of the room, leaving Ashley to await the retarded descent of skirts which he hears on the stairs after the crash of the street

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door has announced Miss Garnett's escape. He stands with his back to the mantel, and faces Miss Ramsey as she enters the room.

VII

MISS RAMSEY, ASHLEY

Miss Ramsey, with the effect of cold surprise: "Mr. Ashley? I thought I heard— Wasn't Miss Garnett—"

Ashley: "She was. Did you think it was the street door closing on *me?*"

Miss Ramsey: "How should I know?" Then, courageously: "No, I didn't think it was. Why do you ask?" She moves uneasily about the room, with an air of studied inattention.

Ashley: "Because if you did, I can put you in the right, though I can't restore Miss Garnett's presence by my absence."

Miss Ramsey: "You're rather—enigmatical." A ring is heard; the maid pauses at the doorway. "I'm not at home, Nora." To Mr. Ashley: "It seems to be very close—"

Ashley: "It's my having been smoking."

Miss Ramsey: "*Your* having?" She goes to the window, and tries to lift it.

Ashley: "Let *me.*" He follows her to the window, where he stands beside her.

Miss Ramsey: "Now, she's seen me! And you here with me. Of course—"

Ashley: "I shouldn't mind. But I'm so sorry if—and I will go—"

Miss Ramsey: "You can't go now—till she's round the corner. She'll keep looking back, and she'll think I made you."

Ashley: "But haven't you? Aren't you sending me back to Miss Fray to tell her that I must keep my engagement, though I care nothing for her, and care all the world for you? Isn't that what you want me to do?"

Miss Ramsey: "But you're not engaged to her! You just—"

Ashley: "Just what?"

Miss Ramsey, desperately: "You wish me to disgrace myself forever in your eyes. Well, I will; what does it matter now? I heard you telling Esther you were not engaged. I *over*heard you."

Ashley: "I fancied you must."

Miss Ramsey: "I *tried* to overhear! I *eavesdropped!* I wish you to know that."

Ashley: "And what do you wish me to do about it?"

Miss Ramsey: "I should think any self-respecting person would know. I'm *not* a self-respecting person." Her wandering gaze seems to fall for the first time upon the tray with the cocktails and glasses and cigarettes; she flies at the bell-button and presses it impetuously. As the maid appears: "Take these things away, Nora, please!" To Ashley when the maid has left the room: "Don't be afraid to say what you think of me!"

Ashley: "I think all the world of you. But I should merely like to ask—"

Miss Ramsey: "Oh, you can ask anything of me now!"

Ashley, with palpable insincerity: "I should like to ask why you don't respect yourself?"

Miss Ramsey: "Was that what you were going to ask? I know it wasn't. But I will tell you. Because I have been a fool."

Ashley: "Thank you. Now I will tell you what I was really going to ask. Why did you wish to drive me back to Miss Fray when you knew that I would be false to her a thousand times if I could only once be true to you?"

Miss Ramsey: "Now you *are* insulting me! And that is just the point. You may be a very clever lawyer, Mr. Ashley, and everybody says you are—very able, and talented, and all that, but you can't get round that point. You may torture any meaning you please out of my words, but I shall always say you brought it on yourself."

Ashley: "Brought what on?"

Miss Ramsey: "Mr. Ashley! I won't be cross-questioned."

Ashley: "Was that why you smoked, and poured cocktails out of a corked bottle? Was it because you wished me to hate you, and remember my duty, and go back to Miss Fray? Well, it was a dead failure. It made me love you more than ever. I am a fool too, as you call it."

Miss Ramsey: "Say anything you please. I have given you the right. I shall not resent it. Go on."

Ashley: "I should only repeat myself. You must have known how much I care for you, Isobel. Do you mind my calling you Isobel?"

Miss Ramsey: "Not in the least if

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you wish to humiliate me by it. I should like you to trample on me in every way you can."

Ashley: "Trample on you? I would rather be run over by a steam-roller than tread on the least of your outlying feelings, dearest. Do you mind my saying dearest?"

Miss Ramsey: "I have told you that you can say anything you like. I deserve it. But oh, if you have a spark of pity—"

Ashley: "I'm a conflagration of compassion, darling. Do you object to darling?"

Miss Ramsey, with starting tears: "It doesn't matter now." She has let her lovely length trail into the corner of the sofa, where she desperately reclines, supporting her elbow on the arm of it, and resting her drooping head on her hand. He draws a hassock up in front of her, and sits on it.

Ashley: "This represents kneeling at your feet. One doesn't do it literally any more, you know."

Miss Ramsey, in a hollow voice: "I should despise you if you did, and"—deeply murmurous—"I don't *wish* to despise you."

Ashley: "No, I understand that. You merely wish *me* to despise *you.* But why?"

Miss Ramsey, nervously: "You know."

Ashley: "But I don't know—Isobel, dearest, darling, if you will allow me to express myself so fully. *How* should I know?"

Miss Ramsey: "I've told you."

Ashley: "May I take your hand? For good-by!" He possesses himself of it. "It seems to go along with those expressions."

Miss Ramsey, self-contemptuously: "Oh yes."

Ashley: "Thank you. Where were we?"

Miss Ramsey, sitting up and recovering her hand: "You were saying good-by—"

Ashley: "Was I? But not before I had told you that I knew you were doing all that for my best good, and I wish—I *wish* you could have seen how exemplary you looked when you were trying to pour a cocktail out of a corked bottle, between your remarks on shy dancing and passionate fiction and puffs of the insidious cigarette! When the venomous tobacco began to get in its deadly work, and you turned pale and reeled a little, and called for air, it made me mentally vow to go back to Miss Fray instantly, whether I was engaged to her or not, and cut out poor old Brooks—"

Miss Ramsey: "Was it Mr. Brooks? I didn't hear the name exactly."

Ashley: "When I was telling Miss Garnett? I ought to have spoken louder, but I wasn't sure at the time you were listening. Though as you were saying, what does it matter now?"

Miss Ramsey: "Did I say that?"

Ashley: "Words to that effect. And they have made me feel how unworthy of you I am. I'm not heroic—by nature. But I could be, if you made me—by art—"

Miss Ramsey, springing to her feet indignantly: "Now, you are ridiculing me—you are making fun of me."

Ashley, gathering himself up from his hassock with difficulty, and confronting her: "Do I look like a man who would dare to make fun of you? I am half a head shorter than you, and in moral grandeur you overtop me so that I would always have to wear a high hat when I was with you."

Miss Ramsey, thoughtfully: "Plenty of girls are that way, now. But if you are ashamed of my being tall—" Flashingly, and with starting tears.

Ashley: "Ashamed! I can always look up to you, you can always stoop to me!" He stretches his arms toward her.

Miss Ramsey, recoiling bewildered: "Wait! We haven't got to that yet."

Ashley: "Oh, Isobel — dearest — darling! We've got past it! We're on the home stretch, now."

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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XVIII

OF course, with that scene in the parlor, all the intimacies of youth were broken short off; although between the two girls some sort of relationship was patched up. Nannie, thrown suddenly into the whirlpool of her brother's emotions, was almost beside herself with distress; she was nearly twenty-eight years old, but it was her first real contact with the primitive realities of passion. And with that contact,—which made her turn away her horrified, virginal eyes,—was the misery of knowing that Blair was suffering. She was ready to annihilate David—had such a thing been possible—to give her brother what he wanted. But as David could not be made non-existent, she did her best to comfort Blair, by trying to make Elizabeth forgive him. The very next day she came to plead that Blair might come himself to ask for pardon. But Elizabeth would not listen:

"Please don't speak of it."

"But, Elizabeth—"

"I am very angry, and I am very disgusted. I never want to see Blair again."

At which Blair's sister lifted her head. "Of course, Blair ought not to have spoken to you, but I think you forget that he loved you long before David did."

And Elizabeth cried out impatiently, "Nonsense!" But Nannie's tears touched her. "Nannie, I can't see him, and I won't, but I'll come and see you when he is not there." At which Nannie flared again.

"If you are angry at my brother, and can't forgive just a momentary—a passing feeling, which, after all, Elizabeth, *is* a compliment—at least everybody says it's a compliment to have a man say he loves you—"

"Not if you're engaged to another man!" Elizabeth burst in, scarlet to her temples.

"Blair loved you before David thought of you."

"Now, Nannie, don't be silly."

"If you can't overlook it, because of our old friendship, you will have to drop me, too, Elizabeth."

Nannie was so pitiful and trembling that Elizabeth put her arms around her. "I'll never drop you, dear old Nannie!"

So, as far as the two girls were concerned, the habit of affection persisted; but Mrs. Maitland was not annoyed by having Elizabeth present when Blair came to supper.

Blair did not come to supper very often now; he did not come to the Works. "Is your brother sick?" Sarah Maitland asked her stepdaughter three or four days later. "He's not on his job; what's the matter with him?"

"He is worried about something, Mamma."

"Worried? What on earth has *he* got to worry him?" she grunted. In her own worry she had come across the hall to speak to Nannie and find out, if she could, something about her son. As she turned to go back to the dining-room, a little more uneasy than when she came in, her eye fell upon that picture which Blair had left, a small oasis in the desert of Nannie's parlor, and with her hand on the door-knob she paused and looked at it. The sun was lying on the dark oblong, and in those illuminated depths maternity was glowing like a jewel. Sarah Maitland saw no art, but she saw divine things. She bent forward and looked deep into the picture, and suddenly her eyes smiled until her whole face softened. "Why, look at his little foot!" she said, under her breath; "she's holding it in her hand!" She was silent for a moment; then she spoke as if to

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herself: "When Blair was as big as that, I bought him a pair of green morocco slippers. I don't suppose you remember them, Nannie? They buttoned round the ankle; they had white china buttons. He used to try to pick the buttons off." She smiled again vaguely; then drew herself together, blinking a little, as if awakening from a dream, and blew a long sigh through her closed lips: "I can't imagine why he doesn't come to the office!"

In the dining-room, as she took up her pen, she frowned heavily. "Debt again?" she asked herself. But when, once or twice, absorbed and irritable, Blair came into the office and sat down at his desk to write endless letters that he tore up as soon as they were written, she did not ask for any explanation. She merely told Robert Ferguson to tell the bookkeeper to make a change in the pay-roll. "I'm going to increase Blair's salary," she said. Money was the only panacea Mrs. Maitland knew anything about.

That next fortnight left its marks on Blair Maitland. People who have always had what they want, have a sort of irrational certainty of continuing to have what they want. It makes them a little unhumanly young. Blair's face, which had been as irresponsible as a young faun's, suddenly showed those scars of thwarted desire which mean age. There was actual agony in his sweet, shallow eyes, and with it the half-resentful astonishment of one who, being unaccustomed to suffering, does not know how to bear it. He grew very silent; he was very pale; in his pain he turned to his sister, with an openness of emotion which frightened and shamed her; he had no self-control and no dignity.

"I must see her. I must, I must! Go and ask her to see me for a moment. I've disgusted her"—Nannie blushed—"but I'll make her forgive me." Sometimes he burst out in rages at David: "What does *he* know about love? What kind of a man is he for Elizabeth? She's a girl now, but if he gets her, God help him when she wakes up, a woman! Not that *I* mean to try to get her. Understand that. Nothing is further from my mind than that. She belongs to him; I play fair. I don't pretend to be a saint, but I play fair. I don't cut in, when the man's my friend. No; I just want to see her and ask her to forgive me. That's all. Nannie, for God's sake ask her if she won't see me, just for five minutes!"

He quivered with his despair. Twice he went himself to Mr. Ferguson's house. The first time Miss White welcomed him warmly, and scuttled up-stairs, saying she would "tell Elizabeth"; she came down again, very soberly. "Elizabeth is busy, Blair, and she says she can't see you." The next time he called he was told at the door that "Miss Elizabeth asks to be excused." Then he wrote to her: "All I ask is that you shall see me, so that I can implore you to pardon me."

Elizabeth tore the letter up and threw it into the fire. But she softened a little. "Poor Blair," she said to herself, "but of course I shall never forgive him."

She had not told David what Blair had done. "He would be perfectly furious," she thought. "I'll tell him later—when we are married;" and at the word, the warm, beautiful wave of young love rose in her heart—"later, when I belong to him, I will tell him everything!" She would tell him everything just as she would give him everything—that money, that blessed money which was to come to her next month, and on which he and she could live for two years, she was going to give him that! For she and Nannie and Cherry-pie had decided that if the money were *his*, by a gift, then David, who was perfectly crazy and noble about independence, would feel that he and Elizabeth were living on his money, not hers. It was an artless and very feminine distinction, but serious enough to the three women who were all so young—Elizabeth, in fact, being the oldest, and Cherry-pie, at sixty-three, the youngest. And not only had they discovered this way of overcoming David's scruples about a shorter engagement, but Elizabeth had had another inspiration: why not be married on the very day that the money came into her possession? "Oh, splendid!" said Nannie; but she spoke with an effort, for she remembered Blair. So it was decided that Elizabeth should write David that when he came to Mercer to spend her birthday, she would give him, at the same moment, her money and herself.

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That future time of sacramental giving and of complete taking was in her thoughts, with tenderness, and shame, and glory, as it is in the thought of every woman who loves and forgets herself. Yes, he could have her now, *but he must take her money!* That was the price he had to pay, the taking of her money. She was his for the taking! She was going to tell him so, and then wait, glowing, and shrinking, and eager, for him to come and "take her."

It was so true, so limpid, this noble flame that burned in her, that she almost forgot Blair's behavior; the only thing she thought of was her plan, and the difficulty of putting it into the cold limits of pen and ink! But about a fortnight before her birthday, she did succeed, with much joyous underlining of important words, in stating it to him. She told him, not only the practical details, but, with a lovely, untrammelled outpouring of her soul which was sacrificial, she told him that she wanted to be his wife. She had no reserves; it was an elemental moment and the matter of what is called modesty had no place in her ardent purity. It rarely has a place in organic impulses. In connection with death, or birth, or love, modesty seems only a rather puerile self-consciousness. So Elizabeth, with perfect simplicity, told David that she "wanted to be married." She said she had "worked it all out," and that according to her latest estimate of how much, or rather how little, they could live on, it was perfectly possible. "You will say, we haven't even as much as this," she wrote, after she had stated what seemed to be the minimum income;—and then, triumphantly: "*we have!*—the money Uncle is going to give me on my birthday! If we live on it, instead of hoarding it up, it will last *at least* two years!" Then she approached the really difficult matter of making David agree to live on money that was not his. She admitted that she knew how he felt on such matters. "And you are all wrong," she declared candidly, "wrong, and a goose. But, so long as you do feel so, why, you needn't any longer. For I am going to give the money to you. It is to be yours, not mine. You can't refuse to use money that is *yours*, that comes to you as a 'gift'? It will be as much *yours* as if somebody left it to you in their will, and you can burn it up, if you want to!" And when "business" had been written out, her heart spoke:

"Dear" (she stopped to kiss the paper), "dear, I hope you won't burn it up, because I am tired of waiting, and I hope you are too;"—when she wrote those last words, she was suddenly shy;—"Uncle is to give me the money on my birthday—let us be married that day. I want to be married. I am all yours, David—all my soul, and all my mind, and all my body. I have nothing that is not yours to take—so the money is yours. No, I will not even give it to you! it belongs to you already—as I do. Dear, come and take it—and me. I love you—love you—love you. *I want you to take me.* I want to be your wife. Do you understand? I want to belong to you. I *am* yours."

So she tried, this untutored creature, to put her soul and body into words, to write the thing that cannot even be spoken, whose utterance is silence. The mailing of the letter was a rite in itself; in the dusk, as she held the green lid of the post-box open, she kissed the envelope, as she had kissed the glowing sheet an hour before. Then forgetting Blair, and the possible chance of meeting him, she flew down to Nannie's to tell her that the die had been cast. Nannie was sitting by herself, brooding over her brother's troubles, and trying to draw; but Elizabeth brushed aside pencils and crusts of bread, and india-rubbers, and flung her arms about her, pressing her face against hers and pouring the happy secret into her ear:

"Oh, Nannie—I've told him! We'll be married on my birthday. Go ahead and get your dress!" she said, breathlessly, and Nannie tried her best to be happy, too.

That night, a little timidly, Elizabeth told her uncle what she wanted to do; and after a rather startled moment Robert Ferguson was inclined to think the idea practicable. We are selfish creatures at best, all of us! Elizabeth's way of being happy herself opened a possibility of happiness for her uncle. "Mrs. Richie can't make David an excuse for saying

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'no,' if the boy gets a home of his own," he thought; and added to himself, "of course, when the child's money is used up, I'll help them out." But to his niece he only barked warningly: "Well, let's hear what David has to say; *he* has some sense."

"Do you think there's much doubt as to what he'll say?" Elizabeth said; and the dimple deepened so entrancingly that Robert Ferguson gave her a meagre kiss.

For the next three days she moved about in a half-dream, sometimes reddening suddenly; sometimes breathing a little quickly, with a faint fright in her eyes,—had she said too much? would he understand? And then a gush of confident love filled her like music. "I couldn't say too much! I want him to know that I feel—that way!"

When David read that throbbing letter, he grew scarlet to his temples. There had been many moments during their engagement when Elizabeth, in slighter ways, had bared her soul to him, and always he had had the impulse to cover his eyes, as in a holy of holies. He had never, in those moments, dared to take advantage of such divine nakedness, even by a kiss. But she had never before trusted her passion to the coldness of pen and ink; it had had the accompaniment of eyes and lips, and eager, breaking voice. Perhaps if the letter had come at a different moment, he could more easily have called up that voice, and those humid eyes; he might have felt again the rose-pressure of the soft mouth. As it was, he read it in troubled preoccupation, and then he reddened sharply: he was a worthless cuss—he couldn't even stand on his own legs and get married, like a man; his girl had to say she would support him; she had to offer him money! "Damn," said David softly.

A letter is a risky thing; the writer gambles on the reader's frame of mind. Cold reason may strike a moment of hot passion—and *vice versa*. David received Elizabeth's hot letter on what had been, figuratively speaking, a very cold day. In the morning he had been reprimanded by the House officer for some slight forgetfulness—a forgetfulness caused by his absorption in planning an experiment in the laboratory. At noon he made the experiment, which, instead of crowning a series of deductions with triumphant proof, utterly failed. Then he had had pressing reminders of bills, still unpaid, for a pair of trousers and a case of instruments, and he admitted to himself that he would have to ask his mother for the money to meet them. "I am a fizzle, all round," he told himself grimly. "Can't remember anything overnight. Can't count on a doggone reaction. Can't pay for my own pants! I won't be able to marry for ten years. If Elizabeth is wise, she will throw me over. She'll be tired of waiting for me, before I can earn enough to buy my instruments, let alone the shoe-strings Mr. Ferguson talked about," he ended, with an angry sneer at himself.

Then her letter came. It was a spur on rowelled flesh. Elizabeth was tired of waiting! She said so. But she would help him; she would "give" him money; she would, in fact, support him!—just as his mother had been doing all his life. And yet, the loveliness of her love! His eyes stung when, sore with disappointment at himself, he answered her. He held her letter in his hand as he wrote, and once he put it to his lips. But all the same he wrote in his laconic way, as he had to write:

"DEAR ELIZABETH,—Your money cannot be mine by any gift. Calling it so won't make it so. Anyhow, it would not support us two years. By that time, as things look now, I shall probably not be earning any kind of an income. I am sorry you are tired of waiting, but I can't let you be imprudent. And apart from prudence, I could not respect myself if you supported me. It has been misery to me to have Materna saddled with a big, lazy brute of a fellow like me, who ought, by this time, to be taking care of you both. Well, the Lord only knows when I will come up to time! You might as well make up your mind to it that I'm a fizzle. I am discouraged with myself and everything else, and I see you are too—and Heaven knows I don't blame you. I know you think it is an awfully long time to wait, but it isn't as long to you as it is to me. Dear, I love you; I can't tell you how I love you. I haven't words, as you have, but you know I do—and yet

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sometimes I feel as if I oughtn't to marry you."

Elizabeth, running down the steps to meet the postman, saw the familiar imprint on the corner of an envelope, and drew it from the pack before the good-natured man could hand it to her.

"Guess you don't want no Philadelphia letter?" he said slyly.

"Of course I don't!" she retorted; and the trudging postman smiled for a whole block because of the light in her face. In the house, the letter in her hand, she stopped to hug Miss White. "Cherry-pie! the letter has come. I'm to be married on my birthday!"

"Oh, my lamb," said Cherry-pie, "however shall I get things ready in time!" Elizabeth did not wait to help her in her housekeeping anxieties. She fled singing up to her room.

"Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more!"

Then she opened the letter. . . . She read the last lines with unseeing eyes; the first lines were branding themselves into her soul. She folded the brief sheet with deliberation, and slowly put it back into the envelope. Then the color began to fall out of her face. Her eyes smouldered, glowed, then suddenly blazed: "He is sorry I am tired waiting."

Something warm, like a lifting tide of heat, was rising just below her breast-bone; it rose, and rose, and surged, until she gasped, and cried out hoarsely: "'Couldn't respect himself'? And what about me respecting myself?" And the intolerable wave of heat still rose, swelling and bursting until it choked her; she was strangling. She clutched at her throat, then flung out clenched hands. "He can't 'let me' marry him? It's 'a long time for *me* to wait'! I must 'make up my mind to it'! I hate him—I want to kill him—I want to tear him! What did I tell him? 'to come and take me'? And he doesn't want me! And Nannie knows I told him to come, and Miss White and Uncle know it. And they will know he didn't want me. They know I wanted him. Oh, how could I have told him that? I must kill him—I must kill myself—" Her wild outpouring of words was without sense or meaning to her. She shuddered violently, something crimson seemed to spread before her eyes, but the pallor of her face was alarming. She began to pace up and down the room. Once she unfolded the letter, and glancing again at those moderate words, laughed loudly. "'His,'" she said, "I told him I was 'his'? I must have been out of my head. Oh, I could kill myself! I'm not his—never! And I told Cherry-pie I was going to be—" but she could not speak the word. She stood still and gasped for breath. It was the hideous revulsion of spiritual passion, which tears the body as well as the soul.

The paroxysm was so violent, and so long in coming to its height before there could be any ebb, that suddenly she reeled slightly. A gray mist seemed to roll up out of the corners of the room. She sank down on the floor, sidewise, crumpling up against her bed. When she opened her eyes, the mist had gone, and she felt very stiff and a little sick. "Why, where am I?" she said aloud, "what's the matter with me?" And then, dully, she remembered David's letter, and understood that she had fainted. "I was so angry I fainted," she thought, in listless astonishment. For the moment she was entirely without feeling, neither angry, nor wounded, nor ashamed. Then, little by little, the dreadful wave, which had ebbed, began to rise again. But now it was cold, not hot. She said to herself, quietly, that she would write to David Richie, and tell him that neither she nor her money was his, or any further concern of his. "He needn't trouble himself; there would be no further 'imprudence.' Oh, fool! fool! immodest fool! to have told him he 'could have her for the taking,' and he said it was 'long' for her to 'wait'!" It was an unbearable recollection. "His," she had said; "soul and body." She saw again the written words that she had kissed, and she had an impulse to tear the flesh of the lovely young body she had offered this man, and he had—declined. "*His?*" She blushed until she had to put her cold hands on her cheeks and forehead to ease the scorch. The modesty which a great and

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simple moment had obliterated came back with intolerable sharpness.

By and by she got on her feet and dragged herself to a chair; she looked very wan and languid. For the moment the fire was out. It had burned up precious things.

"I'll write to him to-morrow," she thought. And through the cold rage she felt a hot stab of satisfaction; her letter—"a rather different letter, this time!"—would make him suffer! But not enough. Not enough. She wished she could make him die, as she was dying. But she could not write at that moment; the idea of taking up a pen turned her sick with the remembrance of what her pen had written three days before. Instead of writing, she would go out and walk, and walk, and walk, and think how she could punish him, how she could *kill* him! Where would she go? Never mind! anywhere—anywhere. Just let her get out—let her be alone, where nobody could speak to her. How could she ever speak to people again?—to Miss White, who was down in the dining-room, now, planning for the—wedding! To Nannie, who knew that David had been summoned and must be told that he refused to come; to Blair, who would guess — she paused, remembering that she was angry with Blair. There was a perceptible instant before she could recollect why; when she did, she felt a pang of relief in her agony of humiliation. Blair, whatever else he was, was a *man*—a man who could love a woman! It occurred to her that the girl Blair loved would not be thought immodest if she showed him how much she loved him.

She began to put on her things to go out, and as she fastened her hat she looked at herself in the glass. "I have a wicked sort of face," she thought, with a curious detachment from the moment, which was almost that of an outside observer. She packed a small hand-bag, and then opened her purse to see if she had money enough to carry out a vague plan of going somewhere to spend the night, "to get away from people." It was noon when she went down-stairs; in the hall she called to Miss White that she was going out.

"But it's just dinner-time, my lamb," Miss White called back from the dining-room; "and I must talk to you about—"

"I—I want to see Nannie," Elizabeth said, in a smothered voice. It occurred to her that, later, she would go and tell Nannie that she had broken her engagement; it would be a satisfaction to do that, at any rate!

"Oh, you're going to take dinner with her?" Miss White said; "well, tell her to come in this afternoon and let us talk things over. There is so much to be done between now and the wedding," Cherry-pie fretted happily.

"Wedding!" Elizabeth said to herself, between clenched teeth; then she slipped back the latch of the front door; "I sha'n't come back until to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, my lamb!" Miss White remonstrated, "I *must* ask you some questions about the wedding!" And then she remembered more immediate questions: "Is your satchel packed? Have you plenty of clean pocket-handkerchiefs? Elizabeth! be careful not to take cold, and ask Nannie how many teaspoons she can lend us—" The door slammed. It seemed to Elizabeth that she could never look in Cherry-pie's face again. She had a frantic feeling that if she could not escape from that intolerable insistence on the—the—*wedding,* she would die. In the street, the mere cessation of Miss White's joyous twittering was a relief. . . . She must go where she could be alone. She walked several blocks before she thought of Willis's; it would take at least two hours to get there, and she could think things over without interruption. She could think how she could save her self-respect before Miss White and her uncle and Nannie; and she could also think of some dreadful way, some terrible way to punish David Richie. Yes; she would walk out to Willis's. . . .

"*Elizabeth!*" some one said, at her elbow, and with a start she turned to see Blair. As they looked at each other, these two unhappy beings, each felt a pang of pity for the other. Blair's face was haggard; Elizabeth's was white to the point of ghastliness, but there was a smudge of crimson just below the glittering amber of her eyes. "Elizabeth!" he said, shocked, "what is it? You are ill! What has happened?"

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"Nothing. I—am tired." She was so unconscious of everything but the maelstrom realization that she hated David that she did not remember that the hesitating man beside her was under the ban of her displeasure. Her only thought was that she wished he would leave her to herself.

"Dark day, isn't it?" Blair said; but his voice broke in his throat.

"I think we are going to have rain," Elizabeth answered, mechanically. She was perfectly unaware of what she said, for at that moment she saw, on the other side of the street, the friendly postman who two hours ago had brought her David Richie's insult; now, his empty pouch over his shoulder, he was trudging back to the post-office. Against the clamoring fury of her thoughts and the instant vision of the look of David's letter, Blair's presence was no more to her than the brush of a wing across the surface of a torrent.

As for Blair, he was dazed, and then ecstatic. She had not sent him away! She was perfectly matter-of-fact! "'*I think we are going to have rain.*'" She must have forgiven him! "May I walk home with you, Elizabeth?" he said breathlessly.

"I'm not going home. I—am just walking."

"So am I," he said. He had got himself in hand by this time; every faculty was alert; he had his chance to ask for pardon! "Come out to Mrs. Todd's, and have some pink ice-cream. Elizabeth, do you remember the paper roses on those dreadful marble-topped tables that were sort of semi-transparent?"

Elizabeth half smiled. "I had forgotten them; how horrid they were." With the surface of her mind she began to be conscious of a sort of relief in his presence; it was like a veil between her and the flames.

Blair, watching her furtively, said: "I'll treat. Come along, let's have a spree!"

"You always did do the treating," she said absently. Blair laughed. The primitive emotions are always naked; but how inevitably most of us try to cover them with the fig-leaf of trivial speech—a laugh, perhaps, or a question about the weather; somehow, in some way, the nakedness must be covered! So now, Love and Hate, walking side by side in Mercer's murky noon, were for the moment hidden from each other. Blair laughed, and said he would make her "treat" for a change, and she replied that she couldn't afford it.

At the toll-house he urged again, with gay obstinacy. "Oh, come in! You needn't eat the stuff, but just for the fun of the thing; Mrs. Todd will be charmed to see us, I'm sure."

"Well," Elizabeth agreed; for a moment the vapid talk was like balm laid upon burnt flesh. Then suddenly she remembered how David had sprung up that snowy path to the toll-house, to knock on the window and cry, "I've got her!" Ah, he was a little too sure; a *little* too sure! She was not so easy to get as all that, not so cheap as he seemed to think—though she had offered herself; had even told him she was "tired of waiting"! (And at home Cherry-pie was counting the teaspoons for the wedding breakfast.)

Blair heard that fierce intake of her breath, and quivered without knowing why. "Yes, let us go!" Elizabeth said fiercely. At least this chuckling old woman should see that David had not "got her." She should see her with Blair, and know that there were men in the world who cared for her, if David Richie did not.

Mrs. Todd was not at home; perhaps, if she had been . . .

But instead of the big, motherly old figure, beaming at them from the toll-house door, a slatternly maid servant said her mistress was out. "We ain't doin' much cream now," she said, wrapping her arms in her apron and shivering, "it's too cold. I ain't got anything but vanilla."

"We'll have vanilla, then," Blair said, in his rather courtly way, and the girl, opening the door of the "*saloon*," scurried off. "By Jove!" said Blair, "I believe these are the identical blue paper roses—look at them!"

She sat down wearily. "I believe they are," she said, and began to pull off her gloves. Outside in the toll-house garden the frosted stems of last summer's flowers stood upright in the snow. She remembered that Mrs. Todd's geraniums

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"MARRY—ME, ELIZABETH"

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had been glowing in the window that winter day when David had shouted his triumphant news. Probably they were dead now. Everything else was dead.

"Still the tissue-paper star on the ceiling!" Blair cried, joyously, "yes, everything is just the same!" And indeed, when the maid, glancing with furtive, admiring eyes at the handsome gentleman and the cross-looking lady, put down on the semi-translucent marble top of the table two tall glasses of ice-cream, each capped with its dull and dented spoon, the past was completely reproduced. As the frowsy little waitress left them, they looked at the pallid, milky stuff, and then at each other, and their individual preoccupations thinned for a moment. Blair laughed; Elizabeth smiled faintly.

"You don't expect me to eat it, I hope?" she said.

"I won't make you eat it. Let's talk."

But Elizabeth took up her gloves. "I must go, Blair."

He pushed the tumblers aside and leaned toward her; one hand gripped the edge of the table until the knuckles were white; the other was clenched on his knee. "Elizabeth," he said, in a low voice, "have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you? What for?" she said absently; then remembered and looked at him indifferently. "Oh, I suppose so. I had forgotten."

"I would not have done it if I had not loved you. You know that."

She was silent.

"Do you hate me for loving you?"

On Elizabeth's cheeks the smudge of crimson began to flame into scarlet. "I don't hate you. I think you were a fool to love me. I think anybody is a fool to love anybody."

And in a flash Blair understood. *She had quarrelled with David!*

It seemed as if all the blood in his body surged into his throat; he felt as if he were suffocating; but he spoke quietly. "Don't say I was a fool; say I am a fool, if you want to. Because I love you still. I love you now. I shall never stop loving you."

Elizabeth glanced at him with a sort of impersonal interest. So *that* was the way a man might love? "Well, I am sorry for you, Blair. I'm sorry, because it hurts to love people who don't love you. At least, I should think it did. I don't love anybody, so I don't know much about it."

"You have broken with David," he said slowly.

"How did you know?" she said, with a surprised look; then added listlessly, "Yes; I've done with David. I hate him." She looked blankly down at her muff, and began to stroke the fur. It occurred to her that before going to Willis's she must see Nannie, or else she would have told Miss White a lie; again the double working of her mind interested her; rage and desire to be truthful were like layers of thought; she noted this, even while she was saying again, between set teeth, "I hate him."

"He has treated you badly," Blair said.

"How did you know?" she said, startled.

"I know David. What does a man like David know about loving a woman? He would talk his theories and standards to her, when he could be silent—in her arms." He flung out his hand and caught her wrist. "Oh, Elizabeth, for God's sake, *marry me.*"

He had risen and was leaning toward her, his fingers gripped her wrist like a trap, his breath was hot against her neck, his eyes glowed into hers. "Marry —*me,* Elizabeth."

The moment was primal; the intensity of it was like a rapier-thrust, down through her fury to the quick of womanly consciousness; she shrank back. "Don't," she said, faintly; "don't—" For one instant she forgot that she hated David. And suddenly he was tender.

"Dearest, dearest, I love you. Be my wife. Elizabeth, I have always loved you, *always;* don't you remember?" He was kneeling beside her, lifting the hem of her skirt and kissing it, murmuring crazy words; but he did not touch her, which showed that the excuse of passion was not yet complete. And indeed it was not, for somewhere in the tumult of his mind he was defending himself—perhaps to his god? "*I have the right.* It is over between them. Any man has the right now." Then, aloud: "Elizabeth, I love you. I have always loved you. I shall love you forever. Marry

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me. Now. To-night." When he said that, it was as if he had struck his god upon the mouth—for the accusing Voice ceased. And when it ceased, he no longer defended himself. Elizabeth looked at him, dazed. "No—I know you don't care for me, now," he said. "Never mind that! I will teach you to care; I will teach you—" he whispered, "the meaning of love! *He* couldn't teach you; he has never known it himself, or he would not have"—he was at a loss for a word; some instinct gave him the right one—"thrown you over."

She answered to the whip with a look of hate. But still she was silent.

"You love him," he flung at her.

It was the glove in the face. "I do not. I hate him! hate him! hate him!" And even in the scorch of that insane moment, Blair Maitland flinched at such a declaration of hate. Hate like that is the left hand of Love! He had sense enough left in his madness to know that, and he could have killed David, because he was jealous of such precious hate.

"You'll get over that," he assured her; and they neither of them saw in such an assurance the confession that he knew she loved David still. And still his smitten god was silent!

"You—you—you hate him because he slighted you," Blair said, stammering with passion. "But for God's sake, Elizabeth, *show* him that you hate him. Since he despises you, despise him! Will you let him slap you in the face, and still love him?"

"I do not love him."

They were both standing; Elizabeth, staring at him with unseeing eyes, seemed to be answering some fierce interrogation in her own thought: What? was this the way to kill David Richie? That it would kill her, too, never occurred to her. If it had occurred to her, it would have seemed worth while—well worth while!

"Then why do you let him think you do love him?" Blair was insisting, in a violent whisper, "why do you let him think you are under his heel still? Show him you hate him—if you do hate him? Marry me. *That will show him—*"

They were standing now facing each other—Love and Hate. Love, radiant, with glorious eyes, with beautiful parted lips, with outstretched hands that prayed, and threatened, and entreated: "Come. Come." And Hate, black-browed, shaking from head to foot, with dreadful set stare, and hands clenched and trembling; hands that reached for a dagger—to thrust, to kill, to thrust again! Hands reaching out and finding the dagger in that one, hot, whispered word: "Come." Yes; that would "show him"!

"When?" she said, trembling.

And he said, whispering, "Now."

Elizabeth flung up her head with a look of burning satisfaction.

"*Come!*" she said; and laughing wildly, she struck her hand into his.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN Robert Ferguson came in to luncheon the next day, he asked for Elizabeth. "She hasn't come home yet from Nannie's," Miss White told him; "I thought she would be here immejetly after breakfast. I can't imagine what keeps her, though I suppose they have a great deal to talk over!"

"Well, she'll have to wait for her good news," Mr. Ferguson said; and handed a telegram to Miss White. "Despatch from David; he's bringing a patient across the mountains to-night; says he'll turn up here for breakfast. He'll have to go back on the ten-o'clock train, though."

Cherry-pie nibbled with excitement; "I guess he just had to come and talk the arrangements over with her!"

"What arrangements?" Mr. Ferguson asked, vaguely; and when reminded by Miss White, he looked a little startled. "Oh, to be sure," he said. "I had forgotten." Then he smiled. Yes, when David had a home of his own, Mrs. Richie must surely see that it would be only common sense to—

"Elizabeth got a letter from him yesterday," said Cherry-pie, beaming; "and they've decided on her birthday." Then romance lapsed into household concerns: "We must have something the boy likes for breakfast!"

"Looking at Elizabeth will be all the breakfast he wants," Elizabeth's uncle said, with his meagre chuckle. "David's as big a donkey as any of 'em, though he hasn't the gift of gab on the subject."

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When he had gone to his office, Miss White propped the telegram up on the table, so that Elizabeth's eyes might brighten the moment she opened the front door. But, to Cherry-pie's dismay, Elizabeth did not open the door all that afternoon. Instead came a note, plainly in her hand, addressed to Mr. Ferguson. "Why! is she sending word to her uncle that she's going to stay all night *again* with Nannie?" Miss White thought, really disturbed. If such a thing had been possible, Cherry-pie would have been vexed with her beloved "lamb," for, after all, Elizabeth really ought to be at home attending to things! Miss White herself had spent every minute since the wonderful news had been flung at her, in attending to things. She had made a list of the people who must be invited to the wedding, and she had inspected the china-closet, and calculated how many teaspoons would be needed. "Better borrow some forks from Nannie, too," she said, beginning, like every good housekeeper, to look a little care-worn. "There's so much to be done," said Cherry-pie, excitedly. And yet this scatterbrain girl evidently meant to stay away from home still another night! "Well, she can't; that's all there is to it!" Miss White said, decidedly; "she must come home, so as to be here in the morning when he arrives. Perhaps I'd better go down to Mrs. Maitland's and take her the despatch?"

She was getting ready to go, when the first rumble of the hurricane made itself heard. Nannie dropped in, and—

"'Where's Elizabeth?' I'm sure I don't know. Isn't she at home? 'Stayed all last night with *me*'? Why, no, she didn't. I haven't seen Elizabeth in three days, and—"

Nannie sprang to catch poor old Miss White, who reeled, and then tried, as she sank into a chair, to speak: "What? *What?* Not with you last night? Nannie! She must have been! She told me she was going—" Miss White grew so ghastly that Nannie, in a panic, called a servant.

"Send for her uncle!" the poor old lady stammered. "Send — send. Oh, what has happened to my child?" Then she remembered the letter addressed to Mr. Ferguson, lying on the table beside David's telegram. "Perhaps that will say where she is. Oh, tell him to *hurry!*"

When Robert Ferguson reached home he found the two pallid, shaking women waiting for him in the hall. Miss White, clutching that unopened letter, tried to tell him: Elizabeth had not been at Nannie's; she had not come home; she had—

"Give me the letter," he said. They watched him tear it open and run his eye over it; the next instant he had gone into his library and slammed the door in their faces.

Outside in the hall the trembling women looked at each other in silence. Then Nannie said with a gasp, "She must have gone to—to some friend's."

"She has no friend she would stay all night with but you."

"Well, you see she has written to Mr. Ferguson—so there can't be anything very much the matter; he'll tell us where she is, in a minute! If he can't, I'll make Blair go and look for her. Dear, *dear* Miss White, don't cry!"

"There has been an accident. Oh, how shall we tell David? He's coming to-morrow to talk over the wedding, and—"

The library door opened: "Miss White—"

"Mr. Ferguson! Where—? What—?"

"Miss White, that—creature—is never to cross my threshold again. Do you understand me? Never again. Nannie, your brother is a scoundrel. Read that." He flung the letter on the floor between them, and went back to his library. They heard the key turn in the lock. Miss White stared at the shut door blankly; Nannie picked up the letter. It was headed "The Mayor's Office," and was dated the day before; no address was given.

"Dear Uncle Robert: I married Blair Maitland this afternoon. David did not want me. E. F."

They read it, looked at each other with astounded eyes, then read it again. Nannie was the first to find speech.

"I—don't understand."

Miss White was dumb; her poor upper lip quivered wildly.

"She and David are to be married," Nannie stammered. "How can she

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marry—anybody else? I don't understand."

Then Miss White broke out. "*I* understand. Oh, wicked boy! My child, my lamb! He has killed my child Elizabeth!"

"Who has? What do you mean? What *are* you talking about!"

"He has lured her away from David," the old woman wailed shrilly. "Nannie, Nannie, your brother is an evil, cruel man—a false man, a false friend. Oh, my lamb! my girl!"

Nannie, staring at her with horrified eyes, was silent. Miss White sank down on the floor, her head on the lowest step of the staircase; she was moaning to herself: "They quarrelled about something, and this is what she has done! Oh, she was mad, my lamb, my poor lamb! She was crazy; David made her angry, I don't know how. And she did this frightful thing. Oh, I always knew she would do some terrible thing when she was angry!"

Nannie looked at the closed door of the library, and then at Miss White, lying there, crying and moaning to herself with her poor old head on the stairs; once she tried to speak, but Miss White did not hear her; it was intolerable to see such pain. Blair's sister, ashamed with his shame, stammered something, she did not know what, then, opening the front door, slipped out into the dusk. The situation was so incredible she could not take it in. Blair and Elizabeth—*married?* She kept saying it over and over. But it was impossible!—Elizabeth was to marry David on her birthday. "I feel as if I were going out of my mind!" Nannie told herself, hurrying down into Mercer's black, noisy heart. When she reached the squalor of Maitland's shantytown, and saw the old Maitland house on the farther side of the street, looming up on its graded embankment, black against a smouldering red sunset, she was almost sobbing aloud; and when Harris answered her ring, she was in such tension that she burst out at him: "Harris! where is Mr. Blair? Do you know? Have you heard—anything?" She seized the old man's arm and held on to it. "*Where* is Mr. Blair, Harris?"

"My laws, Miss Nannie! how do I know? Ain't he at the hotel? There's a letter come for you; it come just after you went out. Looks like it was from him. There, now, child! Don't you take on like that! I guess if Mr. Blair's well enough to write letters, there ain't much wrong with him."

When he brought her the letter, she made him wait there in the dimly lighted hall until she opened it; she had a feeling that she could not read it by herself. "Oh, Harris!" she said, and began to tremble; "it's true! He *did*. . . . They are—oh, Harris!" And while the old man drew her into the parlor, and scuffled about to light the gas and bring her a glass of water, she told him, brokenly—she had to tell somebody—what had happened. Harris's ejaculations were of sheer amazement, untouched by disapproval: "Mr. Blair? Married to Miss Elizabeth? My land! There! He always did git in ahead!" And his astounded chuckle was as confusing as all the rest of it. Nannie, standing under the single flaring jet of gas, read the letter again. It was, at any rate, more enlightening than Elizabeth's to her uncle:

"Dear Nannie: Don't have a fit when I tell you Elizabeth and I are married. She had a row with David, and broke her engagement with him. We were married this afternoon. I'm afraid mother won't like it, because, I admit, it is rather sudden. But really it is the easiest way, all round, especially for—other people. It's on the principle of having your tooth pulled *quick!*—if you have to have it pulled, instead of by degrees. I'll amount to something, now, and that will please mother. You tell her that I will amount to something now! I want you to tell her about it before I write to her myself—which, of course, I will do to-morrow—because it will be easier for her to have it come from you. Tell her marrying Elizabeth will make a business man of me! You must tell her as soon as you get this, because probably it will be in the newspapers. I feel like a cur, asking you to break it to her, because, of course, it's sort of difficult. She won't like it, just at first; she never likes anything I do. But it will be easier for her to hear it first from you. Oh, you dear old Nancy!—I am nearly out of my head, I'm so happy. . . .

P.S. We are going off for a month

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or so. I'll let you know where to address us when I know myself."

Nannie dropped down into a chair, and tried to get her wits together. If Elizabeth had broken with David, why, then, of course, she could marry Blair; but why should she marry him right away? "It isn't—decent!" said Nannie. And when did she break with David? Only day before yesterday she was expecting to marry him. "It is horrible!" said Nannie; and her recoil of disgust included, for a moment, even Blair. But the habit of love made her instant with excuses: "It is worse in Elizabeth than in Blair. Mamma will say so, too." Then she felt a shock of terror: "Mamma!" She smoothed out the letter, crumpled in her shaking hand, and read it again: "'I want you to tell her—' Oh, I *can't!*" Nannie said; "'it will be easier for her to have it come from you—' And what about me?" she thought, with sudden, unwonted bitterness; "it won't be 'easy' for me."

She began to take off her things; then realized that she was shivering. The few minutes of stirring the fire that was smouldering under a great black lump of coal between the brass jambs of the grate, gave her the momentary relief of occupation; but when she sat down in the shifting firelight, and spread her trembling hands toward the flames, the shame and fright came back again. "Poor David!" she said; but even as she said it she defended her brother; "if Elizabeth had broken with him, Blair had a right to marry her. But how *could* Elizabeth! I can never forgive her!" Nannie thought, wincing with disgust. "To be engaged to David one day, and marry Blair the next!—Oh, Blair ought not to have done it!" she said, involuntarily; and hid her face in her hands. But it was so intolerable to her to blame him, that she drove her mind back to Elizabeth's vulgarity; she could bear what had happened, if she thought of Blair as a victim and not as an offender.

"I can never feel the same to Elizabeth again," she said. Then she remembered what her brother had bidden her do, and quailed. For a moment she was actually sick with panic. Then she, too, knew the impulse to get the tooth pulled "quick." She got up and went swiftly across the hall to the dining-room. It was empty, except for Harris, who was moving some papers from the table to set it for supper.

"Oh, Harris," she said, with a gasp of relief, "she isn't here! Harris, I have got to tell her. You don't think she'll mind much, do you?"

But by this time Harris's chuckling appreciation of Mr. Blair's cleverness in getting in ahead had evaporated. "My, my, my, Miss Nannie!" he said, his weak blue eyes blinking with fright, "*I* wouldn't tell her, not if you'd gimme the Works!"

"Harris, if you were in my place, would you try to, at supper?"

"Now, Miss, how can I tell? She'll be wild; my, my, my!"

"I don't see why. Mr. Blair had a right to get married."

"He'd ought to have let on to her about it," Harris said.

And for a few minutes Nannie was stricken dumb. Then she sought encouragement again: "Perhaps if you had something nice for supper, she'd be —pleased, you know; and take it better?"

"There's to be cabbage. Maybe that will soften her up. She likes it; gor, how she likes cabbage!" said Harris, almost weeping.

"Harris, how do you think she'll take it?"

"She won't take it well," the old man said. "Miss Elizabeth was Mr. David's girl. When I come to think it over, I don't take it well myself, Miss Nannie. Nor you don't, neither. No, she won't take it well."

"But Miss Elizabeth had broken with Mr. David," Nannie defended her brother; "Mr. Blair had a right—" then she shivered. "But *I've* got to tell her! Oh, Harris, I think she wouldn't mind so much, if he told her himself?"

Harris considered. "Yes, Miss; she would. Mr. Blair don't put things right to his ma. He'd say something she wouldn't like. He'd say something about some of his pretty truck. Them things always make her mad. That picture he bought—the lady nursin' the baby, in your parlor—she ain't got over that yet. Oh no, she'll take it better from you. You be pretty with her, Miss Nannie.

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She likes it when you're pretty with her. I once seen a chippy sittin' on a cow-catcher; well, it made me think o' you and her. You be pretty to her, and then tell her, kind of—of easy," Harris ended weakly.

Easy! It was all very well to say "*easy*"; Harris might as well say knock her down "easy"—and at that moment the back door banged.

Mrs. Maitland burst into the room in intense preoccupation; the day had been one of absorbing interest, culminating in success, and she was alert with satisfaction. "Harris, supper! Nannie, take my bonnet! Is your brother to be here to-night? I've something to tell him! Where's the evening paper?"

Nannie, breathless, took the forlorn old bonnet, and said, "I—I think he isn't coming, Mamma." Harris came running with the newspaper; they exchanged a frightened look, although the mistress of the house, with one hand on the carving-knife, was already saying, "Bless, O Lord—"

At supper Mrs. Maitland, eating—as the grocer said so long ago, "like a day-laborer"—read her paper. Nannie, watching her, ate nothing at all, and said nothing at all.

When the coarse, hurried meal was at an end, and Harris, blinking with horrified sympathy, had shut himself into his pantry, Nannie said, faintly, "Mamma, I have something to tell you."

"I guess it will keep, my dear, I guess it will keep! I'm too busy just now to talk to you." She crumpled up her newspaper, flung it on the floor, and plunged over to her desk.

Nannie, looking helplessly at the back of her head for a moment, went off to her parlor. She sat there in the firelit darkness, too distracted and frightened to light the gas, planning how she might "tell her." At eight o'clock there was a fluttering, uncertain ring at the front door, and Cherry-pie came quivering in: had Nannie heard anything more? Did she know where *they* were? "I asked her uncle to come down here and see if Mrs. Maitland had heard anything, but—he was dreadful, Nannie, dreadful! He said he would see the whole family in—I can't repeat where he said he would see them!" She broke down and cried; then, crouching at Nannie's side, she read Blair's letter by the uncertain light of the fire. After that, except for occasional whispered ejaculations of terror and pain, they were silent, sitting close together like two frightened birds; sometimes a lump of coal split apart, or a hissing jet of gas bubbled and flamed between the bars of the grate, and then their two shadows flickered gigantic on the wall behind them; but except for that the room was very still. When the older woman rose to go, Nannie clung to her:

"Oh, won't you tell her? Please—please!" Poor old Miss White could only shake her head:

"I can't, my dear, I *can't!* And it would not be fitting. Do it now, my dear; do it immejetly, and get it over," Cherry-pie urged.

When she had wavered back into the night, Nannie gathered up her courage to take her advice and "get it over." She went stealthily across the hall; but at the dining-room door she stood still, her hand on the knob for a long moment, not daring to enter. Strangely enough, in the midst of the absorbing distress of the moment, some trick of memory made her think of the little 'fraid-cat, standing outside that door, trying to find the courage to open it and get for Blair—for whose sake she stood there now—the money for his journey all around the world! In spite of her terror, she smiled faintly; then she opened the door and looked in. Mrs. Maitland was still at work—and she retreated noiselessly. At eleven she tried it again.

Except for the single gas-jet under a green shade that hung above the big desk, the room was dark. Mrs. Maitland was in her chair, writing rapidly; she did not hear Nannie's hesitating footstep, or know that she was in the room, until the girl put her hand on the back of her chair.

"Mamma."

"Yes?"

"Mamma—I have something to—to tell you."

Mrs. Maitland signed her name; then put her pen behind her ear, flung a blotter down on the heavily written page, and rubbed her fist over it. "Well?" she said cheerfully; and glanced up at her stepdaughter over her steel-rimmed spec-

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tacles, with kind eyes; "what are you awake for, at this hour?" Then she drew out a fresh sheet of paper, and began to write: "My dear Sir:— Yours received, and con—"

"Mamma . . . Blair is married."

The pen made a quick, very slight upward movement; there was a spatter of ink; then the powerful, beautiful hand went on evenly "—tents noted." She rubbed the blotter over this line, put the pen in a cup of shot, and turned around. "*What did you say?*"

"I said . . . Blair is married."

Silence.

"He asked me to tell you."

Silence.

"He hopes you will not be angry. He says he is going to be a—a tremendous business man, now, because he is—so happy."

Silence. Then, in a loud voice: "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, Mamma—not any time at all, truly! I am perfectly sure it—it was on the spur of the moment."

"Married, 'on the spur of the moment'?—Good God!"

"I only mean he hasn't been planning it. He—"

"And what kind of woman has married him, 'on the spur of the moment'?"

"Oh—Mamma . . ."

Her voice was so terrified that Mrs. Maitland suddenly looked at her. "Don't be frightened, Nannie," she said kindly. "What is it? You have something more to tell me, I can see that. Come, out with it! Is she bad?"

"Oh, *Mamma!* don't! don't! It is—she is—Elizabeth—"

Then she fled.

That night, at about two o'clock, Mrs. Maitland entered her stepdaughter's room. Nannie was dozing, but started up in her bed, her heart in her throat at the sight of the gaunt figure standing beside her. Mrs. Maitland had a candle in one hand, and the other was curved about it to protect the bending flame from the draught of the open door; the light flickered up on her face, and Nannie was suddenly conscious of how deep the wrinkles were on her forehead and about her mouth.

"Nannie, tell me everything."

She put the candle on the table at the head of the bed, and sat down, leaning forward a little, as if some weight was resting on her shoulders. Her clasped hands, hanging loosely between her knees, seemed, in the faint light of the small, pointed flame, curiously shrunken and withered. "Tell me," she said heavily.

And Nannie told her—all she knew. It was little enough.

"How do you know that Elizabeth had broken with David Richie?" her stepmother said. Nannie silently handed her Blair's letter. Mrs. Maitland took up her candle and, holding it close to the flimsy sheet, read her son's statement. Then she handed it back. "I see; some sort of a squabble; and Blair—" She stopped, with a groan. "His *friend*," she said, and her chin shook; "your father's son!" she said brokenly.

"Mamma," Nannie protested—she was sitting up in bed, her hair in its two braids falling over her white night-dress, her eyes, so girlish, so frightened, fixed on that quivering iron face. "Mamma! remember, he was in love with Elizabeth long ago, before David ever thought—"

"In love with Elizabeth? He was never in love with anybody but himself."

"Oh, Mamma, please forgive him! It's done now, and it can't be undone."

"What has my forgiveness got to do with it? It's done, as you say. It can't be undone. Nothing can be undone. Nothing; nothing. All the years that remain cannot undo the years that I have been building this up."

Nannie stared at her blankly. And suddenly the hard face softened. "Lie down. Go to sleep." She put her big roughened hand gently on the girl's head. "Go to sleep, my child." She took up her candle, and a moment later Nannie could hear the stairs creak under her heavy tread.

Sarah Maitland did not sleep that night; but after the first outburst, when Nannie had panted out, "It is—she is—*Elizabeth*," and then fled, there had been no anger. When the door closed behind her stepdaughter, Blair's mother put her hand over her eyes and sat perfectly still at her desk. *Blair was married.* And he had not told her. That was the first thought; he had shut her

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out! Then, into the pitiful, personal dismay of mortification and wounded love, came the sword-thrust of a second thought—he had stolen his friend's wife.

It was not a moment for nice discriminations; the fact that Elizabeth had not been married to David seemed immaterial. This was because, to Sarah Maitland's generation, the word, in this matter of getting married, was so nearly as good as the bond, that a broken engagement was always a solemn, and generally a disgraceful, thing. So, when she said that Blair had "stolen David's wife," she cringed with shame. What would his father say to such conduct! In what had she been wanting that Herbert's son could disgrace his father's name—and hate his mother? For of course he must hate her to shut her out of his life, and not tell her he was going to get married! Her mind seemed to oscillate between the abstraction of his dishonor and the more intimate and primitive pain—the sense of personal injury. "Oh, my son! my son! my son!" she said. She was bending over, her elbows on her knees, her furrowed forehead resting on her clenched hands; her whole big body quivered with pain. He had shut her out. . . . He hated her. . . . He had never loved her. . . . "My son! my son!" Then a sharp return of memory to the shame of his conduct whipped her to her feet and set her walking about the room. . . . It was long after midnight before she said to herself that the first thing to do was to learn exactly what had happened. Nannie must tell her. It was then that she went up to her stepdaughter's room.

When Nannie had told her, or rather when Blair's letter had made the thing shamefully clear, she went down-stairs and faced the situation. Who was responsible for it? Who was to blame—before she could add, in her mind, "Elizabeth or Blair?"—something not herself finished her question: who was to blame —*"this man or his parents?"* The suggestion of any personal responsibility was like a blow in the face. She flinched under it, and sat down abruptly, breathing hard. How could it be possible that *she* was to blame? What had she left undone that other mothers did? She had loved him; no mother could have loved him more than she did—and he had never cared for her love! In what had she been lacking? He had had a religious bringing up—she had begun to take him to church when he was four years old! He had had every educational opportunity. All that he wanted he had had. She had never stinted him in anything. Could any mother have done more? Could Herbert himself have done more? No; she could not reproach herself for lack of love. She had loved him, so that she had spared him—even desire! All that he could want was his before he could ask for it.

In the midst of this angry justifying of herself, tramping up and down the long room, she stopped suddenly and looked about her; where was her knitting? Her thoughts were in such a distracted tangle that the accustomed automatic movement of her fingers was imperative. She tucked the grimy pink ball of zephyr under her arm, and tightening her fingers on the bent and yellowing old needles, began again her fierce pacing up and down, up and down. But the room seemed to cramp her, and by and by she went across the hall into Nannie's parlor, where the fire had sprung into cheerful flames, and here she paused for a while, standing with one foot on the fender, knitting rapidly, her unseeing eyes fixed on the needles. . . . Yes; Blair had no cares, no responsibilities; and as for *money—!* With a wave of resentment, she thought that she would find out in the morning from her bookkeeper just how much money she had given him since he was twenty-one. It was then that a bleak consciousness, like the dull light of a winter dawn, slowly began to take possession of her:—money. *She had given him money;* but what else had she given him? Not comradeship; she had never had the time for that; besides, he would not have wanted it. She knew, inarticulately, that he and she had never spoken the same language. Not sympathy in his endless futilities—what intelligent person could sympathize with a man who found serious occupation in—well, in buying china beetles, or pictures! She glanced angrily over at that piece of blackened canvas by the door, its gold frame glimmering faintly in the fire-

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"NANNIE, TELL ME EVERYTHING"

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light. He had spent five thousand dollars on a picture that you could cover with your two hands! Yes; she had given him money enough—but that was all she had given him. Money was apparently the only thing they had in common.

Then came another surge of resentment, that poor, pitiful resentment of the wounded heart—Blair had never cared how hard she worked to make money for him! It occurred to her, perhaps for the first time in her life, that she worked very hard; she said to herself that sometimes she was tired. Yes, she had never thought of it before, but she was sometimes very tired. But what did Blair care for that? What did he care how hard she worked? And even as she said it, with that anger which is a confession of something deeper than anger, her mind retorted that, if he had never cared how she worked for their money, she had never cared how he spent it. She had been irritated by his way of spending it, and she had been contemptuous; but she had never really cared. So it appeared that they did not have even money in common. The earning had been all hers; the spending had been all his. If she had been a fool, who liked to buy gimcracks — perhaps he would have been fond of her? A small hot tear trickled down the side of Sarah Maitland's nose; there is no bitterer thought to the intelligent woman than that the foolish woman is sometimes to be envied. Or if Blair had earned what he spent, then they would have had work as a bond of sympathy. Work! Blair had never understood that work was the finest thing in the world. She wondered why he had not understood it, when she herself had worked so hard—worked, in fact, so that he might be beyond the need of working. And as she said that, her fingers were suddenly rigid on her needles; it seemed as if her soul had felt some terrible jolt of dismay; why didn't her son understand the joy of work? Because she had spared him all real necessity for it—for the work she had given him to do was a pretence, and they both knew it. Spared him? Robbed him! *"Who hath sinned, this man or his parents?"* "This man"—her selfish, dishonorable son—was, after all, only walking in the road into which she had pushed him—the road of easy, pleasant, shameful idleness; and she had done this because of her own hurry to possess the one thing she wanted, that very best thing in the world—Work. Good God! what a fool she had been not to make work *real* to him!

Sarah Maitland, tramping back and forth, the ball of pink worsted dragging behind her in a grimy tangle, told herself these things with a sledge-hammer directness that spared nothing. She wanted the truth; no matter how it made her cringe to find it! She would hammer out her very heart to find the truth. Blair had never met the negations of life—those *No's* which might have taught him the eternal affirmations of character. He had had everything; he had done nothing. The result of such conditions was as inevitable as the law of nature! . . . In the illuminating misery of this terrible night, she saw that she had given her son, as Robert Ferguson had said to her once, "fulness of bread and abundance of idleness." And now she was learning what bread and idleness together may make of a man.

Walking up and down the dimly lighted room, she had a vision of her sin that made her groan. *She* had made Blair what he was: because it had been easy for her to make things easy for him, she had given him his heart's desire, and brought leanness withal to his soul; in satisfying her own hunger for work, she had forgotten to give it to him, and he had starved for it! She had left, by this time, far behind her the personal affront to her of his reserves; she took meekly the knowledge that he did not love her: she even thought of his marriage as unimportant, or as important only because it was a symptom of a condition for which she was responsible. And having once realized and accepted this fact, there was only one solemn question in her mind:

"What am I going to do about it?"

For she believed, as other parents have believed before her—and probably will go on believing as long as there are parents and sons—she believed that she could, in some way or other, by the very strength of her agonizing love, force into her son's soul from the outside, so to speak, that Kingdom of God which must be within. "Oh, what am I going to do?" she said to herself.

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She stood still and covered her face with her hands. "God," she said, "don't punish him! It's my fault; punish me."

Perhaps she had never really prayed before.

CHAPTER XX

ROBERT FERGUSON, in his library, and poor Miss White in the hall, listened with tense nerves for the wheels of the carriage that was to bring David Richie "to breakfast."

"Send him in to me," Mr. Ferguson had said; and then had shut himself into his library.

Miss White was quivering with terror when at last she heard the carriage door bang. David came leaping up the steps, his face rosy as a girl's in the raw morning air—it was a lowering Mercer morning, with the street lamps burning at eight o'clock in a murk of smoke and fog. He raked the windows with a smiling glance, and then stood, laughing for sheer happiness, waiting for *her* to open the door to him.

David had had a change of spirit, if not of mind, since he wrote his eminently sensible letter to Elizabeth. He had been able to scrape up enough money of his own to pay at least one of his bills, and things had gone better with him at the hospital, so he no longer felt the unreasonable humiliation which Elizabeth's proposal had accentuated in him. The reproach which his mood had read into her letter had vanished after a good night's sleep and a good day's work; now it seemed to him only an exquisite expression of most lovely love, which brought the color into his face, and made his lips burn at the thought of her lips! Of course her idea of marrying on her little money was not to be thought of—but what an angel she was to think of it! All that night, in the journey over the mountains, he had lain in his berth and looked out at the stars, cursing himself joyously for a dumb fool who had had no words to tell her how he loved her for that sweet, divinely foolish proposal, which was "not to be thought of"! "But when I see her, I'll make her understand; when I hold her in my arms—" he told himself, with all the passion of twenty-six years which had no easy outlet of speech.

When Robert Ferguson's door opened, his heart was on his dumb lips. "Eliz—" he began, and stopped short. "Oh, Miss White. Good morning, Miss White! Where is Elizabeth? Not out of bed yet? Oh, the lazybones!" He was so eager that, until he was fairly in the hall, with the front door shut, and his overcoat almost off, he did not notice her silence. Then he gave her a startled look. "Miss White! is anything the matter? Is—is Elizabeth ill?"

"No; oh, no," she said breathlessly; "but—but Mr. Ferguson will tell you. No, she is not sick. Go, he will tell you. In the library."

The color dropped out of his face, as a flag drops to half-mast. "She is dead," he said, with bleak finality in his voice. "When did she die?" He stood staring straight ahead of him at the wall. He was ghastly with fright.

"No! no! She is not dead; she is well. Quite well; oh, very well. Go, David, my dear boy—oh, my *dear* boy! Go to Mr. Ferguson. He will tell you. But it is—terrible, David."

He went, dazed, and saying, "Why, but what is it? If she is not—not—"

Robert Ferguson met him on the threshold of the library, drew him in, closed the door, and looked him full in the face. "No, she isn't dead," he said; "I wish to God she were." Then he struck him hard on the shoulder. "David," he said harshly, "be a man; they've played a damned dirty trick on you. Yesterday she married Blair Maitland. . . . Take it like a man, and be thankful you are rid of her." He wheeled about and stood with his back to his niece's lover. He had guided the inevitable sword, but he could not witness the agony of the wound. There was complete stillness in the room; the ticking of the clock suddenly hammered in Robert Ferguson's ears; a cinder fell softly from the grate. Then he heard a long-drawn breath:

"Tell me, if you please, exactly what has happened."

Elizabeth's uncle, still with his back turned, told him what little he knew. "I don't know where they are," he ended; "I don't want to know. The scoundrel wrote to Nannie—but he gave no address. Elizabeth's letter to me is on my table; read it."

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He heard David move over to the library table; he heard the rustle of the sheet of paper as it was drawn out of the envelope. Then silence again, and the clamor of the clock. He turned round, in time to see David stagger slightly and drop into a chair; perspiration had burst out on his forehead. He was so white around his lips that Robert Ferguson knew that for a moment his body shared the awful astonishment of his soul. "There's some whiskey over there," he said, nodding toward a side table. But David shook his head. Then, still shuddering with that dreadful sickness, he spoke.

"She . . . has married—Blair? *Blair?*" he repeated, uncomprehendingly. He put his hand up to his head with that strange, cosmic gesture which horrified humanity has made ever since it was capable of feeling horror.

"Yes," Mr. Ferguson said grimly; "yes, Blair—your *friend!* Well, you are not the first man who has had a sweetheart—and a 'friend.' A wife, even, and a 'friend.' And then discovered that he had neither wife nor friend. . . . Damn him."

"Damn him?" said David, and burst into a scream of laughter; he was on his feet now, but he rocked a little on his shaking legs. "Damnation is too good for him; may God—" And in the outburst of fury that followed, even Robert Ferguson quailed and put up a protesting hand.

"David—David—" he stammered, actually recoiling before that storm of outrageous words. "David—he will get what he deserves. She was worthless!"

David stopped short. At the mention of Elizabeth, his hurricane of rage dropped suddenly into the flat calm of absolute bewilderment. "Do not speak of Elizabeth in that way, in my presence," he said, panting.

"She is her mother's daughter! She is bad, through and through. She—"

"*Stop!*" David cried, violently; "what in hell do you keep on saying that for? I will not listen—I will not hear." . . . He was beside himself; he did not know what he said.

But Robert Ferguson was silenced. When David spoke again, it was in gasps, and his words came thickly as if his tongue were numb: "What—what are we to do?"

"Do? There is nothing to do, that I can see."

"She must be taken away from him!"

"Nobody knows where they are. But if I did know, I wouldn't lift my hand to get her away. She has made her bed—she can lie in it, so far as I am concerned."

"But she didn't!" David groaned; "you don't understand. I am the one to curse, not Elizabeth."

"What are you talking about?"

"I—I did it."

The older man looked at him with almost contemptuous incredulity. "My dear fellow, what is the use of denying facts? You can't make black white, can you? Day before yesterday you loved this—this"—he seemed to search for some epithet; glanced at David, and said, almost meekly—"this girl; day before yesterday she expected to marry you. To-day she is the wife of another man. Have you committed any crime in the last three days which justifies that?"

"Yes," David said, in a smothered voice, "I have." Then he handed back to the shamed and angry man the poor, pitiful little letter. "Don't you see? She says, 'David didn't want'"—he broke off, unable to speak—"'didn't want me,'" he ended; and added, a moment later, "'E. *F.*' She isn't used to the—the other yet," he said, again with that bewildered look.

But Elizabeth's uncle was too absorbed in his own humiliation to see confession in that tragic initial. "What is that nonsense about your not wanting her?"

"She thought so. She had reason to think so."

"You had better explain yourself, David."

"She wrote to me," David said, after a pause; "she told me she would have that money of hers week after next. She said we could be married then." He reddened to his temples. "She asked me to marry her when I came out on her birthday—*asked* me, you understand." He turned on his heel and went over to the window; he stood there for some minutes with his back to Robert Ferguson. The green door in the wall between the two gardens was swinging back and forth

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on sagging hinges; David watched it with unseeing eyes; suddenly a sooty pigeon came circling down and lit just inside the old arbor, which was choked with snow shovelled from the flagstones of the path. Who can say why, watching the pigeon's teetering walk on the soot-specked snow, David should smell the fragrance of heliotrope hot in the sunshine, and see Elizabeth drawing Blair's ring from her soft young bosom? He turned back to her uncle, with a rigid face: "Well, *I—I* said—'no' to her letter. Do you understand? I told her 'no.' *'No,'* to a girl like Elizabeth! Because, in my—my filthy pride—" he paused, picked up a book, turned it over and over, and then put it straight edge to edge with the table. His hand was trembling violently. When he could speak again it was in a whisper. "My cursed pride. I didn't want to marry until I could do everything. I wasn't willing to be under obligations; I told her so. I said—'no.' It made her angry. It would make any girl angry—but *Elizabeth!* Why, she used to bite herself when she was angry. When she is angry, she would do—anything. *She has done it.* My God!"

Robert Ferguson could not look at him. He made a pretence of taking up some papers from his desk, and somehow or other got himself out of the room. . . . He found Miss White in the hall, clasping and unclasping her little thin old hands.

"How did he—?" she tried to say, but her poor nibbling lip could not finish the question.

"How does a man usually take a stab in the back?" he flung at her. "Don't be a—" He stopped short. "I beg your pardon, Miss White." But she was too heartbroken to resent the rudeness of his suffering.

After that they stood there waiting, without speaking to each other. Once Mr. Ferguson made as if he would go back to the library, but stopped with his hand on the door-knob; and once Miss White said brokenly, "The boy *must* have some breakfast"; but still they left him to himself.

After awhile, Miss White sat down on the stairs and cried softly. Robert Ferguson walked about; now out to the front door, with a feint of looking at the thermometer in the vestibule; now the length of the hall, into which the fog had crept until the gas burned in a hazy ring; now into the parlor—from which he instantly fled as if a serpent had stung him — her little basket of embroidery, overflowing with its pretty foolishness, stood on the table.

When David Richie opened the library door and came into the hall he was outwardly far steadier than they. "I think I'll go to the depot now, sir. No, thank you, Miss White; I'll get something to eat there."

"Oh, but my dear boy," she said, trying to swallow her tears, "now do—now don't—I can have your breakfast ready immejetly, and—"

"Let him alone," Mr. Ferguson said, "he'll eat when he feels like it. David, must you go back this morning? I wish you'd stay."

"I have to go back, thank you, sir."

"You may find a letter from her at home," Elizabeth's uncle said; "she didn't know you were to be here to-day."

"I may," David said; and some dull note in his voice told Robert Ferguson that the young man's youth was over.

"My boy," he said, "forget her! You are well rid of—" he stopped short, with an apprehensive glance; but David made no protest; apparently he was not listening.

"I shall take the express," he said; "I must see—my mother, before I go to the hospital to-night. She must be told. She will be—sorry."

"Your mother!" said Robert Ferguson. "Well, David, thank God you have loved one woman who is good!"

"I have loved *two* women who are good," David said. He turned and took Miss White's poor old, shaking hands in his. "When she comes back—"

"Comes back?" the older man cried out, furiously. "She shall never come back to this house!"

But David did not notice him: "Miss White, listen. When you see her, tell her I understand. Just tell her, 'David says, "I understand."' And, Miss White, say: 'He says, try to forgive him.'"

She sobbed so, that instinctively, but without tenderness, he put his arm about her; his face was dull to the point of indifference. "Don't cry, Miss White.

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And be good to her—but I know you will be good to her!" He picked up his hat, put his coat over his arm, and stretched out his hand to Robert Ferguson with a steady smile. "Good-by, sir." And then the smile dropped and left the amazed and naked face quivering before their eyes. Through the wave of merciful numbness which had given him his hard composure, agony stabbed him. "For God's sake, don't be hard on her. She has enough to bear! And blame me—*me*. I did it—"

He turned and fled out of the house, and the two unhappy people who loved Elizabeth looked at each other speechlessly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lover

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

FAME journeyed down the way with him,
Was like a brother kin,
Nor loath was Fame to stay with him,
To dwell and enter in;
But, though no spirit bolder is,
He turned away to sing:
"God wot,—how white her shoulder is
And how her kisses cling."

Then Wisdom came and lent to him
Her mysteries profound,
And subtle knowledge sent to him
That all the years had crowned;
No solace to relieve his plight
Nor reason could he see,
But velvet arms that weave at night
A languid threnody.

And last came Peace, essaying him
With promises of sleep,
With brooding glamour praying him
Her offerings to keep.
Though arbiter of pain and rest,
He bade her pleading cease:
Upon a fair unstainèd breast
Would he discover Peace.

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An Inland Gibraltar

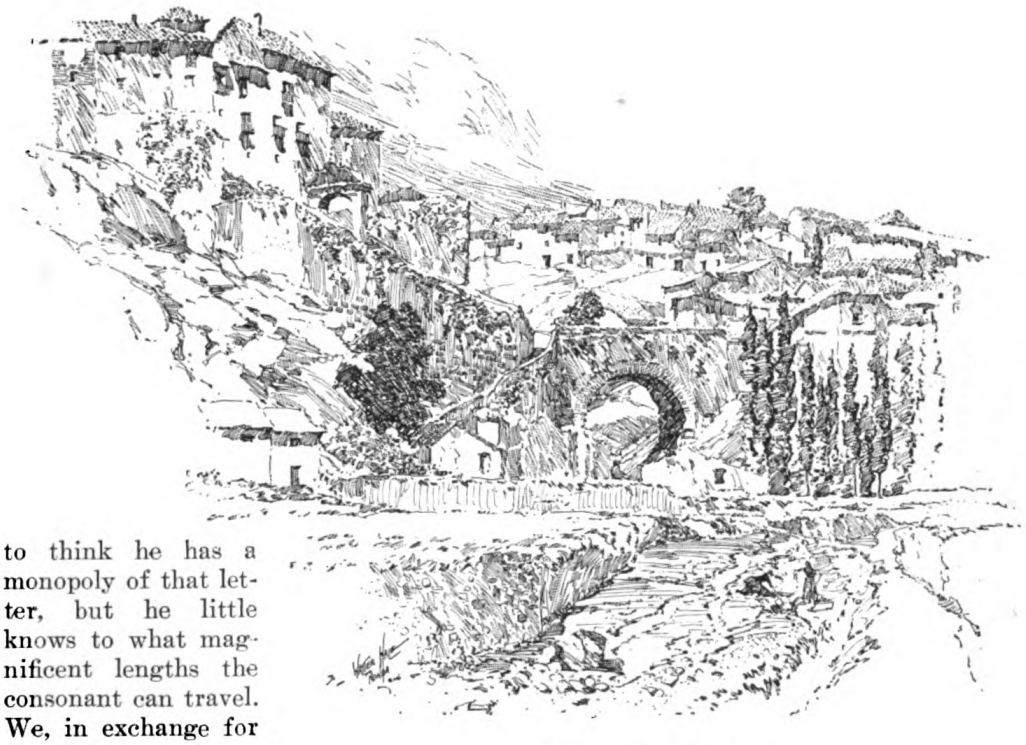
BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WHEN the big baked rock of Gibraltar has absorbed all the heat of July that it can gracefully contain and begins to radiate its superfluity, the wives of those officers who must stay on and endure in belying cool linens, borrow their husbands' kit-bags and journey to Ronda, another rock, that rises from a mild sea of truck-gardens twenty miles inland. There is no sunset-gun to shut out the invading army of summer boarders and stray tourists; no daybreak reveille resounding through the streets to awaken them with a bitter consciousness of the health, wealth, and wisdom of the British army; and no drum beats throughout the day to stir the blood, and send the laggard sightseer about his investigations in quickstep time. But long before Gibraltar had learned its war alphabet in any language, the invading Moors, coveting the eyrie as a perch of value in times of danger, drove the Romans from the stronghold they themselves had captured, put iron bars to their windows, brought over their women, and strengthened the fortifications with the fine stone plundered from the village of those master builders who had preceded them. After tilting easily in their eagle's nest for some centuries, the Christians routed them out, losing many men and many battles before the Mussulmans scurried down their secret stairway, or were thrown over the cliff by their more abrupt enemy. This descent, or rather ascent, upon the foe was made "in the name of the Catholic Kings," and though four centuries have intervened, the gentle hand of a devout young Papist still holds the reins of government over the warring rock. In this day we find her a kindly old fortress town, retired, and on very poor half-pay at that; but like many a pensioner she keeps up her bold front—three hundred and fifty feet of staggering cliff in this instance—which, from afar, thoroughly impresses the traveller with a sense of impregnability. This pleases the old fortress, and, her lofty attitude mellowed by civilization, she leads the stranger up a back way over steel rails, and sets him down in the heart of the citadel with the courtesy of a true Spanish hostess.

So much has been said of the courtesy of Spain and the ferocity of Spain that a newcomer is inclined to enter the country with a smile trembling on his lips and a hand trembling on his hip pocket. If one cares to trace the source of this general impression, he will find his way back to his first comic opera, when knives flirted over the head of the tenor in waltz time, and the knees of the male chorus were continually bent in adoration of the leading soprano. Remembering those rare old days of a satisfactory canvas Spain, we waited anxiously in the railway carriage at Algeciras to see what would be done for us in the way of travelling companions. We had given up all hopes of long capes and slouched hats; we were willing—eager, forsooth—to do away with ferocity; but if we were to be denied even a show of courtesy we would take the next boat home, and vary the rest of our existence by excursions into an operatic Spain, *au théâtre*.

On the whole, the start was most propitious. Two Spanish officers glittered opposite us, and a huge-shouldered countryman, very well gotten up in a bandanna head-gear, earrings, red waistband, and rusty corduroys, filled all the space left in the carriage. Courtesy figured prominently from the beginning. There was an exchange of salutations and an almost immediate plunge into the language of the country. The officers, who some years ago might have been employed in mowing us down, spent a patient morning in the endeavor to start our r's rolling. The Westerner is inclined

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RONDA FROM THE EAST

to think he has a monopoly of that letter, but he little knows to what magnificent lengths the consonant can travel. We, in exchange for this lesson, made an effort to show off our nation to the best advantage, and, as usual, found ourselves boasting of that triumph of the parsimonious age, the high building. They listened to us with child-like attention, and if they saw any humor in the imitation we gave of the "Flatiron" Building, lacking words in which to express ourselves, their faces did not betray it.

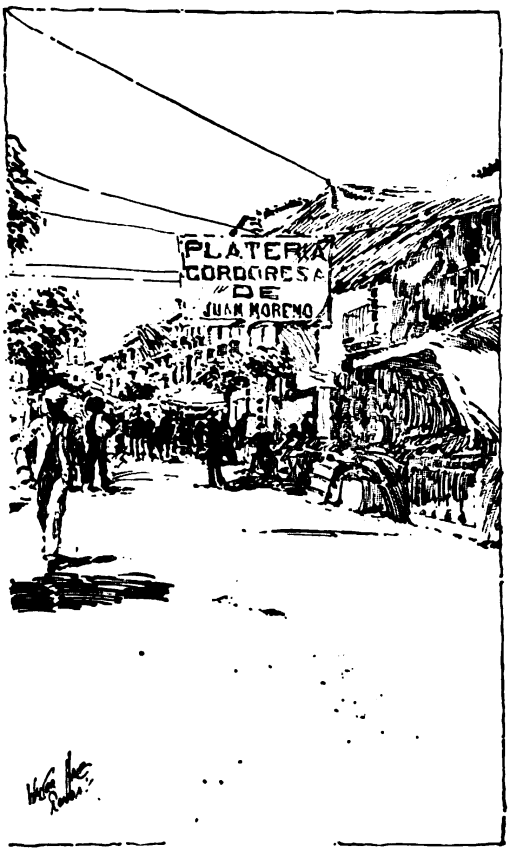
The big countryman sat quietly in his corner, or corners perhaps one should say, doing wonderful gymnastics with his eyebrows by way of appreciation. That he did not enter into the conversation was from preference, and not through any hesitancy over speaking with the officers, who were above him in station. Spain is at once a country of caste and casteslessness. This elementary attribute, courtesy, levels all ranks when in trains or on the country roads, and in the home the attitude of master toward servant is tempered with the same graciousness of spirit that we would enjoy from servant toward master. This remarkable code of manners, rapturously embraced by the Illustrator, was with reluctance abandoned by him after his return to America. Though the principle remained the same, he found that sweeping salutes to the Irish janitor were not conducive to prompt attention, and that a quarter went farther with the elevator-boy than a kindly word or a gentle smile.

Hunger, abetted by an eagerness to show his ready acceptance of the customs of the country, very nearly caused a cessation of gentilities on the part of the native with the shoulders. The occasion was provoked by a cheese which came out of the giant's wonderful pocket, and was as greatly out of proportion for an individual as was the countryman himself. It would seem that he was mindful of this, for he offered to share his noonday repast with such a world of sincerity in his tone that the Illustrator could be dissuaded from helping himself only by violent blows on the shin and wild words hissed smilingly through the clenched teeth of the Scribe. Not if she could help it would the stigma of *cochon* follow the American into the confines of Ronda, and she read soothingly from the guide-book to her bewildered companion of that exquisite politeness which demands the offer to share all

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viands with the assembled multitude, and of the equal necessity of refusing to take advantage of the opportunity.

There were other things in the guide-book worth knowing—something of Ronda, too—and it was well to devour this data in the hour, that we might have the more leisure to enjoy ourselves when within its environs; although the notes on Ronda were so delicately intangible that any man with a morsel of the amateur detective about him would be interested from the start. The height of the rock itself was evidently a matter of personal opinion rather than of the surveyor's instruments, which reminded us of the old lady who asked if *we* had found Rome hilly. The gorge, or Tajo, which divides the rock, and accommodates the Guadalevin River at its base, is reckoned as three hundred and fifty feet high, although the river itself is said to tumble along six hundred feet below the town, and we had both read in *Miranda of the Balcony* of the plain which spread out before her, one thousand feet straight down. This confusion suggests a bibulous association on the part of the collector of materials with several of the oldest inhabitants, who must find it quite as great a temptation to boast of the height of the rock they were born on as of the cold of the winter they were born in, and just as difficult a matter to settle in complaisant Spain.



THE CALLE DEL CASTELAR DURING THE FAIR

Another item of interest in the guide-book was the complex method of "doing" Ronda. In order to find any enjoyment in the Old Town, which is on the south side of the bridge that spans the gorge, one must go over to the New Town and gaze upon it from a railed-in platform on the west side, while there can be no pleasure derived from the New Town unless one looks down upon it from the Campillo, a little plaza of the Old Town. From the New Bridge one can see the mills below, and, on the other hand, the mills below offer a fine opportunity of looking up at the New Bridge. It appeared to be a kindly form of reciprocity, this showing one another off, as well as a certain uneasy consciousness that a close inspection did not add to the worth of either's wares. Or possibly it was that recognition which places of more than ordinary altitude give to the value of the View — a word, alas! that might well have been defined by Samuel Johnson as a prospect frequently accompanied by the distribution of coin.

Of all the guide-book information, the fair and the Alcazaba held us most strongly. It would seem that it was quite impossible to go anywhere in the Old Town without running into the Alcazaba, and for a while we wondered if it could be an animate creature that gadded about the streets, a sort of Lewis Carroll prehistoric animal. On learning, however, that the French had utterly destroyed it in 1808, we abandoned any hope of meeting it in the flesh, although our book—a most materialistic publication—spoke with conviction of one of its

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members, *viz.*, its Foot: from which rose the Barrio de San Francisco. Of the fair, which is held every May, we knew a great deal, or intended to know; we had come for it, and evinced a proprietary patience when, at every station, we lost countless minutes while beaming peasantry packed themselves into the third-class carriages.

The end of our journey was the end of the valley. "Mire!" cried the countryman, nudging painfully with his left elbow and waving violently with his right hand. And we looked, and beheld, as we had read, where the valley narrowed into a gorge, two great rocks, joined by a high arched bridge, from the top of which the tiled roofs and cathedral towers of Ronda glared against a blue sky, while three hundred and fifty feet, or six hundred feet, or one thousand feet below ran the little Guadalevin River among the truck-gardens.

The difficulty in establishing ourselves at a suitable hotel and the increase in prices were alarmingly fair-like, and gave us an uncomfortable homesick feeling, and a longing to be imposed upon with the coin of our realm, if such things must be. We were denied even the satisfaction of arguing in our own tongue, for the landlord to whom we had written for rooms, and from whom we were endeavoring to extricate ourselves after a general survey of what we had got and a whispered consultation over what we had been promised, spoke no English. In our efforts to make him understand that a single room was not to our liking, we again had recourse to the language of pantomime, the Scribe intimating that the Illustrator was nervous, and the Illustrator, with very poor grace, displaying evidence of this ailment by violent jerks of the head and twitching of the eyelids, an operation that had to be carried almost to excess before the host could see the wisdom of a compromise and an honorable release.

Our new landlord spoke English—or rather *an* English; it was not ours; and because it was not ours we found it as convulsingly funny as we do the man who slips on a banana peel. We hated ourselves for this overdeveloped sense of humor, and conjured up before us the gravity of that Spanish postal clerk in Algeciras who comprehendingly sold us a stamp, although we had asked for roast chicken. But the recollection had no quieting effect upon our risibilities, and when the native in a burst of polite idioms addressed the Illustrator as "Ma'am," the Illustrator wrapped himself in the window curtains, issuing only in time for the writer's abrupt departure for the same haven. However, he was an unsuspecting proprietor, and cheerfully sent and re-sent his boy for our shoes, sponge-bag, bath-robes, and other impedimenta which we had left in our flight from the abhorred inn. Moreover, he gave us



THE TAJO AND PUENTE NUEVO

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rooms that looked out upon the fray—so near to it, in fact, that our proximity led to a series of speculations as to whether we, inside the inn, were outside the fair, or the caravansary itself were a monopoly well "on the inside," like the far-away one of our Western Hemisphere.

Whatever similarity there may be between hostelries, the spring fair of Ronda cannot easily be confused with any of our giant exhibitions, nor with those autumn institutions nurtured by our States and supported by our country cousins. There is no effort made in Ronda to cultivate the taste of the visitor through crocheted tidies and bead-work animals, no public display of octagons in hard pencil or cones in crayon, no weary marching from pen to pen to view soulless pigs, no munching of stale lunch in the uncertain shade of a steam-thresher, no crawling homeward at nightfall with one thousand colored advertising cards as a proof that the day was done, no—but one could go on forever, and between the *feria* of Spain and the fair of our country there would remain a gulf, quite properly, as wide as the Atlantic.

Unlike most enjoyable occasions of the Latin countries, the May fair is not a religious festival; indeed, there seems to be no more reason for its being than the pure joy of living. Given a wide central street in the heart of the city, a line of booths on either side, a great deal of bunting, and a prodigious display of colored lights, and the nucleus is formed; add to this every gewgaw to fill the stalls that can please the fancy of woman and deplete the purse of man, and the fair is open; bring hither all the street-pianos that tired donkeys can drag up the steep trail, all the dancers who trip carelessly over the rough cobbles—and still laugh; all the "shell" rackets that present a surety of sudden riches, and the fair is in full swing. Fill the streets with excited men and women kind, give them a hot sun, a full moon, a bull-fight each day, and a guitar under each window at night, and the fair is a success. That is all; but one doubts if such happy abandonment could be secured in our country with so simple ingredients, or if we should care for these ingredients if disassociated from lace mantillas and attractive, if gaudy, male attire.



CHURCH OF ESPIRITU SANTO

In Ronda, we were on friendly terms with the fair almost before the dancer from Malaga had discovered that two Americans were sticking their heads out of the hotel windows. He was a pleasant knave with a pretty niece, who ably assisted him in dancing and in the passing of the hat. In both efforts they were untiring, and having levied upon us for the third time, charmingly explained their greed by an ingratiating shrug and the smiling assertion that we were *Americanos*. It

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seemed a very simple reason, and one not to be denied. The truth of our nativity spread quickly through the booths, and the ready response—akin to the satisfaction we enjoy in recognition from a hotel clerk—though expensive, so appealed to our vanity that we found ourselves spending more time among our new friends than the quality of their goods would warrant.

After much scourging of the conscience we would go out, now and then, in search of views—always, always with an eye open for the Alcazaba. Finding views was not so difficult, for they are best seen from a distance, and could not escape even though we were discovered descending upon them; but it was evident from the first that the Alcazaba was not to be taken unawares. The Illustrator's idea of locating the Barrio de San Francisco, then the foot "where it rises," and from that member to work our way up, reflected much credit on a man not, as a rule, given to strategy; and we would have put the plan into execution immediately but for the various distractions in the way of tortuous streets, bits of old Moorish grille-work, churches of confused architecture, and sidewalk cafés whereat to refresh the spirit, and watch the passing show until the shadow of night crept into the valley, and warned us to the bridge for the sunset.



LAS HUERTAS

The Puente Nuevo, or New Bridge, an infant of nearly one hundred and fifty years, serves well as a promenade, a view-point, and, beneath the roadway, over the central arch, a prison. The single cell has a small window that looks out over the fertile breadth of the valley, and while, as Major Wilbraham said to Miranda of the Balcony, chains are unpleasant, "the view would compensate in some measure for the restriction." At least one prisoner did not think so, for the story goes of the escape of an officer by knotting together his bed-linen, descending thereby into the stream, and swimming through the rapids to freedom. Considering the height of the bridge at its most modest estimate, the flaw in the legend is plainly the linen from his couch; or, if there be truth in the tale, the man who would leave so well-stocked a sleeping-apartment for the precarious existence of a fugitive from justice deserved the stony bed of the river as a probable alternative.

Occasionally we disregarded instructions from our guide and investigated places of interest at close range, but our arbitrary efforts were not rewarded with success. We were turned from the Casa del Rey Moro with an abruptness which led us to believe that the House of the Moorish King might still be entertaining royalty instead of the very private citizen who was in no mind to accept half a peseta for a look at his back yard. Beyond a regret for the intrusion we were not disturbed, and we were openly relieved when we found that the Mina, the underground stairway of three hundred and sixty-five steps cut in the rocks, leading from the house to the river, and used by the Moors in time of siege, was too dangerous to be used

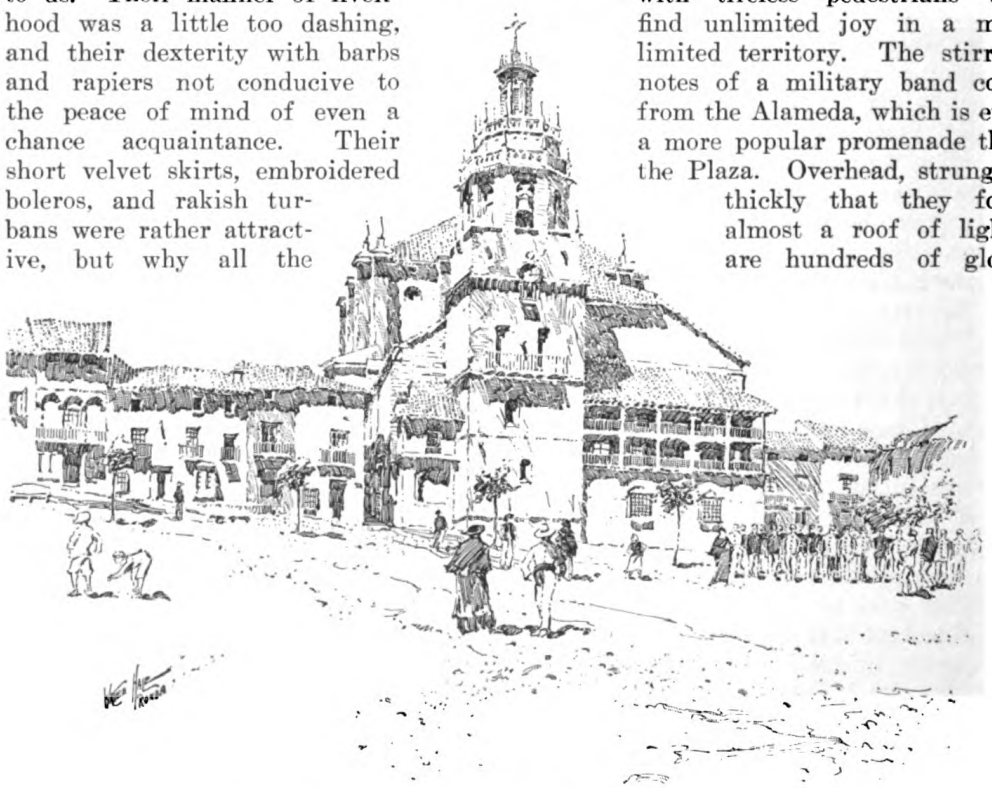
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"even by tourists," as a bystander put it —a man, incidentally, with an inscrutable countenance.

This business despatched, we were quit of all obligatory investigations except our delayed meeting with the Alcazaba and a visit to the bull-fight. Unlike the Alcazaba, the daily bull-fight was not elusive. To find the Plaza de Toros one had only to follow any mild-looking citizen of an afternoon; he would invariably bring up at the ring, with his wife if generous, his family if prodigal, with the key to his shop in his pocket, and his office-boy—no plaintive stories of dying grandmothers for him—within call. The people of Ronda are very proud of the fierceness of their bulls, and very proud of their fighters—of both sexes, for the New Woman is recognized in Spain as a *Torera,* a bull-fighter of excellent mettle, and in advanced Ronda the women killed four of the six bulls despatched each day.

We will not define the reason, but the amount of attention bestowed on these *Toreras* was rather boring. From an American standpoint, they did not appeal to us. Their manner of livelihood was a little too dashing, and their dexterity with barbs and rapiers not conducive to the peace of mind of even a chance acquaintance. Their short velvet skirts, embroidered boleros, and rakish turbans were rather attractive, but why all the promenaders of the Plaza Lamiable and all the habitués of the Alameda should turn to greet them, when, at the same time, we were passing, was a question that we put to each other over our nightly vermouth—which was not without its bitter. We had held our own with the Toreadors, gold-laceless as we were; the Illustrator had even been mistaken for the brother of the most famous matador of Spain, and, though indifferent to the compliment, was observed to affect scarlet ties and turn-down collars from that hour. But it was quite impossible to compete with these anomalies of nature, and our grievance had reached a tremendous state of irritation, when we ran across them one night in the Casino Artista, talking fashions in bulls, but busily crocheting some absurd fluffy things while they gossiped. After that—*place aux dames*—we would not strive for supremacy with women who could knit.

One sees Ronda at its best after nightfall. The straight, ugly lines of the Spanish New Town are softened in the gloom; the several open spaces are filled with tireless pedestrians who find unlimited joy in a most limited territory. The stirring notes of a military band come from the Alameda, which is even a more popular promenade than the Plaza. Overhead, strung so thickly that they form almost a roof of lights, are hundreds of globe-



CATHEDRAL AND BELL-TOWER—PLAZA DE GENERAL WEYLER

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shaped paper lanterns, while to the north, in pleasing contrast with all this brilliancy, lies the heavy shade of the public gardens, full of dark corners for the accommodation of all young couples who are sufficiently accomplished to escape from that awesome vigilance committee of Spain—the duennas. Indeed, sweethearting without the family in attendance is so rare an instance that, while not prying deeply into leafy retreats in our search for knowledge, we fear there were more señoras than señoritas keeping tryst in these coveted spots. From the western end of the Alameda, above the chatter of the crowd and the blare of the music, is heard the faint sound of falling water, and in the bright moonlight one can look down upon the red-roofed mills strung along the valley, upon the outspread wings of bats wheeling beneath, upon the people that look like midgets, and the donkeys that look like mice.

The booths are doing a rushing business, and our desire for types is almost satiated. A countryman, whip in hand, with his trousers reaching half-way down the calf, and split up the side almost to his knee, is buying alluring "gold bricks" as rapidly as they are pressed upon him; soldiers, short of stature, scant of shoulder, but glorified in brass buttons, are treating a swarthy-skinned duenna to aguardiente, while they roll their eyes at her charges, who in return flash their own overworked orbs from beneath the lace of their mantillas. The city chaps hover anxiously about, conscious of their slender chances with the military arrayed against them. Those of sporting proclivities affect a toreador style of dress, as we in our country run to loud checks and horseshoe pins; but the humbler townsman is not pleasant to look upon in shapeless coat, baggy breeches, and a red sash so swathed around his waist as to suggest a continual mortification of the flesh.

Across the bridge, in the darkness, lies the Old Town, unmoved by this yearly burst of worldliness. Its steep streets, pitfalls to the strangers, are quiet save where a lover does his courting from the sidewalk to the maiden in the window above. This is a custom accepted by all; but when we found three aspiring young men before one building of three flats, with a señorita on each floor listening to the language of love from her own particular sweetheart, we thanked our United States stars for the more delicate method of the cozy corner. The Old Town, however, is not without its innovation. The most pretentious of the plazas has been renamed in honor of that doubtful hero, General Weyler, and each year in the procession of Corpus Christi one may see a pitiful, riddled flag borne among the reliquaries, the flag of their country, and the only one that was left them when we had left San Juan.

The ancient cathedral, or, more properly, the abbey, of Santa Maria la Mijor, with its strikingly original bell-tower, faces this plaza. Near it are the barracks of the mountain infantry, and on the road to the eastern gate is the church of Espiritu Santo, founded on the spot where a queen once fell from her horse and miraculously escaped injury. And if one doubts the truth of the story, they show you a horseshoe hanging over the portal.

It is but fitting that this rock of Ronda, bearing the scars on its base of the warring of great peoples, now effaced, should be one of the localities most bitter in its condemnation of our seizure of their colonies. The milder provinces were quick to recognize the value of keeping their young men at home, to expend their energies in the mother country; but these men of Ronda, whose ancestors fought, smuggled, tamed and traded the wild horses of the hills, raised bulls and slaughtered them, tumbling the carcasses over the cliff for the vultures, as they did their enemy, do not take kindly to any forceful adjustment of affairs by a foreign nation, even to their own betterment. If any animosity was felt toward our country, it was not made manifest to its representatives. We came and went, glowing with the gracious warmth of a smiling people. If one cries, "Veneer!" let us cry back that, after all, the outside is what we must rub up against, and a polished exterior saves wear and tear upon the rubber. Ronda gave us all we sought for—except, of course, the Alcazaba.

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Schlosser's Wife

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

MR. KENT had talked to me about the Schlossers. He had been interested in the way the German had developed since he came to this country ten years ago. So, when I got to the place where Doctor Adams had sent me to take charge of a stubborn case of intermittent fever, and found "H. Schlosser, Ladies' Tailor," over the door, I was quite excited. I thought perhaps I might get some notes that Mr. Kent could use in his book.

But I hadn't expected anything as queer and old-world and uncanny as the scene that faced me when a little girl, in a suspiciously dark flannel sailor suit, had ushered me into the room over the shop. It was late in the winter afternoon. The gas flared from the draught of the open door as if it were a torch in a gale of wind, and all the sharp light and shadow of the place leaped and shivered in a witches' dance.

Half of the bed was in shadow. Around it sat three stooping and forbidding old crones. They had queer hoods on their heads; and, as they shook their heads mournfully over the patient and mumbled something into their knitting, words that sounded a little like the German we had at Miss Ambleton's school and a good deal unlike it—a kind of witch language, I thought to myself—they might well have been the Fates themselves.

I know it shrank away as the oldest of them pushed back her hood to peer at me distrustfully. I almost made a horn with my fingers as I had learned to do in Italy as a precaution against the evil eye. Then I went past them to the patient, who lay with the gaslight streaming, over the heads of the old women, full into her face.

She was a dark woman, the power of whose frame was masked in fat. She had the thick, greasy skin that comes from generations of unhygienic food. The fever that had mounted with the afternoon gave her cheeks a deep flush and her black eyes a brilliancy that endowed her face with a kind of sullen beauty.

She was swathed in flannel underneath her gown, and the reek of the fever, of the winter-old garments of the women who surrounded her, of the heavy woollen coverlids which were piled on top of her, filled the close room. I began to understand the story that the doctor had given me, of the stubbornness of what had seemed but an ordinary tertian fever—malarial in its origin.

My instructions were to go to work immediately to reduce her temperature. I sent the little girl for basins, water, towels. She paused at the threshold to make the German courtesy, so winning in its suggestion of deference from girlhood to maturity. When she came back she had pressed a little brother into service. He made his funny little bow, to the imminent danger of the pitcher of water he was carrying. When I had taken it from his hands he ran to the bed and threw himself on it. Mrs. Schlosser smiled and talked to him softly as she kissed the eager little face.

"*Wofür ist das?*" demanded the oldest of the crones.

"A bed-bath," I replied, briefly. "And I will have to ask you to leave the patient with me."

An excited clamor arose as she repeated what I had said to the others. The three rose and grouped themselves threateningly around the bed, barring off my approach.

"*Ein bad!*" they repeated, threateningly, to each other. "*Ein bad! Im winter!* She vill kill—dese Americanish y'ung ladty— Vat for she come? She vill kill. *Ein bad!*—vidt de fever!"

I appealed to the little girl, who stood watching the scene with alert black eyes, which revealed a curious degree of superiority to the excitement of the women.

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"Go get your father," I said. The patient's color was higher, her skin more burning. Even while she frowned her sympathy with the others she thrashed her heavy body despairingly about. The child nodded with encouraging intelligence and slipped out of the room.

When she returned, it was with a small, thin, dark man, whose clothes, even in that dim and agitated scene, were shown to be of the most perfect neatness and taste. He beamed his appreciative delight when his eyes fell on my white uniform. Then he bowed with an accentuated deference. I explained my difficulty to him. He turned to his wife, with a word or so in German—gentle, yet authoritative; turned to the women and waved his hand with a negligent gesture of command. As if by a miracle the fierce clamor subsided; the threatening Fates became three toothless and shabby old women; the wife turned submissively to me with:

"My man—he say—" on her lips. With a final gesture of crisp command, he turned to the door, the little daughter clinging adoringly to his hand. As he opened the door he turned to me:

"If dere is anyding more I can do, send for me. But now—one of my ladties she vait down-stairs. I must her no longer keep." With the word "ladties" the atmosphere of deference enveloped him. It seemed as much a mark of his calling as the name he stitched, with a final flourish of silk, into his suits. As I turned to his wife I wondered whether he had stitched it, too, into his soul.

In an hour I had Mrs. Schlosser's temperature down almost to normal. She was so comfortable that when I asked for fresh linen to put on the bed she assented meekly, although I saw her wince when she took from under her pillow the key to the heavy carved clothes-press where the sheets were stored.

I was amazed, when I opened the cumbersome doors, to see the store of household linen. There were piles of sheets and pillow-cases and towels—one would think they might last a lifetime. I slipped out enough things for a day or so. And then, in settling her for the night, I threw aside the grimy woollen underwear. Here she protested fiercely:

"I shall die—you vish to kill me—I shall die. It is a fever I haf! Call my man—he vill not that I be killed—he lofe me. Call him!"

When Schlosser appeared again his eyes brightened as they fell upon the fresh white bed, the clean towels on the wash-stand, his wife's dark hair neatly braided. He sniffed appreciatively the fresh air pouring in through the open window.

"Dese iss goot," he said, rubbing his hands with that gesture that seemed like his trade-mark. "Dese iss Americanish—dese iss for what we came to dese country. I vill tell de children to come in dat dey may see vat iss right!"

The woman looked at me sullenly and antagonistically. But when her husband patted her hand encouragingly, as lithely as a cat she slipped down in the bed until her cheek lay against the hollow of his hand. There she lay restfully, looking up at him with eyes of mute adoration.

It was late when I got down to supper that evening. I had waited for the seven children to be sent up in relays to see the room and to pay their duty to the sick mother. There was the tall boy in his first year at the high school, holding himself very straight in his cadet uniform, the meek outlines of his Teutonic face contrasting oddly with the brusque "Americanish" manners he affected. There was the sister, almost as tall as he, her sleek hair rolled out over an enormous "rat." There was a clumsy, grinning youngster, all legs and hands and feet. The little black-eyed girl whom I had first seen came in again, and the little chap of eight, and another little girl, who told her mother she had been all day with the "foreladty." And last toddled in on his little short fat legs a jolly little Dutchman of four, whose face and hands made it unnecessary to explain that he had spent most of his day in the kitchen. He squared himself up to me and demanded fiercely:

"Vat for don't you mage my mutter vell ridght avay?" And when I lifted him up to Mrs. Schlosser, her arms closed over him, as if the touch of him was food and drink. If there were, in the older children, together with the very

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real affection that was evident, the beginnings of a sense of superiority, of criticism, with the babies her place as Hearts'-Empress was undisturbed.

When I reached the table all the children had finished their supper and had gone. But Schlosser, his knife and fork before him, had evidently waited for me. And with him was a trim and handsome girl. They were sitting quite near together and cozily talking. His elbow on the table and his head on his hand, he was leaning toward her, a dawning glamour in his eyes. His other arm was resting on the back of her chair. He rose as I entered, vaguely confused and courteous. But the young woman looked anything but pleased.

"Dese iss Miss Alyson," he said to her, apologetically, "who has to make my vife vell here come. And dese iss Miss Jennings—" he turned to me. "De best skirt handt in de city. Who has also most kindly helped me mit de children undt de house." Then, as a sloppy-looking colored girl brought in a sloppy supper, he flushed distressfully and looked down at the too evidently serviceable red table-cloth. "Ven my vife she ill—" he began, loyally. "But vere are de napkins, Miss Jennings?" he turned to her to ask. "You said you vould do dat for me."

"I tried to get some, but Mrs. Schlosser wouldn't give me the key." Nothing more than the expression on Miss Jennings's face was necessary to explain her opinion of her employer's wife.

The tailor flushed again, more deeply. "My vife—" he began.

"I can easily arrange those things for you, Mr. Schlosser," I broke in, in pity of his confusion. "I have the key to the linen-press. It isn't necessary to disturb the patient about details of that sort. In fact, it is necessary that they be kept from her. She needs perfect rest."

The little man's face lit up with pleasure.

"So iss it—she must not be disturbed. If she were vell it vould be oderwise."

It was evident that it was with difficulty that Miss Jennings refrained from speech. But she thought better of Mrs. Schlosser and of me too, I am sure, when, at the other end of the table, I became tactfully absorbed in my supper, and the interrupted conversation could be renewed.

"Undt I sent de suit up yesterday," Schlosser said, fervently, making an effort to include me in the conversation. "But dere ain't come no vordt how she liked it." His attention drifted away from me back to the magnetic eagerness of the forelady's gray eyes, and there remained. "Only de husband phoned from his office dat I vas to send up de boy to get some clothes to be cleaned undt pressed undt to get my check. So my heart sank." Tears of alert sympathy had sprung into Miss Jennings's eyes. The tailor caught their gleam, and for a moment he stammered in his speech. "Undt—undt I t'ought: 'Ach, dere, Schlosser, she don't like it! Now you vill catch it! You know I yust had to please Mrs. Byram—de first time she came to me—also dere are so many ladties dat go by mit her. Undt I had t'ought so much to get de lines—undt she iss not easy to make lines for." Miss Jennings nodded an expert assent. "But I sent de boy for de clothes—I ain't said nodding about de check—I couldn't bring myself to do it ven I felt like dat. But Mrs. Byram she sent down vordt by a maid. Undt vat she say vas, 'I ain't never had a suit I liked so vell!' My, but I vas gladt!" He struck the table in his excitement. And his face, mirrored by that of his forelady, wore a radiance of joy absolute.

During two days Schlosser watched me, when the day's routine brought us together for a few minutes, with a look on his face that was neither critical nor approving, merely observant. The end of that time found us at the supper table. When the children had all slipped from the room and Miss Jennings had gone home, I started to go up-stairs. But he detained me with a gesture that was at once courteous and authoritative.

"Dere are some dings I vould like to speak mit you. Vill you for a few minutes vait?" I assented and slipped back into my chair. He thought for a moment. "I do not know yust vat to say first," he explained. "My vife—" He halted and then turned squarely to me. A glance at my uniform with its sug-

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gestion of impersonal service evidently had the effect on him that it has on most persons—it is wonderful what things people do tell nurses. "Dere iss no use dat I go round about," he said, with the acute intelligence in his look that went far to explain his success. "You see all—it iss more as useless dat I hide. Dere are dings—I would like dat dey be oderwise. I am Americanish—naturalized. In Germany ve vork so hardt—my vife she vork all de time—for me undt for de children—ach, how she vork! A man could never it forget! Undt she save so hard dat now ven she need not, ven I don't vant it, she has forgot how to spend. She cannot be Americanish—naturalized. I haf much learned. I haf stop to smoke—to drink beer. A man who is much by ladties cannot drink. Undt I haf learned to dress right—my ladties vould not like to haf me by mit dem if I did not dress right. If I vas a pretty man it vould be oderwise. I vould not haf to be so careful. But I haf learned, undt now I like it. I can't do no oder vay. Undt I like to haf enough of clean napkins at de table—one by almost effery day! Undt clean towels! Undt I vant de children dat dey speak alvays English. Undt I like dat de little vons dey wear dresses of cotton—like Miss Jennings says—dat can be washed by almost effery week. Undt all dings Americanish."

There was a pause while I nodded appreciatively, and he was evidently searching for the best way to say what was in his mind.

"I vould so much like dat my vife she vant dese dings like I vant. But it iss because she has been so goot to me and has vork so hardt dat she cannot learn right avay dese dings all at once." He scrutinized my face to see whether there was any shade of criticism of his wife before he went on. It was not hard to put just the right expression of sympathetic appreciation into my face. Indeed, I was beginning to feel it, in good measure, for the man, if not for the woman. He went on, reassured:

"I vould so much like dat my vife—dress so dat she could be my foreladty. Maybe you haf observed my foreladty, Miss Jennings?" He turned toward me a face that was, although I am confident he did not know it, a little conscious. "Miss Jennings iss von fine Americanish ladty"—an irrepressible admiration had crept into his voice. "She iss not like de oder girls dat vork for me—I do not belief dere iss von pin in her whole dress! *Efferyding* look like it hook togedder! Undt ven she vear de shirt-waist suits dey hook togedder! Undt ven she vear de one-piece dresses dey do not break at de vaist. It iss de stiffening dat she vear by dem, or it iss de lines dat she has—I do not know *wofür* it iss." There was a solemn, respectful, scientific interest in his face.

"I vould like dat my vife she vear dese shirt-waist suits undt help me vidt my ladties. I like dat ve vork togedder. If she vould only do it, I dress her grand. I dink dat it iss besser dat husband undt vife dey vork togedder." He had turned his face away, but I could read the little man's honest thought in the back of his crimsoning neck.

"Now you"—he faced me again—"are an Americanish y'ung ladty. Undt you are here dese vay—as a nurse. You could make my vife see some dings dat I could not. Undt some dings dat Miss Jennings she could not. I do not dink my vife she like to learn by Miss Jennings. I see how you bring down de fever yust by a *bad* undt fresh air. Please stay so long as you can. I don't care how much it cost—undt my vife she don't need to know. Please show her undt de children how de Americanish people do dese dings. I haf dem teached *De Star-spangled Banner* undt dings like dat at school. But sometime we buy a home, undt de boys dey can vote undt be real *Americanish*. Undt *De Star-spangled Banner* iss not all about being Americanish. Dere are oder dings!"

At first it was not easy to carry out Mr. Schlosser's wishes. Every change proposed his wife fought with the silent, passive negation that is so much harder to contend with than open opposition. If clean towels were brought to her to use, she "saved" them and depended upon a well-worn and trusty one thrust under her pillow. If, in the moments when work was slack, Miss Jennings made gingham frocks for the children,

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Mrs. Schlosser apparently bowed to her man's superior wisdom. But, after a few minutes' whispered conversation with the oldest daughter, the children themselves systematically "forgot" to don the new garments. With regard to herself, however, she submitted, with many an antagonistic, sullen glance at me.

But after a time circumstances helped me. Under a sensible and hygienic regimen she began to improve in spite of herself. On the third day the fever came back in a much lighter form. On the sixth she skipped it entirely. So she began to be half convinced that I knew something, and her opposition lessened. The house was allowed to take on a pleasant freshness. Mr. Schlosser began to go about with a smile of triumph on his dark, lean face. His clothes acquired an almost supernatural gloss and finish. The crisp Americanism of the children became a thing to wonder at.

It was on the tenth day that I ran down into the trying-on room with a message for the tailor. The doctor had said Mrs. Schlosser could sit up, and she wanted him to see her sitting in state. I saw that a fitting was in progress and waited at the door, not wanting to interrupt.

A stout woman stood before the pier-glass. Schlosser, with the air of an acolyte endowing a priest with his ceremonial robe, was lightly imposing a long coat, as yet sleeveless, buckramed and white-stitched, but in its sketchy condition showing plainly the genius of the designer. For, under its caressing folds, mere flesh became gracious majesty, line after line swept away from the shoulder in gracious curves. The tailor fell back to observe the general effect. There was a tense moment for us all. He ran his hands with loving appreciation over the line of the shoulder.

"Dese iss *right!*" he said, with finality. A pucker appeared between his eyebrows. "Dese need to be lifted—not more dan an eight' of an inch, Miss Jennings." Then, while with anxious scrutiny she followed the chalk-line he had marked, he fell back a step, raised his arms with a gesture of benediction.

"Dese iss peautiful," he said, happily. And there was the creative joy of the sculptor's modelling touch, the painter's thumb-flourish, in the movement with which his arms fell to his side, embracing in their calm descent the expression of his artist's soul that stood before him.

When the coat was taken off and put on a near-by form, the master turned his scrutiny to the skirt. Pleated and braided and of complicated design, it yet followed flowing and graceful curves. Schlosser twitched a fold here and there to try its effect upon an embryo pucker. He let them go.

"It iss all right, Miss Jennings," he said, admiringly. "Dere ain't anodder skirt-hand in dis city like you." And he gave the approving pat of one good workman to another on the girl's straight, shapely shoulders. At least, that was probably what it was meant to be; he himself did not know how affectionate was the touch or how caressingly the hand lingered. But the girl lifted her eyes to his and blushed. And the man's soul awoke—I saw the start of it—and it stood alert.

I don't know why we all, at the same moment, felt Mrs. Schlosser's presence. There was no sound. But when we turned she was standing at the door, her big frame, in a large-figured kimono, stiffened, her black eyes magnificent in fury.

"I don't vant it!" she gasped. Her clumsy English struggled with the force of her passion. But the great sweep of the arm with which she banished Miss Jennings from the room left no doubt of her meaning. "I vant her to go avay!"

The forelady's firm, fresh-colored cheeks paled, and her lip dropped until her handsome face was a mere mask for conscious fear. Mrs. Schlosser turned to her husband. One degree more of intensity would have made her voice merely strident.

"So dese iss vat you mean by being Americanish!" she said. "Dat iss vy I haf so hated it—I haf felt dat it come between. Dese iss vat come of learning de children to sing dose songs, undt dese iss *was für* you vant to vear out goot cloth by having clean napkins by almost effery day, undt towels like only de *Herrenschaften* could expect, undt thin dresses for de children to freeze in im

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vinter—dat vy *she* make dem—undt vy you don't like wrappers, undt dink dese divorces right, undt talk all de time about dresses dat hook togedder undt haven't no pins!"

We were all so stunned with surprise that, even when she paused a moment for breath and gathered her kimono around her with a great, fierce gesture, nobody spoke or tried to keep her from speaking.

"Undt dat Miss Jennings—vat she mean? I say, she ain't vell brought up! *Vas für* if she does all hook togedder, undt *vas für* if dere ain't a pin about her, undt *vas für* if she has got a shape dat look like you'd haf to take a hammer to make it bend! Dat don't say her character all hook togedder! Dat don't keep her from looking at a married man vidt eyes dat she don't ought to use!"

The effect of her words was nothing short of melodramatically startling. The poor, puzzled stout lady, still endowed with the forelady's skirt, sank limply into a chair, with a suggestion of broken bones. Miss Jennings, with flaming, indignant face, caught up some work and fled from the room.

But it was the tailor to whom the moment was crucial. His eyes had sought the forelady's face for one dazzled instant. When the door closed behind her his eyes still lingered. In the first moment they were longing; in the next they had renounced. It was not until his tragic eyes rested on his wife that he started as if the blaze of light had hidden an abyss. But I am sure that before the start of horror had come the renunciation.

Finally he awoke to the embarrassment of the immediate situation. I have seen, in the queer way in which we nurses are forced into glimpses of life for which we have yet no point of view, many difficult moments. And I have never seen a man, even with the double advantage of fine instincts and social training, deal so effectively with a situation that might easily have overwhelmed him. He turned from his wife with a glance that included both myself and the patron.

"My vife," he said, with an intonation that threw a mantle over the crude elemental passion of the woman as gracious in its suggestion of dignity as the coat whose lines he had designed—"my vife, she iss ill. It iss true—iss it not so?—vidt all dat ven de body iss not vell de mind goes into strange places. I am but glad that my vife show, now as alvays, her care for me. For de rest ve vill forget the *märchen* the fever has been muttering into her ear. My ladties dey haf alvays been patient vidt me—I shall hope for a continuance of de favor. For my vife I beg that you vill forgif her dat she has been a little excited. Mrs. Bennett, I vill send von of de girls in to you. Now, Leah, I vill help you back up de stairs."

He opened the door and we heard his low, gentle voice on the stairs: "So, mind dese landing—das iss goot—it iss hardt for de poor veak limbs." And her sobs, broken, hysterical, with words between:

"Ve cannot both stay—it iss I dat must always stay—always stay. She shall go. It iss right dat I should stay. It iss not dat I hate her. It iss right!"

It took a long time to get Mrs. Schlosser calmed down and settled for the night. And it was not I that did it. She seemed to feel no special antagonism toward me. But when I came near the bed on which she lay, thinking, thinking, a heavy, painful line between her heavy brows, she motioned me indifferently away.

The next afternoon Mr. Schlosser came to me, distressed, apologetic.

"My vife she say she vant dose women back," he said. "I am sorry. I vanted dat she haf one of dose nurse ladties like de Americanish ladties haf ven dey sick. I dink it besser so. But she say *now* she vant her own people—dat it do her goot to haf some von who speak her language—dink her thought—dat vat she say."

"I think perhaps she is right, Mr. Schlosser," I said. "I have really done about all I can do. The fever is broken. It's just a question of gaining her strength now. It's all right—I understand."

I was in Mrs. Schlosser's room—the three old women hadn't yet come—when Miss Jennings came in to take her leave. The girl was trim and handsome and tailored. She was so absolutely like the tailor's form on exhibition in the win-

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dow that one wondered if she were human—until one saw her face. Then one knew that she was human—poor Miss Jennings! For the hours had worn traces in the smooth brow and firm cheeks. There was pain marring the self-satisfied curves of the handsome mouth. One felt that she was in the grip of an emotion greater than she was meant to feel. But she had panoplied herself for the encounter in her own armor. It was easy to see, as she looked at the shapeless woman on the bed, dark hair wild over the pillows, face heavy and coarse in repose, that the knowledge that her own smug self was irreproachable in its tenure gave her assurance.

"Good-by, Mrs. Schlosser," she said, with a self-sufficient little laugh. "I'm going. Riley has been trying to get me away from Mr. Schlosser for a long time, but I hadn't quite decided. I'm hurrying now before he fills the place."

I wondered how Mrs. Schlosser would meet the girl, whether there would be an aftermath of the night before. But there was nothing fierce or angry in the face on the pillow. It was merely implacable—like a force of nature.

"Good-by," she said, calmly. Then, while the girl nervously put on her glove, "Dere ain't going to be anodder foreladty." An irrepressible gleam of exultation stirred the determined composure of the other's face. Mrs. Schlosser went unemotionally on: "I going to be foreladty myself, like Schlosser been vanting me to do for a long time. He say he going to dress me grand—he dinking now about some shirt-waist suits where I all hook togedder." Then the first gleam of humor I had ever seen in her pulled at her full lips: "I don't believe I going to look like Schlosser dink I going to do!" The smile faded and she looked keenly at Miss Jennings. "I dink maybe I been lazy. I rest sometime from all I used to do before Schlosser began to make so much money by his ladties. I don't like to vear all dose tight kind of dings. But I got to try. I like my comfort—I been resting sometime. Undt I dink a vife can neffer rest. Now I got to do like Schlosser like—"

"Mr. Schlosser?" The girl looked around inquiringly. "I'd like to say good-by."

"Schlosser's not here—"

Miss Jennings turned away, a sudden, white dismay in her face. Mrs. Schlosser caught it. The implacable look faded from her face. In its place came a glow of womanly pity—for one moment she was all mother.

"Come here," she beckoned the girl. When the forelady had reached the side of the bed, Mrs. Schlosser pulled her down, speaking softly. But that was not so I wouldn't hear. It's a queer feeling to know that people forget you as completely as if you were a piece of furniture.

"So iss it besser—Schlosser don't know. Maybe, yust for vonce, he thought he saw someding—den it vas gone. Now he ain't remember he effer thought it. My man iss a goot man. You ain't vant him to know—?"

The tall girl turned aside a wavering face.

"So—so—dat vat you dink now!" spoke the older woman, gently. "You dink you like him to know—just so he feel sorry. I know—I know. But you ain't can know. You ain't much older as my Emmie—undt you ain't can know yust vere dat could leadt you. No, no, my mädchen. My man is a goot man. But no von of us we ain't can know. You hold yourself too straight to valk *dat* path. I like it how you hold yourself. I fight you—it right I fight you. But I like you yust de same!"

Miss Jennings shivered a little, then held out her hand. The other woman took it and looked up into the handsome face. But that apparently was the end of her magnanimity. Jealous envy was in her eyes. She burst out fiercely:

"Vat you dink dat you look at my man like you did? You dink he care? He yust kind to you like he been to all de oder handts." Her voice was full of the double arrogance of the married woman and the employer's wife. "I say you go home undt tell your *mutter* she ain't brought you up vell. Vat you dink dat you look at my man vidt eyes dat you don't ought to use? He don't dink of you. Schlosser's *my* man!"

Her scolding voice rose yet harsher and more shrill. And as the tall and tailored Miss Jennings hurried out she cast back at the woman on the bed a

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look of impotent rage and defiance—like that of a child that has just been spanked!

Soon Mr. Schlosser came back, and all the time I was packing my suit-case and dressing to go home I heard the low murmur of their voices from the next room. The three old women had arrived, and something in me must have changed, for their faces, as they huddled together in one corner of the room, now seemed benign, and the wrinkles of their faces were infinitely wise. The youngest one was knitting mittens for Carl, the second had found Mrs. Schlosser's long-neglected darning. Their needles were flying as they gossiped together. The oldest one—and I noticed what kind eyes she had—was brewing some kind of herb tea for the patient on a little gas-burner. I don't know what was in it, no ingredients that I recognized, but the aroma of it was comforting and pleasant. It made one think of low-hanging cottage roofs and a mother bending over a sick child.

As I passed to and fro, picking up things of mine that the children had scattered about, I caught passages of the low-toned dialogue between husband and wife. They spoke in German, better German than they generally used—at least I could understand. Perhaps I was aided by the quality of their tones, and by the evening quiet, and by the moonlight which began to stream through the window and which seemed somehow a part of it all. The talk went on dreamily, a brook that wandered through accustomed ways to a happy meadow that one seemed to know. And this is what I remember of it: perhaps I have added something or left something out:

"No, no, Herman, it is not right you go so fast you go alone. Even if you do not go so far, you will be happier; the children—and what are we without them?—we will all be happier—if we go together. Maybe you will miss some things, but you gain others."

"I wish not to go where you cannot go, my Leah. Have I ever wished to have it so?"

"Not wished it—but so you have had it. You dart forward where I must drag behind. But you must wait—even come back a little—as you once did—"

"When we were young, Leah, when we walked in the gardens to hear the music, you with your knitting, I with my pipe, it was often you who went ahead. When, going back, we raced down the shady lanes, it was you who were fleet of foot, I who was clumsy—"

"So—" There was a long pause, during which the voices of the old women were heard, fragments of speech from close-clustered heads.

"Vas! Smiser's daughter—undt she so vell brought up!" Another voice: "But his vife! Vat she do? But it ain't can be!"

"Dost thou remember when first I lagged, Herman?" Mrs. Schlosser's voice, speaking her native tongue, had notes of melody in it that I had never heard.

"No, Leah."

"Thou didst laugh at me because I was so heavy-footed. Thou wast almost impatient, Herman. Then I told thee. It was when—Vilhelm—"

"Ach, Liebchen! Forgive me that I so forget!"

"I remember how thou didst turn back—I can feel yet the carefulness of the arm that helped me. Still thou wouldst forget and again hurry forward. Thou wast always so quick, Herman, so eager. Then thou wouldst remember, and then again turn back. Soon I crept yet more slowly because there was a baby nestling in my arms. But then thou wast proud to walk beside me, Herman, and to hold the baby when I would consent. I can yet see thy face! Thy very ears glowed with pride! And thy ears were never small, Herman!" There was a burst of laughter, but subdued to the pensiveness of the evening quiet.

"Then there was always a little one toddling at my skirt, my man."

"And sometimes one at thy skirt and in thy arms, my girl."

"Once I remember thou hadst to carry Minnchen, and I Hans. But Minnchen was slow in walking—"

Her voice broke on the name and they both were still. But it was a silence that told you their hands had crept together.

"I wonder—" her voice was timid. "Thou canst never hear me speak of—her. But dost thou think the moon sleeps there as softly as—that night before we left?"

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There was a pause, and then his voice, husky with the man's constraint of tears:

"It is so, I am sure, Liebchen—even as the light through the window there."

Her voice broke out: "Oh, Herman—I miss them so—the baby arms—the burrowing heads. What do I do that I have no baby in my arms? They are so grown, they are so wise. They do not need me any more—their mother."

Oh, the good wisdom of the man's kind voice! No tailor now, only man!

"They need thee more than ever, Leah, because the way is hard—"

"Oh, but the *feeling* of the downy heads on my shoulder, the soft warmth of the baby arms, the *feeling* of them, Herman!" I wish I could tell the cooing sweetness of the peasant voice. "It was so easy then to answer every need, so easy and so sweet!"

Again there came a pause, and then the man's voice—only different, more alive:

"How thou wert beautiful, Leah!" Still something new stirred in it. "And now thou art beautiful, Leah!"

"Dost thou remember, Herman?—how awkward thou wert—how awkward—and how dear—the night thou asked me—?"

"And—oh, my Liebchen—the night thou gavest—!"

Silence like a curtain dropped heavily between them and me—a silence filled with tenderness so great that it throbbed with something that I had never known and all but lacked the power to feel. The murmur of the old women's voices rose against the perfect stillness, until, by the very insistence, the impertinence, they made you hear.

"His vife—vat she do?"

"She go home to her *vater*—for a time."

I went out into the hall to get my umbrella that I had left there. Mrs. Schlosser, vivid against her pillow, was smiling softly up at her husband; he had one arm stretched over the coverlid; the other, slipped under her shoulders, drew her toward him.

The oldest of the women rose to stir the brew that was steaming the air full of aromatic fragrance. She said:

"*Yah*, for a time. He came back after a while. Der vife she alvays vin—der vife she alvays vin."

One of the others said:

"It don't seem like dat to me. Vat you say for Sara Gumprecht—for Lise?"

The oldest of the women—her face was very calm—spoke quietly:

"I ain't said *ven* she vin. I say she vin. It ain't make no matter if she ugly to hurt, or if she silly to make him mad, or if her tongue so bad he run from it. *She got der name undt she got der ring.* It ain't der vife I'm sorry for! One year—two year—by her man's lofe dat come back ven he dink how tender she vas—how like a child ven first he speak. Or by her children dat stay by mit her undt do goot by her for vat she have suffer. Or by her neighbors dat make her name sweet. *She got der name undt she got der ring. By von ding or by anoder, in von year or twenty, der vife she alvays vin!*"

Schlosser stirred. He bent his face—everything but his wife forgotten—laughing now with the teasing unconsciousness of a boy, closer to that of the woman who hung upon his words.

"If vat she say be so, vy don't you dink so yesterday? Twenty year—vat dat to you? Some day de children make it up to you—de neighbors—I ain't no matter—so—Leah?"

She smiled, a momentary lifting of her full lips in response. Then her face settled into the heavy intenseness that was more natural than his quicker moods.

"Maybe dat so—maybe it ain't. Maybe de children come back or maybe you come back. Dat all right for Mrs. Armstein—she almost eighty years old. But I, Herman, I'm only t'irty-five!" She opened and shut her hands and turned her glowing eyes on his with a tigerish leap of meaning into them. "*I ain't got der patience to vait!*"

Of course I really didn't do a bit of good at the Schlossers'—unless it was to bring down the fever. And she would probably have come out of that anyhow, she was so awfully healthy. But—it was for myself—I learned something, but nothing that would help Mr. Kent with his book. I could hardly say just what it was I learned—I could hardly express it to anybody. And the last person I could tell it to would be Mr. Kent.

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Editor's Easy Chair

A BOOK which we have lately read with very unexpected avidity has suggested some questions which we should like to join the reader in asking himself. At the ripe age which the Easy Chair has now reached it does not often happen to it that any romance, of the sort which has not a dull page in it from cover to cover, and which grips you from start to finish, as advertised, has this effect with it; and the curious fact of the book we mean was that it is not a romance at all, but a piece of absolute reality, if we may take the author's word for it, and at any rate naked and unashamed; not the story of an adventurer of any sort, explorer of unknown seas or wilds, hunter of large game, fighter of unassimilated savages, detector of criminals, or even a self-detected criminal, but of an average American business man, with a high ideal of hustle, and an inextinguishable fire of energy; the record of opportunity made or seized. Further than this we will not give the book or the author away; they freely bestow themselves upon the reader with every page; and we will not forestall their generosity. What we will do, however, is to make them in the first place the text of that sermon which we are always preaching, in season and out of season.

There is no tale any man can invent which will compare in interest with the tale which every man lives and has but to tell in its truth in order to hold his hearer breathless, or panting for more. Suppose the man to be a mere and sheer advertising man, such as we will not say the hero of this story is, with a passion for marketing literary wares, crying them in the public places of print, carrying them to the world's breakfast tables, and littering the paths of life knee-deep with them in cards, and circulars, and flying leaves; if he will do this with his whole heart, he shall not fail to take the heart of other men; if he cleave to his job with earnest faith in it, he shall perform the office of a poet, and endear himself to the fancy and memory. The man we have in mind, and whom we foresee we shall with difficulty keep out of our page by name, was much more than this. He began life as a publisher of a boy's paper at thirteen, he became a union printer and a type-founder, he went on the road and made his drum-beat heard up and down and round the whole land; he became the advertising manager of the most widely circulated periodical under the sun, and succeeded; of the next most widely circulated periodical, and failed, by the proprietor's most explicit and unsparing testimony; he spent a year with a newspaper; he made a fight for clean advertising; he published a vividly popular magazine; he discovered the author of agonistic economics.

"And is that all?" the indignant reader cries. "No love interest? No hair-breadth escape? No colossal crime? No death-bed repentance?"

"Not a whit of them all!" we reply. "Only the steady and steadily stirring narrative of every-day facts, which in their nature come within the knowledge, if not the experience, of the average American business man."

"And why," the reader demands, "is the steady and steadily stirring narrative of such facts fascinating?"

"Because it is so novel."

"Nonsense! We have it in the papers every day."

"And what is so fascinating as that narrative in the papers every day? And besides, we haven't it with anything like the breath-stopping, hair-raising, heart-to-heart frankness, the astounding intimacy of this book. Here we have the modern American business soul posing for the altogether with an unreserve such as we have hitherto associated with the moral or social poses of Rousseau or Casanova. And we must say that it affects us as much more like the truth

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than the revelations of those authors. At their openest, at their frankest, at their nudest, those autobiographers and their like affect us as darkling, as clothed and masked, as lying. But here there is no doubt, here there are documentary proofs, chapter and verse. It is very curious; it is almost a new kind, and it is interesting, interesting, interesting! It is like a beginning in literature."

"And do you mean to say it is a valuable beginning in literature?" the reader relentlessly pursues.

"Why," we reply, "there is, we suppose, such a thing as being too true to be good; and yet this thing is not bad. The book makes for honest dealing, for sincerity between man and man; for downing quack methods, quack medicines. But there is a question at what point the line should be drawn in documentary evidence. There is something a little appalling in the stark outrightness with which our author's chief in the most widely circulated periodical is reported saying in comment on the author's urgence of some personal consideration, 'That does not interest me,' and bringing the affair back to business, with the human interest squeezed out to the last moisture. He is not a hard-hearted man; quite the contrary; but he will not mix pity, any more than pleasure, with business. Then there is that letter from the owner of the next to the most widely circulated periodical, telling the author, after a month's trial, that he is no good, that he is an entire disappointment, an utter failure; all but a fake. It is an awful letter, but, inhumanly speaking, awfully good. It covers the whole ground compactly; there is no getting round it or through it but by directly disputing its conclusions, declaring that the test is insufficient, the trial unfair. This is what the employee does in his answer, and it is a drawn battle; only, the employer remains in possession of the field; whether he remains in possession of the witness's sympathy is another thing. The employee gives the employer back fault for fault; but there is no heat anywhere. It would have been a loss to literature if the letters had not been printed, such a loss in kind, though of course not in degree, as literature would have suffered if Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield had been suppressed. It would have been a loss to economic history; for in some distant time, when capitalism has followed feudalism into the past, the future man will read these letters and say, 'Yes, so, in the beginning of the twentieth century, a man who held another's job at his mercy could speak to him, and so the other, fighting for his job, could answer.'"

"Then you approve," the reader presses on, "of printing these letters?"

"Ah, we are far from saying that. We are very doubtful of the propriety, to call it by no ruder name; but it is interesting, interesting, interesting! As a document the whole book is of unique value, though not perhaps great value. It is a new departure in literature, and is the firstling of a brood of autobiographies, such as the reading world has not seen before. Apparently biography is not so multiplicative as fiction, but this may be only an appearance. There is a story of the late Sacred Majesty of England, supposed to be the friend of writing, though not so much as of racing, who is said to have said to a gentleman who had written a life of Shakespeare: 'I hear you have done a life of Shakespeare. Stick to it, stick to it!' as if he might be encouraged by the royal condescension to keep on writing lives of Shakespeare to the end of his own story, like a succession of novels. The thing was not very possible, but it is quite possible for a man to keep on writing lives of himself almost indefinitely. As we are always pretending, we are each of us so many in one, that in treating of our own story from a different side and at a different depth, we have a practically inexhaustible opportunity to autobiographize. A man might write his business life, as has here been done; he might write his passional or affectional life; he might write his religious life; he might write his intellectual life, and in each phase of himself find a novel theme. We could not promise that the various phases would be all of equal interest; that would depend upon how frankly and faithfully he treated them. The documentary evidences would differ in value. It would be hard, for instance, to find in other departments of experience two such let-

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ters as the author in hand produces concerning his experience with the owner of that periodical of the next largest circulation. We recur to these in exemplification, because they both really seem so masterly to us. The owner's letter especially is of unsurpassed merit as the study of a character which he has watched at close quarters during a month, and noted with the unsparing assiduity of a man with money at stake. Whether just or not, mistaken or not, the estimate is wonderfully shrewd, and expressed in terms of keen, though unpremeditated precision. The defence is of almost as much æsthetic excellence as the accusal; the same qualities appear in it, but the interest of the aggressive is wanting, though we are not sure that the quieter sort of mind may not find a greater pleasure in its negative completeness; one at least fancies the writer finding an intellectual enjoyment in fronting a worthy antagonist and meeting him almost impersonally, though it is such a vitally personal affair."

"And you think," the relentless reader spurs us on, "that in the region of the heart, the region of the soul, the region of the pure reason, documents of as much charm, as much beauty, as much value could not be offered by the passional, the psychic, the intellectual autobiographer?"

"On the contrary, we think they very well might. The question is whether an autobiographer would be willing to produce them. But why not? They could not be of greater intimacy. We can suppose the autobiographer to have received a letter from the woman to whom he was engaged giving her conviction, after a month's scrutiny of his nature at close range, that they are not formed for each other, and that it will be wiser for them not to enter into the permanent arrangement of marriage. If he feels that he has been hastily or inadequately judged, he will have replied, protesting his opposite opinion, and contesting her arguments, but like a sensible person yielding to her preferences and agreeing to call the affair off. This would be a pair of human documents of almost equal interest with those of our business autobiographer, but not of the same freshness; the love-ground has been much more gone over. In the psychic field, also, the like objection would lie. A suffering soul might confess itself to a spiritual adviser in carefully studied points of self-accusation, and these might be met and controverted by the psychic confidant. But the letters exchanged would somehow want the vital warmth of these wonderful business letters, and would not reach us where we live, as they do."

"Then it is your idea that the business life is the truer, the deeper life?"

"Who said that was our idea?"

"You, by the implications."

"Well, perhaps it is. Certainly we live more in our daily affairs, our 'having and holding,' than in what it is the convention to regard as the higher things. A man—or even a woman—falls in love and marries, once for all, and has done with it, and because of the dramatic quality of the experience, our imagination is kindled and we see the fact out of proportion. We think it an incident of higher importance than getting a job at a good salary, or an advance of salary, or placing a lot of advertising, or selling a large bill of goods, or winning a suit with handsome damages, or selling a property at twice the price, through the unearned increment, which we paid for it, or overreaching the neighbor in a horse-trade. Yet probably more real thought goes to any one of these transactions than to most marriages, which are matters of emotion, and if instinctively prompted are naturally of lower range than business dealings, which are directed by reason. We might make a very pretty showing for business," we went on, "for the economic incidents of every-day life, as against religion itself, which again is emotional, if not instinctive. A man—or even a woman—is brought under conviction of sin, and is strongly moved as if by a deep inward impulse to confess himself—or even herself—as a preparation for a better life. This is supposed to be an important step; and yet how many backslide from it, and really minify it in the order of progress. Confession is said to be good for the soul, but the soul might tell another tale if it could speak, which it can't, poor soul! It might say that it was weakened by confession, and washed out rather than washed clean by it. The soul might contend, looking back in cold

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ichor upon the fact, which it once held so momentous, as of trifling account in the sum of experience, of far less account than the struggle it had gone through daily not to use the office postage-stamps on private correspondence."

"Then I understand," the reader's voice broke out again, "that autobiography, being mainly, if not entirely, confession, autobiography is bad for the soul?"

"That is not the point we were arriving at. The question is how far confession may be carried in autobiography. Franklin himself, you know, carried it rather far. And come to think of it, there is a temperamental likeness between this autobiography and Franklin's which suggests itself, and even insists upon itself. They are both business autobiographies, the mirrors of inventive minds, though, to be sure, Franklin's mind is the more creative in its inventiveness. But there is an engaging liveliness in our actual author's temperament which we will own endears him to us. We like being taken into the intimacy of his enterprises, we share the pride of his achievements. There is a constant stir of motive, of incident; so far as we make out, the motives are not mean, the incidents are not trivial. We like it all much better than any succession of fictitious adventures, or climax of simulated emotions."

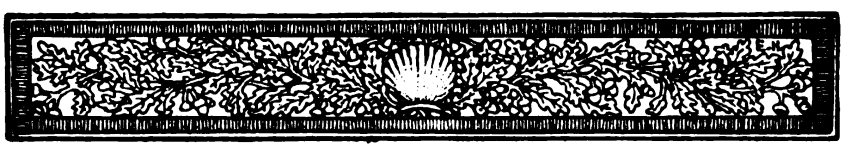
"Aren't you piling it up, rather?"

"Perhaps we are piling it up a little, but when we get a chance to praise, we like to overpraise; we find a compensation in that for the sad duty of blaming in so many other cases. But don't distract us from the real point, which is that this book suggests the possibility of relief from the overwhelming mass of fiction, Pelion upon Ossa piled, under which we have long groaned. What if, upon this example, the great average should take to telling the stories of their lives? With us the lives of the great average are so varied. Each of those who now fill the pulpits, or adorn the stage, or direct the banks and shape the finances, has had a career as varied, and a story which, if told as neatly, as openly, as boldly as this author's, would hold the children from their studies, the old men from their grievances, and charm us all."

"But wait; but stop," the reader interposes once more, and we hope for the last time. "You begin with the declaration that confidences of this sort may be carried too far; you wish to draw a line in autobiography; and you end by inviting all sorts and conditions of men to pour out their histories without stint as a condition of rescuing us from the superincumbent load of fiction. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, plumbers, preachers, contractors are all to tell themselves, and take the novelists' job from them by telling themselves without reserve; and yet you would have them practise a fastidious reticence which would end in no autobiography at all."

"You put it with characteristic unfairness," we retort. "We exact nothing in the practice of autobiography but good taste; that should govern all things; and perhaps living persons have the exclusive right to their own letters, or the other documentary evidences they have produced. We would, for instance, not on any account have missed reading that magazine-owner's letter, and yet, if we had been asked, could we have advised the author's printing it? In some such relation we stand in regard to all potential autobiographers and their material. Be free, be free, be not too free with others, however free you are with yourselves, we should say. It is told that General Sherman published his autobiography in his lifetime, and while the persons concerned could talk back; we do not know that they ever did so; but it seems a fair way of doing. Upon the same principle perhaps the action of the present autobiographer could be justified; or if not justified, defended; or if not defended, accounted for."

"How everything with you," the reader sighs, "comes round to verbal trifling!"



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Editor's Study

THE conception of a vast organization engaging to such an extent the capital and technical skill of all nations as to be able most efficiently and economically to undertake and carry to completion the largest enterprises, industrial or financial—such an organization as the Consolidated Companies, which William Dana Orcutt has made the basis of his latest novel, *The Lever*—is as modern as anything could be. It is allied to the foremost thought of the moment in the minds of statesmen, sociologists, and the plain people. And, when we consider that this world-embracing Trust, which Mr. Orcutt presents to us as in full and successful operation, is intended by its ingenious founder to destroy competition as much for the benefit of the public as for the profit of its stockholders, the conception rises to a lofty plane—the field of the ideal, into which the world of business and finance is finally lifted; the world of politics also, it being henceforth the special function of legislators to serve as sure and watchful guardians of the people against the possible failure of the Trust to keep its pledged faith.

Are we then to have portrayed, in this novel, the realization of a social ideal, the implications of which are so far-reaching as to involve not only the transformation of a competitive civilization into a universal co-operative association, but also—as parts of that miracle—the cessation of war, the abolition of poverty, and the redemption of governments?

Why not? Would not such a realization, in the raised delineation of fiction, be just the substantial expression of the developed sense of Christendom? Would it more than meet the just and natural expectation of all Christian peoples—an expectation based upon advances in this direction already made?

Has the sensibility of mankind, so marvellously transformed during the last two generations, outrun all social activities? For the men of affairs and especially those who hold official position, from premiers and diplomats down to the police captains, repress optimistic expectation. Those who have the largest responsibilities, though they would do anything to abolish war or to promote any high social ideal, yet do not in their conduct of affairs reflect the hopeful conviction of the people as to the possibility of an instant realization of these ideals. They look upon that issue as distant and to be reached by indirection—disarmament, for instance, through increased armament.

Thus, on the side of sensibility, we note a supreme confidence in our modern human nature and, on the practical side, keen suspicion and distrust, even as to the efficiency of the means taken to resist evil—walls of defence, fleets, armies, treaties, protective offices, statutes, and penalties. It must be confessed that only within the shelter of these bulwarks could there have been the fine modern development of sensibility and the exaltation of the elemental passions of human nature to ideal heights.

Within the hard walls which society has built about itself men's natures have not only been softened but stimulated by kindly and gracious impulses to unselfish, unambitious, and disinterested activities. Creative forces awakened by Christianity have developed the distinctively Christian graces, the culture of the heart keeping pace with the enlightenment of Reason. Individualism, whatever stress it lays upon self-development, inevitably becomes socialism—that kind of socialism which expresses, not envy or hatred, but love and sympathy.

At the beginning of this century we find this helpful socialism militant and dominant. Science, in its disinterested quest, is in harmony with this evolution of the soul; it is not only itself uncompetitive, but it is driving out of its

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view of Nature the tensely competitive feature expressed in Darwin's phrase, "the survival of the fittest." Imaginative literature is directly participant in the harmony. Standard fiction for a century has been more effective than any philosophy could be in breaking down class distinctions. Every advance in the art of fiction has been toward the representation of human life in its essential reality, ignoring accidental circumstance whereby society is differentiated into classes, keeping to the common ground of humanity, yet finding there a field of greater and more interesting variations. It is only as the novelist regards those things in which human beings are alike and which make a bond of catholic fraternity possible, and sees these beings in the free play of action and reaction upon one another and upon the common elements of life, that real and natural distinctions are disclosed, that there can be a spontaneous development of individual character.

Peculiar difficulties are interposed the moment any ideal passes from the region of purely creative and, therefore, free and disinterested activities, and strives for its realization in the practical affairs of life. In the creative field no problem, no experimentation, no casuistry, is involved. All these indirections belong to the human forum and arena—to business and political affairs, where progress is made through the adjustment of interests which may be weighed and measured and more or less rationally considered with reference to a standard of justice. The greater the progress the more complex the interests, but also, fortunately, in our modern world, the more regard for justice and free play. With the expansion of popular freedom, intelligence, and control, old types of despotic oppression and heroic competition, accentuating class distinctions, have vanished. Political antagonism is no longer between the aristocracy and the plebs, and the alignment of parties is determined by varied and conflicting interests—often so distributed that even that alignment is broken.

Nevertheless creative ideals, with that inevitability which belongs to all evolutionary procedure, are eventually realized in practical economics as surely as in art and in the most exalted regions of thought and feeling. It is impossible that such a transformation of human sensibility as has been going on for generations, and notably in the last decade, should have no registration in the practical world. The problems which baffle all attempts at arbitrary and mechanical adjustment must yield to natural solution—that is, in the alembic of our human nature—just as surely as elemental passions, given free play in the full light of Reason, become ennobled and refined, and enlightened selfishness becomes a vital altruism. Arbitrary systems are, by a fully developed human sensibility, quickened into living organisms.

The complexity of the collective life through catholicity of sympathy tends toward the simplification of life without impoverishment. General sociability, if not merely conventional, promotes broader views and mutuality of interest. The very meeting, even of those whose motives are mean and sordid, is in some degree uplifting. If we could imagine such a thing as the gathering together of a hundred thieves, this collection of rascals would seek some cover of their shame of one another and lift up some standard of socialism, if no higher than that of Robin Hood's band, even pledging themselves to share their booty with the poor. On the other hand, our ultra-modern association of men and women with aims so high as to exclude all selfish interest, if met for the consideration of the criminal classes, would rise beyond the height of any individual ideal and, with divine forgetfulness of injuries done to society, instead of ostracizing the criminal, determine to bring him within the bounds of sociability. In Cleveland, Ohio, even the police force has been made subsidiary to this associate purpose. The injunction to love one's neighbor as one's self is at once a recognition of the naturalness of self-love and an expression of the evolutionary law of the development of human nature, not by the suppression of any element in it, but by its expansion—by a limitless sociability, which makes for a real, not a conventional politeness. Thus human nature escapes from its dark and narrow channels. Its field of expansion is not alone self, neighborhood,

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or nation, but the world. Only in this wide range and free play is this sociability the embodiment of all that is true, beautiful, and spiritually attractive.

The evolution of our nature is not a bleaching or a sterilizing process, reducing us to non-competitive amiability or unmilitant meekness. Militarism is not the most potent form of militancy, and free competition can never be reached through the desire for an advantage of one class or of one people over another. Indeed, competition, on its highest plane, and incidentally also the most advantageous competition, is for larger invitation, from every one to every other, to participation in benefits; it implies the desire for excellence in the quality of labor and of product, for economic efficiency, and, above all, for fair and noble dealing.

This competition through hospitable invitation may involve vast industrial and financial combinations, to secure excellence, efficiency, and the greatest sum of benefits, but the hospitality must conceal no treason to the invited guests—to shareholders or laborers or consumers. These combinations cannot afford to follow the example set them by log-rolling statesmen. Both kinds of treason—the corporate and the political—must finally become impossible through intelligent popular control.

Popular sovereignty, like all past sovereignties, monarchic and aristocratic, has its root and spring in human nature, and, whatever its extent, it cannot rise above its source. But in institutional development it is artifice that is most in evidence. The beginnings of all institutions were manifestly natural, and artifice, from necessity or for convenience, became uppermost only in their progress and increasing complexity. We can conceive of a point in this progress—we are already indeed brought within sight of such a goal—where, through the expansion of human nature, all systems begin to relax on their artificial side—which is, after all, their negative and repressive side—and to become positively the expression of spiritual dynamics.

But even when we reach, or approximately reach, a social plane so high that psychical values shall be considered above all other, and that practical activities shall be as disinterested as the creative, themselves becoming creative, the artifice will remain, not only as in many ways necessary and in many ways convenient, but as the very framework of every structure; it is an implication of human nature at every stage of its expansion, a constituent element of human consciousness and experience. It is plan, theory, dogma—the form of all system. It is not life, it has no quality, but it is subservient to life, as mechanics are or, on a loftier plane, formal ethics; and it changes to meet the higher needs and uses of life. In religion and art it is the symbol, ever changing, but the symbolism itself endures. Often the artifice has been more honored than the creative power; but of itself it has no grace, beauty, or meaning save as it is clothed upon with life.

Even when the artifice is a mere token, as money is in the exchange of material things, human souls have narrowed themselves to its worship, exalting it as the lever of the world. Yet this token also has its psychical transvaluation in the vitalized organization of our day, not only becoming really a lever through the mastery of creative imagination in practical affairs, but becoming the gold of the heart in a heavenly commerce.

And this brings us back to Mr. Orcutt's novel, which, with precisely the significance we have just indicated, is entitled *The Lever*. The hero of the novel, Mr. Gorham, has creative imagination and an ideal purpose. If his gigantic Trust had worked smoothly, fulfilling its founder's benevolent intentions, we do not say that there would have been no story to tell, but it certainly would not have been the story which Mr. Orcutt has told, and which has the combined interest of tragedy and comedy, being constructed on the lines of a play rather than of a novel, since characters, in agreeable variety, are presented as already developed rather than in process of development, and in situations closely following one upon another with no pause for analysis. There is no melodrama, but the reader does not miss it; no muck-raking, happily, but abundant humor. Mr. Gorham's fellow directors do not share in his ideals; they are in the enterprise for what it is

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worth to them. But the story of a business ruin, like that of easy and triumphant success, would have been intolerably dull. It is because the doom contrived for Mr. Gorham includes a distressful menace to his wife that its impressiveness is so dramatically reinforced. The dénouement is a beautiful and nobly thrilling surprise, apart from its happy issue to the two young lovers who had engaged the reader's interest in the opening chapter of the story.

The business world, as such, whatever the might of imagination involved in its enterprises, or however noble the artifice, hardly tempts the writers of the masterpieces of fiction. In its sordid phases and sensationally exciting vicissitudes, it is to these writers most repellent. If by chance a writer of genius is drawn into this field in the hope of catching there the distinctively modern note, he finds that this note of modernity is not full enough, and he is compelled, as in Mr. Orcutt's case, to seek elsewhere his richer opportunity, in those intimate relations of human life where love and not money is the potent lever, or where the desire to give is greater than the desire to get.

The ordinary run of novels which deal with practical affairs do not in any sense belong to imaginative literature. If they have dramatic effectiveness, it is through that extreme exaggeration which we associate with the lowest form of the drama; or, if superior talent raises them above this level, giving them the respectability of satire in their exposure of human greed and of social vanities, we feel that they are essays reflecting the distorted views of their writers, and that they take the dramatic form for sensational effect and mercantile profit. They refract rather than reflect modernity, evading every distinctive note of it. We forgive them, as we forgive the stage plays of the same class, only if, within the bounds of decency, they are entertaining. The novelist of the baser sort who deliberately and wantonly arrays class against class not only makes common cause with the self-seeking political demagogue, but declasses himself by running counter to the noblest tendency of English fiction.

No other art covers so wide a field, and with such possibilities of variation, as modern fiction—the whole field of human naturalness, in every degree of its culture, from the mother-wit of the illiterate to the subtlest intuitions of the most developed individual and social sensibility, with all the sophistry that lies between, in so far as that sophistry is natural and human in its conceits. Diversity of tastes and interests at different levels of culture has always given fiction a stratified diversification, but always the highest creative genius has generated intelligence in the common mind and touched and stirred the common heart, because such genius is itself most human and natural—also most sociable and the cause of greater sociability in mankind. The time may come when all the forces which make for sociability shall have made our Christendom of one heart if not of one mind—a period when the miracles wrought by association shall eclipse the old miracle of supereminent genius. Human nature may create its own supernatural; but even then individual differentiation would be enhanced rather than diminished, not by distinction as between higher and lower, but, as in the course of evolution, by increased variation.

In spiritual dynamics no equilibrium is ever reached, no dead level of uniformity or perfection. Human nature, though it become supernature and sensible of an "over-soul," will always insist as much upon its repellences as upon its charms, upon its irritabilities as upon its amities, upon self-love as upon altruism, upon the will to get as upon the will to give, though upon all these as complementary opposites. It will never contemn its original sources, though it may seem alternately to deny and to confess them. And lest we should run too far away from them in a facile and impotent stream, one generation passeth away and another generation cometh, that humanity may have a partial recrudescence in the frequent bath of nativity. The comedy of life goes on, losing nothing of its relish; and many a generation to come will wait for the creative genius to present and interpret it in its new and surprising variations.

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Editor's Drawer

The Flight of the Clamoplane

A BALLAD OF COW BAY

BY BURGES JOHNSON

FROM the outer end of the village dock
We dandled our idle feet,
And the cap'n volleyed some bits of rock
Far out toward the pleasure fleet.

"There isn't a lugger behind them lights,
Nor a yacht in the whole dum bay,
I couldn't 'a' bought if I'd hed my rights,"
He said in his artless way.

"Yaas, sir, by Gum, I am sayin' trew--
If only I'd hed my rights
I mightn't of known the likes of you,
From my mansion on the heights.

"I'd 'a' hed two vally de shams er more,
An' a garidge painted green,
An' an iron stag an' a pergalor,
An' a nifty limoseen."

He shifted his chaw to the other tooth,
While I dared no word of doubt,
For I knew that he frequently spoke the truth,
And I knew that the tale would out.

"'Twas long before I hed bought my farm,"
The cap'n remarked at length;
"I was luggin' clams amid storm an' carm,
An' gainin' my puppy strength.



FROM THE OUTER END OF THE VILLAGE DOCK

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"AN' SHE AN' THE KID WOULD COME ALONG"

"I married a wife thet was young an' strong,
A girl with a might of sand,
An' she an' the kid would come along
An' frequently lend a hand.

"One day we happened, along the shore,
On a house-boat wanderin' loose,
An' I lifted a couple of frills er more
Fer the wife an' the baby's use.

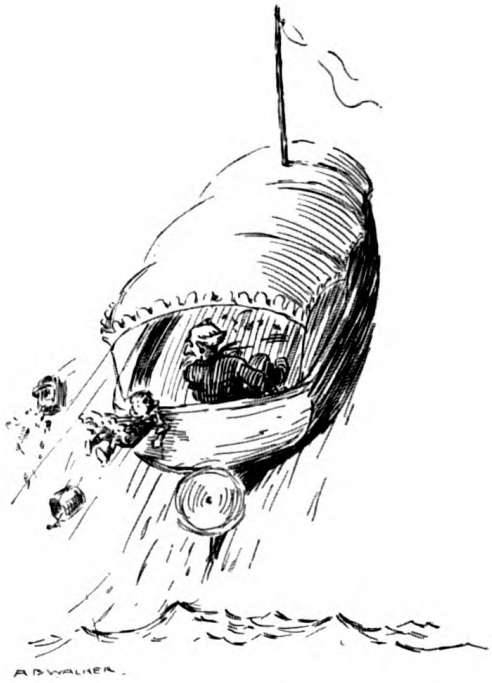


"IN A MOST LUXURIOUS WAY"

"An awnin' strung on an iron rig
Jest fitted my sun-baked craft,
An' a chugger engine looked neat an' trig,
So I fastened it shipshape aft.

"An' there we was with our thin-plank scow
Fer cruisin' around Cow Bay,
But fitted up, as you must allow,
In a most luxurious way.

"I mind me well of a day that came—
It was muggy-like an' cold,
But we'd planned fer a sort of a picnic game,
'Cause the kid were five year old.



"AN' LAUNCHED ON OUR TRIAL FLIGHT"

"An' we chugged away fer the open Sound,
Though the clouds was scuddin' fast,
With little idee whar we mought be bound
Till Barker's Point was passed.

"Then the waves got high an' the wind she rose
An' under our awnin' roared,
An' we drove some nails through the baby's clo'es
To fasten her tight aboard.

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"The gale swooped down an' it carromed up
An' stiffened with every hour,
An' our awnin' filled like a shallow cup
With a terrible liftin' power.

"I seen the chances if nothin' gave,
An' I yelled to my wife, 'Sit tight!'
No sooner said than we topped a wave
An' launched on our trial flight.

"'Now out with the forrard sweep!' I screamed,
'An' wiggle it like a tail!'
An' we kept her trim, while the baby streamed
Astern by a single nail.

"We shaved the tip of the Sands Point Light,
When the wind took an inward slew,
An' none was nigh to obsarve the sight
As the first of the biplanes flew.

"Next thing I know 'twas a chimbley brick
From Fred Green's house we knocks,



"NEXT THING I KNOW 'TWAS A CHIMBLEY BRICK"



"ONE FELLER ALONE SEEN US ASCEND"

An' I yells to the crew: 'Bear upwards, quick!
We're a boat! Keep off the rocks!'

"We landed neat on some private shore
Clean over by Oyster Bay,
An' a man came out of a swell front door
A-warnin' us all away.

"An' the next I knew he was after me,
A-grabbin' me by the throat.
'That awnin' rig an' the rest,' sez he,
'Was stolen from my house-boat!'

"He took no stock in the deeds we did.
My pleadin' was all in vain,
But jest on account of the wife an' kid
He let us sneak home by train.

"One feller alone seen us ascend—
He was workin' at Sands Point Light;
An' he told a cousin, who told a friend,
An' he told Wilbur Wright."

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One Tune He Did Not Know

BLIND Barney's cracked fiddle scraped out a dreamy waltz and, despite the fact that it was the Sabbath eve, the feet of the young people responded and refused to be still. Soon half a dozen couples were lightly twirling on the green. Presently, from the distance, the stern figure of the village minister hove in view, and the erstwhile dancers faded like phantoms into the night. All unconscious of the coming storm, the blind fiddler continued the air.

The minister approached. "Old man," he said, impressively, "did you ever hear the Fourth Commandment?"

"Whistle a bar of it," answered Barney; "ef the toone has a swing to it, there is no tellin' but what I may be able to pick it up."

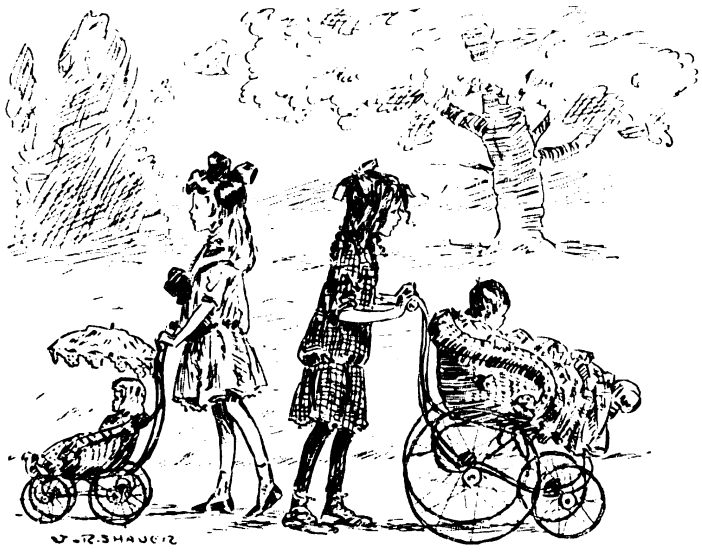
Up to His Honor

IN a Virginia court-room the other day, the judge had just sentenced a negro boy to the reform school, pronouncing the verdict with dignified impressiveness. The incorrigible in the box shuffled unconcernedly. "Yas, suh," he responded. Then his black face took on a look of vexed discontent. "Jedge," he queried, "is you gwine pay de expenses?"

Too Popular

A LITTLE boy was taught the Lord's Prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept repeating it with great faithfulness, and then announced to his mother, in great disgust:

"I heard another fellow say that prayer to-day, mother. First thing we know it's going to get all around town."



The Butterfly and the Bee

Both at Once

MARY refused to say her prayers one night, and her mother asked her if she did not want to ask God to take care of her.

"What is the use?" she said; "He will be looking after Francie, anyway, and might as well have an eye on me."

Very Solicitous

SMALL Rachel had been in the country for the first time and for only a few days. In the yard she saw one evening a hen gathering her chickens under her wings for the night. Flourishing her apron the girl ran at the hen, exclaiming:

"Shoo, shoo! you naughty thing!—you mustn't sit down on those pretty little birds."

A Good Reason

IN one of our small country hotels we had a breakfast served us which was indescribably bad. Nothing could we eat, and in desperation we called the landlady and asked if she could at least give us a glass of milk. With arms akimbo she looked us over and replied: "I tells you right now, I is a noted milker. I was called the best milker in Hinds County when Joe Mitchell married me, but the truth is, I ain't got no cow."

Practical

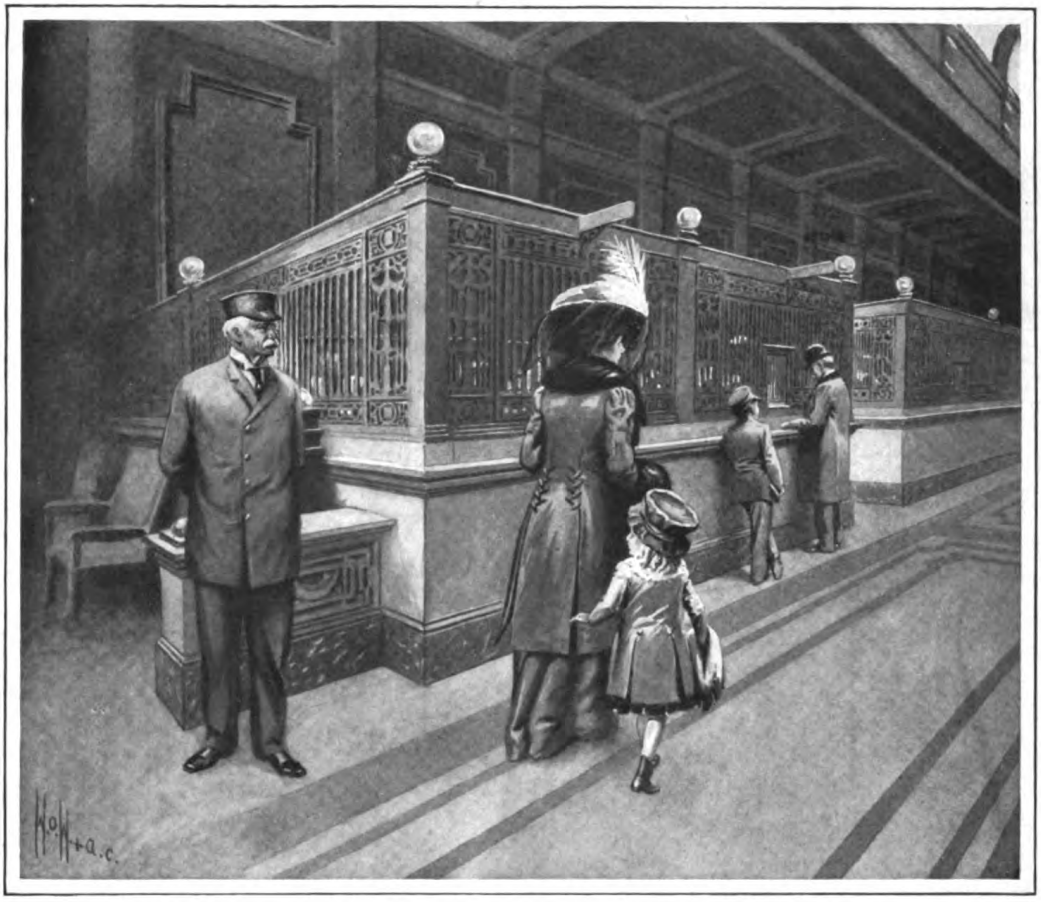
AN attaché of the American Embassy at London tells of a class held at the East End of London for the instruction of the poor in which considerable study was devoted to first-aid-to-the-injured work.

One day, it appears, a sad-looking woman presented herself at the institution, saying that her husband had been drinking immoderately and that she wished that something might be done for him. Accordingly, a clergyman attached to the institution sought out the man and persuaded him to become a member of the class. When he reported he was put into the first aid division. In a short time, strange to say, the man became most interested in his work and was a regular attendant.

"How is your husband doing now?" the woman was asked when next the clergyman saw her.

"'E never goes to the public 'ouse no more, sir," was the proud response. "'E spends his evenings at 'ome, sir, bandaging the cat."

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"Mother, let's ask the Keeper what Time he feeds them"

Papa's Selfish Joy

BY S. E. KISER

I OFTEN wonder why it is
My papa is so good to me;
He gives me lots of things that's his,
And he's as kind as he can be.
Sometimes when we have chicken, why,
He says he likes the wings and heart
And gives the breast to me, 'cause I
Don't care for any other part.

My mamma isn't here, you know;
She's gone up to the sky to stay;
She went away long, long ago,
'Cause God He wanted her, they say;
And so my aunt is all I've got
To be here in my mamma's place
And worry over every spot
That I get on my clo's or face.

But she's a kind aunt, all the same,
And never cross aceptin' when
The rheumatizzum makes her lame—
It's time for keepin' quiet then!

I'm glad my papa doesn't get
Excited with rheumatic pains
Or other things to make him fret
And limp around before it rains.

He reads my story-books at night
Before it's time to go to bed,
And often laughs with all his might
When I laugh at the things he's read;
And every little while he brings
Me something that I wish I had;
It keeps him busy doin' things,
My aunty says, to make me glad.

One time I ast him why it made
Him glad to be so kind to me,
Because I haven't ever paid
A cent for livin' here, you see;
And then he said: "Well, dear me suz!
I think it's just my selfish joy."
It's funny what a papa does
For nothin' for his little boy.

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THE SEPARATION WAS BASED ON A CLEAR CASE OF NON-SUPPORT

Merely Waiting

A NEW ORLEANS man, who was travelling through a certain section of the South, came upon an object of interest in the shape of a darky lying on the ground at the edge of a corn-field. He was gazing stolidly at the sky, entirely unmindful of a hoe that lay alongside him.

"What are you doing?" asked the stranger.

"I'm out heah to hoe dat co'n," responded the darky.

"Then why are you lying on the ground? Resting?"

"No, sah, I ain't restin'," said the darky, "I'se jest waitin' fo' de sun to go down, so I kin quit work."

Resting

IT was a dripping London day, and the driver had just stopped his bus to allow a Parsee in a red turban to alight.

"What sort of chap is that?" asked the driver, of an English passenger.

"He's a Parsee—worshipper of the sun," was the reply.

"Worships the sun," repeated the shivering driver. "I suppose he come 'ere to 'ave a rest."

Jeanne or Noah

GOING into the book department of a store, I was received by a young woman who was evidently a new clerk, for she stood all attention, with pencil uplifted, giving her whole mind to the effort of grasping my wishes.

She was not surreptitiously or overtly chewing gum, nor fussing with the false curls at the back of her exaggerated coiffure, nor giving me one ear while straining the other to catch some neighboring conversation, nor calling me Madame with conventional courtesy while glancing down her nose scornfully at my bulging shopping-bag and my serviceable rainy-day boots—in a word, she was new to her business.

"Have you The Story of the Ark?" I inquired.

"Jeanne or Noah, please," said the young woman, politely.

Plenty of Time

THE minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village, when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked: "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht."



A Compliment

MOTHER: "*The name of the one with the pink ribbon is Ethel. Isn't it?*"

DAUGHTER: "*Yes; I christened her after you 'cos everybody says she's getting more like her gran'-mother every day.*"

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"Well, Cy, we missed ye yistiddy."
"Yes; the boys went off with the touring-car, Sally had the runabout, and the hired hand was fixin' the carbureter on my roadster, so I had to stay to hum all mornin'."

Bruce's Mother

THE inspector was examining the school, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

The subject was history.

"Now tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of the great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Artistry

AS a melancholy-looking Italian was steadily grinding out ragtime from his street-piano, a passer-by stopped to observe the antics of the man's monkey. Then, turning his attention to the man himself, the interested one observed:

"It must be quite difficult to turn the crank in such excellent time as you do."

"Eet ees nota hard," said the musician, with a sad smile, "eef you don't-a hava da monk. Turna da crank, keepa da time, and watcha da monk—dat taka da arteest!"

Preposterous

A MEMBER of Congress was very much impressed with the dignity of his position and it was always on his mind. One night his wife awakened him and whispered:

"John, there are burglars in the house."

"You must be mistaken, my dear," he answered; "there may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh no; the idea is preposterous."

The Best of References

WHEN the new girl from the employment agency had duly presented her references and the mistress had read them over, she regarded the girl with a stern eye.

"I am not satisfied with these references," she finally said.

"I'm not ayether, mum," said the frank Celt, "but they're the best I could git, mum."

He Remembered

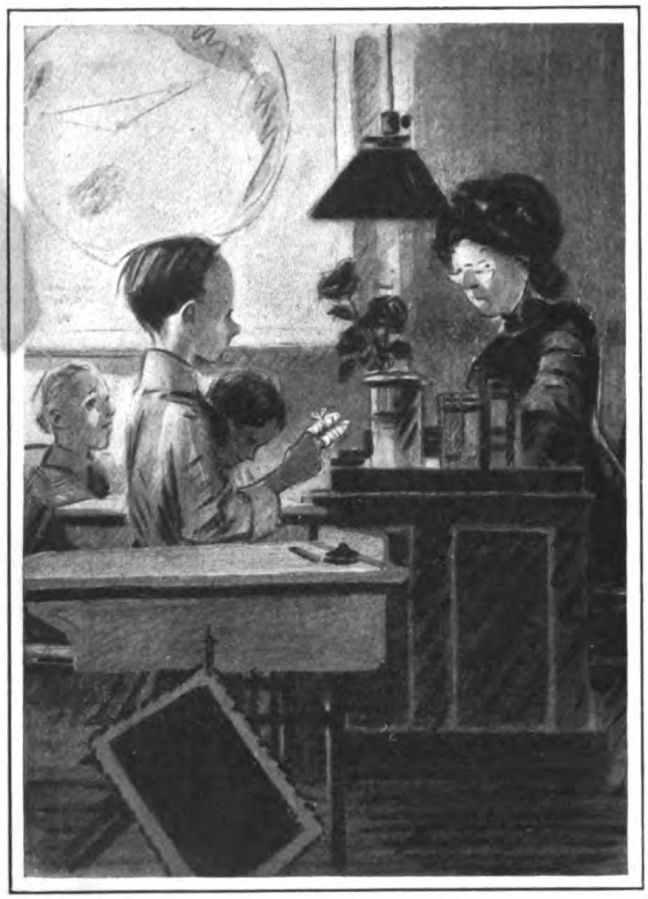
A FAMOUS actor tells a story of a friend of his who returned to New York after several years' absence in the West.

As they walked down Broadway on a sightseeing tour, the actor asked:

"You remember Grace Church, I suppose?"

"Let's see," replied his friend; "what company was she in?"

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TEACHER: "*No, no, William, eight and four do not make thirteen. You used to do better than that.*"

WILLIAM: "*Please, ma'am, it's awful hard to do mental 'rithmetic when two of yer fingers is on the blink.*"

Those New Poets

QUITE frequently it happens
As I scan my HARPER'S o'er,
I see a goodly poet's name
I've never seen before.

I think, "He's very clever
At cutting verbal pranks;
Another merry jingler
Is added to our ranks."

And then this notion stirs me,
And round my spirit hangs:
"Is it another pseudonym
Of J—— K—— B——?"

CAROLYN WELLS.

Melancholy Reading

"HISTORY is interesting," remarked a little beginner the other day, "but I think it is very sad, father. Do you know, everybody I've studied about yet has died."

Correct

ONCE upon a time a child who was asked to define a mountain range replied, "A large-sized cook-stove." The same method of reasoning seems to go with older growth. A recent examination paper at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale contained the question, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" And the answer on one paper read, "The stomach."

Why Pat Dropped

AN Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reason for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the wire would break."

In Lieu of the Dime

WHEN a country doctor in Maryland arrived at a certain patient's house he found the man in a comatose condition, a circumstance that necessitated several hours of restorative labor.

"How did this happen?" demanded the doctor, when the trouble was over. "Did you give him the powder I left?"

"Yes, sir," responded the tearful wife.

"As much as would go on a dime and no more?"

"Yes, sir, we done just like you said. That is, we couldn't find no dime. So I shook a nickel and five cents out of Billy's bank and gave him just what they would carry."

Honest

TOMMY, aged six, was asked by a visitor how he stood in school.

"In the corner," replied truthful Tommy.

Probably the Litany

MARGOT'S first appearance at Sunday-school was under the wing of her Episcopalian cousin. On her return she was asked how she liked Sunday-school.

"It did not amount to much," was her verdict. "A man got up and read something out of a book, and every time he stopped, the children all growled at him."

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green Illustration for "Tapestries of Twilight"

FROM THE WHIRLING WHEEL WONDERFUL COLORED RAYS BEGAN TO RISE

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Among the Titans of the Patagonian Pampas

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

IT was late in February, and the Patagonian summer had already begun to wane, but, winter or summer, winds sweep with terrific force across the desolate, treeless pampas which from the Rio Negro to the Strait of Magellan are known as Patagonia. The nomadic tribes of big aborigines who roam them are thus known as Patagonians, although among themselves they have their tribal names, the principal ones being *Tehuelche* (southern people) and *Puelche* (northern people).

It was in my search, for ethnic purposes, of some of the former tribe that the late February day found me with my lone *gaucho* (Argentine cowboy), Adams by name, a *tropilla* (troop) of eight horses and a *madrina* (bell-mare), jogging at a steady trot westward between the Coyle and Santa Cruz rivers.

From Punta Arenas over two hundred miles to one of their old camp sites on the northern bank of the Rio Gallegos, and thence to the Coyle, we had failed to find them, and at river fords and lone ranches the reply was always that noncommittal, irresponsible idiom of Spanish South America, "*Quien sabe!*" (Who knows!). Then north, then west, until one morning, at Tres Lagunas (Three Lakes), Kypay, a big Tehuelche, crossed our trail in search of his fifty wild mares.

Over *gaucho bombachos* (wide trousers) and shirt he wore the characteristic dress of his people—a large guanaco-skin *capa* (skin cloak), worn with the fur inside, and held on by the left arm, while below protruded the *potros,* or horse-leg skin boots. The broad cloth band which encircled his forehead held down thick black hair. Beneath the capa, too, was the *charipa* (broad scarf belt), through which is always thrust the inevitable knife.

"There! On!" answered Kypay, in Spanish. "You will find five toldos in a lagoon—enough people—enough horses—you come when sun there," and he motioned westward toward the level line of the far-distant horizon. "Adios!" and we swung into our saddles and parted.

Protracted travelling without an opportunity to restock with meat, in our search of those elusive will-o'-the-wisps, had led us into a great desert waste known as "*Campos altos sin agua*" (high country without water), the only place across the whole of this section where game—guanaco and ostrich*—upon which we depended for food, was not plentiful. All around us as far as the eye could reach stretched a limitless desert of hard, stony, barren ground, broken only by patches of black, parched shrub called *maté negro,* and occasion-

* The guanaco is the *Auchenia huanaco,* a large wild llama—the ostrich, so called, is the *Rhea darwini.*

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ally interspersed with tufts of dry, brown grass.

Over this the unshod troop pounded steadily on, the gait a trot; for gallop your horses here on a long journey, and you may, if you are lucky, trudge your way sore-footed and starving to some lone camp, or you may leave your bones to bleach and glisten with those of your horses. One should have a large enough troop to use a fresh horse every day for each man and pack, for at least three consecutive days. Having only eight horses, and requiring four for saddle and cargo, forced us to use daily one-half our troop. The custom is to drive the troop free in front, generally breasting those bitter winds which sweep down from the Andes eastward, sometimes for a week at a time, and with such hurricane force that horses frequently will refuse to face them. Nearly lifted from our saddles, seeming with eyes, nose, ears, and mouth to drink in the dust and sharp, stinging sand kicked up in front of us, we glimpsed things with tear-blinded eyes, or yelled through cracked and bleeding lips, endeavoring to hold the animals together as they veered from the course.

The level or undulating surface of the pampas is scared with shallow depressions, or *cañadons*, in the centre of which are *lagunas* (shallow lakes). Here water accumulates from the winter's snow and rain. During the dry summer, in the heart of many of these cañadons, springs, and consequently grass, are found, and these spots the traveller must reach. It is here that the Tehuelches pitch their *toldos* (skin tents),* usually on the west side, thus gaining slight protection from the winds. Here, too, they dig their water-holes, staying until the water-supply diminishes, or their restive spirits prompt them to pack up their toldos and move away.

Suddenly we came upon a ridge of one of these cañadons—a salt one. Across it, against the sun, was a herd of mares and two Tehuelches, one of whom we intercepted. He had his toldo at the camp we were in search of, and conducted us to it. Just as the sinking sun, in a blaze of splendor, silver-selvaged the dark nimbus and made the wind-rent clouds flare in great flames of red gold which the brown, sombre pampas reflected and softened to old-rose, we dropped into a second cañadon, where five skin tents humped up from the ground and broke jaggedly the level horizon line of the pampas beyond.

They opened toward the east, back to the direction of the prevailing winds. Save for some tethered horses, the camp showed no sign of habitation, until we discerned an occasional black head over the low, skin windbreak which curved around the front opening of each toldo. Their keen eyes had sighted us, of course, the moment we were over the eastern sky-line.

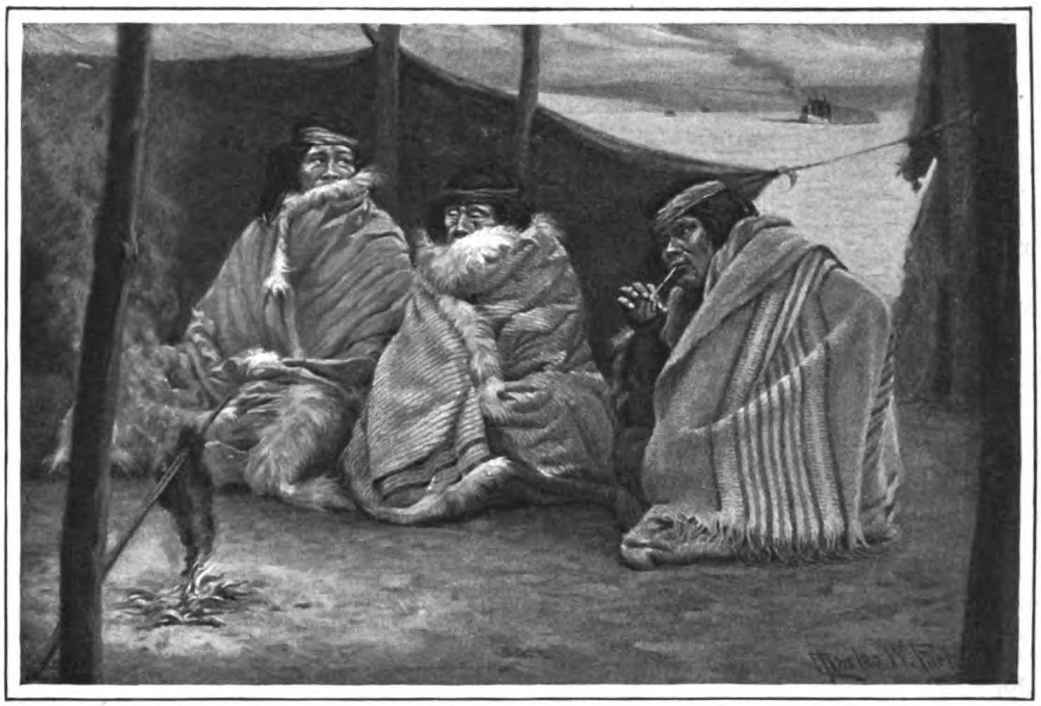
The Tehuelche, without comment, rode to his toldo. We circled around the camp, and chose a site a hundred yards to the rear at its southerly end, affording a commanding view of their camp from our tent opening. Another Tehuelche rode over, and lying on the neck of his horse, silent and lynx-like, watched every movement as we unloaded the tired animals, hobbled the madrina, and turned all but one of them loose. Though we were a bit in the lee on the slope, the wind blew so terrifically that it was with great difficulty we pitched our tent, which had a sloping back to spill the wind.

With everything secure against pilfering, we walked to our guide's toldo. Had we been mounted, we should have sat our saddles silently at the entrance until asked to dismount, which is their invitation to enter. As it was, we stood outside. The occupants conferred, then from their scant wood-supply a squaw withdrew a few caliphate roots and placed them on the fire embers, and the head of the toldo signed us to enter, indicating our places. With three other Amerinds* and one of the women, we sat about the fire in silence, while the squaw half filled a *maté* (gourd cup) with *yerba* (green tea-like herb). She shortly filled the gourd with boiling water; into this she thrust a *bombilla* (a long metal tube

* Called by the Tehuelches *Ku;* Toldo, though Spanish, is generally used.

* Due to the misapplication of and confusion arising from the use of the word "Indian" in reference to American aborigines and thus making no differentiation in the term between the native peoples of India and the Americas, I use the more specific ethnic term, Amer-ind (American Indian), as suggested by Maj. J. W. Powell.

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TEHUELCHES DRINKING MATÉ IN THE BAY OF THEIR TOLDO

with a perforated bulge on the end), and handed the potion to her husband, who proceeded to "take maté"—or, more literally, to suck the bitter beverage through the bombilla. This requires no little skill to avoid clogging the holes, which are cleared by blowing back into the tube. The same yerba is rewatered time and again. Twice our host filled and emptied the gourd, slowly, deliberately, then handed it to his neighbor with his right hand (for to hand it with the left is to give offence). It was filled again and handed to me, and so it went the rounds.

A refusal to drink is always inconvenient and sometimes dangerous, for this custom signifies a welcome to friendship. Unhygienic at its best, at times it shows disease to be so evident that a tactful excuse is a matter of self-preservation. "*Muy mal estómago*" (very bad stomach), was my last resort—a weak excuse and inconsistent, perhaps, when the next moment one is downing a large slice of their horse meat.

While the maté was going the rounds, I took careful note of the toldo and the occupants. It was divided into six compartments, constructed of upright forked poles, reinforced by a few others lashed to them crosswise. Stretched over these, fur side out, was the covering, consisting of about fifty large guanaco-skins, sewn together with ostrich sinew. A large toldo may measure sixteen and a half feet wide, twenty-two feet deep, and at the front nearly eight feet high.

Now that the cold winds of winter had begun to sweep down from the Andes, a front covering had already been put in place, with extra poles forming a sort of bay, this covering to be let up or down, according to the weather. Within this bay is the fire, and it is here that visitors are received, a stranger rarely venturing to intrude into the toldo proper, which is separated by the set of the poles into from four to six divisions. These last are generally open, though sometimes partitioned with skins; one is for the unmarried men, one or two for the unmarried women, and one for the owner and his wife or wives, while the spare sections are usually occupied by the numerous dogs, horse-gear, and belongings. These belongings are rolled up in cured horse-hides, attractively decorated on the

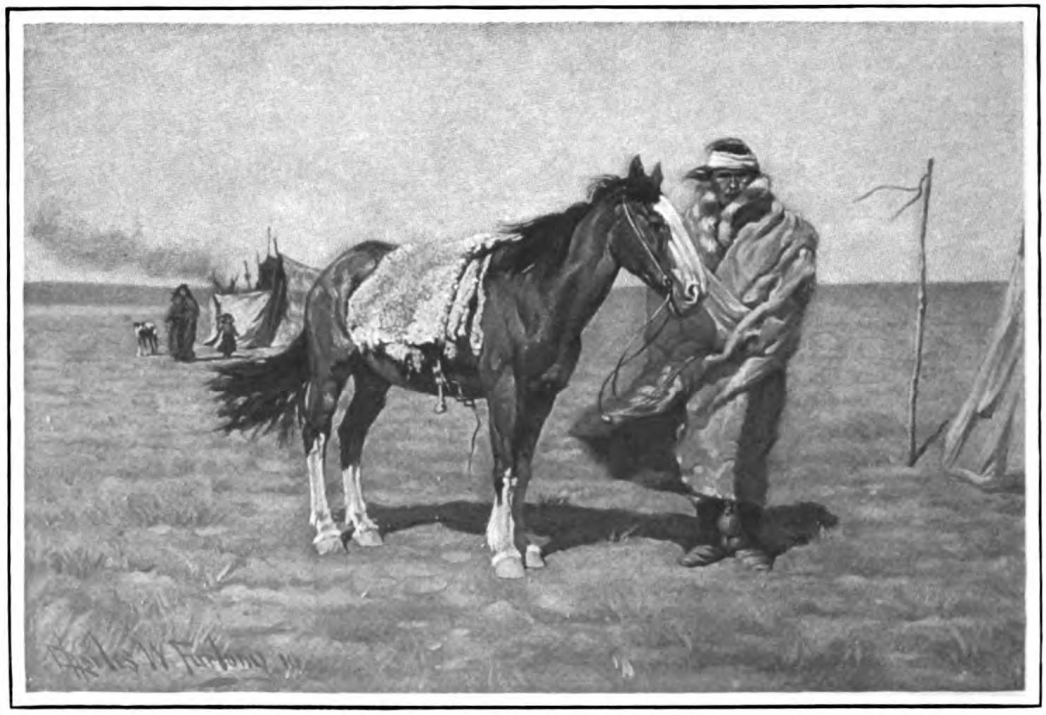
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skin side, which is outermost, and ranged along at the back of the toldos, thus serving to protect the goods, hold down the back against wind, and prevent easy access under it by intruders. The women usually occupy the centre divisions, reserved for their exclusive use; and this sociological custom, in my opinion, is an important phase in the primitive ethics of the tribe.

In this toldo, besides two men visitors, were four women and some girls. One busied herself with sewing guanaco-skins; the others sat and watched us, except a very old, blind woman, big, and of massive features, with gray hair. She had probably seen a full century roll by; had roamed these limitless pampas when she had numbered her people by the thousands—long before the white man had decimated them with rum, bullets, clothes, and disease, and the sheep-rancher had shut them off with his wire fencing from the sea and from the choice camping-grounds in the richest cañadons and most fertile banks by the river mouths.

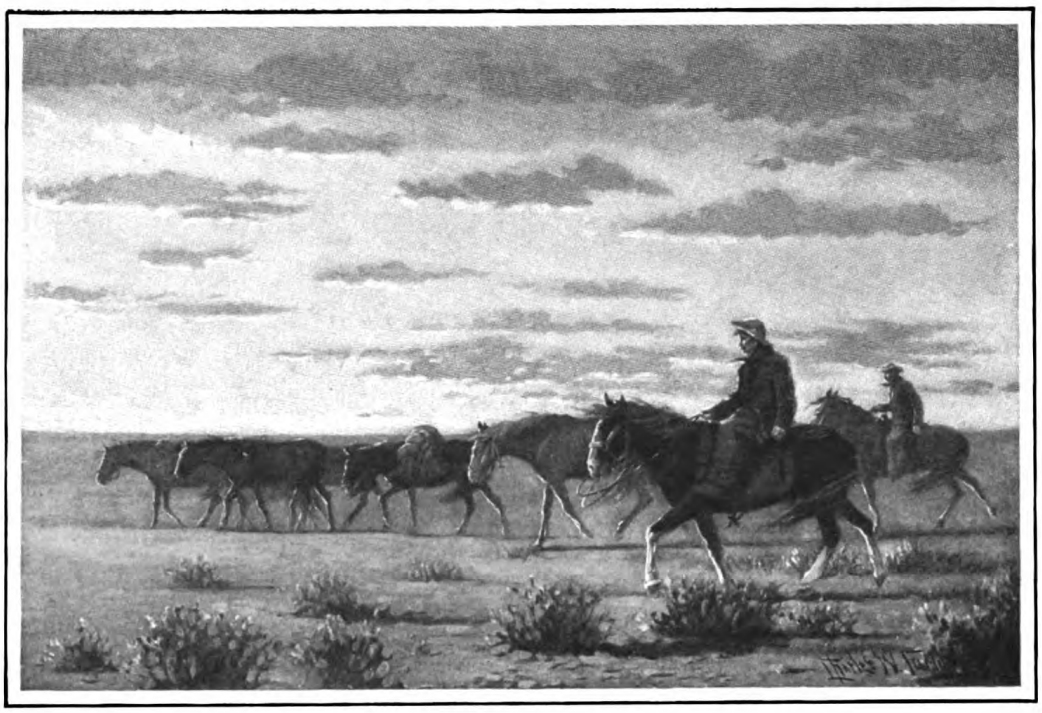
Save for the bit of sheep ribs we were treasuring, and our emergency rations of pemmican and chocolate which we were husbanding for use farther west, our supplies were exhausted. A hard day and little to eat since morning whetted our hunger for the pieces of mare's meat, the staple food of the Indians, which, coated with the dust of the toldo, dripped and sputtered on a stick over the fire. A tin of coarse salt was upset, then scooped back with the dirt and sprinkled over the meat. But fire is a good antiseptic, and hunger the best appetizer, and we fell to, slashing long strips from the burnt hunk, and eating with hunting-knives and fingers. It was an elemental sight, these powerful children of Nature tearing and chewing great mouthfuls, with their perfect white teeth glistening, their dark eyes gleaming wolf-like satisfaction, but themselves never so absorbed as to cease to scan furtively the sky-line.

From our positions we could keep an eye on our own tent. In its shadow a gaunt, black guanaco-hound sniffed at the flap, raised it, and disappeared within. Inside was our treasured remnant of meat. My departure from the toldo was most unceremonious. Barely in time to yank half of it from the savage



A Titan of the Pampas

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TRAVELLING WITH A TIRED TROPILLA

brute, I rapped him over the head with the iron handle of my *revenca* (riding-quirt), and sent him snarling from the tent.

We were now dependent upon the hospitality of the Tehuelches for food, therefore horse meat with salt two or three times a day formed our entire menu for the greater part of the week we were with this camp. Water, too, was scarce; for this reason, and to attend "Carnival" and to trade at Gallegos, the camp was soon to pull up stakes and move southeastward to the outskirts of that little settlement. This village numbered some forty-five people, who owned three thousand horses and mares, which roamed wild over the pampas. Mares are not ridden by the Tehuelches, being used only for breeding and food.

One day our attention was attracted by the grunt of a half-breed, and every eye looked toward a point on the eastward horizon. Three horsemen came riding down, rollicking in their saddles, and passing back and forth a bottle containing *wachiki,* or *aguardiente,* a vile brandy concoction, sold to the Tehuelches by wandering Argentine traders and half-breeds. They had ridden their animals hard from a distant camp, and had brought up at the toldo; one hiccoughed in Spanish that he was "riding a bullock," and both rode on to Muños's, the half-breed's toldo, in front of our tent.

A few hilarious shouts drifted to us from the neighboring toldo, then all was quiet on the great pampas, except the faint sound of the madrina's bell and an occasional neigh, which reassured us that our troop had not yet wandered far. I wrote late that night, until the candle burned close to the stock of my Winchester, on which it rested. We had at last found the Tehuelches.

The next morning we were astir while the dawn was still gray and the frosty air chilled one to the marrow. The toldos, like rounded hummocks, loomed big and mysterious in front of us; not a curl of smoke rose skyward; absolute silence hung over everything, except when an occasional wind gust buckled the tent; for it was the hour when men and dogs sleep heaviest.

Pampas custom is to turn all horses loose but one, which is tethered for rounding up the troop and driving them

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A TYPICAL TOLDO WITH HORSE MEAT DRYING ON THE POLES

back to camp the next morning. To tether a horse on the barren pampas is not always easy, so perhaps next to consideration of their feed, a single maté-negro, maté-verdi, or caliphate bush determines a camp site. In such a country one should always carry a steel screw tethering-pin. Unless good vega grass is found, the madrina, the troop leader, is hobbled, which forces her to hump along with her fore feet close together. We hobbled the *alazán* (chestnut)* also, as he had a habit of travelling at night, for we wished to take no chance of the troop straying far, mixing with the herds of the Tehuelches, or being stolen by "bad men" or the Tehuelches themselves.

In pre-equine days, terminating with the Spanish invasion, these sons of the pampas lived a much more athletic existence; for to-day the Tehuelche, like the gaucho, will not walk a hundred yards if his horse is close at hand, and it usually is. To the horse is probably due the disappearance of the sling and the bow and arrow, as well as the more prevalent use of that unique and characteristic weapon of the pampas, the *boleadores*, or *bolas*.

This consists of two or three rawhide-covered balls, connected by rawhide, to be swung around the head, and hurled from the saddle by one of the balls, slightly egg-shaped, called the *manlita*, or hand-ball, with the result that the quarry is entangled around the legs, and incidentally struck and pounded by the balls themselves. The more primitive bolas were round stones, to which rawhide guanaco thongs were attached in a groove. Later these were covered with rawhide for horses, and the lines doubled, and now many bola leathers are filled with shot or iron. Three-balled bolas are used for horses, while two balls serve for ostrich and sometimes guanaco, which are bolaed about the neck. A single ball, called the *bola perdida* (lost ball), with an attached string, used as a hurling-stone, was undoubtedly the most primitive form of this formidable weapon. Horses are never bolaed by a man on foot, for the obvious reason that they must be taught not to fear a man coming thus, this precaution enabling a lone dismounted man to approach his horse.

Thus the coming of the horse into Patagonia has greatly facilitated the nomadic Tehuelche's travelling, increased his efficiency in procuring game, and, because of his taste for mare's flesh, greatly reduced the constant necessity of securing guanaco and ostrich for food.

* On the pampas horses are named according to their colors or markings.

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Although facilitating the procuring of the necessities of life, it has also made easier the acquiring of that poisonous demoralizer of the Tehuelche—aguardiente.

The cupidity of these people for horses has been the cause of many a raid on the frontier settlements, and tales of their cruelty at such times are recounted by some of the oldest settlers—just as acts of the white man's barbarity are remembered and retold by the Tehuelche old people.

The Tehuelche is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. Few of those I met weighed under one hundred and eighty pounds; their average height was over five feet ten inches; but it was their huge bulk and enormous strength that impressed me most. I have little doubt that the earlier generations, particularly before the contact of civilization, averaged over six feet. Even as late as 1852, Bourne, a captive, a man of five feet ten, stated he could easily stand under the arms of many of them; hence the reports of the old explorers of a giant race is less fabulous than it might at first seem; indeed, if we relate their height to that of the average European, the report seems true. The women are large and heavy, some of the younger ones are comely, while all have that modest reserve which I have always found among aboriginal women. Straight black hair, broad faces, high, heavy cheek-bones, and slightly oblique, narrow eyes give both men and women a Mongol cast of features, which, with their cinnamon-colored skin, tanned red, and several values lower on exposed parts, produces a strong resemblance to North Amerinds.

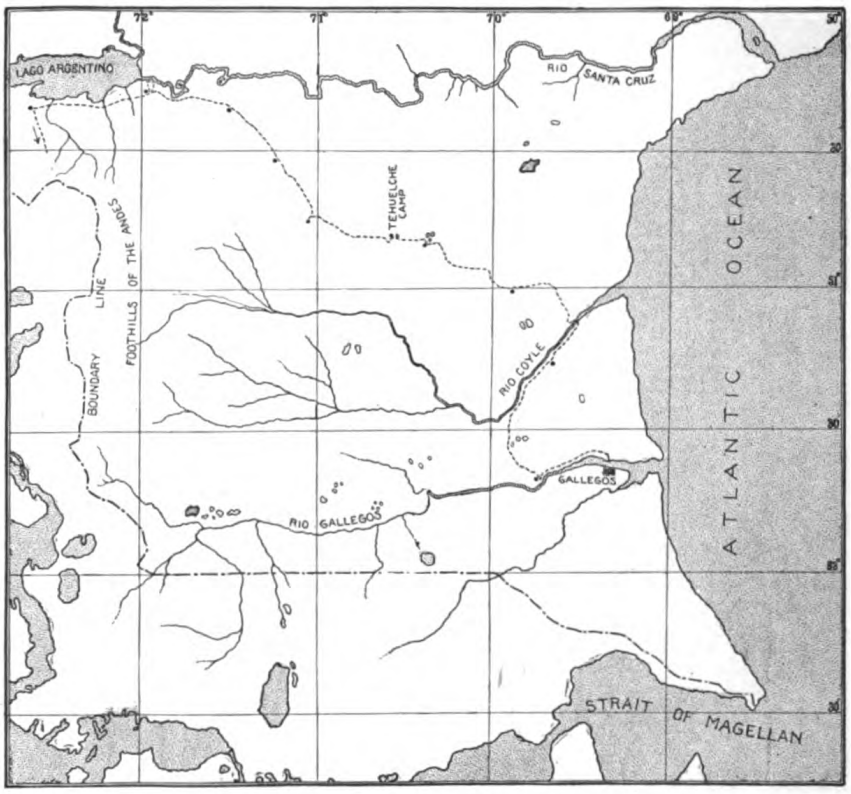
Normally they are a peaceable and kindly people, yet they are impulsive, capable of strong prejudices, very revengeful, and—often with good reason—suspicious of strangers. They are not to be trifled with, and when under the influence of drink are brutal and dangerous. They show love for their children and wives and kindness to their old people. They are divided into numerous tribes or groups, each having its chief or *cacique,* upon whom the burdens of government rest but lightly. The cacique of the tribe to whom this village belonged was then at another camp. They believe in a good and an evil spirit, whom they propitiate, and have many stories, myths, and superstitions connected with the sun, moon, and stars, while the slaying of horses and drinking of blood form a conspicuous part in their superstitions, birth, marriage, and death ceremonies, many of which are most repulsive.

When Magellan first passed through the Strait there were perhaps no less than ten thousand Patagonians roaming from the Rio Negro to the Strait, while to-day, driven back from the littoral to the high pampas and the foot-hills of the Andes, altogether they would probably not total over five hundred.



BREAKING CAMP

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MAP SHOWING ROUTE FROM GALLEGOS TO LAGO ARGENTINO
Route indicated by broken line, camp sites by dots

Two days we spent quietly and profitably among them, living and studying the conditions of their life, the only discord being occasioned by their resentment of my use of pencil and camera, the theft of some fine bolas which Adams left outside our tent, and the importunate insistence and surreptitious methods of Muños, the half-breed, in his attempts to secure my limited supply of Winchester ammunition.

Late the second afternoon a sinister-looking half-breed, and Casimiro, a strapping big Tehuelche, rode in, half drunk. Later the two came to our tent and insisted on having something to eat.

"*No hay*" (There is nothing), Adams replied; but spying one of the cakes of chocolate of our emergency rations which we were repacking, the Tehuelche reached his long arm for it. Anticipating the action, I secured the cake and started to break off a piece for him. Without any hesitancy, the big hand shot out again and grabbed it from mine. Using discretion, I swallowed my feelings while he swallowed the chocolate.

Shortly after they left us, noises and cries told us that unrest was brewing in the formerly peaceful camp. Indistinct forms galloped in across the pampas, but it was now too dark to see who they were. The night completely shrouded everything in its dark blueness, the glow of the fires glimpsed red through rent or hole in the backs of the toldos, and weird cries and guttural shouts told all too plainly that not only liquor but anger was upon them. We blew out our candle early, that the dull luminous triangle of our lighted tent might not attract attention.

It was well after eleven o'clock, perhaps, when, lying on my guanaco-skins, head at the tent opening, looking toward the toldos, I made out two dark figures quietly approaching our tent. When within some thirty feet, the shorter shifted his belt and adjusted his knife. Nudging Adams, already drowsing, I

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Drawn by Charles W. Furlong Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

WITH TENT AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS PACKED ON A SINGLE HORSE

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whispered what I saw. We put on our cartridge-belts, I laid my rifle beside me, and drew out my Colt's.

"*Que quiere?*" (What do you want?) I called, as the two figures moved toward us. The suddenness of their halting assured me that they had not expected to find us awake.

"*El Americano. Tieni hambre*" (The American. We are hungry), said the smaller of the two.

"*Tieni cartucho?—con balas?*" (Have you cartridges—with bullets?) gruffly demanded the bigger. They were the half-breed and Casimiro, whose big frame completely filled the opening, and they would have pushed their way into our little tent, had we not deliberately ensconced ourselves in the gap. Neither was in a friendly mood; Casimiro was threatening and insolent, as he shoved his big face almost into mine, and the odor of his brandied breath pervaded the tent. The only ammunition we had was for our own use, and so we told him in no uncertain manner. It was a trying half-hour that we sat there in the dull starlight, half on our knees, ready to anticipate any untoward movement.

Pulling a bottle from his shirt, the half-breed drank, then Casimiro gulped down some of the vile stuff. "*Bebe!*" (Drink) he growled. "Better take it," said Adams. Twice it was necessary for us to guzzle down the warm, vile wachiki, before our visitors were satisfied and took their leave.

Adams stayed watch for a while, but I could not sleep, and soon relieved him. By midnight the camp had lapsed into quiet. Through my long watch I failed to catch the sound of the madrina's bell, and with the first raising of the curtain of night I strained anxious eyes in the direction where we had tethered the *sino* (dark bay). He could not be seen in the half-light—perhaps he was lying down, flat; and I ran toward his tethering-bush, to find him gone—tethering-rope and all.

Another tent caught my eye, pitched next to the half-breed's in front of us during the night by some Argentine traders, who were the cause of the debauch. They had brought two heavily rum-loaded *cargueros* (pack-animals) with them, and, as is their custom, were prepared to camp down here until they accomplished their end—the exchange of their aguardiente, for which that fine Titan of the pampas sacrifices his beautiful guanaco-skins, his healthy body, and his simple, primitive soul.

The squaws rarely touch drink, and try to keep it from the men, knowing full well that the season's hard-earned skins, which they have so faithfully and beautifully sewn into capas, may go in a day, and that, too, it is often the precursor of bloody and fatal affrays. When the inevitable happens, and, by fierce guttural oaths and the glare of bloodshot eyes, the men give vent to all the fierce animalism of their natures, the women use every device possible, often at great risk, to obtain and secrete their knives and guns.

We decided to borrow a horse from Muños, if possible, and that Adams should try to trail the tropilla, while I stayed in camp with our belongings. Seeing smoke from Muños's toldo, we went over to it. With him were two sodden, insolent half-breeds, but Muños was perfectly sober. Eying my Colt's, he suddenly demanded it. On the pampas a man and his gun are not easily parted, but he was insistent, and as we were partaking of his last charqui, and still had the favor of the loan of a horse to ask, I complied, first removing the cartridges. After some explaining, and the promise of a round later of Winchester .44, a horse was brought for Adams, who shortly disappeared over a rise of ground.

What a contrast—yesterday a peaceful camp busy with the arts of its simple life, to-day the little cañadon was a veritable Gehenna of unrest; the men brawling; the women, drowsy from a sleepless night and burdened with the responsibilities of keeping peace, morose and ungracious; even the dogs, at all times surly, were more vicious than usual. Meanwhile a half-breed and the Argentine traders had added to their stock of guanaco-skins, eventually to sell them at Gallegos and Sandy Point (Punta Arenas).

Two hours passed and no sign of Adams, which gave me concern not only for the troop, but for Adams himself. Then the forenoon slipped by. Not until afternoon did he break the sky-line with

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the troop. Tracking them had been well-nigh impossible over the sections trodden by the Amerinds' herds of wild horses, now grazing to the south. They had travelled half-way (fifteen miles) back to Tres Lagunas. The reason of their long hike was evident: the madrina's raw-hide hobble was around but one fetlock of the mare—the other loop had been chewed apart by pampas fox.

Horse meat was getting low, and the Tehuelches asked us to accompany them next day on an ostrich-hunt. Not wishing to be separated or to leave the tent unprotected, we declined, whereupon we received information unpleasant as it was unexpected—that the men were later going to hunt at Lago Argentino (Lake Argentine), and intended accompanying us on our departure. "The Lago" was nearly a hundred miles westward, and this sudden change in their plans from going east to Gallegos was not agreeable. Saying we should probably change our own plans and go south to the Coyle to visit a lone ranch there, we shortly repaired to our tent.

Here Adams discovered that all his extra revolver cartridges which had been placed in my saddle-bags were gone, and that the chambers of his revolver were empty—the latter mishap probably due to his own carelessness, but the former emphasizing the fact that Tehuelches, liquor, and white men do not blend. So we decided to hobble two of the horses that night, and doubly secure the tethered one, and the next day to move on.

With the setting of the sun came again the flaming breath of drink, and the winds swept with them over the dull twilighted pampas a wilder medley of carousing. Later the wind lulled, and the fires of camp and orgy died out. Through the night I sat watch in the tent opening, wrapped in my guanaco-skin to keep out the bitter cold. Above, the clear, cold heavens pulsated with a million scintillating Pleiades; through this Galaxy of the South signs of a new zodiac, unknown to the ancients of the old world, braided in jewelled glitter. So on toward the Antarctic the Milky Way spread its luminous glow, here punctuated by the brilliant constellations of Magellan's Clouds, there by that dark gap, the Coal Sack, through which the strongest telescope reveals no star, while almost above me the brilliant Southern Cross and The Pointers slowly swung their course through the arc of night.

Yonder red men, as they ride the pampas by night, point, as did their fathers with their spears, each to his own star, toward which he shall ride on the last Great Hunt, and set their vigils by the swing of the Ostrich's Foot (Southern Cross), and think perchance of their quarry of the morrow as they view the dual glint of the Boleadores (The Pointers).



TEHUELCHE AND HALF-BREED VISITING OUR TENT TO TRADE FOR AMMUNITION

Those were wondrous nights on those far-away pampas reaches. The moon was now on the wane, dull, and things on the near-by ground were indistinct. A pampas fox, attracted by the smell of our leather gear and guanaco-skins, suddenly nosed around the tent. With a snarl he side-jumped, then sat haunched at a respectful distance, as I knew by the coal-

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red eyes. Later they disappeared, and my own eyes groped in the darkness for the cause. A big, indistinct hump, a second, then a third, slowly approached along the ground. Puma? No—men.

Whether half-breeds or Indians, it mattered little, but it did matter that they should neither reach our tent nor that a gun should be fired on either side. Their purpose being not malice against us, but the securing of our cargo and gear, I felt sure they would attempt it only if they could effect a surprise. Shaking Adams, who merely muttered in his sleep, I stepped out with my Winchester, against the background of the tent, where one could be indistinctly seen, and circled around to the opening again; the figures stopped and lay close to the ground, head on. Time lengthens under such conditions; it might have been a full quarter-hour before one moved again; then so did I—another pause and a wait, and they dissolved backward into the darkness, during which there came the accidental click of a rifle barrel against a stone.

Slowly the cold night hours dragged along. Every sense was strained to a tenseness which made the soughing winds seem voices and the little grass hummocks moving things. It was the second night without sleep, and constant peering into inscrutable darkness made my lids drowse, when a turn around the tent would rouse me, as did also my recollections of a recent attack in Terra del Fuego by Ona Indians, who fell upon some miners at night, crushing their tent down and stabbing them through it. We had reinforced the walls of our own tent by banking it with our *alforgas* (pack-saddles) and saddles.

Perhaps the most cheering thing through those long hours was the occasional sound of the madrina's bell and the faint snuffle of the tethered horse, and when the great shadow of night dropped below the sky-line, I rolled into my guanaco-skins and slept until aroused by Adams. In the forenoon the least intoxicated Tehuelches brought in their horses; they had not changed their intention of going on the ostrich-hunt; besides, a flat belly is a good food-suggester, and only a few scant junks of charqui now ornamented the forked uprights of the toldos. Yet withal, what they had was generously shared with us.



TEHUELCHE WOMEN

But there were many who did not eat that day, and the camp presented a scene as unsightly as it was pitiful. Those debauchees the women had forced out-of-doors, and others, lay on the ground along the sides and back of each toldo—men in a drunken stupor, insensible to the greatness of their pampas birthright. Even the hounds, deprived of their rest, lay inert beside their masters.

By noon the ostrich-hunters were away over the horizon. Adams went at once to round up the troop. We planned to take advantage of the absence of the hunters, get clear of the camp, and thus avoid the culmination of their threat to accompany us to Lago Argentino. Meantime within the tent I packed the al-

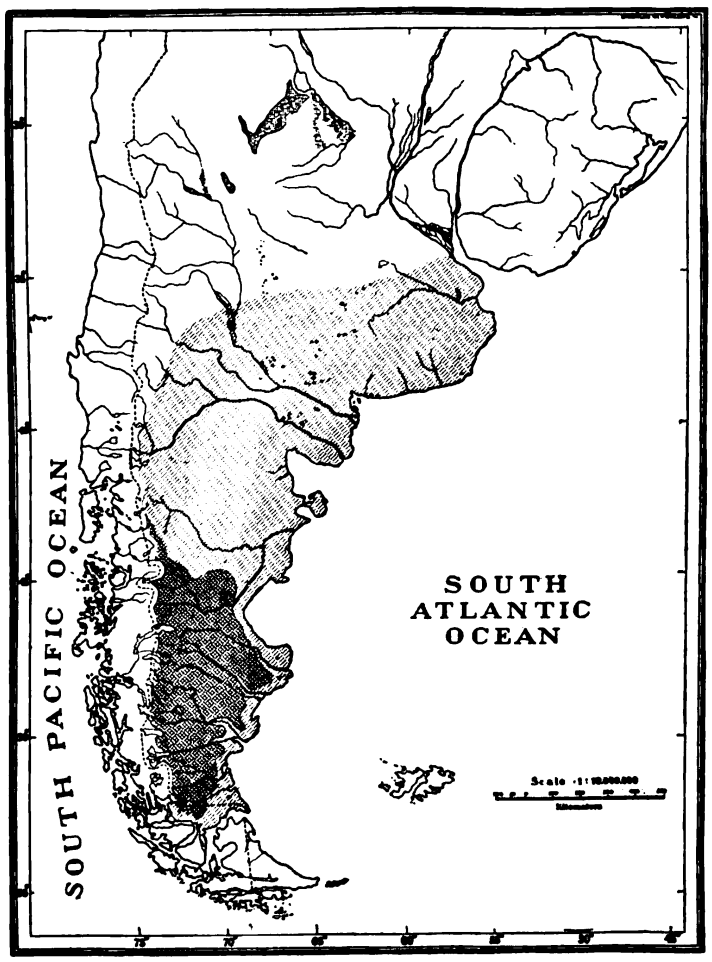
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forgas and saddle-bags, laid out carefully all the horse-gear, and then went to the camp again to look over the situation.

Like many primitive and semi-civilized peoples, the Tehuelches have a superstitious resentment against being drawn or photographed, their prevailing idea being that it takes something out of them, or projects upon them an evil influence. A Tehuelche custom is to burn all brushed-out hair and nail-cuttings, lest their possession by one unfriendly should place evil power in his hands; and when a Tehuelche dies prematurely of disease, which is rare, his friends and relatives hold an unfriendly influence responsible, and often seek out to the death a suspect.

I did not wish to have the recent unrest or any of its results attributed to our influence, but here I had direct proof of the disastrous effects of the white man's poison, and I wanted it; so from the rear of a toldo I took a snap-shot of the men lying about the adjoining one. The only sober man left in the camp, a half-breed, sat in the bay of the toldo. He saw me, and spoke to some one within, and a raging harpy—the mistress of the toldo—confronted me. Her long black hair, blown and whiffed by the winds, her dark, clear eyes glittering with a fascinating ferocity, the lips of her big strong mouth drawn back, exposing her pearl-white teeth, this enraged Amazon of the south, fiercely vociferating, shook her bare arm pointedly toward her prostrate husband and the other men, then suddenly seized my camera to yank it from my grasp.

"*Con poco cuidado no rompe la machinita*" (Have a little care, do not break the little machine), I said, quietly, in Spanish, which the women understand but seldom speak, meanwhile quietly but firmly disengaging her strong fingers. Then, threatening to inform her husband later, she entered the toldo.



MAP SHOWING PAST AND PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF THE PATAGONIANS

Light-shaded area indicates territory formerly roamed over; darker area, that traversed to-day

Not wishing to leave the situation strained, I followed and sat down by the fire beside the half-breed, who held his capa covering his mouth, meaning he was angry. The squaw, leaving the other women and girls, entered the farther unoccupied compartment and signed to the half-breed. With cat-like agility he seized my camera and started for the squaw. Once in her hands, it was lost, secreted and defended in the hide rolls which filled the dark recess of the toldo.

Through the private quarters occupied

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TYPES OF TEHUELCHES AT GALLEGOS

by the seated women and girls, and between two uprights of the open partition, an air-line led to the squaw; I took it—over the head of one of the women, and through the two uprights at a jump, landing squarely against the half-breed, who, unprepared for the shock, was thrown hard against the side of the tent. The squaw's hand was out to receive the camera, and I snatched it from the half-breed; then, angry and glum, sat down again by the fire, and placed my camera on the ground beside me in the same identical spot as before. Contrary to expectations, a pleased expression spread over the faces of the other women—perhaps they did not like the half-breed.

When the horses were driven in they were so wild we had to *bola* two of them. Everything was ready; in twenty minutes we struck tent, saddled up, and were off, headed south. For miles we pounded along where the grass humps had been eaten close by the Tehuelches' horses, and mixed the faint tracks of our tropilla with those of their herds, thus covering our trail. Then we changed our course, and headed northwesterly toward The Lago.

The spring of the Tehuelche camp had gone dry, and we had been without water since the previous day. Wind and dust greatly aggravated our thirst; the horses, too, had been unable to reach water the night before. So to locate water as well as food, with smarting eyes we strained our vision through wind and dust toward the far-distant horizon for some "sign." But water signs on the pampas are generally the vegas or lagunas themselves down in cañadons, which one does not discover until he suddenly comes upon them; and it is in knowing their location that a good pampas man, like Adams, who was thoroughly *vaqueano* (guide-wise), is of the greatest value.

But Adams had never trailed in this particular desert region, so we just kept "hitting the wind" westward, trusting to luck and the horses. This cold, terrific northwest wind of the pampas, sometimes exceeding eighty miles an hour, will, when one is heading into it, produce in short order almost as raging a thirst as will the hot *gibli* of the Sahara. When mixed with the blinding dust and sharp, stinging gravel kicked up by the tropilla ahead, it is at times well-nigh insufferable. The tremendous strain of bucking this incessantly for days—yes, weeks—at a time, with the added effort of driving the troop, is most nerve-racking.

"*Yegua!*" you yell, as the madrina veers off; your already cracked lips split farther up the middle and at the corners, you spit the blood from your mouth, and anathemize the euphonics of a call so little adapted to a parched mouth.

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The tropilla, with heads low held to their steady jog, suddenly pricked their ears forward, there was a snort from the *alazán,* and they were off. The horse is ever the plainsman's barometer of things beyond his vision, and we knew the sign. But one thing would invite onward with new life a fagged troop—water or vega. The troop galloped down into a shallow cañadon. The division between the parched maté-negro bushes and the vega grass was as marked as that of the sloping sides and the level floor of the vega itself.

Across the sea of parched yellow grass, through which the lowered sun sifted soft and golden, we caught a glimpse of green. For it the troop headed, and at last brought up, dry and panting, on a verdant sward, in the centre of which was water. But between ourselves and the liquid blue mirror which reflected the sky was treacherous bog, fifteen feet of it, at least, from any point; and no one who knows Patagonia *pantano* would venture on such a *bête noire* of the gaucho. There was no possible way to get at the water. It was pitiful to see the anxious craving troop circle the edge, craning their necks, sniffing, and gingerly trying the shaky quag with outstretched forefoot. So thirsty was the madrina that we had to rope her, to prevent her being bogged, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we drove the troop away and headed down the vega.

We sought in vain for another pool. It was the end of the dry season, and springs were mostly dried up. But just at twilight the troop brought us to an abandoned Tehuelche camp site. Scattered about, a number of horse skeletons, weird and uncanny in the lowering light, humped up from the plain. But our concern was to get at the near-by abandoned water-holes before the horses should rile them; these had been dug by the Tehuelches, and two still contained some stagnant, cloudy-looking water, which we drank, thanking our lucky stars.

We stowed all leather gear away safe from foxes, used our saddles for pillows, and lay down amidst our dunnage, which we chocked around us. A guanaco-skin is worth more to keep one warm than the quadruple fold of a heavy army blanket, but we needed both, and spread the skins over all, removing only our boots; but even with heavy camp clothes it was not easy to "sleep warm." A navy watch-cap, obtained from "The Fleet" when at Punta Arenas, permitted me often to sleep with my head out. A danger in sleeping open on the pampas, particularly with an odorous guanaco-skin thrown over one, is attack by puma, as Adams had recently evidenced in the case of a man who had been badly lacerated by being pounced upon in the night, the puma perhaps mistaking him for a guanaco.

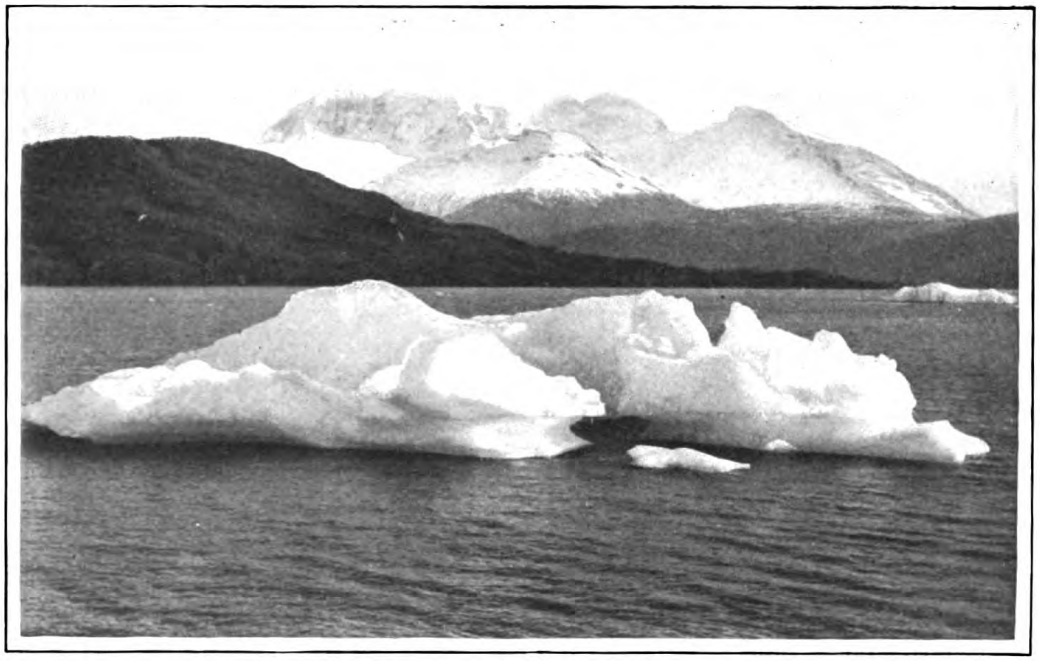
We tethered the *sino* close to where we camped, and the vega grass was a guarantee against the horses straying. We needed sleep and took it, and were off early the next day.

Almost all peoples have some characteristic way of "holding direction," and on the pampas the course once set by the early sun is held by lighting fires. Strike a match and drop it from your saddle into a clump of maté negro or maté verd, and the chances are, before you have travelled your horse's length, you hear the crackle of flame, and a thick black smoke belches forth from the otherwise moveless desert. It will continue to burn for hours, according to the size of the shrub-patch, which, growing in detached masses, obviates the danger of a general pampas fire. Holding your course carefully by the sun, you ride two or three miles, then start a second fire. From now on, glancing occasionally behind you, you keep the fires in line, lighting new ones every few miles, as the old ones wane.

Tehuelches sight at remarkable distances the faintest rise of smoke from fires far below the horizon, and often use smokes as signals. We suddenly awoke to this fact when we discovered answering smokes far away to the northeast. Evidently our recent neighbors were in the saddle, so we lit no more fires for the next few days, and saw no more signs of those Tehuelches.

We replenished our food-supply by shooting a guanaco, and then reached a section of country resembling in character the downs of southern England. Later our trail suddenly spilled us into that wondrous valley of the Santa Cruz. The late sunlight slanting down it in a

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ICEBERGS IN LAGO ARGENTINO

burst of orange gold painted redder still its cañoned sides, and gave strong contrasts to the purples and blues in the shadows of its escarpments, through distant violet mist. Later we came to the gorge of the Santa Cruz itself, where the river sent its swift current seaward.

Had the struggling crew of the *Beagle's* boats continued but a few days more on their remarkable Santa Cruz River expedition in 1834, Darwin would have seen his Plains of Diana, a vast inland body of water, and Lago Argentino to-day perchance would bear another name. He would have seen, too, in the fulness of their beauty, those great glacial summits of that wonderful Cordillera of the Andes, as they send their huge tongues of ice over ragged rock ledge to verdant mountain slopes of evergreen beeches and winter's-bark, which merge into occasional valleys and vegas of the foot-hills, or shunt precipitously into one of the most beautiful lakes of the world. On The Lago's blue waters the crew would have been the first to have steered their course; would have seen myriad water-fowl, duck, geese, swan, and flamingo; and perchance great floating icebergs, glistening white along their sun-selvaged tops, in shadow turned to that wonderful transparent turquoise.

At last we had left the wind-racked, parched, and waterless pampas behind us, and our surroundings stood out in refreshing contrast—the leeward side of mountain heights still and calm, verdure of *bosque* (grove) and *monte* (woodland) thick and green, abundant water flowing in purling crystal rills down the mountain-sides, and succulent vega grass awaiting our played-out, hoof-worn troop. By the shores of The Lago we gave the troop a week's long rest before attempting the last and most difficult stretch of our journey.

From the top of one of the lower mountains we could see far away the sharp, jagged crest of the Baguales (wild-cattle region), whose desolate upper slopes a week later all but claimed the toll of our troop; where other horses have been picked clean by the condors and bleached white by the winds and storms which sweep, shrieking and cold, over the tops of the great Andes.

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Neighbors

BY ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER

THE Wilmots' garage is just opposite our windows—our house is set far back in an old-fashioned yard—and I heard the chug of the car at midnight when it was going out. Wilfred didn't hear it; noises at night don't affect him, only to make him turn over and change his breathing; but when I remarked at breakfast that the door of the garage was still open, and that whoever had gone out had not come back, he said that Wilmot, maybe, had gone out on a "bat." He didn't know that he was that kind of a fellow, but with an easy three million he had a right to be, if anybody had. I said I hoped no one was sick; but if they were we needn't worry, for two doctors and a trained nurse could come in the car in fifteen minutes, the way they did when Mrs. Wilmot slipped on the upper landing and fell half down the stairs; with no need of me and Mrs. Corey—my left-hand neighbor—who are used to going right in when one of us gets sick. But the trained nurse and the doctors, this time, hadn't come; I felt a little worried. But Wilfred said, while he watched me pack his lunch—he's an electrician, and dear knows where he'll be at noon, so he carries a bite along with him—that Wilmot would never have renovated his old family place out here if he'd known that all the women in Brookdale were so kind-hearted that they would feel compelled to watch over him and his new bride.



WILFRED WATCHED ME PACK HIS LUNCH

Wilfred's eyes are always smiling when he's making sober jokes like that, so I didn't let it hinder me from looking, after breakfast, to

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see if the garage door had been shut. It hadn't. The chauffeur was idling around doing chores and looking up the street as if he expected something. So I just set myself to watching too. I had some sewing to do, and I could turn the machine toward the window just as well as not. And pretty soon, in that little casement window up-stairs in the Wilmot house, that opens out like windows in a novel, and always makes me think that if anywhere in the world there is a real boudoir I should find it there, I saw somebody else watching, too. It was Mrs. Wilmot—but not in that pretty, loose pink robe that I sometimes catch sight of her in when she throws the window open. No; she was fully dressed, in a dark close-fitting dress; I judged she was ready to go, too, when the car came back; and I said out loud to myself—as I do sometimes when Wilfred's gone and there's no one else to talk to—that I couldn't see why I should take so much interest in people who were always going and coming, with nothing in the world to do, for that matter, but to go and come.



THERE NEVER WAS A NICER GARDEN

I just had a feeling. It *was* early in the morning, of course, and people that don't have to don't usually get up to see the birds. I'd never seen the Wilmots up so early; though I often heard them come home almost as late. During the grand-opera season I used to listen for them every night. It was almost like going myself. It was when Wilfred saw that I was so much interested in the music that he began to count on buying a piano on the instalment plan. We'd have had it that year if the baby hadn't been coming to take the money that we'd saved—I didn't mind waiting for the piano for a while.

I didn't know the Wilmots, of course. I'd never called, because—well, you'd have understood if you had seen our two places. Not but what our little house was just as clean and lovely, and there never was a nicer garden; and it was almost paid for. And that's what most of the houses out in Brookdale were. Brookdale used to be a village, but when it got to be a suburb of the city it had already been bought up by people like us who are willing to have a tiny house if only we can have a slice of out-of-doors. We couldn't have had it, of course, if we hadn't got in early. But Wilfred's brother used to rent this house, and Mrs. Corey's father rented hers, and so we all got options on the property, and we've held on to them. We have a kind of aristocracy in Brookdale; not based on

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money, nor on family, nor on anything except just that we're determined to live clean and neighborly and pleasant, and keep things paid up.

But the Wilmot place is another proposition. It is called The Oaklands, and we've all grown up around it and played in its grounds—there was a good deal of talk once about making a public park of it—until we've almost come to feel that it belongs to us; so when we heard that this particular grandson was going to renovate it, and make a home of it again after it had been neglected for a generation, why, there was some feeling here in Brookdale. People said they didn't want any millionaire in *theirs,* and that we would be made to feel small and humble on our own premises by contrast with their fineness; and we all decided that we must hold our heads high, and keep our eyes straight ahead, and not show any interest, and hold on to our self-respect with all our might, now that we were reduced to being second fiddles in our own community.

But, apart from agreeing with the others, I didn't feel just the way they did. I've always felt that when a person has what he wants, it isn't any difference what other people have. I had what I wanted; I'd wanted Wilfred and I got *him;* then I wanted the house and I got that; and pretty soon I'd have the baby; and somehow I couldn't make myself care in the least what the Wilmots had or did. And there was another reason. The Wilmot house, instead of being in the middle of their grounds, was set 'way over toward our side; and its windows were nearer to us even than Mrs. Corey's were on the other side; back of it the grounds stretched away to the shrubbery; and so I was the only neighbor it had, and it was the only real near neighbor that I had. And I was fond of it, so I was real glad to see it opened up and aired, and a bay-window added, and a big porch all around, and the roof lifted; it was like the curtain going up at the theatre. I felt as if the show was about to begin. It amused me when I was working around the house to look out and see the servants talking to the butcher's boy out of the window, and him taking a big basket to the back door, and the motor-car spinning round to the side entrance, and Mrs. Wilmot running out, with a light-blue veil fluttering, to get into it. She was a pretty woman to look at; slender and quick, with a thin face that seemed to be changing all the time she talked—she had a clear voice, though not very loud, and I could hear her calling back directions to the maid who followed her out. She was always smiling, and her eyes wrinkled down when she did it until you could only see long dark eyelashes with a little light showing through. Her husband, Raoul Wilmot—whom we'd all heard of by name until we felt we knew him—was a broad-shouldered young man, not quite as tall as she was, built like Wilfred, with a square dark face of the sort that some people might call hard or stubborn; but I never do, because it is like Wilfred's, and I know how soft-hearted *he* is.

She was always smiling; that's why I wondered when I looked up at the window that morning and saw her sitting in her dark dress, staring down the street, her eyes wide open and her face sober and pale. I began to think that some one had died in the night and she was waiting to be sent for. But the wonder was, why didn't they send? It was that that worried her, too, I concluded, when it came to watching her sit there all day with her eyes upon the street. All day—well, yes, I sat, too, and watched her. I couldn't help it: it was so painful to think that every minute what she was looking for might come, and I not see it. I had a little snatch at noon—I never eat much when Wilfred is away—and twice the grocer's boy came to the back door and I had to take his bundles, but I don't believe she left her place a minute. I saw the maid, once, bring a tray with dishes to her, and put it there beside her. But Mrs. Wilmot never touched it. I saw her reach out the window and feed a piece of something to the birds. About four o'clock in the afternoon I had to start my supper—I always try to have something good for Wilfred—and I went in the kitchen and set the kettle going, and laid out the things to make some nice hot rolls. And then I heard our door-bell ringing and I went, and there she was. I wasn't surprised to see her. I'd just come to have the feeling, without really thinking about it,

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that her trouble would come to a point sooner or later where she would have to call the neighbors in. And though I'd sat back where she couldn't see me, there was just a kind of bridge built between me and her at our windows from watching all day together. I felt it, and though it may be superstition, I couldn't help feeling that she would sooner or later get some feeling of it, too—like when people look at you behind your back and you turn your head, or when you're down-town shopping and something makes you decide to go around a corner and down an aisle when you don't want anything, and you run right upon a friend. I wasn't surprised to see her; I was just on the point of opening my mouth to say, "Is there anything I can do for you?" when she spoke first. To my surprise and astonishment, what she said was just: "May I come in and sit with you a while, Mrs. Perry? It *is* Mrs. Perry, isn't it? I'm Mrs. Wilmot—on your right." And she gave a little smile; not one that wrinkled her eyes up much, but one that was quite pleasant. You could have knocked me over. To put on a mourning face for some one, and then have them run in for a little chat! But I wasn't as stupid as you'd think. I brought her in, and took off my apron, and apologized for not having called on her first, because—because, I said, I was so busy; you can't imagine how much there is to do around a house like this! And all the while she was looking straight at me as if she was listening polite as could be; but when I'd finished she went on as if she hadn't heard me.

"Please don't take off your pretty apron. I sha'n't feel that I know you without that. I've watched you in it, sweeping off the porches, and on Sunday mornings, with your husband, tying up the vines. You won't think me rude for watching, will you? You can't imagine how cozy you looked."

I wasn't yet quite on my feet. But I said something about not having any idea of anybody looking at me—and Wilfred always wears his old clothes when he's working round the house.

"But," she said, "you looked so happy."



ALL DAY I SAT AND WATCHED HER

"Oh yes," I said, "we're *that*."

She gave a funny little frown. "But that's everything," she said. I had given her my best cushioned rocker, but she got up from it and went over to the window. "I'm afraid you will think I am very unconventional, Mrs. Perry," she said, "but I was lonely there at home, and when the thought of you came to me I ran over—without giving myself time to think again. I was sure you would be—cheerful." Her voice had been so smooth and pleasant, but at the last it got away from her, and quivered just a little bit.

There *was* something the matter. If I hadn't known about the watching I guess I should have thought her queer, but knowing that made me understand that she was just a normal human being, acting different because things weren't going in *their* normal way.

I began to feel so sorry that I didn't care to find out what had happened. I just wished that I might help her. So I talked on quietly. "I'm used to being alone in the daytime," I said, "when my

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husband is away. So I've learned to take it and be cheerful."

She looked at me just a mite suspiciously. "*My* husband was called away last night," she said, speaking in a kind of careless way, "and he has been detained. That was why, you see, I grew a little anxious."

I said I knew how that was, how Wilfred was nearly always gone all day, and I was just feeling disappointed because he'd rung up a while ago to say that he would come to supper late.

"Oh, but if he comes to supper!" she said, and then she looked again out of the window.

I judged that she'd got some fears about her husband. I'm sure I'd have them if Wilfred was out tearing around corners with no idea of what was beyond. So I put on my apron again just to please her, and it struck me that it might soothe her to take her to the kitchen and let her watch me knead the rolls. (They were on my mind, unfinished.) A kitchen might be a novelty to her. So I asked her out: I didn't mind—I keep the house pretty tidy, with no one but me to muss it up. And she took a chair by the kitchen table and watched me with eyes that were as bright as a kitten's. It seemed like a dream, off and on, to realize that this was Mrs. Wilmot sitting on my kitchen chair; but when a thing that's out of the ordinary gets started, it gets to seem as natural as what you're used to; and pretty soon I was chatting on, and hurrying around the kitchen the way you do when you're getting a meal with company in, and telling her how Wilfred liked hot rolls and jam—when all at once she said, in her earnest little way:

"Do you always know and do just what he likes? Doesn't he ever get displeased with you?" And before I could answer she said again, quick and sorry, "Forgive my rudeness!" And then I saw her eyes begin to shine, and she put her hands against the table and pressed it until the blue veins stood out in her wrists, and said (like a storm in summer that can't hold back a moment more), "Mrs. Perry, my husband has gone away from me—angry—and I'm sure he'll not come back!"



"OH, I WISH THAT WE WERE POOR!"

Three months she had been married! Wilfred and I had been married two full years then, but I'd not forgot that stage. My first thought was of the neighbors. I was so afraid that they might happen to run in any minute that I just stepped to the

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door and locked it and drew down the blind. And I was glad that Wilfred would be kept late on that Limeville job. For I saw as quick as lightning that not a soul but me must know this; and when it was over I could just hand the remembrance back to her, and she could keep it.

. She sat there, after she had spoken, as white as if she had fired a gun at me. "I had to tell some one," she said. "My mother is abroad. And there wasn't one of my friends that I could bear to see. And then somehow I thought of you. I'd seen you from the window. I thought—somehow—you'd understand. You looked so—young."

She made me feel as old, though, as Wilfred's old Aunt Hester, who had helped me through my first year. I think I must have acted like Aunt Hester. I went on pinching out my rolls and dipping them in butter.

"When Wilfred's cross with me," I said, "I make him up a chicken pie." I knew she couldn't make a chicken pie, but I thought there might be something that the principle would be the same.

She hung on my words just like a child. "But that is when you have him *there*," she said. She meant "here," of course, but she wasn't thinking of Wilfred. "Does he ever," she went on, "when you've been saying something to him over and over, get right up in the night and leave?"

I was on the point of saying that I'd learned better than to say anything to anybody over and over, unless it was something pretty nice, which I judge what she said maybe hadn't been. But of course she wouldn't, either, except to the one person that she loved the best. That's the queer turn love takes first with people. It makes them expect each other to be more than human, and endure what no one else could stand. But this was no time to talk of mistakes, so I said, "It's not so easy to go off any distance when you haven't got a motor at your beck and call." I couldn't represent Wilfred as an angel, when only last week he had broken my hand-glass, throwing it at a cat that had disturbed even *his* sound sleep. Not that the cat was not to blame!

Mrs. Wilmot gave a deep, quivering breath. "Oh, I wish," she said, "that we were poor!"

"If you were poor," I said, "you would have so many other troubles that you would appreciate having the time for this." We had given up, you see, being polite to each other. We were just getting at each other's point of view.

"What other troubles do you mean?" she asked; and before I named them I knew what she would say.

But I went on. "Why, having to pay the instalments on your house, and to borrow money on your life insurance, and getting sick right at the time; and trying to save a little every month, and putting off till next year getting a piano on the instalment plan—" I saw my list was getting low.

And she broke in: "You know you don't care at all about those things."

I told the truth. "Well, no, I don't—so long, as Wilfred says, as we haven't got too strong a handicap. And we haven't had, this year. But all the same," I remembered, "those things don't leave you much time to fret at each other, and to lose your sleep discussing points of view. You need your sleep too much."

"The time?" she said, and she sat there and thought about it for a while. "Yes, it *is* the time," and she leaned over and put her little pointed chin into her pretty, soft white hand. She didn't see me thinking how sweet and fine she looked; she was so bent on getting to the bottom of her thought. "And yet," she said, "that is just why we came out here to live; to have the time and the quiet to see each other in. Everybody that we know is so hemmed in by noise and gayety, and so rushed from one place to another, that we thought it we came out of range of it, it couldn't draw us in. And so we did; and made over that dear old house; and we got on beautifully for a month. No noise, no visitors, nothing but peace—and each other. That is when I saw you from the window. But then the opera came, and we both wanted to hear it; and, after all, it seemed good to get into the city again, and we were happy again at seeing people. But there was just another month of that, and then we were tired of it. And yet we were caught in it again, you see, and so we kept on going, and I grew tired and—cross. The drive out here was tiresome after an evening party. And Raoul got

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tired and—and dull. He wouldn't talk at all sometimes during the drive. But we never quarrelled until—till just of late. I thought I'd rather quarrel than be so stupid and still. Raoul seemed always to be thinking; I supposed, of course, he must be thinking how dull it was to be with me. He denied it, of course; no gentleman could admit it, could he? But I kept on—" She broke off with a little wringing gesture of the hands, and I knew she was coming to the thing that had made him angriest of all. So I tried to turn her off another way.

"What you needed," I said, "was something else to do besides think of each other."

She gave her pretty little frown again. "But isn't that what married people have to do?" she said. "Aren't they to make each other happy, and how can they do it unless they keep each other constantly in mind?"

I was a little puzzled what to say. I remembered how I thought of Wilfred nearly every minute—dear knows I speak his name almost every time I speak at all—and yet I was sure that when I thought of him it wasn't as if he stood out alone in my mind, like that huckleberry bush that used to stand in the pasture lot at grandma's. He was mixed up with other things.

But I was puzzled what to say. "Getting married would narrow you down terribly," I said, "if that was all you had to do." I'm not very religious, but I went on thinking to myself out loud: "I can't believe the Lord would ever have sanctioned marriage if He'd known it was going to be a kind of double selfishness."

She gazed at me not quite so much like a child, but still with wonder. "What a strong-minded little thing you are!" she said. "And to be so pretty, too." I didn't see what looks had to do with strength of mind, but she didn't give me time to think. "And I was so sure," she said, "that I had found the ideal way of living! I used to be an independent girl, Mrs. Perry," she said in her wistful way again, "and I had a great many interests. But when I met Raoul —when I was married to him—I decided there was nothing—that there ought to be nothing—in the world but love."

"One kind of love," I said (for I'd come by that road, too)—"the kind that, when you begin to get a little easy and comfortable with each other, pops up its head and says, 'This can't be love.' That's the kind those book-writers must mean, I suppose, who write books like the one Mrs. Corey got last week at the Thirty-ninth Street library. It is called *United,* and there are eight people in it who haven't any other interest but to fall in and out of love with each other's husbands and wives."

She was looking at her hands stretched out before her in her lap, and I began to see that her face was coloring a bright blush-pink. "How do you know," she asked, without looking up, "that such people don't exist?"

"If they do," I said, "they are not the people that it can profit the rest of us to think about."

"But isn't it natural to assume," she asked in a kind of strained, careless way, "that if your husband isn't thinking of you he is thinking of some one else?"

I forgot that she was Mrs. Raoul Wilmot and I was only Wilfred Perry's wife. "You don't mean," I cried out—"that you accused—"

She got up and walked the floor. "I did! I did!" she sounded brave and triumphant, like somebody that's scared to death and yet won't hide behind a lie. "Of course I did," she said, and she gleamed her blue eyes at me as if she dared me to differ from her. "It was only natural;" and then she began to talk so fast that I knew she didn't mean half that she was saying. "You don't know how that woman chatters—she always has a circle of men about. She's never tired and cross, as I get. How could he help making comparisons. She is so brilliant—and she's always calling me 'innocent.' Did you ever have a friend like that? But I don't believe," she said, stopping and looking at me as if she hadn't really had a good look at me before, "that you could ever doubt that some one cared for you. You look so—so competent. But I'm not competent. I am—I used to be—only beautiful (that's the tag they put on me)—and everybody knows that beauty goes. Especially when you're tired. And so when Raoul—"

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"HE DIDN'T DENY. HE JUST LOOKED—AND LOOKED"

I listened like a judge right here to find what Mr. Wilmot really had done. I was ready like a cat to spring on anything.

She seemed to see what I was waiting for. "When he was quiet and—and dull—coming home from the theatre," she faltered on, frowning hard at me, "what could I think?"

"Did he do—did he say—" I began to ask; and she flew at me again, poor little thing!

"What did he need to do or say? Don't you know when some one has outshone you?"

"And you accused him—"

She looked as pleading as if I were a real judge. "I didn't until I'd tried and tried to make him own that he was bored with being married. He wouldn't say a word; he gets a stubborn look. And then I brought her name in. I hadn't really thought of it before, but suddenly it seemed to me the very reason. So I spoke—"

"And he denied—"

"He didn't deny. He just looked—and looked—and *looked,* and pretty soon (we were sitting there, before going to bed) he went out, and I heard the car—"

"He didn't speak?" I asked, and I suppose I seemed as inquisitive as a gossip, but I felt that I must *know.*

"Not a word in answer to what I said," she went on, pitifully. "And all I wanted was to hear a word. I'd have believed him."

"And yet you said he didn't need to say or do—" But she was in no way to answer this. I saw at last that she was going to cry. She hadn't shed a tear, I think, all day.

And just then we both heard Wilfred at the front door. He hadn't been kept so long at Limeville, after all.

She made a little hopeless motion of her hands. "I can't see any one," she said, in a whisper; and of course she couldn't in that plight. I unlocked the back door and took her out that way. It was dusk, and no one could see us standing on the steps.

"There's a little gate in our fence," I pointed out, "just opposite the wicket in your hedge." I don't suppose she'd ever gone anywhere in her life by a back entrance before, but she flew off in her light way like a bird. And before she went, while I was talking and she was

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looking up so helpless and obedient, I put my arm around her shoulders and pressed her close to me. Yes, it was strange.

I didn't tell Wilfred about it. There are some things, of course, that you can't. For one thing, Wilfred has a kind of idea that most women, except me, are rather foolish. But a woman knows that, for all our differences in disposition and circumstances, there is something in all women that's alike. And when I hear of one who's done a great thing, I feel as proud as if I'd done it myself; and when it's a foolish thing—why, I know that if things in this world had been a little different with me, I might have done that, too. So it didn't seem right to talk about Mrs. Wilmot to any man, not even to Wilfred. But it was the first secret I'd kept from him since the time Mrs. Corey sold her husband's best shoes to a peddler by mistake, and I helped her plan to get them back.

I was pretty absent-minded for a while, and Wilfred had to say, "Bessie, *you're* spilling the cream, now, on the tablecloth," and, "Look out, you're going to trip over the rug!" before I realized that I couldn't move around even among my own familiar things with my mind across the Wilmots' hedge.

So I pulled myself together, and tried to forget the trouble over there. I couldn't forget it entirely, but there was one thing that helped me to endure the night without going right over and holding that poor child in my arms. It was the image of what Wilfred's face would be if I'd accuse him of what she had said. Raoul Wilmot isn't Wilfred, and I told myself that a hundred times; but somehow I kept seeing their faces as if they were the same. And I came to have, when I thought of Mrs. Wilmot over there, that tight-drawn feeling that you get when you determine to let a baby lie in its crib and cry, because you know there's nothing hurting but its own determination to make you take it up. Perhaps you will think I was too harsh with Mrs. Wilmot; but if you think it was easy to endure the thought of that little bride alone—suffering and thinking—trying to decide in her own mind which was wrong—! And don't *you* be too hard on *him*. Men are strange, stubborn creatures when they get an idea; and as I lay sleepless that night, trying to keep my mind for a few hours off the trouble that had come my way without being mine, I thought I came to have a glimpse of what Raoul Wilmot's idea was.

And just as soon as our early breakfast was over next morning and Wilfred gone to his work, I slipped over through the hedge. There wasn't any stir and bustle at the Wilmots', but I knew I wouldn't be too early for the one I came to see. The garage was still empty; there 'd been no noise there in the night. I started toward the back door; then I decided that a person to see Mrs. Wilmot would be more in her place in front, so I slipped round the house. It was all a strange experience to me, but strangest of all was asking to see her, as if I ran in every day. The maid looked a little queerly at me, but when I said, "Tell her, if she doesn't want to see me, I will go right back," she went away, and came back, looking queerer than ever, to say that I should come right up. I knew that I was going to the boudoir. But I forgot to look at it, or at anything; I went in through big darkened rooms that just gave me an impression of rich reds and blues and browns, with the sunshine slipping through the shutters and lighting up a spot on a rug or the corner of a picture. I had always wondered what the house was like inside, but now I didn't think about it, any more than I think of Mrs. Corey's house when I run in to talk over a piece of news. What's in your mind seems to close your eyes to what's around you.

But I saw Mrs. Wilmot when we came to her. I'm almost ashamed to say it, but the first thing that came into my head at sight of her was the way that worry and grief don't hurt that nervous kind of beauty. She had taken off her dark dress, and had a blue robe thrown around her; it made her eyes look blue and keen, in spite of the dark shadows around them. Her face was as eager as if she was looking forward to something; the kind of eagerness, you know, that's just anxiety. She kept moving about quickly, and I was reminded of one of those glancing rays of sunlight that you've seen a mirror throw; only

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there was nothing bright about her. I'd never thought of lightness and quickness belonging to anything forlorn and sad. But sometimes, if you'll notice, a butterfly that you've hurt by accident will flutter in just that pitiful, excited way.

She kept on standing by the window until the maid closed the door and went away. Then she said to me:

"He hasn't come."

You'd have thought that I had sent him away. But I knew how unreasonableness sort of helps to bear pain. So I didn't notice, and said, "It's only morning. He will come to-day."

I said this rather soothing, but I hadn't come to comfort her. I knew that if I had any help to give her, it could only come from telling the truth of what I felt. It was like a plunge into cold water, but I went over to the window, and said, looking sober and earnestly into her face:

"He's staying away just in proportion to the hurt he's got."

It wasn't very clear, put that way, but she seemed to get it.

"You mean that I was wrong?" she said.

"If you had said something that was truer, and wasn't so hard to forgive, he would have come home after a few turns round the block."

She acted hypnotized. You'd have thought I had a power over her. "If you were in my place," she said, "and thought that, what would you do?"

I had my mind made up. "If I could find out where he was—" I said.

"But I know," she said, "I'm sure he will have gone straight to the club."

It was my turn to look amazed. These little things, some ways, are made of iron. "You don't mean that you knew," I said, "all night! With folks to send!"

The look she gave me! All dignity and pride. "You don't suppose," she said, "that I would *ask* him to come back? Why, he would never have any respect for me again."

I forgot myself again—indeed I did. "Oh, is he *that* kind of a man?" I said.

Her eyes blazed out at me. "What kind of man?"

"Why, the kind," I said, "that doesn't want a woman to be fair and square and reasonable, like a man."

She caught her breath. "You are the strangest little thing!" she said. Then she seemed to forget that she was angry. "He's a good man," she said in an honest way. Then she began to think again. "You see, I don't know," she said. "I've never tried being reasonable with him."

"Would it hurt to try?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said again. She looked at me with her brows all knit. "We used to talk over such things, my friends and I—you know the way girls have—and we always agreed that the way to keep a—a person interested in you is to be brilliant and entertaining, and—and—elusive, and interesting. A man doesn't like to feel too sure of you," she sounded all at once just like a lecturer—"it wearies him."

I remembered hearing things like that before. All girls have heard them, I suppose. But I'd forgotten them. I'd forgotten how true and grand they sound. I began to remember that all I had to go by was experience.

"Maybe Wilfred is a different kind of a man," I said. "He likes to think that I am fond of him."

She looked at me as if I might be teasing her. "I saw your husband," she said, "this morning, going out of your house. He looked like a stern kind of a man. But very cheerful."

"He was," I said. For Wilfred loves his breakfast coffee strong, and I had slipped a spoonful extra in for him.

"He looks a little bit like—like Raoul," said she. She had noticed it, herself, you see.

"Maybe he is," I said, "a little bit." And while she looked at me I began all at once to have that trembling feeling that you get when you see that another person is beginning to listen hard to you. You want to back down from everything you've said, and to cry out: "Be careful. Maybe I can't decide for you, after all."

And right on top of that she suddenly said, in a wistful, interested way, "You aren't afraid of anything, are you?"

I looked at her, surprised. I had snatched up my sewing-bag before leaving home, on the chance of having to sit the whole morning with her—for I couldn't have an idle moment now—and I was just getting out my work to take a stitch. She came over and looked down at me.

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"YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GROWING OLD AND SEDATE"

"You're not afraid of growing old and sedate," she said.

I laughed. "Well, I should think I had stopped at the foolish age—"

She reached over and touched my sewing—I was putting some ribbons on the baby's cap.

"You're not afraid," she said, "of that."

I knew that stage. But you're like a lion once you've passed through it. "Afraid?" I said. "Of what?"

"Why, afraid," she said, "that it may be the end. Of life."

"It *is* life," I said. For I had thought about those things.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"It is life," I said, "as our mothers knew it, and as their mothers' mothers knew it. Poor and rich. If we have it at all, we can't have it any different."

She gazed at me. "Well, then, I am afraid," she said. "I am afraid of life." She drummed with her fingers on the back of my chair, and insisted. "I am afraid of risks and responsibilities."

I couldn't help shaking my head at her earnest, intense face. "I don't believe you are afraid," I said. "I think that a lot of people have been afraid for you, and it hasn't come to you yet that you can take things into your own hands. It's *your* life—what you make of it."

She kept a stubborn little frown. "I don't like life," she said—"the way it keeps pushing you on. Why doesn't it let things stay as they are when they are pleasant? I was happy when Raoul and I were married. Why shouldn't I go on being just so?"

"Because you can't," I said. "Because you're growing a little every day, like children, and you're leaving things behind."

"But if you like what you're leaving behind?" she said.

"You will like the next thing, too," I said, "once you have got it. And you have to keep moving, as you said, even if you're only marking time. Marking time—that's what people are doing when they quarrel about nothing; like those people in the book, who are just buzzing round and round the stage when they're young and falling in and out of love."

"And you think," she said, suddenly

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speaking out stronger and a little scornfully, "that the next step for me—the first step in my independence—is to go down on my knees to—to—some one and ask to be forgiven?"

I looked at her a minute before answering. It was pretty ridiculous for me to be acting like an oracle. But, after all, maybe all of us are one when we are really speaking as we think. "Well," I said at last when I'd found out what I thought, "there's one way, of course, that life lets us move that we haven't thought about. It's always willing, if we want to, to let us move back."

She looked as if I'd struck and hurt her. "To lose ground?" she asked, to be sure she understood.

"Lots of people do," I said.

"To fail," she went on, breathless.

I was getting a little bit excited, too. "We've got to risk being right, we women, not because it's attractive or interesting, but because it's right," I said. "We talk about being equal to the men—that is our best chance of getting equal to them."

"You don't mean that they are always in the right?" she said.

"I mean," I said, "that they have some standards of common sense and honesty that they hold each other up to, but that they let us out of—most of them—because we're women, and they think we have to have our childish tricks. That's the insult—not when they hold us up to say and do just what we mean. It's when they love us that they fight it out with us."

I didn't know I had so many ideas. I had forgotten all about her case, but I saw in a minute that she thought I was making reference to it.

But she wasn't angry over it. She looked as gentle all at once as a little wild horse just tamed to the saddle. "I see what you mean," she said, with as much respect as if I was a person to be reckoned with. Then she laid her hand down on mine. "Do you think I'm irredeemable?" she asked.

I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes. She looked—as that other woman had said—so innocent. And I said just what I thought. "I think you are a darling," I said, "and, what is more, I think that, once you get your courage up, there won't be any one a patching to you for being brave."

It seemed to comfort her. She sat there thinking, with her fingers tight in mine. After a while she got up and went over to a little straight-up writing-desk that was full of pigeonholes and drawers. When she began to bite the end of her pen and gaze hard at the paper I slipped out and went home to let in the butcher's boy, who was pounding on my door so hard that I had heard him clear up to the boudoir.

I saw him come back—not the butcher's boy, of course. About noon the Wilmot



THEY WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER—WITHOUT EVEN THE CHAUFFEUR

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THERE'S A CONSIDERABLE FAMILY GROWING UP THERE NOW

car—it was a lovely big gray one—came whizzing up the street and into their driveway and out he jumped. And the car panted and shook for a minute after, as if it had almost burst its heart out getting there. And I went back into a corner of the dining-room and cried.

There wasn't any harm, after that, in telling Wilfred, so I did, and he laughed and stared; and at some of the things I told him—I couldn't remember all of them—he whistled and said: "Whew! So that is what you think of *me!*" And I thought I had spoken very well of him!

But I felt a good deal ashamed for a while—you feel so after you've had a spell of talking wise. It's almost like intoxication—you don't know *what* you've said or done. My only comfort was in seeing those two go out together in the car — always together, without even the chauffeur. But I kept far back from the windows, watching them.

And about a week later I saw Raoul Wilmot coming to my door. I almost dropped with fright. I don't know what I thought—that he was coming to drag me out by the hair, or to arrest me for abusing his wife—something like that, and I braced myself to meet it. I was thankful that Wilfred was away; he would feel as if he must stand up for me; and the blame, of course, was all my own. But what *he* did, when I opened the door, was just to take off his hat, and stand with his head bare, and smile (he doesn't smile very easily, but you keep wishing that it would last, it is so pleasant), and hand me a little package, and say, "Mrs. Wilmot asked me to give this to Mrs. Perry." I said, "I am Mrs. Perry," almost sinking in my tracks. And he said, "I am Mrs. Wilmot's husband" (as if I didn't know), and said a few more things about being glad to know me, and went away, without anything more about the package, as if it were just a little thing.

And so it was, a little wooden box, with a smaller green box inside it, and in that a satin cushion, and on it—well, it glittered up at me just like a star—a diamond brooch. As big as rain-drops—I didn't think to count them for three days, but then—there were sixty-seven. Wilfred said we would have to have a safety-

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vault, and that if we ever got into a tight place we could live on the jewels, one by one. There was a card inside the box, and on it, "With the loving friendship of Marie Wilmot." I put the card away with the brooch—it was something like a diamond, too.

There are people who wouldn't like a gift like that. I've read of them in books who would send it back, or throw it out of the window, because they thought it meant to "pay them back." But she knew I wouldn't think so—she knew that I would understand. Why, even Wilfred (though, of course, he's unusual for a man) saw that. He said, "She didn't think that diamonds were *too much*."

Of course I couldn't wear it; that's just the beauty of it. It's just a thing to be prized. And when I look at it, I smile—just as you smile at a kitten because you like its pretty ways. Though she's not at all like a kitten any more. She's full of *ideas*. She says she gets most of them from us—every one in Brookdale knows her now. (She says they aren't all like me, but that's because she knew me first.) They've gone on living at The Oaklands; he says it isn't a "place" any more—she's made a real home of it. There's a considerable family growing up there now. And they're as good neighbors as you'd hope to find.

The Under-Word

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
The years are cast upon me as a pall;
The hairs are turned to ashes on my head;
My footsteps are through ashes everywhere—
So much of me is dead!
("But not the living fiery spark of thy despair.")

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
Those who once called me dear are past my call:
Into the boundless Night they all are fled.
I lived in them, and they in me by right—
So much of me is dead!
("But not thy Memory's steady alabastrine light.")

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
Hourly, from mine own self away I fall,
Hope and Desire and Will already shed,
And Knowledge fading as a candle spent—
So much of me is dead!
("But not some kindling Knowledge of the Immanent.")

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My Lowly Teacher

BY JOHN FRANKLIN GENUNG

I SUPPOSE we all study theology more or less earnestly as long as we live; I do not see how we can help it. That is to say, our thoughts about the great Reality above us and our relation to It, or Him, fall into a definition and order to which we attach our sense of truth, feeling that, whatever any one else believes, we can feel sure of this and this. Our divinity-school teachers, indeed, cannot go with us through life, but then perhaps we ought not to expect it. If we have open minds, our teachers need not to have had ordaining hands laid upon them; they may be any one or any thing, and they teach as though they taught us not.

I have a teacher who probably has no idea that he is giving me lessons. He does not belong to that class of characters who set themselves up to instruct or persuade or even to do good; what he does he does by just existing in his own natural way. His antecedents, I am well satisfied, have been good. His heredity has not been twisted; his education, though not topped off with ornamental accomplishments, has been such as to have given a naturally sweet disposition free course. His name is Caleb. The fact that he has no surname is not to be reckoned against him, for we do not ordinarily give surnames to dogs. Perhaps the way he came to give me lessons in theology may be explained by some words of Tennyson, in which the poet avers that

> " . . . love in which my hound has part
> Can hang no weight upon my heart
> In its assumptions up to heaven."

This would seem in a manner to shift the teaching to me; and doubtless I am receiving through my reflections much more than he consciously gives; but at any rate, there is a power of education in the little fellow, with his unfailing good-will and loyalty, which seems to deserve grateful acknowledgment.

Some years ago one of our American bishops wrote a sonnet about his dog, who must have been a noble animal. I have forgotten how the sonnet ran; all I can recall is the first line:

> " I well believe he thinks that I am God."

When I read it and some of the good bishop's personal traits came rather vividly to mind, my first mental response was that it was no wonder the dog thought so, if he had seen the bishop, as I had, in the dignity of full canonicals. Then I chided myself for being so impudently profane; and, of course, that was not the reason at all. The church vestments had nothing to do with it. I have seen dogs look up with equal devotion to men in overalls. We read of dogs that licked the sores of beggars; and we know what poor apologies for masters dogs will be faithful to, even though their worship goes wholly wasted. A very significant thing when you think of it; it became one of my first lessons in theology. For it seems to reveal that such an emotion exists in the core of creation, even in the strata below us. There are creatures in actual existence in whom has been put the instinct to look upward from their station to beings higher in the scale, to choose these for friends and masters, to stand by them and reverence them, not for what they can gain by it — for too often, abating no jot of fidelity, they get but kicks and hard words—but purely as a spontaneous, intrinsic outflow of dog nature. I like to contemplate a creation that is rich enough to include such a thing as this; to contain disinterested affection as a wide-spread elemental fact; it gives me a better opinion of the universe. Some things, scholars tell us, are more fully evolved in the animals than in man; the eye in the eagle, the swift foot in the stag. I should be sorry to think that, because the lord of creation gets things so tangled up with reason

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and selfishness, the dog should have got the start of us in this virtue. I am glad he is not self-conscious; that would spoil it all.

Many times a day Caleb comes to my armchair, as I sit studying, with no apparent purpose except just to say, "How do you do?" and, never without waiting for the word of permission, he jumps up on my knee, remains a minute, and then goes about his affairs. And many a time I have been half startled by a wondering yet wholly loving expression in the great brown eyes so inquiringly searching mine. Only asking me to drop the prosy book and go walking with him? No; that expression is quite different. Those eyes look as if they were searching for something that we two might hold in common and so have a silent understanding of each other. Is it something higher than can enter his dog consciousness? I am often moved to respond: "It's you and I, Caleb. We do know each other in some things, don't we?" And there comes a twinge of pathos in it, too; and, oddly enough, it sets me thinking of what an apostle once said about a whole creation groaning in pain and travail together, waiting for some adoption which should redeem the body. I am sometimes silly enough to ask him: "Do you too, Caleb, belong to that vast continuous line of upward-looking, onward-looking things? Are you, too, dimly conscious of waiting for something which is destined to come somehow by the way of the higher orders? Does the First-born of every creature make his relationship felt in some far-off way even to you?" He never answers me except by that wistful look, which vanishes as soon as I begin to theologize; but the look has on me the strange effect of worship, so that I am almost afraid to recall the bishop's sonnet. Who am I, to be scrutinized so? What is man's office in the sum of things, when such great liquid eyes are gazing up at him from below?

He wants to assure himself, it would seem, that the lines of communication are still open and that the current of love and care is flowing as ever. That is enough. If I admit him to my knee he does not take it out in caresses, for he is no sentimentalist. If I grant him the supreme felicity of his life, to go walking with me, the sense of being with me is all he wants. He turns his head away or gives attention to other things, as if he were indifferent; he is off on his own affairs, attending to his canine world; from which, however, he comes with ready alacrity at my whistle. Let him keep connections clear with my focus of humanity, and the rest is perfect freedom and perfect content to be a dog.

Sometimes he sports in my presence; as an ancient sage was naïve enough to represent Our Lady Wisdom, who was for him symbol of the eager intellect of man, as sporting always in the presence of God. For pure joy of existence he will course round an open field, round and round, returning always to headquarters to report his joy and perhaps jumping up in ecstasy. I cannot break him of that, though I have to brush off much soilure on account of muddy paws. I ought to be sterner with him; I own that. Sometimes, too, he playfully assumes hostility or gives his master a scolding, as if for once he and I had changed places; growling and barking in ironical laughter. But with my hand once in his mouth he is infinitely gentle; nay, he immediately releases it, and would rather die than bite. Yet how savagely he will bite a stick or a rope's end, and how strenuously he will hang to it until his jowl is bloody, as if it were a foe to conquer. It makes me think of the way men sport with the laws of nature and of their own talents, cuffing them about and making audacious demands of them; doughty vanquishers subduing the earth as if they were sole masters of it; yet when this energy faces the calm Reality above, only exploding how much of it in ironic play!

Sometimes a curious fit of the histrionic seizes him; for he loves to astonish, and he is fond of exhibiting his paces before company. He has become aware of his special bent and aptitude: those strong bulldog jaws and that bulldog tenacity must needs render account of themselves. The "stunt" in his case is not hunting or swimming, for he is not trained to the practical services; not carrying baskets or newspapers or slippers, for his ornamental training, too, has been neglected. But in the performance with a stick or rope's end he knows his abilities and takes pride in them; and to have an admiring and exclaiming

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audience is dear to his heart. Is it childish for us or is it natural and right, even at the risk of some vanity, to exhibit our arts before high Heaven, the things that we can most cleverly do, being thereby made a spectacle to the world and to angels and men? Perhaps we may as well accept the situation, and if we must act a part, act it like men. The wrong is not in this, but in the hypocrisy of it, the counterfeit; trying to seem what we are not. It foots back, after all, to truth of nature; and with all his vanity of histrionism Caleb's nature is true.

Sometimes he sins. He gets into dirty and malodorous places; he rolls and revels there. It is his nature, I suppose; and he comes back to me resembling Achilles, who, according to the schoolboy's composition, "was dipped into the Stynx and became intolerable." Yet he comes up proud of his achievement; as proud as we are when we have been eating Limburger cheese. His punishment, which cannot possibly be dispensed with, is an immediate bath; and he submits to it patiently, yet with keen disappointment, feeling in some dim way that he has wronged the standard of the sphere above him, yet in his heart clinging still to the bad odor and ready the next moment to roll in it again. That is a sin, I suspect, arbitrarily imported into his life from the sphere above him and encountering no moral principle to which it can appeal. I do not know that it is amenable even to education. He is a dog, after all, and his conversance with humanity does not obliterate the dog nature. Is there something here, *mutatis mutandis*, for the next being in the scale to ponder? Is *his* nature as clean as the Reality above would have it be? And may there be sinful tendencies and tastes in him for which the fitting punishment is not stripes and prison, not even blame, but—washing?

Then at other times he sins through impulse; will rush after a bird or a cat, perhaps, when warned not to do so. He does not mean to sin. But he is a bulldog, and when once embarked on an action, however impulsive, his bulldog momentum impels him to carry it to the finish. It is his nature to hang on; and sometimes this gets the better of his sense of right—which is to say, the sense he gets from his master's will. The sin seems to come from a certain lack of equilibrium; a trait in itself good, or at least not bad, imperfectly balanced. He sins through disinclination, too, and this is rather more serious. He is tardy and keeps me waiting sometimes when I call him from a pursuit or investigation in which he is particularly interested. He knows that he ought to leave his unsavory occupation and come, for the master's call is his chosen law; but the dog nature is so strong, the affairs of his life are so sweet, it is hard to give up.

Alas! I find I am excusing all his sins, or what I have chosen to call such. As soon as I look behind them they become venial. Am I thereby misrepresenting that ideal which his dumb worship tacitly imputes to me and making the only deity he knows a weak and indulgent one? Or, as we press the imputation onward to the Reality above, do we come in sight of the truth that He who knows all forgives all? It is a hard question to answer, because I have only my very imperfect self to answer by. Yet I, too, see that sin is sin, an ugly actuality which, however it may be explained, cannot be explained away. And I hold, however pliable my disposition, by an old idea which has somehow come among men, of One who will by no means acquit or concede that a sin was not committed when it was, and yet in full view of all does forgive. It is not a bad ideal, on the whole, to live by, for it maintains the eternal standard and order of the universe; it calls things by their right names and deals with them on that ground.

There is no spirit of rebellion in Caleb. The master's will, coming from the standards of a higher sphere which he has never entered, must needs be to him purely arbitrary. It is only by a native spirit of blind obedience (if we can attribute spirit to a dog) that he obeys at all. But he never questions or resents its arbitrariness. It belongs to the order of nature for him. Once in a great while he has deliberately taken matters into his own hands. One day in camp, for instance, nearly all of our party took an excursion to a place five miles away, where there was to be a large company and a dinner; and I desired him to stay at home with me. But the attraction of the majority,

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the sweetness of going with the crowd, was too much for him. He remained with me a little while; then, when my back was turned, quietly disappeared. When, however, he returned with them in the evening he brought back no apparent sense of guilt. Was this a nonchalant carrying off of disobedience with a high hand or was he presuming on my easy nature to say nothing more about it? I had not leashed him; had only told him I wished him to stay with me; and for once he had let a keen desire override a mild restraint. The incident made me think of that large sphere of things morally indifferent and of our attitude toward them; things not laid down in a code, but perhaps established by convention, or drifted into by the crowd, or deduced by interpretation of a higher will. We have the advantage of Caleb, because we can in some measure penetrate the sphere above us; far enough, at least, to see that the Will up there is not arbitrary or capricious and to reduce it to sound reasons. We are the better able, therefore, to take things into our own hands and to revise or accommodate our conventions to suit the occasion. Perhaps, indeed, all our morality, which we trace to a source outside the world, may turn out to have come by the way of our own devising, or what seems such. It need not, therefore, deny the higher source if we have all along appreciated the value of the best in us. The hitch comes when we drift so passively with the crowd as to outrage our better judgment; or when in deliberate perversity we transgress the law of being; or even when we abjure the practicability of the best and take up with the second best. It is thus that we can understand that whatsoever is not of faith is sin.

Fortunately, Caleb drifted with a good crowd, so there was no harm done that time. With us it does not always turn out so.

Once in a while Caleb gets lost, and has, on his primitive dog scale, to be sought and saved. It is not that I lose him; rather he loses me. It amounts to the same in the end, losing or lost. Away from home somewhere with his master, suddenly he wakes to the sense that he has missed the presence of the higher will on whom he depends for bearing and direction. And the cause, I suspect, is much the same as when men get lost; namely, that while he is immersed in immediate allurements—in his case generally connected with back yards and scullery doors—his superior being has passed on out of sight. He does not belong to that class of dogs who would use their nose to find the master again; or else his education has suffered neglect. But one thing I can surely reckon on. As soon as he becomes aware of his plight he drops his scavenging interests and stays right where he last saw me. No other person, however friendly or well known, can entice him away from there. Hours may pass and home may be near, but there he stays, watching and hoping. Of course that imposes on his master the duty of remembering and returning to the place—which is to say, of seeking and saving the lost; but this to his canine theology is what masters are for. To find or to be found (the sum is equal, active or passive) is to be where the master is, and it is for the master to determine where that shall be. He is unconsciously—or shall I say cleverly?—reading me a lesson in my function as a deity. And if I in turn pass on the lesson to the Reality above, I can do it in no better spirit, surely, than by emulating the perfect faith by which Caleb knows not only that he is lost, but that he will full surely be found. Such faith looks like worship, the worship that avails, though its only outward expression is waiting.

On the whole, Caleb's nature, as toward me and the species I represent, is all compact of loyalty, patience, trust, and love. This last seems really to be the key to the whole. I confess I do not see that the soul of Shakespeare could *love* me more. He is below me in thought and power, inexorably below me in sphere and range of being; but in this one respect of love he seems to emulate me. A significant thing when we think of it, that there should be this perfectly understood bond of communion between the two species. Love seems to be a thing neither animal nor human by any exclusive claim; a thing stretching away beyond both species, above and below; and both species seem to be strung on it like beads on a string. His love is as self-forgetting as mine is, and all the more single-hearted

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for not being tangled up with reasons and expediency. It draws into itself his whole being as mine does not. "I cannot understand, I love;" that is what I have often caught his great brown eyes saying. And in that unstudied consciousness he has freedom for his own affairs and grants me freedom for mine.

Having always lived in an atmosphere of good-will and love, he tacitly measures all humanity by it, never dreaming but that his individual deity is a type of all that walks on two feet. He received a sharp cuff once from a two-legged brute who "wa'n't a-go'n' to have no dogs a-suck-un *his* fingers." He had licked the man's hand (I couldn't admire his taste), supposing that, being in the form of man, he was a being of good-will, and he got his first experience of a malignant disposition. He could not understand it; he yelped and fled to his master. I do not believe he laid it up against our race. His data were too few as yet to make so sweeping an induction. But some dogs have had to make it; have had to learn that there are men *and* men, or even that men as a race are a poor lot. One cannot but be sorry to see a snarling, suspicious, cowering cur; to think how much reason he has for being so and how he has had to belie his nature, perhaps even before he was born, to have become so. And there are snarling, suspicious, treacherous men; dreadful deities these for the species below them. They are made so, it would seem, partly by the sins of their own kind and partly by what they supposed the sins of their gods. We really cannot dissociate the two, for to lay the wrong on that abstraction called the world is to lay it virtually on the Power that made the world what it is. All this, of course, is only their own ignorance of the gods and their own evil bent imputed to the powers above; an ignorance curable not by knowledge wholly, if at all, but by love. The lack of love is the one darkness and blindness. As soon as they turn away from evil motions to love and loyalty and patience and trust—the dog virtues—men, too, find out their mistake and the true nature of the gods begins to come in sight. But because men are not gods yet, but only stumbling along through the sand and thorns of their own nature toward God, and because they are so easily drawn away toward the dirt and dark, they too often give their four-footed friend compelling reason for moroseness and suspicion. They need to school themselves better in the deity rôle, so that they may send on the pulsation from above toward the lower places of the earth that are so loyally waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body.

We may, perhaps, take a hint from Caleb not to lay up too much against our race or against any single specimen of it. The man who cuffed him (God made him, let him pass for a man) perhaps loves his wife and children; perhaps has a dog or a horse on whom he bestows a surly good-will according to his light. There is a germ of love in him struggling to get beyond the tether of property exclusiveness and become intrinsic. If he can be kind to his own dog he is in the way, so he will commit himself to it, of being kind to all dogs, and to men and to the world in which he is unwittingly undergoing education. If he can get out of that mesh of self, out of that cramping prison-house of his own claims, and let good-will have free course and be its own reason for existing—well, dogs' nature, too, will have less reason to outrage its healthy instincts, and the world itself will become a different place. The problem is to get the channels and sluiceways open for that elemental tide of love which is the deepest and realest thing in the world, so that in the far-off divine event there may be no clog or stricture.

A big problem? Yes; there is no denying that. The Reality above took upon Himself no easy task when he endowed a multitudinous creation with such tremendous possibilities and then set it growing to make the possible real. We may well be thankful that so small a part of the task relatively falls on us of the human species. And perhaps if we will let ourselves learn from beings like my lowly teacher (there are many of them as good as he), who are all the while teaching as though they taught not, to accept the rôle that they tacitly accord us, with due appreciation of their dumb virtues, a livable theology may not seem so very hard a problem after all.

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Tapestries of Twilight

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

The Rags of Queen Cophetua

WHEN the first dazzle of bewildered happiness in her new estate had faded from her eyes, and the miracle of her startling metamorphosis from a wandering beggar-maid to a great Queen on a throne was beginning to lose a little of its wonder and to take its place among the accepted realities of life, Queen Cophetua became growingly conscious of some dim dissatisfaction and unrest in her heart.

Indeed, she had all that the world could give, and surely all that a woman's heart is supposed to desire. The King's love was still hers as when he found her at dawn by the pool in the forest; and in exchange for the tattered rags which had barely concealed the water-lily whiteness of her body, countless wardrobes were filled with garments of every variety of subtle design and exquisite fabric, textures light as the golden sun, purple as the wine-dark sea, iridescent as the rainbow, and soft as summer clouds—the better to set off her strange beauty for the eyes of the King.

And every day of the year the King brought her a new and priceless jewel to hang about her neck, or wear upon her moonbeam hands, or to shine in the fragrant night of her hair.

Ah! what a magical wooing that had been in the depths of the forest, that strange morning! The sun was hardly above the tops of the trees, when she had awakened from sleep at the mossy foot of a giant beech, and its first beams were casting a solemn enchantment across a great pool of water-lilies and filling their ivory cups with strange gold. She had lain still a while, watching, through her sleepy eyelids, the unfolding marvel of the dawn; and then rousing herself, she had knelt by the pool, and letting down her long hair that fell almost to her feet, had combed and braided it, with the pool for her mirror—a mirror with water-lilies for its frame. And as she gazed at herself in the clear water, with a girlish happiness in her own beauty, a shadow fell over the pond; and, startled, she saw beside her own face in the mirror the face of a beautiful young knight, so it seemed, bending over her shoulder. In fear and maiden modesty—for her hair was only half braided, and, whiter than any water-lily in the pond, her bosom glowed bare in the morning sunlight—she turned around, and met the eyes of the King.

Without moving, each gazed at the other as in a dream—eyes lost fathom-deep in eyes.

At last the King found voice to speak. "You must be a fairy?" he had said, "for surely you are too beautiful to be human."

"Nay, my lord," she had answered, "I am but a poor girl that wanders with my lute yonder from village to village and town to town, singing my little songs."

"You shall wander no more," said the King. "Come with me, and you shall sit upon a throne and be my Queen, and I will love you forever."

But she could not answer a word, for fear and joy.

And therewith the King took her by the hand, and set her upon his horse that was grazing hard by; and, mounting behind her, he rode with her in his arms to the city, and all the while her eyes looked up into his eyes, as she leaned upon his shoulder, and his eyes looked deep down into hers—but they spake not a word. Only once, at the edge of the forest, he had bent down and kissed her on the lips, and it seemed to both as if heaven with all its stars was falling into their hearts.

As they rode through the city to the palace, surrounded by wondering crowds, she nestled closer to his side, like a fright-

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ened bird, and like a wild bird's were her great eyes gazing up into his in a terror of joy. Not once did she move them to right or left, for all the murmur of the people about them. Nor did the King see aught but her water-lily face as they wended thus in a dream through the crowded streets, and at length came to the marble steps of the palace.

Then the King, leaping from his horse, took her tenderly in his arms and carried her lightly up the marble steps. Upon the topmost step he set her down, and taking her hand in his, as she stood timidly by his side, he turned his face to the multitude and spake.

"Lo! my people," he said, "this is your Queen, whom God has sent to me by a divine miracle, to rule over your hearts from this day forth, as she holds rule over mine. My people, salute your Queen!"

And therewith the King knelt on one knee to his beggar-maid and kissed her hand; and all the people knelt likewise, with bowed heads, and a great cry went up.

"Our Queen! Our Queen!"

Then the King and Queen passed into the palace, and the tiring-maids led the little beggar-maid into a great chamber hung with tapestries and furnished with many mirrors, and they took from off her white body the tattered gown she had worn in the forest, and robed her in perfumed linen and cloth of gold, and set jewels at her throat and in her hair; and at evening in the cathedral, before the high altar, in the presence of all the people, the King placed a sapphire beautiful as the evening star upon her finger, and the twain became man and wife; and the moon rose and the little beggar-maid was a Queen and lay in a great King's arms.

On the morrow the King summoned a famous worker in metals attached to his court, and commanded him to make a beautiful coffer of beaten gold, in which to place the little ragged robe of his beggar-maid; for it was very sacred to him because of his great love. After due time, the coffer was finished, and it was acclaimed the masterpiece of the great artificer who had made it. About its sides was embossed the story of the King's love. On one side was the pool with the water-lilies, and the beggar-maid braiding her hair on its brink. And on another she was riding on horseback with the King through the forest. And on another she was standing by his side on the steps of the palace before all the people. And on the fourth side she was kneeling by the King's side before the high altar in the cathedral.

The King placed the coffer in a secret gallery attached to the royal apartments, and very tenderly he placed therein the little tattered gown, and the lute with which his Queen was wont to wander from village to village and town to town, singing her little songs.

Often at evening, when his heart brimmed over with the tenderness of his love, he would persuade his Queen to doff her beautiful royal garments and clothe herself again in that little tattered gown, through the rents of which her white body showed whiter than any water-lilies. And, however rich or exquisite the other garments she wore, it was in those beloved rags, the King declared, that she looked most beautiful. In them he loved her best.

But this had been a while ago, and though, as has been said, the King's love was still hers as when he had met her that strange morning in the forest, and though every day he brought her a new and priceless jewel to hang about her neck, or wear upon her moonbeam hands, or to shine in the fragrant night of her hair, it was many months since he had asked her to wear for him the little tattered gown.

Was the miracle of their love beginning to lose a little of its wonder for him too, was it beginning to take its place among the accepted realities of life?

Sometimes the Queen fancied that he seemed a little impatient with her elfin bird-like ways, as though, in his heart, he was beginning to wish that she was more in harmony with the folk around her, more like the worldly court ladies, with their great manners and artificial smiles. For, though she had now been a Queen a long while, she had never changed. She was still the wild gipsy-hearted child the King had found braiding her hair that morning by the lilied pool.

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

OFTEN SHE WOULD LIFT THE LID OF THE COFFER AND LOOK AT THE TATTERED ROBE

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Often she would steal away by herself and enter that secret gallery, and lift the lid of the golden coffer, and look wistfully at the little tattered robe, and run her hands over the cracked strings of her little lute.

There was a long window in the gallery, from which, far away, she could see the great green cloud of the forest; and as the days went by, she often found herself seated at this window, gazing in its direction, with vague unformed feelings of sadness in her heart.

One day, as she sat there at the window, an impulse came over her that she could not resist, and swiftly she slipped off her beautiful garments, and taking the little robe from the coffer, clothed herself in the rags that the King had loved. And she took the old lute in her hands and sang low to herself her old wandering songs. And so she danced, too, an elfin dance, all alone there in the still gallery, danced as the apple blossoms dance on the spring winds, or the autumn leaves dance in the depths of the forest.

Suddenly she ceased in alarm. The King had entered the gallery unperceived, and was watching her with sad eyes.

"Are you weary of being a Queen?" said he, sadly.

For answer she threw herself on his breast and wept bitterly, she knew not why.

"Oh, I love you! I love you," she sobbed, "but this life is not real."

And the King went from her with a heavy heart.

And from day to day an unspoken sorrow lay between them; and from day to day the King's words haunted the Queen with a more insistent refrain:

"Are you weary of being a Queen?"

Was she weary of being a Queen?

And so the days went by.

One day as the Queen passed down the palace steps she came upon a beautiful girl, clothed in tatters as she had once been, seated on the lowest step, selling flowers—water-lilies.

The Queen stopped.

"Where did you gather your water-lilies, child?" she asked.

"I gathered them from a pool in the great forest yonder," answered the girl, with a curtsy.

"Give me one of them," said the Queen, with a sob in her voice, and she slipped a piece of gold into the girl's hand, and fled back into the palace.

That night, as she lay awake by her sleeping King, she rose silently and stole into the secret gallery. There, with tears running down her cheeks, she dressed herself in the little tattered gown and took the lute in her hand, and then stole back and pressed a last kiss on the brow of her sleeping King, who still slept on.

But at sunrise the King awoke, with a sudden fear in his heart, and lo! where his Queen had lain was only a white water-lily.

And at that moment, in the depths of the forest, a beggar-maid was braiding her hair, with a pool of water-lilies for her mirror.

The Maker of Rainbows

It was a bleak November morning in the dreary little village of Twelve-trees. Nature herself seemed hopeless and disgusted with the universe, as the chill mists stole wearily among the bare trees, and the boughs dripped with a clammy moisture that had nothing of the energy of tears.

Twelve-trees was a poor little village at the best of times, but the past summer had been more than usually unkind to it, and the lean wheat-fields and the ragged orchards had been leaner and more ragged than ever before—so said the memory of the oldest villagers.

There was very little to eat in the village of Twelve-trees, and practically no money at all. Some of the inhabitants found consolation in the fact that at the Inn of the Blessed Rood the cider-kegs still held out against despair.

But this was no comfort to the gaunt and shivering children left to themselves on the chill door-steps, half-heartedly trying to play their innocent little games. Even the heart of childhood felt the shadows that November morning in the dreary little village of Twelve-trees, and even the dogs and the cats of the village seemed to be under the same spell of gloom, and moved about with a dank hopelessness, evidently expecting nothing

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in the shape of discarded fish or transfiguring smells.

There was no life in the long, dishevelled High Street. No one seemed to think it worth while to get up and work. There was nothing to get up for, and no work worth doing. So, naturally, in all this echoing emptiness, this lack of excitement, anything that happened attracted a gratefully alert attention—even from those cats and dogs so sadly prowling amid the dejected refuse of the village.

Presently, amid all the November numbness, the blank nothingness of the damp deserted street, there was to be seen approaching from the south a curious little figure of an old man, trundling at his side a strange apparatus resembling a knife-grinder's wheel, and he carried some forlorn old umbrellas under one arm. Evidently he was an itinerant knife-grinder and umbrella-mender. As he proceeded up the street, he called out some strange singsong, the words of which it was impossible to distinguish.

But, though his cry was melancholy, his old puckered and wizened face seemed to be alight with some inner and inextinguishable gladness, and his electrical blue eyes, startlingly set in a network of wrinkles, were as full of laughter as a boy's. His cry attracted a weary face here and there at window and door; but, seeing nothing but an old knife-grinder, the faces lost interest and immediately disappeared. The children, however, being less sophisticated, were filled with a grateful curiosity toward the stranger, and left the chill door-steps and trooped about him in wonder.

A little girl, with tears making channels down her pale unwashed face, caught the old man's eye.

"Little one," he said, with a magical smile, and a voice all reassuring love, "give me one of those tears, and I will show you what I can make of it."

And he touched the child's face with his hand, and caught one of her tears on his finger, and placed it glittering on his wheel. Then, working a pedal with his foot, the wheel began to move so swiftly that one could see nothing but its whirling; and as it whirled, wonderful colored rays began to rise from it, so that presently the dreary street seemed full of rainbows. The sad houses were lit up with a fairy radiance, and the faces of the children were all laughter again.

"Well, little one," he said, when the wheel stopped whirling, "did you like what I made out of that sad little tear?"

And the children laughed, and begged him to do some other trick for them.

At that moment there came down the street a poor old half-witted woman, indescribably dirty and bedraggled, talking to herself and laughing in a creepy way. The village knew her as Crazy Sal, and the children were accustomed to make cruel sport of her. As she came near, they began to jeer at her, with the heartlessness of young unknowing things.

But the strange old man who had made rainbows out of the little girl's tear suddenly stopped them.

"Stay, children," he said, "and watch."

And, as he said this, his wheel went whirling again; and as it whirled, a light shot out from it, so that it illuminated the poor old woman, and in its radiance she became strangely transfigured. In place of Crazy Sal, whom they had been accustomed to mock, the children saw a beautiful young girl, all blushes and bright eyes and pretty ribbons; and so great was the murmur of their surprise that it drew to the door-steps their fathers and mothers, who also saw Crazy Sal as none of them had ever seen her before—except a very old man who remembered her as a beautiful young girl, and remembered too how her mind had gone from her, as the news came one day that her sweetheart, a sailor, had been drowned in the North Sea.

"Who and what are you?" said this old man, stepping out a little in front of the gathering crowd. "Are you a wizard, that you change a child's tears into laughter, and turn an old half-witted woman back to a young girl? You must be of the devil . . ."

"Give me an ear of corn from your last harvest," answered the old knife-grinder, "and let me put it on my wheel."

And an ear of corn was brought to him, and once more his wheel went whirring, and again that strange light shot out from it, and spread far past

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the houses over the fields beyond; and, lo! to the astonished sad eyes of the weary farmers, they appeared waving with golden grain, waiting for the scythe.

And again, as the wheel stopped whirring, the old man who had remembered Crazy Sal as a young girl spoke to the knife-grinder; again he asked:

"What and who are you? Are you a wizard that you change a child's tears into laughter, and turn an old half-witted woman back to a young girl, and make of a barren glebe a waving corn-field?"

And the man with the strange wheel answered:

"I am the maker of rainbows. I am the alchemist of hope. To me November is always May, tears are always laughter that is going to be, and darkness is light misunderstood. The sad heart makes its own sorrow, the happy heart makes its own joy. The harvest is made by the harvestman—and there is nothing hard or black or weary that is not waiting for the magic touch of hope to become soft as a spring flower, bright as the morning star, and valiant as a young runner in the dawn."

But the village of Twelve-trees was not to be convinced by such words made out of moonshine. Only the children believed in the laughing old man with the strange wheel.

"Rainbows!" mocked their fathers and mothers—"rainbows! Much good are rainbows to a starving village."

The old maker of rainbows took their taunts in silence, and made ready to go his way; but as he started once more along the road he said, with a cynical smile:

"Have you never heard that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? . . ."

"A pot of gold?" cried out the whole village of Twelve-trees.

"Yes," he answered, "a pot of gold! I know where it is, and I am going to find it."

And he moved on his way.

Then the villagers looked at one another, and said over and over again, "A pot of gold!"

And they took cloaks and walking-staves and set out to accompany the old visitor; but when they reached the outskirts of the village there was no sign of him. He had mysteriously disappeared.

But the children never forgot the rainbows.

The Buyer of Sorrows

On an evening of singular sunset, about the rich beginning of May, the little market-town of Beethorpe was startled by the sound of a trumpet.

Beethorpe was an ancient town, mysteriously sown, centuries ago, like a wandering thistle-down of human life, amid the silence and the nibbling sheep of the great chalk downs. It stood in a hollow of the long smooth billows of pale pasture that suavely melted into the sky on every side. The evening was so still that the little river running across the threshold of the town, and encircling what remained of its old walls, was the noisiest thing to be heard, dominating with its talkative murmur the bedtime hum of the High Street.

Suddenly, as the flamboyance of the sky was on the edge of fading, and the world beginning to wear a forlorn, forgotten look, a trumpet sounded from the western heights above the town, as though the sunset itself had spoken; and the people in Beethorpe, looking up, saw three horsemen against the lurid sky.

Three times the trumpet blew.

And the simple folk of Beethorpe, tumbling out into the street at the summons, and looking to the west with sleepy bewilderment, asked themselves: Was it the last trumpet? Or was it the long-threatened invasion of the king of France?

Again the trumpet blew, and then the braver of the young men of the town hastened up the hill to learn its meaning.

As they approached the horsemen they perceived that the centre of the three was a young man of great nobility of bearing, richly but sombrely dressed, and with a dark, beautiful face filled with a proud melancholy. He kept his eyes on the fading sunset, sitting motionless upon his horse, apparently oblivious of the commotion his arrival had caused. The horseman on his right hand was clad after the manner of a herald, and the horseman on his left hand

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was clad after the manner of a steward. And the three horsemen sat motionless, awaiting the bewildered ambassadors of Beethorpe.

When these had approached near enough, the herald once more set the trumpet to his lips and blew; and then, unfolding a parchment scroll, read in a loud voice:

"To the Folk of Beethorpe—Greeting from the High and Mighty Lord, Mortimer of the Marches.

"Whereas our heart has gone out toward the sorrows of our people in the counties and towns and villages of our domain, we hereby issue proclamation that whosoever hath a sorrow, let him or her bring it forth; and we, out of our private purse, will purchase the said sorrow, according to its value—that the hearts of our people be lightened of their burdens."

And when the herald had finished reading, he blew again upon the trumpet three times; and the villagers looked at one another in bewilderment—but some ran down the hill to tell their neighbors of the strange proposal of their lord. Thus, presently, nearly all the village of Beethorpe was making its way up the hill to where those three horsemen loomed against the evening sky.

Never was such a sorrowful company. Up the hill they came, carrying their sorrows in their hands — sorrows for which, in excited haste, they had rummaged old drawers and forgotten cupboards, and even run hurriedly into the churchyard.

Lord Mortimer of the Marches sat his horse with the same austere indifference, his melancholy profile against the fading sky. Only those who stood near to him noted a kindly ironic flicker of a smile in his eyes, as he saw, apparently seeing nothing, the poor little raked-up sorrows of his village of Beethorpe.

He was a fantastic young lord of many sorrows. His heart had been broken in a very strange way. Death and Pity were his closest friends. He was so sad himself that he had come to realize that sorrow is the only sincerity of life. Thus sorrow had become a kind of passion with him, even a kind of connoisseurship; and he had come, so to say, to be a collector of sorrows. It was partly pity and partly an odd form of dilettanteism —for his own sad heart made him pitiful for and companionable with any other sad heart; but the sincerity of his sorrow made him jealous of the sanctity of sorrow, and at the same time sternly critical of, and sadly amused by, the hypocrisies of sorrow.

So, as he sat his horse and gazed at the sunset, he smiled sadly to himself as he heard, without seeming to hear, the small insincere sorrows of his village of Beethorpe—sorrows forgotten long ago, but suddenly rediscovered in old drawers and unopened cupboards, at the sound of his lordship's trumpet and the promise of his strange proclamation.

Was there a sorrow in the world that no money could buy?

It was to find such a sorrow that Lord Mortimer thus fantastically rode from village to village of his estates, with herald and steward.

The unpurchasable sorrow! the sorrow no gold can gild, no jewel can buy!

Far and wide he had ridden over his estates, seeking so rare a sorrow; but as yet he had found no sorrow that could not be bought with a little bag of gold and silver coins.

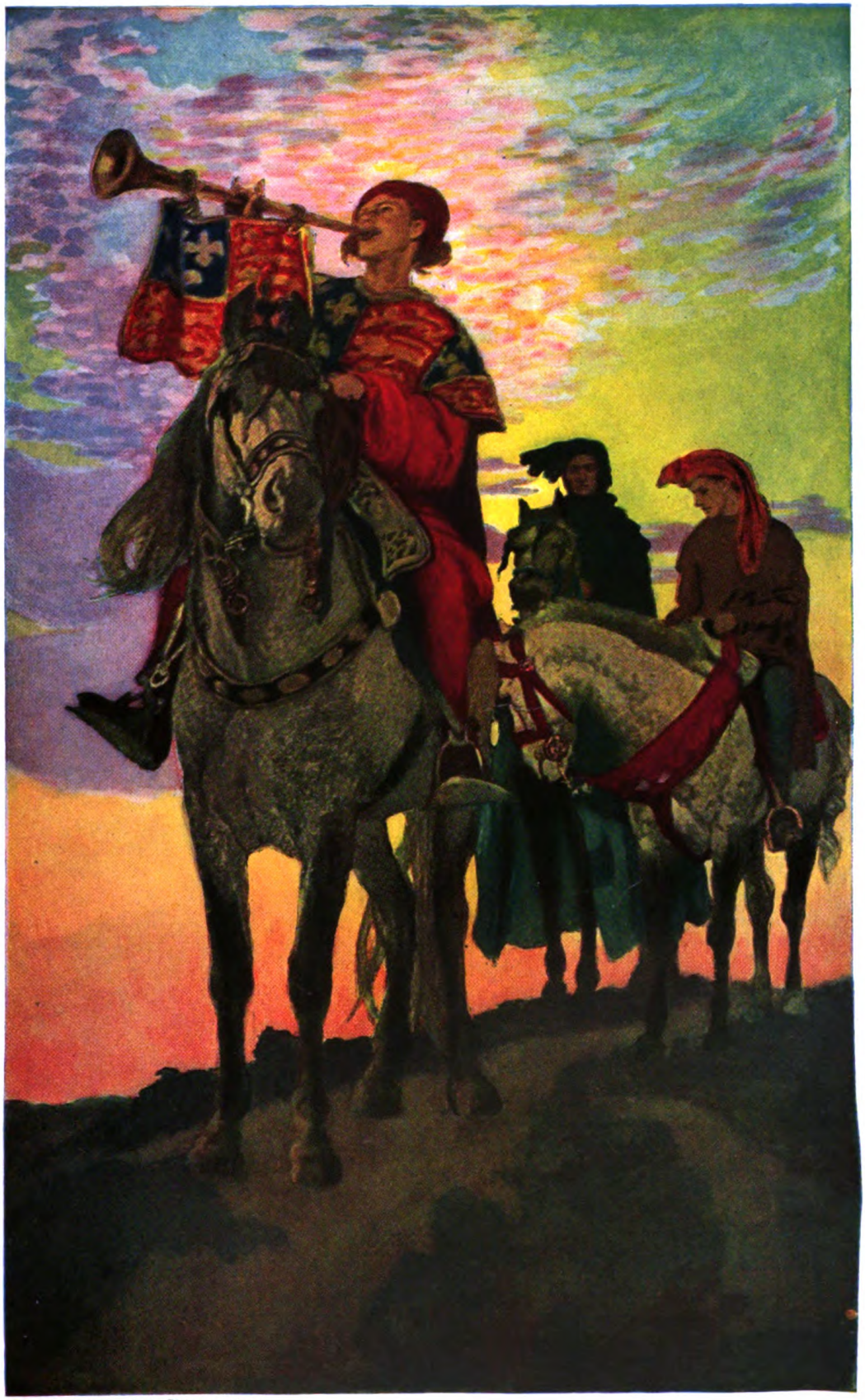
So he sat his horse, while the villagers of Beethorpe were paid out of a great leathern bag by the steward—for the steward understood the mind of his master, and, without troubling him, paid each weeping and whimpering peasant as he thought fit.

In another great bag the steward had collected the sorrows of the village of Beethorpe; and, by this, the moon was rising, and, with another blast of trumpet by way of farewell, the three horsemen took the road again to Lord Mortimer's castle.

When, out of the great leathern bag, in Lord Mortimer's cabinet, they poured upon the table the sorrows of Beethorpe, the young lord smiled to himself, turning over one sorrow after the other, as though they had been precious stones—for there was not one genuine sorrow among them.

But, later, there came news to him that there was one real sorrow in Beethorpe; and he rode alone on horseback to the village, and found a beautiful girl laying flowers on a grave. She was so

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

ONCE MORE THE HERALD SET THE TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS AND BLEW

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beautiful that he forgot his ancient grief, and he thought that all his castles would be but a poor exchange for her face.

"Maiden," said he, "let me buy your sorrow—with three counties and seven castles."

And the girl looked up at him from the grave, with eyes of forget-me-not, and said: "My lord, you mistake. This is not sorrow. It is my only joy."

The Man with Something in his Eye

Once on a time toward the end of February, when the snow still festered in the New York streets, and the wind blew cruelly from river to river, a strange figure made a somewhat storm-tossed progress along Forty-second Street, walking toward the East Side. He was a tall, distinguished, curiously sad-looking man, with longish hair growing gray, and clothes which, though they had been brushed many times, still proclaimed aloud a Bond Street tailor. As he walked along he had evidently some trouble with one of his eyes, which he rubbed from time to time, as though a cinder, perhaps, from the Elevated had lodged there, and at last he held a handkerchief to it as he walked along. But whatever the trouble was, it did not seem to interfere with a keen and kindly vision that noted every object and character of the thronged street. Now and again strangers, in that noisy and bewildering quarter, would ask direction from him, and he never failed to stop with an aristocratic painstaking courtesy and set them on their way. Nervous old ladies with bundles at perilous crossings found his arm ready to pilot them safely to the other side. There was about him a curious gentleness which, after a while, did not fail to attract the attention of enterprising boys and observing beggars, for whom as he walked along, evidently sorely troubled with his eye, he did not fail to find pennies and kind words.

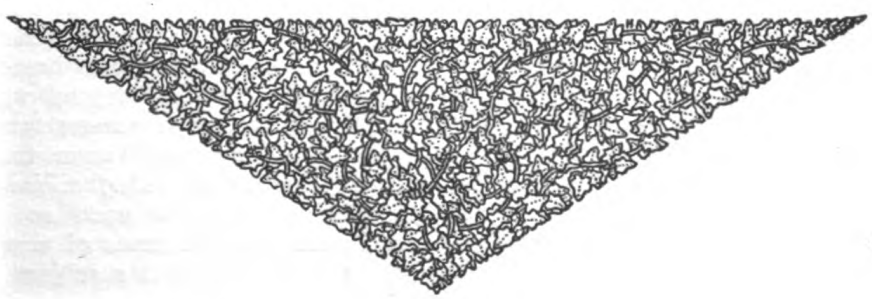
At last he had become so noticeable for these oddities of behavior that as he went along he had collected quite an escort of miscellaneous individuals, ragged children with pale precocious faces, voluble old Irishwomen with bedraggled petticoats, sturdy beggars on crutches, and a sprinkling of so-called "respectable" people, curiously hovering on the skirts of the strange crowd. From some of these last came at length unkindly comments. The man was evidently crazy—more probably he was drunk. But it was plainly evident that he had something the matter with his eye.

At last a kindly individual suggested that he should go to a drug-store and get the drug clerk to look at his eye. To this the stranger assented, and, accompanied by his motley escort, he entered a drug-store and put himself into the hands of the clerk, while the crowd thronged the door and glared through the windows, wondering what was the matter with the eccentric gentleman, who, after all, was very free with his pence and had so kind a tongue. A policeman did not, of course, fail to elbow himself into the store, to inquire what was the matter.

Meanwhile the drug clerk proceeded to lift up the stranger's eyelid in a professional manner, searching for the extraneous particle of pain.

At last he found something, and made a strange announcement. The something in the stranger's eye was—Pity.

No wonder it had caused such a sensation in the pitiless city.



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Bread

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Director of Industrial Research and Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Pittsburg and at the University of Kansas

"No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge: for he taketh a man's life to pledge."—*Deut. xxiv: 6.*

THESE words signify in a beautiful and very practical way the universal and enduring need of bread. To-day, with exceptions so few that they horrify us to hear of, every man, woman, and child in America has his daily wheaten loaf. This wheaten loaf is the evolutionary product of innumerable centuries of baking.

The question, "When did man first eat bread?" might almost as well be answered by another, "When did man first obtain his molar teeth?" The ancient words "bread," "barm," "leaven," "loaf," "knead," "lord," and "lady" signify in their ultimate derivations the immense antiquity of the art of baking; in fact, the making of bread, together with the tanning of skins and the burning of pottery, is one of the oldest of earth's arts.

The housekeepers of America to-day make seventy per cent. of all the bread, yet the remaining thirty per cent. made by the bakers involves a capitalization of over two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. Anything, then, that we can discover of the present-day status of the art of bread-making is of importance and of interest. The first known making of bread refers back to the prehistoric lake-dwellings of Europe, where there have been discovered the grains of barley, oats, rye, and wheat, together with the charred remains of cakes of bread and the rude stone grain-crushers and mealing-stones. It is true that these pellets of wheat and barley are but humble representatives of the highly bred grains that now glorify the farmer's field, and it is true, too, that the loaves were for the most part but of crushed grains, not true meal, and obviously made by being laid on the hot stones and covered over by glowing ashes, just, in fact, as the muleteers of Syria to-day make their unleavened cakes; but it was bread.

Since in Eastern countries a mixture of meal and water will begin to ferment in the course of a day, the value of leavened bread must inevitably have been discovered prior to civilization. We all remember the story of the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt, how "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders" (Exodus xii: 34); leavened bread—*i. e.*, bread as we know it—must at that time have been universal. Early, too, must have been the specialization of the art of baking; first, doubtless, in the largest households, as witness the interesting story of that most unfortunate chief baker in Genesis xl; and afterward, as the reader may readily find, into a definitely segregated trade, as in Hosea vii.

There have always been bakers, but, on the other hand, from the beginning of human time bread has always been baked in the home, particularly and definitely as the vocational duty of women. There thus appears this most curious and interesting of facts: that contemporaneous with the history of man from the earliest to the latest times there has been an unremitting conflict between home-made bread and the baker's loaf. The present-day outcome of this eternal war may be expressed in the fact given above: that the housekeepers make seventy per cent. of American bread. But how much does this depend upon the traditional enmity of woman toward the baker, and how much upon the traditional timidity of *paterfamilias* in expressing an opinion upon so delicate a subject? The interests of truth, however, and because it is a subject of such importance to every home, insist that

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some comparison shall be made between home-made bread and the baker's loaf.

The traditional idea of the bakery is that of dark, low-ceilinged, germ-laden rooms, in which men, wholly indeterminate in their periods of ablution, swelter among the flour, yeast, and dough, mixing, baking, and pawing over a crude substance adulterated with alum and wholly abominable when compared with the inviting, wholesome aliment of the home. Nothing could be farther from the present-day truth. The bakery, as we shall picture it here, does not represent the very best practice and, of course, by no means the worst; it does, however, represent good practice rapidly extending into universality.

The present-day bakery, then, is represented by a large, four-storied, modern building, with concrete floors. In many rooms its walls are tiled, and in others they are lined with cork to produce equality of temperature. It is provided with beautiful enginery in its power-room, with a cold-storage plant, and a cold-air plant.

Let us swiftly review the process. The flour is emptied into the hoppers in the basement, from which it is carried by conveyers to the fourth floor, where, after being vigorously sifted, it passes into a gigantic bin holding, say, seventy-five barrels. The descent of this flour, floor after floor, marks its transformation into bread. It is automatically withdrawn from the bin, automatically weighed, and automatically dropped into the mixing-machine. In this mixing-machine, with the requisite quantities of yeast, sugar, salt, milk-powder, and malt—if it is used—it is rapidly lashed into a homogeneous dough and subsequently automatically thrust into the fermenting-trough; from the fermenting-trough through hoppers down to the cutting-table below; from the cutting-table below through the various cutting-machines, forming-machines, and balling-machines; through the "proof-room" to the oven; and subsequently from the oven to the delivery wagons. The words "automatically treated" must be understood as applicable in a large and generous sense. While it is not true that in the practice here described bread is absolutely free from the touch of a human hand, it is almost true; and to such an extent that it is obvious that in the best baking practice of the immediate future this ideal will be completely realized. The process is absolutely flawlessly clean.

Now, as for the materials. These are of the best. The flour is of the best brands, just such, in fact, as the householder uses, and so are the materials. While it is true that generally condensed milk or milk-powder is used instead of milk, and cottonseed oil instead of butter, these materials are clean, pure, and good for the purpose.

And what about the product? Compared with baker's bread of our grandparents' time, modern baker's bread of the best practice is certainly superb. The old-fashioned baker's loaf that was more holes than bread, and that modicum of bread of a tasteless, indigestible character, has been displaced by a loaf which in color, texture, flavor, and nutritious qualities is positively good.

But not best. Let us grant at once that the very best product of the very best housekeeper *(pace uxoris meæ)* excels in its excellences the best baker's loaf. But in this production there is no regard for cost either of time or money. If such a housekeeper were to count into the cost factors such as time employed, wear and tear, investment, fuel, failures in her product, stale bread, and the prices and quantities of her flour, sugar, milk, and shortening, she would find its summation always in excess of the price she would pay the baker. As for the average home-made bread, where temperatures are not controlled and qualities of constituents vary, it may assuredly be pronounced no better than the best baker's bread, as obtainable in large cities. Outside of the instance in which high art and regardlessness of cost figure, home-made bread may be said to pay, possibly, in the case of a mother of a large family who bakes her own bread. As a statement of simple fact, home-made bread must ultimately disappear before the increased efficiency of the baker, the growing accentuation of the servant problem, and the spread of co-operative principles in housekeeping; the bakers will make the bread just as other manufacturers now make the pickles and the mustard and the butter.

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Has the best bread been made either in the home or in the bakery? Certainly not. Both in the home and in the factory, baking is practised essentially as an art. It has still to become a science. In saying this the large bakers will not agree with me. They will point with triumph to the thermometer which every good baker carries about with him, to the rigorously exact weighing of materials, and to the sternly regulated periods of mixing, fermenting, and baking, and the uniformity of their product. But these statements convey all they have to show of progress. In fact, the bakers, as with certain other manufacturers, in standardizing their process, are in danger, so to speak, of *crystallizing* it. They are not themselves, except dimly, aware of the scientific possibilities of their art.

In order to see, not only how true this is, but how interesting are the problems in themselves, let us review the process. Baking is concerned with some of the most recondite problems in contemporary science.

First, there is the flour. Two flours may be identical, to all appearance, in color, smell, feel, and granulation, and yet one will make a fine, light, large loaf, and the other a poor, heavy one. It must strike the reader, in view of the hundreds of millions of dollars involved, that it is an important and regrettable fact that neither the baker, the miller, nor the man of science can tell just why —yet so it is. The difficulties involved in answering such a question depend upon the complex nature of flour. Flour contains starch, gluten, sugar, soluble albuminous bodies, fats, oils, mineral matters, such as phosphates, fermenting enzymes, and bacteria. Variations in the quantities of starch in the flour doubtless do affect the quality of the bread, but to a minor extent. The gluten is more important; it is, in fact, certain that the quality and flavor of the bread depend upon the gluten of the flour. And yet how difficult it is to understand!

Gluten is a highly nitrogenous, tough, sticky, elastic material which shows its characteristics only when the flour is made into dough. As the dough rises to the baking temperature, it puffs itself up into a round ball which sets on the outside into a hard skin or crust, while within, owing to the steam, it lies in a system of fine threads and meshes, in the interstices of which, in the bread, lie the granules of starch. The ability to make a loaf of bread at all evidently depends on the fact that the elastic, sticky gluten at a lower temperature resists the escape of the gas evolved during the fermentation, and so becomes puffed up into lightness, while at a higher temperature it becomes converted into digestible material and *sets*.

This is the philosophy of baking; but, as with other philosophies, it is but the beginning of our explanations and our troubles. If the rising power of the bread depends on the per cent. of gluten in the flour, the flours of maize, barley, and rice ought to make good bread, for they may contain more gluten than does wheat. Such flours, however, will not make bread. Evidently, then, what is gluten in one flour is not gluten in another, and evidently, too, we do not know what gluten is. About it, however, this much is known, that the glutens from rye, maize, rice, barley, buckwheat, and wheat all contain varying quantities of two substances, chemically combined or mechanically mixed, nobody knows, called respectively *gliadin* and *glutenin*. It turns out, too, that among the grains grown by man wheat contains by far the highest per cent. of *gliadin*. *Gliadin* is a very sticky substance, while *glutenin* is not; *glutenin*, however, seems to form a network to which the *gliadin* adheres, and the two together, like a concrete of which the *gliadin* is the cement, seem to constitute the framework of the loaf. Why, then, should not the baker say that the size of his loaf depended upon the relation between the *gliadin* and *glutenin* of his flour, and buy his flour accordingly?

The idea was fascinating in its simplicity, but it was based on too restricted a purview. It is partly true, but as a complete explanation it is fallacious. You see, flour is so complex. Every flour contains naturally between one and two per cent. of sugar. This sugar it is, as we shall see, that the yeast utilizes in the fermentation of the dough, and out of the destruction of which the gas is produced. It has been discovered that the volume of the loaf depends on the quantity of sugar available during the final

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stages of fermentation, and hence it has been inferred that the strongest flour is that which has the highest per cent. of natural sugar; this is partly true, perhaps, but fallacious, also, as a complete explanation. Still again, flour contains varying quantities of soluble albuminous bodies, as well as small quantities of fats and oils and mineral matters, such as phosphates, and finally of fermenting enzymes, all of which influence not only the size of the loaf, but, as well, the quality, flavor, and texture of the resulting bread.

Obviously the baker does not know how to buy his flour. In order to better his flour he, or the miller for him, frequently *blends* it, and thereupon new troubles begin. By mixing flours it is undoubtedly impossible to regulate one factor without sending topsyturvy half a dozen others. Moreover—and this is a strange thing—by mixing flours the baker does not get a summation of the qualities of each, but, on the contrary, a completely different flour. The reason for this is outside the reach of contemporary knowledge. Is it, then, to be wondered at that the baker is virtually compelled to buy his flour in quantities of from one hundred to two hundred thousand barrels at a time without any prior chemical understanding of the validity of his purchase? He depends, with the possible exception of a crude baking test, absolutely on the character of the miller, and the miller—is the miller. When into this mass of flour he places his yeast, innumerable additional difficulties flock about his head.

Yeast? From the time of Pasteur it has been the subject of innumerable investigations, and as yet, even to-day, we are but on the fringe of knowledge. This is particularly true as regards the ferment for bread; for, while millions have been spent on the chemistry of fermentation, this fermentation has had to do essentially with beer and wine; bread has shared only the incidentals of the investigations. Still, to-day, the interests involved in the manufacture of yeast are highly specialized. Particularly this is the case with the Netherland Yeast Company, whose factory efficiency it is a privilege to inspect. To the seat of this company at Delft come from all parts of the world maize, barley, and rye. The rye is made to undergo a fermentation which develops lactic acid together with considerable quantities of sugar. This lactic acid-sugar mixture is then used as the medium upon which the parent yeast is grown. While the sugar of the mixture affords food for the yeast, the lactic acid constituent acts as an antitoxin to the various poisonous and bad yeasts and ferments which would normally develop. Meanwhile there has been prepared the immense mixture of saccharine materials, maltose, dextrin, etc., resulting from the action of the malted barley upon the corn; and into this mixture is thrown the selected yeast. There results an immediate fermentation on a huge scale. The yeast is thrown off as a great mass of scum, which is filtered free of water, dried, packed, and sent to the bakers. The liquid mixture, the alcohol, makes its way into gin or into the denatured alcohol of commerce. What goes to the bakers under this process is a mass of innumerable millions of globular organisms, so small that five thousand of them placed in line would barely measure an inch. Everybody knows the essentials of their action. They convert the sugar of the batch of dough into the gas carbonic acid, into alcohol, and at the same time there are formed small quantities of glycerin and oxalic acid. The carbonic-acid gas puffs up the dough into lightness, the alcohol has a similar effect in the oven, and in addition checks to a slight extent bacterial fermentation, and, as well, has a softening effect upon the gluten of the dough, thus increasing its power to hold the gas which is produced. The bodies of these little organisms contain invertase, which is able to convert cane-sugar into invert sugar; they contain zymase, which is the substance that transforms the sugar so produced into the large quantities of carbon dioxide and alcohol; and they contain, as well, certain other ferments that convert the protein matter of the bread into material of grateful taste and nutriment. The yeast organisms do not carry out this work *per se,* but because of these substances they contain. In order that they may rapidly multiply to efficient working, the dough contains, almost providentially one might say, the requisite substances—

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soluble proteids to afford them nitrogenous food; sugar, without which they will not work at all; and mineral substances which accelerate their action. All this is very pretty philosophy, what we know of it, but, as a matter of fact, the very outposts of a true knowledge of bread-making still remain unconquered.

There are many different strains of yeast; what are the best for the bread concerned? What is the nature of the best soluble proteids for yeast-food, and what should be their proportionate quantity? What mineral substances best accelerate the action of yeast? What is the actual action of yeast in the gluten? What is unquestionably the proper temperature of bread fermentation? What is the best method of exorcising the influence of maleficent bacteria and of accentuating or utilizing the influence of bacteria that are beneficent?

All these and many other questions must be answered before we shall know even the causes that produce the highest nutriment, the texture, the crumb, the flavor, or even the bloom on the crust. It is apparent that we are still far from the ambrosial confection of the future.

Meanwhile, Science is eagerly desirous of obtaining an entrance into these most difficult problems. In this connection it is a particular pleasure to refer to the results obtained by the National Association of Master Bakers' Fellowship in Industrial Research established at the University of Kansas. This Fellowship, yielding five hundred dollars a year for two years, together with an additional consideration, was conferred upon Mr. H. A. Kohman. During its tenure Mr. Kohman has made himself favorably known to every progressive baker in the United States. His first achievement dealt with the problem of stale bread, which in the case of many bakers amounts to as much as eight per cent. of their output. This stale bread to-day is sold from one to two cents per loaf. Mr. Kohman evolved the idea of treating this stale bread with small quantities of malt extract, by which its starchy constituents are converted into fermentable sugar. After treatment with the malt, it is filtered off and the sugar and the malt together used in the next batch. Mr. Kohman thus, in large measure, saves and eliminates the use of sugar-cane by the baker. He has left behind, as residue of the loaf, all the baked gluten, in the form of a beautifully pure and pleasant substance. When he has found a practical use for the enormous quantities of gluten thus obtained, he will have transformed the stale bread from a loss into a profit. Next, he has discovered, isolated, and grown pure cultures of the bacterium concerned in the fermentation of salt-rising bread. He has grown this pure culture in large quantities, and he has made in his laboratories salt-rising bread, of perfectly uniform quality, day after day. Finally, he has taken his process and ferment down into one of the largest wholesale bakeries of the United States, and he has turned out the bread resulting from its process, at the rate of a thousand loaves a day, into the market, in order to test it. The market received it gladly and without one instance of objection. To any one who understands the past hopelessness of attempting to make salt-rising bread on a large scale, this is a most notable achievement. This salt-rising bread, which in many sections of the South and West is the only bread, has its devotees everywhere, from Governor Stubbs of Kansas, who offered his daughter a prize of fifty dollars to make it, to the many senders of the letters to the Department of Industrial Research, eagerly requesting samples of the ferment. In the past, the housekeeper who could make good salt-rising bread had a great reputation; now anybody may make it and of uniform quality. It is intensely interesting that this splendid "old-fashioned" bread should be due not to yeast at all, but to a specific spore-bearing bacillus—and that this bacillus, dragged out of the empty air, should come to be a marketable and useful commodity and the basis of a new industry.

Contributions to the chemistry of bread are now appearing in the journals of science with ever-increasing frequency —many of them interesting and promising of future results. One investigator has been studying the cause of the color in brown bread, another the survival of pathogenic bacteria in bread after baking, still another the proteolytic ferments of wheaten flour and their relation to baking value. Much investigation is being given

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to-day to the perplexing problem of methods of estimating the strength of flour, and still more, perhaps, to the determination of the relative nutritive values of different kinds of bread. In the Patent-Office particularly one finds a special activity in the elaboration of "queer" breads and medicinal breads—breads containing iron, albuminous breads, and breads made up with an attempted regard only for nutritive values. An apparently favorite method of making albuminous bread is to mix with the flours of wheat and rye large quantities of boiled fish and potatoes, after which, as a dough, it is fermented and baked. A new flour appearing in some patents consists of the meal of the sweet potato, bananas, and cassava. Out of the many investigations in progress one is impressed with the idea, hardly more than nascent as yet, of the possibility of altering bread into, or adding to it, substances of medicinal quality. By all odds the greatest present-day investigation relates to the permissibility of the process of bleaching flour with substances such as ozone and oxides of nitrogen. Is it harmless or is it vicious? Large interests are involved, and the whole investigation illustrates typically and most regrettably the fact that too often on the receipt of large remuneration the man of science is unable to see with an eye single to the truth. As for the young chemist, seeking for an *Arbeit,* he may find in the bread he daily eats the chemical investigations of a lifetime.

But if men of science are becoming interested in bread, so, certainly, are the bakers. It is true that sometimes, as with men of science, their material interests blind them to simple fact. This is notably the case in "the wrapped bread" question which has wrought the trade into a turmoil. To the consumer it would seem an obvious desideratum that the purity of his product should be insured by a wrapping of impervious paper at the bakery itself. The trade is divided on the subject, one side maintaining the validity of the advantage, and the other that, by wrapping, the flavor of the bread is impaired. In order to test the matter, the writer fed samples of their bread, wrapped and unwrapped, to three representative bakers, and as they were positively unable to detect the slightest difference in either flavor or quality, it seems plain that wrapped bread has come to stay. Of course the actual reason for the objections lies in the fact that it costs about seven per cent. of the selling price of the loaf to give it this impervious wrapping, and that this would mean a corresponding decrease in the size of the loaf. The statute-books, from the remotest time and in all countries, have sternly and minutely governed the baker, the materials and quantities he should use, how he should bake his bread, what should be the size of the loaf, its price, and where and to whom he should sell it. Witness this old fragment from an Act of Council at Glasgow; it is typical of hundreds of others:

"And it sall not be lesum to nayne trawel-ler that brings breid to the mercat to sell ye samyn to nayne outtentowneris man in laides [loads], crieles [baskets], nor half crieles jumgit ye gedder [in heaps] quhile the inhabitants of the towne be first servit, and XII houris struken, and that na man of man sell the breid that is brocht to the towne bot the bringar of the same allanerlie [alone], and that na traweller bring breid to ye towne to sell but IIIId breid and twa-penny breid," etc., etc.

In these days, however, the restrictive panary laws that have been passed in many States and localities are only too often unduly onerous and essentially unjust. The fact that bread is the staff of life is particularly unfortunate for the baker in making him a popular target for legislative enactments. But it should be remembered that the baker with his loaf is at the beginning of a procession leading back to the land. There is the farmer with the prices of his agricultural machinery and his labor—the railroad with its transportation rates—the grain-elevator—the miller—the stock manipulator—the commission merchant—the yeast people—and for the baker himself the increased prices of his labor, power, and machinery. All such on a constantly rising scale of cost must be satisfied before the baker receives his modicum of profit—and the profit is certainly not excessive.

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Laying the Hose-pipe Ghost

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

SOMETIMES, for one reason or another, or perhaps without reason at all—it just happens so, say—a handful of gossiping yeomen find themselves together, and when that comes about, from some member (if the session stretches to any length at all) is sure to come a story of particular interest to the guild; and perhaps it ought to be explained that a yeoman's story is never mistaken in the Navy for a stoker's, a gunner's, a quartermaster's—it is never taken for anybody's but a yeoman's.

One night, a pleasant enough night topside, but an even pleasanter night below—at least in our part of the ship below—a few of us were gathered in the flag-office, where Dalton, the flag yeoman, sometimes allowed us to call in to see him when his Admiral was ashore. Getting on toward middle age was Dalton, with a head of gray-flecked hair and an old-time schoolmaster's face. A great fellow for books. In the flag-office storeroom—to get into which he had only to lift a hatch in the deck under his revolving chair and let himself drop—he had a young library, which after-hours he used to delve into for anybody's or everybody's benefit. He was particularly strong on folk-lore, and could dig up a few fat volumes any time on the folk-lore of any nation we had ever heard of. He liked to lie flat on his back on the coffer-dam to read, with a row of tin letter-files under his head for a rest, and the electric bulkhead and its shade so adjusted as to throw all the light on the page of his book. He had done a lot of reading and writing in his time, and his eyes were getting a little watery. If he had had his way he would have been an author. In the hours of many a night-watch he had tried his hand at little sketches; but somehow or other he could not catch on, he said. Perhaps if he had tried to write as he talked, tell the things just as they popped into his mind, he would have been luckier; but that wasn't literature, he said, and so most of his written things read like one of Daniel Webster's speeches.

Taps had gone this night, and so it should have been lights out and everybody below turned in; but this, as I said, was the Admiral's office, and only separated from the Admiral's cabin by a bulkhead. And even the busiest of Jimmy-Legs doesn't come prowling into the cabin country of a flag-ship after taps.

There came a knock at the door, and following the knock came the Captain's yeoman. Nothing wrong with the Captain's yeoman, except that his name was Reginald and he was rather fat for a sailor. Also he had ambitions, which was all right too, only we knew that privately he looked on the rest of us as a lot of loafers who would never rise to our opportunities. He'd been wearing his first-class rating badge a month now, and before his enlistment was out he intended to be a chief petty officer; which was why he was working after-hours. But the Captain's yeoman, this particular Captain's yeoman, has nothing to do with the story, except that his errand set Dalton off on a new tack.

The Captain's yeoman had come for a little advice. He always was after advice—or information. A department document had come into the office that day with seventeen endorsements on it, and it had him bluffed. We all laughed at the face he drew. "But," said Dalton, "so would most of you be bluffed if one of those winged-out documents came at you for the first time. But you're foolish, son, to be worrying over any little thing like that. Seventeen endorsements! What's seventeen endorsements? I wonder what you'd think if you'd— Sit down there and listen to me, and it 'll be time well spent. If you don't learn enough from it to get that C.P.O. you're after, then— Well, I won't call you any names here now. Listen."

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DALTON WAS A GREAT FELLOW FOR BOOKS

Now this story of Dalton's is a classic among yeomen. Some of us had heard it before, and it had always been mangled in the telling, through the teller not knowing all the facts, or having perhaps never met any of the principal characters in it. But Dalton not only knew the tale from beginning to end; he was, though he would never admit it in a crowd, himself concerned in it. And now when he began to relate the history of the famous length of hose-pipe, we knew that he would have it right.

"I was in—well, call her the cruiser *Savannah*—this time—"

"Were you a yeoman, Dallie?"

"Yes, a yeoman, bright Reggie boy; what else d' y' think I'd be—a signal-girl? A good old ship, the *Savannah*, and we were tied up to the dock at the navy-yard."

"Boston yard, was it, Dallie?"

"Never mind what yard it was, son. And I'll name no names, either, and then by no accident will there be a general court martial coming to me some day. There were three or four other ships fitting out at the same time, and after a while these other three ships got their stores aboard and proceeded to sea, leaving a lot of old gear behind them on the dock.

"We were making ready to pipe water into our ship, when Mr. Kiley, our bosun, always a forehanded chap, thought it all a pity to have to use a brand-new hose for that kind of work. You all know how hose gets lying chafing around, with people stepping on it, carts and wagons running over it, coal-dust grinding into it, and so on. A pity, our bosun thought, to subject our nice new hose to that kind of abuse, when in the condemned heap on the dock there was a length of hose that would do the work, and he put it up to Mr. Renner, the officer of the deck at the time.

"Now Mr. Renner was a new-made Ensign, and we all of us here been long enough in the service to know how it is about a middy that's just got his commission. We all know how it is with ourselves when we first get our C.P.O.—except you, Reggie, and you'll get yours some day. Am I right? Sure I am. If there's one thing on earth we're going to do then, it's to live up to regulations.

"No, we'll never again remember so much about rules and regulations as we do then. No catching us in anything irregular; no, sir. And so with Mr. Renner, the new-made Ensign. He brings out the blue book and shows the bosun.

"'Look,' he says. 'Paragraph fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-two,' or whatever it was. 'Hose,' he goes on to read, 'is expendable property, to be surveyed and wiped off the property-books by condemning to the scrap-heap and sold in the open market to the highest bidder. There,' says our new-made Ensign to our bosun, 'is what it says. And according to that, the Admiral himself couldn't take that hose from that scrap-heap without authority. No, not if it was no more than an old shoe-lace he couldn't.'

"'But that won't fill our water-tanks, sir. I'd like to use that hose, sir,' says the bosun.

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"'M-m!' says Mr. Renner. 'M-m! now if Mr. Shinn was aboard—' Mr. Shinn was our executive. 'But Mr. Shinn is ashore. However, I'll tell you what; I will speak to the Captain about it,' and he steps inside the bulkhead and writes a message to the skipper.

"Now our skipper was a good old soul, and thought a lot of his bosun, and wanted to do everything he could to help him out, but also, like a good many other good old captains in the service, he'd forgotten a lot of this stuff about regulations. Ordinarily—say if 'twas anything to be done out to sea—he'd have said, 'Why, of course, Kiley; go ahead and do it.' But this was in a navy-yard, ashore, and when he gets a note with something about regulations in it, he begins to haul to.

"And many a good seagoing old skipper is bluffed the same way about anything that spells regulations, you betcher.

"So now our good old skipper begins to tumble his hair and pull his mustache and look again at Mr. Renner's note. At last he tells the messenger to say to Mr. Renner that he will look into it and let him know.

"Another hour of studying, and the Captain calls in his new yeoman—"

"Was that you, Dallie?"

"Never you mind—and cut out the personal questions, Reggie son. And remember you don't rate any more questions than anybody else here. I'm telling you the story, and I'll tell all that's good for you and just the way it happened.

"Now if this yeoman had been better acquainted with his skipper, he'd have been of some use just then. He might have suggested, in a way one of us can at times without interfering—you all know how, without jarring an officer even as topsided as a captain—how the thing could be fixed up without any correspondence game. But this new yeoman hadn't yet learned what his captain's steaming radius was. And the Captain, having regulations on his brain and not getting the right hint at the psychological time, he dictates a regulation communication to the commandant of the yard, which the new yeoman frames up just as he was told. It was a letter inquiring of the commandant the status of the condemned hose in question, and could it not be loaned for temporary use, to be returned in due season—say, next day? and so forth.



"HE BRINGS OUT THE BLUE BOOK AND SHOWS THE BOSUN"

"Now the commandant was a good old soul too, and nothing would have pleased him better than to accommodate his old friend and classmate, the captain of the *Savannah;* but seeing this thing come to him in such formal style, and himself being just off a three years' cruise, and always a little doubtful about these

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port regulations, anyway, and wanting to do things up in a seaman-like way, he turns to his chief clerk and says, 'What do we do about this?'

"Now what the commandant meant and what he would have said, if he'd put it in more words, was: 'I want the *Savannah* to have the use of that condemned hose, but I suppose there are certain formalities to be observed, and your business is to know what these formalities are. Here, you attend to these formalities, but see that the *Savannah* gets the use of the hose.' That's about how he would have put it aboard ship, but he hadn't quite savvied this spruce shoregoing chief clerk at his elbow. Toward him he didn't have that same seagoing feeling that he'd have toward one of his old ship's crew.

"He was a little man, the chief clerk, with a fierce mustache he was always twisting upward. 'Heels' and 'High-heel Bill' they used to call him at the yard, because he was so sensitive about his height that he wore regular female opera-singer's heels to his shoes. Some said his wife made him wear them. Even then he only came up to the top of her ear. Well, Heels considers things now, and recollecting that this would come under the jurisdiction of the captain of the yard, and that the captain of the yard has his little spells, he says to the commandant, 'I think, sir, we'll have to refer it.'

"'Refer it? To who?'

"'The captain of the yard.'

"'Captain of the— D' y' mean to stand there and tell me the *Savannah* can't use that bit of rotten old hose without authority?'

"'Well, sir, you see it is like this. You see, sir, I have to do things the way they are laid down for me. The *Savannah* could, perhaps, use that section of hose, especially if you say so, sir, but—'

"'Well, but what?'

"'But if, sir, the captain of the yard *should* learn it, as he might, sir, and he *should* feel slighted, or if an inspector *should* happen along when it was in use, and discover that the items in the scrap-heap did not tally with his list, that there was a section of hose missing, that it was being used without authority by the *Savannah*—'



"WHEN HE GETS A NOTE WITH SOMETHING ABOUT REGULATIONS IN IT, HE BEGINS TO HAUL TO"

"'Oh, you and your coulds and your shoulds!' snaps the commandant. 'Give me sea duty in place of any of these lazy shore billets any time. Aboard ship I have only to nod my head to my executive officer and a thing's done; but here— O Lord! But go ahead, make out a request, or requisition, or warrant, or whatever's necessary, and let's have it fixed up.'

"And High-heel Bill, who used to be in the army when he was young, but didn't like—or, rather, Mrs. Heels didn't like—to be told of it, he snaps his heels together, starts his arm as if to salute, but stops in time, says, 'Yes, sir,' goes off to his little desk, and typewrites Endorsement No. 1 to the back of the captain of the *Savannah's* letter, gets the commandant's signature, and sends the messenger with it to the captain of the yard.

"And right here was when it really got under way. You see, if the commandant had 'phoned over to the captain of the yard and said in an offhand, fine-day sort of way, 'I suppose

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"D'YE MEAN TO TELL ME THE 'SAVANNAH' CAN'T USE THAT BIT OF OLD HOSE WITHOUT AUTHORITY?"

it will be all right to let the *Savannah* have that hose for a day or two, won't it?' why, the captain of the yard would have said, 'Why, yes, sir, let 'em have it.' But he hadn't yet sized up this new commandant. He only knew he had the reputation of being a martinet aboard ship, and now came this formal letter with its endorsement. Right away the yard captain said to himself: 'He's a strict one—an endorsement on it already, and that *Savannah* Captain, he must be a strict one, too. What are they trying to do—trying to catch me below when I ought to be on deck? I guess not.' He had heard of chaps that you thought you were safe with and you stretched a point or two to help them out, one of those little things that anybody would think would get by all right; and then, when something went wrong, they'd turn around and say, 'Why did you allow this?' and you had no authority to show why you did allow it.

"And this yard captain didn't intend to, and so he added Endorsement No. 2, saying that he had no authority, and returned it to the commandant, who sent it back, with Endorsement No. 3, asking to be informed, and so on, and the yard captain tacked on Endorsement No. 4, respectfully suggesting that in compliance with regulations, page 11,336, section 142, paragraphs 24-27, or whatever it was, that it be referred to the Bureau of Replies and Queries at Washington. Which it was; and they returned it to the yard, this time to the yard master, for further and more specific information. And the yard master, after locking it in his safe and going home and sleeping on it overnight, glued on an endorsement that you couldn't have convicted a fish of swimming by, and hoisted it over to the yard captain bright and early in the morning.

"By this time the yard captain was beginning to believe that some politician was after his job, and if so— Well, they'd have to snap 'em over pretty fast to catch him off his base, and he slid it back to the Bureau of Replies, and so forth, who passed it on to the Bureau of Odds and Ends, where it steamed in and out among a lot of swivel-chairs, who were not to be upset easily. They put in a couple of heavy-eyed weeks on it, and rolled it back finally to the commandant for further information. Above all, before an intelligent judgment could be rendered, they especially desired to be informed where the hose came from originally.

"Well, the poor commandant didn't know where the hose came from originally. It might be from any one of three ships that had been lying to in the dock just before the *Savannah's* request was

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received; a battleship, a cruiser, and a beef-boat they were. But he supposed he had to do something about it, and so he looked up the latest orders. The beef-boat was due back in the yard in a few days; but as she rated only a lieutenant-commander, they could never ask her first. The battleship had the rank: a two-starred red flag from her main. She was about as far away as she could be when last heard from; but no matter; rank had to be served. The commandant begged leave to be informed. Did she know anything about the section of hose in question, and if so, what? And forwarded it to the battleship *Missalama,* care of postmaster at Manila, P. I. And when it came back, after thirty or forty thousand miles of travel that was, she didn't know anything about the section of hose referred to. Nor did the cruiser, which was in the Mediterranean when caught; only, she having lighter heels and hopping around more, it took eight months to get her. There was still the beef-boat, which in the mean time had gone to sea and returned home again, and was now again to sea, on her way to the China station. They went for her, and after a stern-chase that lasted through six months and two typhoons and all kinds of monsoons and trades, they got her; whereat she begged leave to say that at the time of her collision with the collier *Ariadne* many files of papers were lost. And evidently whatever pertained to the section of hose in question was among the lost files; for certainly among the existing files there was no reference to any section of condemned hose-pipe. It took three months more to get that back to the yard, and by that time the old commandant had been retired for age and a new commandant had fallen heir to it.

"The new head read all the endorsements, by now forty-eight, and pondered over them. For perhaps three days he paced the yard with it, without being able to see where it concerned him; but he was very fond of puzzling things out, and thinking he saw a way out of this, he forwarded it to the old commander of the *Savannah,* who now had a battleship, the *Texarkhoma,* which was in winter quarters with the battle fleet at Guantanamo, Cuba, from where he figured on getting an answer in three weeks at least. But before the mail reached Guantanamo, the *Texarkhoma* had been detached by cable and ordered to the west coast by way of South American ports. The commandant at Guantanamo thought he might overtake the *Texarkhoma* at Rio Janeiro, and forwarded the packet to the American Minister there. But having meantime got another cable from the department to hurry and



THEN HE WENT UP ON THE QUARTER-DECK AND DID A MARATHON"

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make a steaming test of the cruise, the *Texarkhoma* had stopped only long enough in Rio to coal ship, and so the mail-packet missed her there. On to her next stop, Punta Arenas in Magellan Strait, the Minister forwarded it, but the flying battleship, with her stops three thousand miles apart, was moving along faster than the mail-steamers, which were stopping every few hundred miles. So they missed her in the Strait, and again at Callao. Not till she lay to anchor in San Francisco Bay did they overtake her, and then her commander had only to say that he didn't know where the hose came from originally; but he didn't see that it mattered, as the necessity for the use of the hose no longer existed.

"I might say that the captain's yeoman, having by now come to understand his skipper, drew up that particular endorsement, and he thought it pretty hot stuff, and that it would end the whole matter. And so did the new commandant back in the yard when he got it, and he shipped it on to the Bureau of Heavy Jobs with a flourish. But did it? Not much. Down there the swivel-chairs revolved a few more hundred times and they discussed it over a few dozen lunches, and then back it came with a new touch. Why did the necessity no longer exist? they asked, and shipped it by mistake to the new commandant.

"'And how the —— do I know?' says the new commandant, but not in writing, and passes it on to the old *Savannah* captain, who was now rear-admiral, with a division in the East waiting him to come and hoist his pennant. And so again it was a chase of the *Texarkhoma,* which was on her way to the Philippines *viâ* Honolulu and way ports. They were too late for her at Honolulu, and at Guam, and again at Yokohama; but they overhauled her at Hong-kong, where she'd been lying at anchor for a week.

"The Admiral had a lot of mail that morning in Hong-kong harbor, but nothing to speed up his brain till he came to the hose-pipe thing. 'Twas then he went up on the quarter-deck and did a Marathon for an hour or so, while the officer of the deck and every blessed marine on duty stepped softly till he ducked below again.

"By and by, in his cabin, the Admiral presses the buzzer, and in comes his trusty yeoman, the same he'd carried from the days of the *Savannah,* and to him the Admiral says: 'Willoughby'—call him Willoughby — 'Willoughby, how long 've you been in the service?'

"'Nineteen years, sir.'

"'Nineteen? H'm!



"JUST TO READ THEM TOOK THE ADMIRAL'S YEOMAN AN HOUR"

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"WHAT YOU TWO PIRATES NEED IS TO LEARN A LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE SHOREGOING DEPARTMENTS"

Then by this time you probably know a little something of the ways that shoregoing departments invent to worry us poor fellows to sea.' He held up the hose-pipe thing. 'You've seen this before, Willoughby?'

"'Oh yes, sir,' says Willoughby.

"'I dare say, and so have I, and if there's a seagoing or shoregoing officer in the service that hasn't bumped into it, then he must have been on the sick-list for the last few dozen years. Well, Willoughby, do you take it, this nightmare—that I thought was dead and buried a dozen times—take it and study it over, from alow and aloft, from for'ard and aft, inside and outside and topside and 'tween-decks, from masthead to keelson, from figurehead to jackstaff; study it and stay with it, and from out of your nineteen years' experience—and you're no green apprentice-boy, Willoughby—see if you can't construct an endorsement that will lay the damned ghost of it for good and all.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says the trusty yeoman, and takes it off to his office and looks it over. A wonderful thing it was by now, with its sixty-seven endorsements winged out on the back of it. Just to read them took the Admiral's yeoman an hour. Well, he spreads it out and sizes it up. And sucks three pipefuls, and takes a cruise down the passageway and has a chat with his old-time shipmates, the bosun and the gunner. The bosun was Mr. Kiley, the same old bosun of the *Savannah,* been with the Old Man when he was a middy in sailing-ship days—couldn't lose each other. A lot of things about the new Navy the bosun and the gunner couldn't savvy, and when they got talking things over together they left their blue-book etiquette in their lockers. The Admiral's yeoman tells 'em what the Old Man has caught in his mail, and then he asks the bosun, 'Did you try to use that hose at all that day?'

"'Try to? No, but I did. D' y' s'pose I was goin' to lose out on a little thing like that 'cause of regulations? And 'specially after the officer of the deck goes inside the bulkhead to give me a chance?'

"'He didn't go inside to give you any chance,' says the Admiral's yeoman. 'That was to write a message to the skipper.'

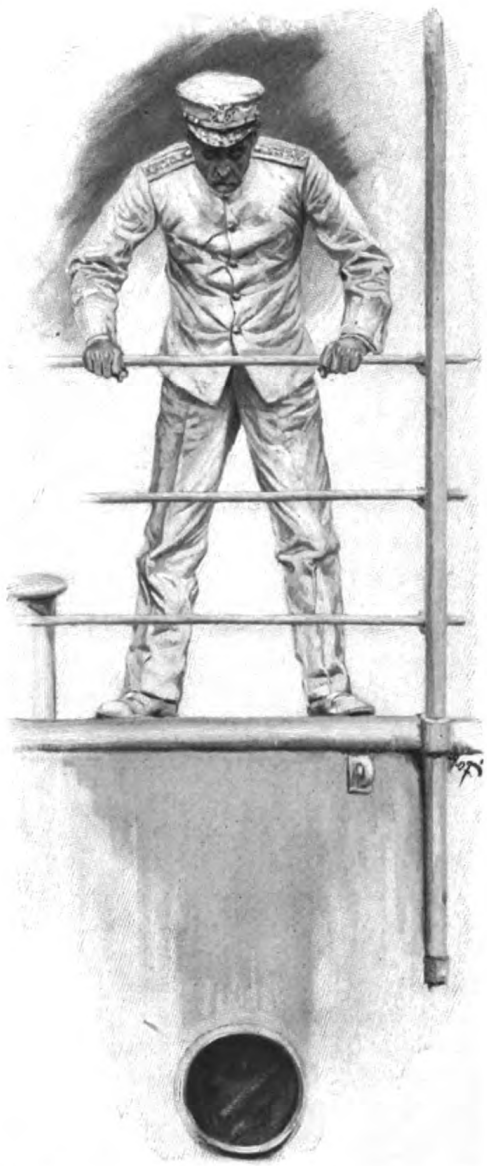
"'Sho-oo boy—bubbles! He was young enough, was Mr. Renner, but not so young he didn't know enough not to bother the ship's bosun when he's gettin' results. And I snakes the hose off that scrap-heap, and before he's back on the quarter I

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had it bustin' with navy-yard water-pressure, and you betcher he sees it over the side, but he don't look too hard at it. No, sir, he don't,' goes on the bosun. 'And now take a word from me—and it ain't out of any drill-book your division officer 'll read to you. Let me have that endorsement gadjet and I'll lash it to the fluke of one of our mud-hooks next time we come to anchor, and after it's laid a while on the bottom of Singapore harbor, or wherever it is we next let go, under twenty, thirty, or forty fathom of water, whatever it is, I'll let you see what it looks like.'

"'No, no, Kiley, don't you do it,' says the gunner. 'Don't you do it. Some crazy Parsee diver might spot it and go down and bring it up. Give it up to me and I'll take it up on the after-bridge, and if it's too stiff for wadding, I'll tie it across the nozzle of the first six-pounder we salute the port with, and let you see how it looks then.'

"'What you two pirates need,' says the Admiral's yeoman, 'is to learn a little respect for the shoregoing departments where your orders are made out,' and goes back to his office and takes that hose-pipe communication and reads through the sixty-seven endorsements again, and then he carefully typewrites on a new leaf:



"HE LOOKS TO SEE IF THERE WAS AN AIR-PORT HANDY"

Endorsement No. 68

U.S.S. *Texarkhoma,* Hong-kong, China,

Date So and so.

Respectfully returned, with the information that the need for the section of hose-pipe no longer exists, for the reason that we filled the *Savannah's* tanks with it seven years ago.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

and signs his own name and rating, U. S. Navy, and glues that on behind the other sixty-seven endorsements, and gloats over it, and for a few minutes feels like a bureau chief himself. Then for another minute or two he thought of mailing it to them. And he could see them reading that in Washington! There would be an endorsement to go ringing down the departmental ancestral halls; and as for the other yeomen, his colleagues in the service, for generations his name would resound among 'em. But he decided that that would be too much glory for one yeoman, and besides, he didn't know where he could start in at $70 a month (with additions) and all found, at his age, after being nineteen years on one job. And right there, he had to admit to himself, he didn't have so very much

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the best of High-heel Bill of the navy-yard. So he looks it over again; fat as a history of the Roman Empire, and weighed—Willoughby hefted it and—well, there were young apprentice-boys aboard that didn't weigh any more. But to make sure, he lashes it to the butt-end of a fourteen-pound shell the gunner had once given him for a deck-weight. He hated to lose that deck-weight, a relic of the Santiago fight, but a good cause this—a good cause. He unscrews his air-port, but, come to think, it was still daylight, and so he waits for the shades of night to fall.

"Well, that night—three bells just gone in the mid-watch it was—the marine guarding the patent life-buoy on the port side of the quarter-deck fell into a reverie. He ought to have been on the *qui vive,* so to speak — alert, active, wide awake, pacing his post briskly of course, according to instructions; and if it was daylight, when the officer of the deck could see him, you betcher he would. But it was the middle of the night, and a night in the Orient, with a sky of studded velvet and a sea that flowed by like a smooth roll of dark belting, and he was only a slim young Southern boy dreaming of home and mother, and maybe of a girl he had left behind him, and he looked up at the emblazoned firmament and again at the flashing sea, and then he rested his head on the top chain-rail.

"For just a second. He had said to himself he wouldn't go to sleep; but all at once he heard a move below him, as of somebody unscrewing an air-port, and then he heard a voice say, 'Well, here goes a ghost that will stay laid!' and then a plash, a pl-m-p! and looking over quickly, he saw plain as could be the phosphorous hole in the sea, then a quarter of a second later something white as a man's face, and then it was gone into the ship's wake.

"'Man overboard!' he yells, and snaps the patent life-buoy over the side, and the marine on the starboard side of the quarter he yells, 'Man overboard!' and the marine on the after-bridge he yells, 'Man overboard!' and the two seamen on watch on the for'ard bridge, 'Man overboard, sir!' they yell, and the watch-officer orders, 'Hard over your wheel, Quartermaster!' and to the bosun's mate on watch the watch-officer yells, 'Pipe the deck division to quarters!' and the watch-officer pulls a few bells and talks through three or four tubes, and in no time the ship is coming around in a circle, and up on deck came piling about two hundred lusty young seamen, and it was, 'Boats away!—Away Gig No. 1! Away No. 2! Whale-boats away! Nos. 1 and 2—Cutters away!' and it was, 'Search-lights all clear, sir!' and in about one minute the big ship was back on the spot, and in another minute and a half there were eight boats with half-dressed crews rowing around, and six big search-lights playing tag on the waters. An hour and a half they stood by, but no sign of him and no call from him. And then it was, 'Sound quarters!' and call the roll. But everybody was present or accounted for, and the skipper gave the captain of marines the devil, and the marine captain gave the devil to his marine guard, the Georgia boy, who by this time was beginning to doubt that he hadn't been asleep.

"Next afternoon the Admiral was on deck taking the air, and after a while he asks, 'Where was that marine guard standing when he heard that air-port unscrewing and that splash last night?' And they dug the marine out of the brig and brought him up, and he stood on the same spot leaning over the rail, and the Old Man stands there and takes a look down. And he looks to see if there was an air-port handy. And there was — the air-port of the flag-office. 'H'm!—h'm!' he says. 'That's all now, Lyman,' to the marine officer. Nothing more; but an hour later the marine was released from the brig—nobody knew why."

Throughout all the story Dalton had been sitting atop of the coffer-dam, hands with flat palms pressing down, his feet hanging, with heels drumming against the coffer-dam sides. After he had done he pushed himself by the palms of his hands, rolled on to his back, rearranged his row of tin letter-files, shifted his electric wall-light, readjusted his neck to his improvised head-rest, picked up a fat folk-lore volume, and waited, with his eyes twinkling down on us, for somebody to say something.

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"And how long ago was that, Dallie?" asked somebody, at last.

"Five years."

"And never a word from the Admiral?"

"Never a word."

"H-m-ph! Don't you suppose—"

"Suppose what, fat Reggie? D' y' mean to hint at conspiracy between a rear-admiral of the United States Navy and a yeoman, an enlisted man?"

"And nothing more from anybody? Not from Washington, either?"

"Nothing, inquisitive child. But there's an old flat-footed friend of mine in the department—I spoke about him in the beginning of the story—and he, whenever he writes me, never forgets to mention that every once in a while the chief clerk, or somebody or other in his division, is sure to look out the window and across the street at the White House grounds, as if trying to remember something; and whenever he takes a particularly long look he is almost sure to turn around and say to the man at the nearest desk, 'What d' y' s'pose ever became of that hose-pipe spook used to haunt this place?' And the man at the nearest desk he'll look up and nibble at the end of his penholder, and after a while he'll say: 'That's so; I wonder what ever did become of that? But that 'll turn up again, no fear.'

"But it won't," concluded the flag yeoman, with a smile we could have buried one of his tin letter-files in; "for we were two hundred miles out of Hongkong at that time, steaming 14.6 miles an hour through the China Sea, and you know it's good and deep there. And now" —he rolled flat on his back, balanced his neck on the head-rest under the bulkhead light, and his fat book on his chest —"now I'm not advising anybody, and particularly not you, Fatty, but that's the way a competent yeoman, with a little advice from a couple of shipmates, laid that hose-pipe ghost of other days. But mind, I'm not telling you to go and do anything like that."

"No, of course not," says our Captain's yeoman, and rubs his fat chin.

"But if you do," says Dalton, and sets his head sideways to see how Reginald was taking it—"if you do, you'd make a hit with your skipper, you betcher—only he'd never tell you."

"Why wouldn't he, if he liked it?"

"Why? 'Twouldn't be regulations. And now, you fellows, beat it. Seven bells gone and the Old Man is due aboard at twelve o'clock. Besides, I want a chance to peruse a little improving literature before I turn in myself. So beat it, all of you."

And out into the passageways and up the hatchways we beat it; all but our Captain's fat yeoman, who went back to his office—with a contemplative look.

Memoria

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

NO caravan from Kashmir-way
With precious spice and attared rose
For bartering and rich purvey
Can tempt me on the mart to-day;—
My wealth's not such as those.

I gather in my treasury
No jasper, sardis, beryl, gold;
As these I reckon less to be
Than one poor shred of Memory
My treasuries unfold.

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Sheila—Simply a Society Person

BY ANNE WARWICK

"SHE'S the sweetest thing in the world"—Doromea looked up extenuatingly from a large hole in Timothy's best socks that she was darning—"and ever so lovable, Sheila, but—"

"Just a born butterfly, that's all," continued Ellen, for the moment abstracted from dish-towels piled up before her to be hemmed, "a captivating will-o'-the-wisp creature, made to have things done for her—even thought for her; a—"

"Simply a society person!" Patsy sat triumphantly upright, with the air of having nutshelled the whole argument. "Can you imagine Sheila, sitting here on Ellen's porch, with anything but a bridge score or a cup of tea in her hand? Fancy her making baby-clothes!" There was a pitying smile for the defrauded Sheila as Patsy bent again over the filmy microscopic thing that she was stitching.

"She did do that clever little sketch for us to act at Anne's last Christmas," suggested Ellen, doubtfully. It was partly through Sheila that Ellen had come into possession of her own; through Sheila's very superficiality that Ellen's desire for a house had crystallized. She looked about the cool shaded porch and into the wide, charming rooms of which she was chatelaine, and sighed contentedly. "If only one could make her a bit more self-realizing—"

"Make her see that she is just a Plain Person." Doromea was biting thread. "Timothy says that's where society people disparage themselves—they're always imagining themselves something extraordinary. But the bewildering part about Sheila is that she doesn't imagine herself at all; she simply pays no attention to herself."

"Hasn't time," Patsy explained, succinctly. "She's always at the Suffrage Club or at the theatre—you know, Dorry, she told Anne she fairly lived in the theatre—or off with Hawley somewhere. Of course I'm terribly fond of Hawley—he's an excellent person, really, and makes one the most delicious things to drink; but as a husband—well, of course he isn't like Warren."

"Or Knollys."

"Or Timothy!"

The three wives nodded at one another emphatically.

"He puffs so," complained Patsy, returning to her mutton. "And all he ever says when Sheila asks him something is, 'Yes, m' dear,' or, 'Do jus' 's you like, darlin'.' He does seem fond of her—but then, so many men have been fond of one. It would have been so easy for Sheila to have taken somebody a little less—er—*husky*. She's such a midget, they make each other ridiculous."

"Didn't she say they were going somewhere together this afternoon, Ellen? Wasn't that the reason she couldn't come out from town to lunch with us?" The socks were finished and folded, and Doromea turned her attention entirely to the matter of conversation.

"Yes—that is, they were going to motor out to the Claremont, to try Hawley's new machine—how is it that society people *always* have a new machine?—and then to look at some ponies for the twins. Sheila said she'd get Hawley to drop her here before he went back to town, if there was time; she must be at the Elbert Lewises' for tea, she said, and get home to dine early. It seems there's a first night of something. Did you ever hear such a programme! How she keeps that pink and white look is what I can't fathom—bridge until all hours, and then day after day of mad rushing about—all for what? I'm sure *I* never knew, when I was doing it! Why, when I contrast that ten years of slavery with this last one—" Ellen's great dark eyes softened happily. "And Knollys was just as miserable as I; he confesses it, now that we've emancipated

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ourselves from hotels and clubs and things. Poor Sheila! If she'd only realize—for I suppose even butterflies must get tired of flying."

"They're always wanting to fly just a little higher." Patsy wagged her auburn head sagaciously. "And then they're determined that the children shall simply *soar*—Sheila says quite naïvely that her ambition for the twins is too enormous to be taken seriously by any one else than herself. I dare say she wants Margretta to marry a duke, and Maurice to distinguish himself in polo, or something of the sort. Now all I ask for the Angel is that he sha'n't be President; I just won't have him bully me."

Doromea and Ellen looked at each other; and—quickly—looked away again. They had no children.

But Doromea smoothed Timothy's socks upon her lap with very much the same tenderness that Patsy smoothed the tiny frock. "The Angel's a dear," said Doromea. "So are Maurice and Margretta, even though they are society children. I shouldn't wonder if they do other things besides dukes and polo later on. Sheila herself may get to want them to."

Ellen shook her head. "Not as long as she remains simply a society person. It's like running round and round in a chariot-race, always pushing desperately to get ahead, but never able to make a wide-enough swing outside the circle that's been laid out. Poor Sheila!"

"Absolutely conventional!" In her conviction Patsy broke her needle. "Must be deadly for her. Just suppose *she'd* slid down the banisters—!"

"It would have been a fad with the younger married set for a whole week," supplemented Ellen. "Sheila leads them all about by the nose, her society. Well," with a sigh, "I wish she'd come. Even her affectations are charming; it's only to herself that she doesn't do justice. To other people she's delightful."

"I wish she'd come, too," joined in Doromea. "Somehow I never have time to go to see her—it's such an undertaking to go in to town."

"And it used to be such an undertaking to come out," Ellen laughed. "I think it's rather sweet of Sheila to bother. Ah"—as a cloud of dust came round the corner of the road—"there she is now—at least I suppose she will emerge shortly."

And in another minute she had emerged; a tiny, wild-rose sort of creature, all fluffy chiffons and flying yellow curls—a baby, you would have said, until you saw her reach up and kiss her husband.

"Wasn't he a darling to bring me?" she asked the other women, when he and the machine had vanished down the drive. "He had two men to see by three o'clock, and a simply terrifically important race to follow; but he brought me out just the same. And he's coming back for me—those wretched Elbert Lewises!—but I promised Peter Butler I'd go to something of theirs; they took care of Peter when he broke his knee that time, and as long as he's my cousin—well, what I meant to say in the very first place was, how are you all? Patsy, where's the Angel?"

"Up-stairs on Ellen's bed, asleep," returned Patsy, promptly. "Want to go look at him?"

"Rather!" Sheila was tugging at the strings of her frilly blue motor-bonnet. "There!—and I'll just shed this coat, too; then I can't get him the least bit dusty." She was out of the coat in a second, and more childish than ever in her simple rose-colored frock.

"Fancy Sheila thinking about getting dust on the baby!" Doromea turned to Ellen, as the two ridiculously young mothers disappeared inside the house.

"A society person with ideas on hygiene!" echoed Ellen.

"He does look so well and rosy." Sheila peered wistfully at Patsy's Angel from under her long curling eyelashes. "And in Washington, too, you can keep him always out-of-doors—there are so many squares and flowery places."

"Oh, yes," said Patsy, cheerfully. "There are dozens of parks for him in Washington; though I always look forward to this real country when we come to visit Timothy and Dorry."

"The twins have only our back yard," reflected Sheila, her wide blue eyes very serious. "Hawley got them swings and a sand-pile, but—it's always city for them; and they're four years old now."

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by **H. Leinroth**

SHEILA PEERED WISTFULLY AT PATSY'S ANGEL

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"Why don't you send them to the Park—Central Park, I mean?" Patsy's impulsive sympathy darted at once to the most obvious idea.

"I couldn't go with them," said Sheila, simply. "They would have to play with their governess, and they wouldn't like that. You see, when we come home, either Hawley or I, we can always run down to the yard with them right away. But it's rather grim and stiff for them, poor dears, with only trees in tubs and a fence all round. Some day perhaps we can afford to live in the country."

"Oh!" Patsy's glance was rather blank. If she had not known Sheila to be simply a society person, she would have suspected her of trying to make an epigram. But, as Ellen said, Sheila paid no attention to herself—it would never have occurred to her to attempt being clever.

"How was the new machine?" asked Patsy, steering away from what she did not understand.

Sheila's lovely little face beamed. "Hawley was *so* pleased over it! He says it's a rip-snorter—the bulliest engine he's had yet!" Hawley's large enthusiasm came quaintly from the small, almost infantile mouth. "I'm so delighted; though it—it does go rather fast. I had to hold on to the rail all the way out."

"I'm crazy over them when they go fast," protested Patsy, relapsing into her old sportsman vernacular. "At the Vanderbilt Cup race—"

"Ah! You saw the play, then? You remember—" and the babyish features lit up with a something that made downright Patsy blink with surprise, as Sheila went on to enumerate certain scenes in the play, certain thrilling passages—quoting, explaining, mimicking—so eagerly that one had not the heart or any longer the interest to explain that one had meant the actual race itself.

Patsy listened absorbedly. "And I never had thought she could talk," she told Doromea afterward. "But then she really didn't talk; something just talked through her."

The something kept on talking, until Ellen came and "shooed" them downstairs to the porch and Doromea. "Here I've been waiting for days to see Sheila, and now you two go off and look at a year-old baby the whole while! Tell me, Sheila, when are you going to free yourself of clubs and bridge and suffrage leagues and theatres and things?"

"When Hawley makes me," answered Sheila, serenely. She was fumbling for something in her exquisite little gold bag—a half-finished lace collar it rolled out to be. "I'm just crocheting this bit of fluff for Margretta," she explained, laughing a delicious, gurgling sort of laugh. "Isn't it a joke? I carry it about with me, and work on it between acts—I did two rows in bed this morning—Fanchon was late with my breakfast—and then lots more during the lectures at the Mechanics' Association."

"The Mechanics' Association?" bolted Doromea.

"Yes—every Thursday at noon, you know." Sheila was counting stitches busily. "Air-ships it was to-day—the most *thrilling* subject."

"Oh!" Doromea sat back again. Air-ships; one could understand. Society was engrossed with air-ships just at present.

"I do hope Maurice will take to air-ships," murmured Sheila, dreamily. "He's so given over to fireworks now—some part of him's always exploded. If he keeps it up, he'll look a guy by the time he's old enough to lead cotillons." Behind Sheila's back, Ellen and Patsy and Doromea exchanged a triumvirate "I told you so"; if it was not polo, it was less than polo: cotillons!

"And Margretta," suggested Ellen, wondering if Sheila would have looked as absolutely charming had she been hemming dish-towels instead of crocheting Irish lace, "what is Margretta's *raison de vivre*?"

"Margretta is going to be an actress," said Margretta's mother, slowly. "She is absorbed with playing Little Red Riding-hood to Peter Butler's wolf at the moment. But later she will be playing—other things in Peter Butler's theatres. It saves so much management, having a cousin who owns things one wants to enter."

"And when your two offspring are at their separate vocations," Doromea

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smiled above the childish curly head, "while the one is whirring furiously through the air, and the other acknowledging a triumphant series of curtain-calls, what will you be doing? Where will you and Hawley be?"

"Oh, I—!" Sheila shook her hair all into her eyes, as she laughed, gayly insouciant. "I shall be still in society, of course—simply a society butterfly! Hawley and I shall be still giving dinners and going to Elbert Lewises' and living within call of Wall Street and our clubs. And perhaps—when we feel specially bored—we shall sneak down and play in the sand-pile. But we shall always be doing the conventional, Hawley and I—just Plain People, like the ones in Timothy's stories" (she turned to Doromea with a little nod of homage); "it is the children who must accomplish the extraordinary. As Hawley says, we shall just be going round the same old track, taking the same old hurdles—and happy as larks at it!"

The careless, rippling voice stopped; for some reason Ellen and Doromea had caught up their sewing again, and were stitching away at a hectic pace. Patsy decided with great suddenness that she must go up and wake the baby. Dumbness seemed to have seized everybody—except Sheila. But then a society person is expected to keep on talking.

"That reminds me—I meant to speak of it when I first came—can't you come with me one night to see this play, *The Rut*, that Peter's putting on? He's given me a box for all next week, knowing how I've always remained the matinée girl!"—Sheila's face looked up for a moment from Margretta's collar with an appealing ingenuousness—"and it would be jolly if we could all go; you two and Knollys and Timothy. Patsy, too, if she could be persuaded while Warren is away, and if she'll leave the Angel. I don't know much about the play's merits," added Sheila, indifferently. "But—they say it's being talked about a good deal."

"Timothy says it's the most subtle satire of our generation," put in Doromea, eagerly. "He's been trying to get seats for us all week, but it was quite impossible. You see, a critic took him the first night, but they had to stand the whole time—it *is* good of you to ask us, Sheila!"

"That play is absolutely the only thing that could get me to town on a June night," chimed in Ellen. "But that—why, it's been running only ten days, and already it is a classic; what a pity the author can't be here to receive his ovation! Mr. Butler gave it out that the man who wrote it is abroad, and won't even allow his identity to be divulged. So extraordinary, in this day of the fame-greedy!"

"Perhaps he didn't write the play for fame," suggested Sheila, always continuing to count stitches. "Perhaps he wrote it just because he couldn't help it; and now he wants to stay a Plain Person, with his home and children and all."

"He has children, then? But, yes—of course; it said in the papers that that had been the most phenomenal part of his creation—introducing two perfectly natural children in a satire of society! And then they say he has the most remarkable range—that he handles theories of electricity and deepest economical problems with the same piercing ease that he does feminine psychology. *The Rut!*—you can't know what a treat you'll be giving us, Sheila."

"Then we'll say Monday night, shall we?" Sheila had a trick of reflecting other people's eagerness—a quick little turn of the head, that was compelling of still more enthusiasm. "Hawley will be able to go Monday night, and we will motor you out in the new machine afterward."

"Heavenly!" Doromea forgot that she had ever felt—vaguely—uncomfortable, and dropped her work again.

"You are such satisfactory society people," sighed Ellen. "Except when you have to go away," she added, as a siren blew its warning up the drive.

Sheila jumped up. "It's the bondage of our rut," she said, lightly, once more tying on the frilly bonnet; "you see, it is us this new playwright has satirized—and idealized a bit as well, perhaps? Doesn't he show that we never go or stay, just as we please—that we're forever doing the things we don't want to do; just because we fit our groove so exactly? I think that's it—awfully serious, isn't it?" Her laugh rang softly amused

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"THAT'S ALL I AM, ISN'T IT?" SHE ASKED

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as she went out to meet her husband. "Till Monday, then—you'll meet us at the theatre at half past eight, and, oh—do bring Patsy—where is she?"

"Coming!" Patsy's pretty auburn head appeared at the door—over the Angel whom she was holding. "Where am I to be brought, Sheila?"

"To see two perfectly natural children!" The blue eyes under the motor-hood sought her husband's. "But society children, I suppose, Hawley—in *The Rut*, you know?"

"Yes, m' dear, certainly; jus' 's you say." He looked down at her with the benignity of a large Newfoundland.

"To the Elbert Lewises', then—good-by, good-by!" And Sheila's fluffy curls swirled round, hiding her face, as she was carried smoothly away.

"In the groove," Ellen reminded Patsy and Doromea. "The man who wrote *The Rut* was right when he called it bondage, because the people fit it so exactly. Poor little Sheila!—there's something very pathetic about her at times."

"It's because of her blind satisfaction with surface things," said Doromea.

"Because she's simply a society person," said Patsy.

Monday night, and, at Peter Butler's Theatre, *The Rut* was nearing its big scene. Doromea and Timothy, Ellen and Knollys, sat well toward the front of the box—breathless with anticipations realized; Sheila and her big, immovable husband were farther back—out of sight almost, against the box door.

Timothy looked back at them anxiously. "I don't suppose they're thinking much about it," he sighed; "they look a good deal more taken up with each other. And it's the greatest play of our age—such a shame Patsy didn't come—nobody will ever do anything that can touch it; unless, of course, the same author—"

"Sheila says the author doesn't care to write any more," said Doromea, as the curtain went down on the first act. "Mr. Butler told Sheila that if only the man would keep on, he could make a fortune and anything else he liked out of plays. But he seems a strange creature, the author; he prefers to remain just a Plain Person. No one even knows his name, except Peter Butler."

"Then how do they know he's a man?" asked Timothy, suddenly. "Very probably, you know, he isn't— I say, Dorry, Mr. Butler's coming into the box. After this next act I'm going to ask him."

"Are you enjoying it?" Sheila called, her smile including Ellen and Knollys. She was a veritable bit of froth to-night, Sheila, a Dresden shepherdess in a cloud of chiffons.

"It's splendid!" Ellen answered for them all. "But we want to know about the author, Sheila—Timothy thinks it may be a woman, and—"

"I want to ask Mr. Butler," said Timothy, looking at the manager, who was absorbed in conversation with Hawley. "You see," he smiled at Sheila, "I've gone quite foolish over this play; it has stirred me so enormously that—"

"Wait until after this second act." Sheila's small, frivolous head was bent over an unruly glove-button. "Peter has an announcement to make then, something or other about this author creature, and it might throw some light on what you want to know. I think I'll go outside for a bit," she added, as the curtain went up. "One gets so warm—and I've seen the play before."

Ellen and Doromea looked after her. Then they looked at each other. "If only she could be brought to realize herself," was in their eyes. "Overlooking the big scene in the biggest play of her time because one gets warm—and she has seen it before! Poor Sheila!"

Then the scene was on, and they forgot all about Sheila. Doromea sat close to the box rail, and when once in a while she came to, stole a second to look at Timothy, whose eyes were round and sending out little sparks behind his glasses. Knollys and Ellen sat on the edge of their chairs, oblivious even of each other. But in the back of the box was a man who paid the deepest attention of them all; who watched the stage with only less interest than he ordinarily watched Sheila. His big thumbs held a book, which he followed closely as he followed the play; a conscientious creature, Hawley, though perhaps not like Warren, or Knollys, or Timothy.

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When the curtain went down, he sat back and wiped his forehead exhaustedly; though he had come every night, it was always the same. The others were sitting back too, limp with the wonder of the playwright's conception.

"And now for the announcement." Timothy drew a long breath.

Peter Butler had come out before the footlights: his clever, shrewd face was very keen. "Playgoers," he began, slowly, "have certain rights that are all their own; one right is to adore the star, another to hear the author make a speech. This play has been running two weeks now, and still the author has not satisfied the theatregoer's curiosity about —herself." He paused a moment to let the revelation sink in—"herself." "To-night, however, she has decided to break her silence. I will let her tell you why."

He stepped back into the wings; there was an excited buzz—which grew into an uproar, and cries of "Author!" "Author!" followed each other with an enthusiasm headed by the group in Sheila's box. They were on the *qui vive,* impatient, insistent; all except Hawley, who simply sat quietly stolid, like an excellent husband-person.

"I could shake him!" declared Ellen to Doromea, her eyes always on the stage. "This dazzling play—and now the author, and—oh!" She stopped with a quick gasp, as once more the curtains parted and out in front stepped—Sheila! "Why, what—what—" Sheila's two friends fell back speechless. It was the small butterfly creature who spoke now—deliberately, and with a faintly smiling friendliness. She stood scarcely five feet in her tiny, frivolous French slippers, a wide-eyed rose-leaf doll, in a halo of golden curls and gossamer rose fluff, before the dark dignity of the velvet curtain.

"Yes, I wrote it," she confessed, looking out over the crowd without an atom of self-consciousness. "I didn't want to tell, because I've always wanted the twins to do the extraordinary. I wanted to stay just their mother. But Mr. Butler says it will help the play if people know who wrote it; and I want to help the play. It's a good play?" Like Peter Pan, she searched their faces eagerly. "You think it's a good play, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, rather!"

"You betcherlife!"

Sheila dimpled. "Then it's all right. I don't mind your knowing; and I can stay on in 'The Rut'—it's not such a bad rut," she pleaded. "I've dug it to pieces for you, but for myself I have had to put it together again, since the groove of it is my life. After all, you see, the author is just a plain, ordinary person!" With a gay little nod she slipped back behind the scenes, and so to Hawley.

"That *is* all I am, isn't it, Hawley?" she asked, hiding herself behind his bigness, as the applause rose more and more enthusiastic. "Simply a society person and your wife—the mother of the twins."

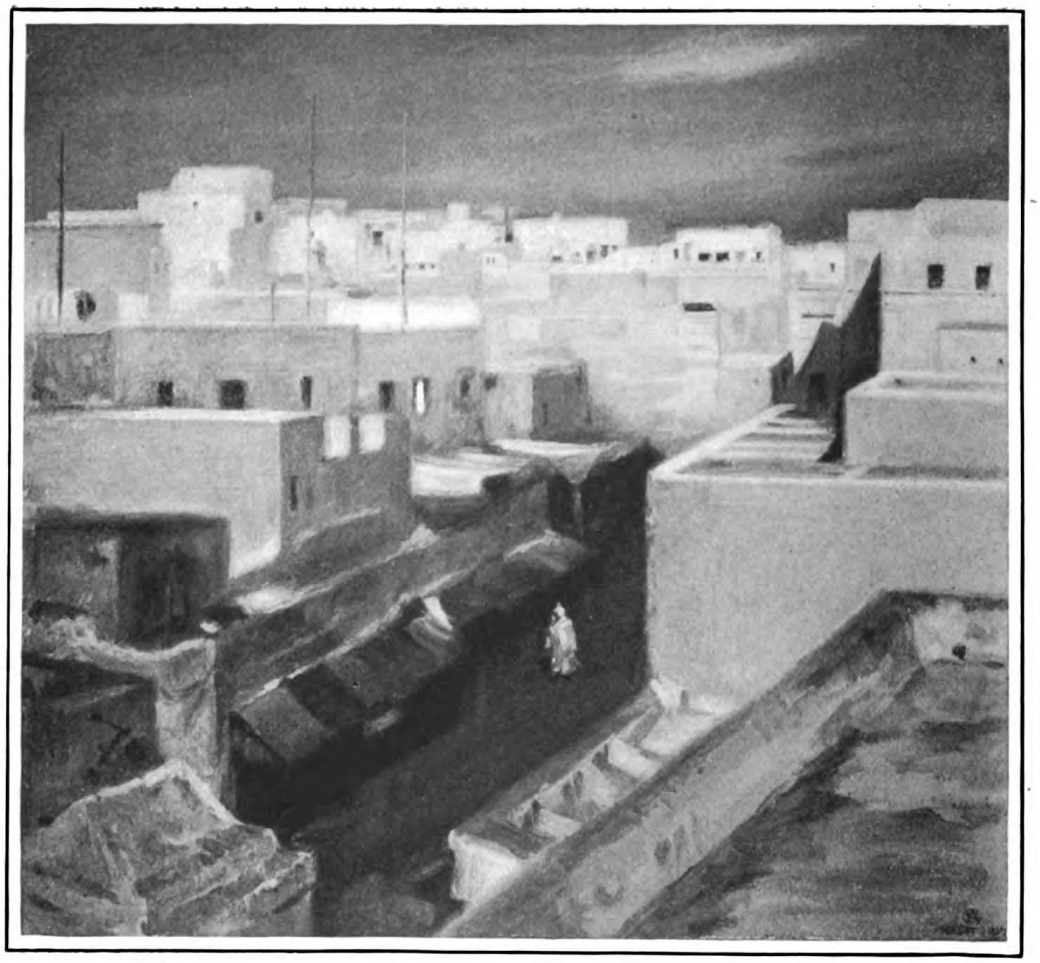
"Yes, darlin'—certainly; jus' 's you say." But this time Hawley's expression was quite satisfactory to Ellen and Doromea.

"And we said she didn't realize herself"—Doromea turned to Ellen—"we said she could never swing wide enough to get outside the circle! Ellen!"

"Just shows we have a rut all our own, doesn't it?" Ellen was wiping her eyes joyously. "We hadn't the sense to see that she was staying in hers voluntarily—that she was creating an ideal society person!"

"And they're the most rarely plain people of all," added Timothy—not without reverence.

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RABAT BY MOONLIGHT

Rabat the Inaccessible

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

EVERYBODY said that Shereef was a bad man; but the Colonel, who knows, had a better word for him, so it was agreed that he should be our guide, present us to the Governor, and find us a suitable habitation in this unknown city of Rabat.

To my mind there appeared always something sinister in the name Rabat, and the lack of knowledge in Tangier, which left all our questions unanswered, added a kind of eerie mystery to our quest of the unusual.

It lies without the Strait of Gibraltar, on the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco as it curves around toward the west coast of Africa, but before one reaches Casa Blanca.

After our steamship tickets were bought, and our trunks packed, and "Chip," our black and white studio cat from London, had been safely corralled in a room to be ready for his basket at a moment's notice, we sat patiently on the terrace at the Villa de France, and awaited the coming of an unknown steamer from somewhere, that might touch at Rabat if the bar permitted.

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The days passed, and we made a second round of farewell visits to pass the time. Soon we took our walks or rides surreptitiously; but in spite of caution we met acquaintances who raised their eyebrows and said, "Not gone yet?" We began to hate the steamship company, the unknown steamer from somewhere, and especially the German clerk who had sold us the tickets for a steamer that was coming *mañana*.

A budding diplomat cheered us with a story of some people who went down the coast with a guide. It was by the merest chance that the plot was discovered and frustrated which was designed to leave their names among the mysterious disappearances. I met Miss G—— riding, and she looked a little shocked when I mentioned Rabat. "The most unhealthy place on the coast," was her parting shot. But during our third round of farewell visits Lady G——, her mother, told us of a beautiful house in Rabat, with wonderful pillars, and a gallery overhead, where, shielded from curious eyes by a screen of fretwork in stone, ladies of the harem could look down upon strange visitors unconscious of their scrutiny. Our interest somewhat revived.

The German clerk had just promised to telephone—there is a strange antediluvian machine that passes by that name in Tangier—when the ship arrived. Mohammed of the sleepy eyes, who loves a pipe of keef and that celestial peace which passes understanding, had forgotten the message in the process of going on with his dream.

So it happened that a wild procession—consisting of the studio cat in his basket, held on a donkey by Mohammed, our personal servant; Shereef stalking hastily in the lead, followed by a string of donkeys bearing our trunks; the artist's wife on the last donkey, and on foot beside her the artist—found itself struggling among a mob of shrieking Moors on the pier half an hour before the steamer, lying out in the bay, was due to sail. A polite German met us on the pier, with a soothing apologetic manner, to say that as the agent of the steamship line required all the accommodations on this ship for himself and a party of friends, it would be impossible to accommodate us this time. Even an extraordinary command of language failed me in this emergency. At that very moment Mohammed, the house-boy, was kissing his father on both cheeks, and Shereef had put his mother in a boat, for she was returning to Rabat, her native city. We left all the boxes on the pier and returned sorrowfully to the hotel.

A French steamship company promised a steamer in two days, and kept its word. While transferring the money recaptured from the German company to the French, the clerk told me that once he had tried to see Rabat on a trip down the coast. The bar was very bad, an enormous sea was running, and two of the great galleys were overturned in the surf and all the Moors drowned. It must be quite clear, he impressed, that the company would not guarantee to land us there. If the boats came out to the steamer and we liked to risk it, we could go ashore. If not, our tickets were good for Casa Blanca, where one can always land, and from there it would take three days overland to Rabat on horseback.

Rabat was growing more remote. We were now ashamed to appear in the hotel dining-room.

When at last we were on board the *Gaul*, watching Tangier shimmering in the beautiful sunlight as it receded in our wake, three possibilities loomed ahead of us. We would either land safely in the galleys, be drowned on the bar, or come up to Rabat overland from Casa Blanca. So we left it to fate, and enjoyed a lovely voyage, that brought us past lonely little Arzila, glittering like an Oriental gem in the afternoon sun. There Raisuli, the reformed bandit and now a faithful adherent of the Sultan, is Governor. Then we dropped anchor to land passengers at Larache, and saw the sunset gild its romantic battlements perched high upon the rocks. In the night I awoke and watched the stars swinging up and down against the open port. The engines had stopped, not a breath of wind was stirring, but above the creaking of the vessel, as it rolled lazily in the long Atlantic swell, I heard the steady roar of a great cataract. The bar was calling for fresh victims.

It was with a feeling akin to dread that I looked upon Rabat. A brooding

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spirit, that filled me with foreboding, seemed to overhang the land. But when I turned to Salé, its sister city across the bay, glistening white and beautiful beneath the dome of brilliant blue, there were no words to express the complete surrender of my senses to its beauty. Its single square-towered mosque stood guard above the clustered houses, surrounded by a chain of massive buttressed walls and forts, whose guns, a century ago, protected the galleys of the Salé rovers, the fiercest pirates of the Barbary coast.

The captain of the *Gaul* informed us that the bar was good. But for this assurance that long mile of raging surf would have seemed very bad indeed. We waited till noon, but no galleys appeared, and the captain confided that a steam-launch usually towed the galleys out if her engine was not broken down. "Perhaps," he added, "the engineer is drunk—as he usually is—or maybe he is down with fever." But all these suppositions vanished when we saw what appeared to be a toy launch leaping skyward over the surf, then dropping into hollows between the great rollers. Following in its wake were two enormous galleys, that seemed to fall over the breakers in a mad endeavor to sink the launch. There is a story of a landing in the north of Luzon over a bar in a native boat, when the oarsmen lost their heads and the galley turned broadside to the surf. Then the planks gaped while the water poured in. But none of us who came through that like to think of it often. With a white man's belief in his kind, I preferred the crazy launch, with its solitary German engineer, to the Moor-manned galleys.



MOHAMMED THE HOUSE-BOY

And so it happened that we landed safely, though no one had passed the bar for weeks before, and every day after for a month the ships anchored and passed on, for even the bravest did not dare to face the angry breakers. As the launch slid into still waters, beneath the shadow of the great cliff crowned by the walls of the ruined Kasbah, I recalled vaguely descriptions of those strange places of the earth, where it seems that only terrible things could happen. Great green rocks wet with the spray of the bar, draped by long tendrils of rank vegetation trailing down their surface, rose sheer from the quiet waters of the bay. I turned to look out beyond at the sparkling sea and the sunshine, at the ship which still connected us with the world of our people, and I felt a strange longing to turn and go back. Like one who is entering a prison I stepped upon the pier. The gates from the bar had closed behind us. For months we were to remain in this city of shadows.

Silence greeted us. Villainous faces peered at us from the crowd—one-eyed, pockmarked, and some without noses. That tells of a nameless thing. No one offered to serve. Fanaticism and hatred burned in every eye. They regarded us as interlopers, yet strange enough to merit the gaze of an idle crowd. From the tower of a little mosque above, the long vibrating cry of the holy man thrilled the silent air and rang away along the cliff, till it was lost in the distant roar of the bar. Voice answered voice from mosque to mosque, then the whole city was enveloped in a great solemn wail, the eternal cry of the Prophet that Allah is great

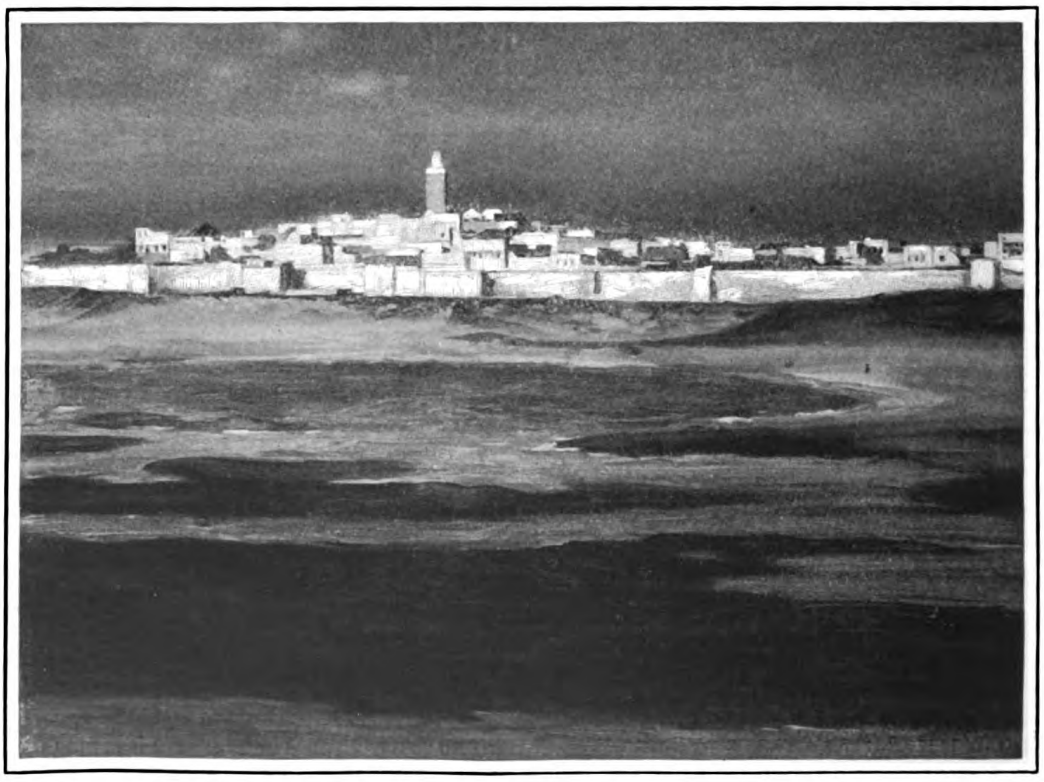
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Shereef had assured us that there was a hotel. When our eyes fell upon it, a queer-looking tiny place, with great camels tethered beneath its overhanging front, the artist exchanged glances with his wife. Afterward both admitted that the budding diplomat's story of the villainous guide was uppermost in mind. We looked upon Shereef with growing suspicion and decided to have a conference with the Doctor, who is a medical missionary and was highly recommended to us by Lady G——.

Somehow Rabat improved wonderfully under the spell of that rough Scottish accent; there was a kindly twinkle in the little eyes beaming under an embroidered smoking-cap that had a homely touch and appealed strongly to us amid surroundings which at first were terrible in their strangeness. Our forebodings soon vanished when a bright-looking Moor brought in real English tea with an accompaniment of Moorish bread and butter and Scottish jam. I cannot pronounce "jam" with that grip on the final "m" as only the Doctor can. But it tasted good. Soon I noticed that there were green things growing on the balcony, and a sky of wonderful blue over the square courtyard. Green doors contrasted brightly with the white-tinted walls. If Chip had been with us instead of locked in the custom-house in his basket, I know that he would have begun to purr contentedly, and I could fully sympathize with his mood.

Our guide, who was waiting below in the courtyard, the Doctor informed us, was neither as good as he might have been, nor as bad, perhaps, as some people described him; but, as the Doctor added with his knowing little twinkle, "ye neverr know a Moor," and this after his innumerable years of Morocco! But the hotel he could answer for, the good Spanish woman was "all right." Her son perhaps might be improved on as a man, but taking the place and the people all in all, we might rely upon it that we would do very well there till we found a house.

May Heaven forgive the worthy Doctor for a well-meaning misrepresenter. Our



THE SUNSET GLOW ON THE WALLS OF SALÉ

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room proved to be a wondrous place, full of all the impossible jackdaw trifles that glitter, which Spanish peasants adore. We must pass that first night lightly, and refuse to reveal why we found it impossible to sleep within the stuffy curtains of that four-poster. We stared miserably at Chip, who, chained to the wash-stand, stared miserably back. All three wondered silently why we had ever come to Rabat. At last the artist's wife cried herself gently to sleep — a sleep troubled by the bricks of the bumpy floor that would stick through the mattress, which we had taken off the bed.



THE DOOR OF A HAREEM

Out of the window in the full blaze of the morning sun, across the racing whitecaps of the bay, lay Salé the beautiful. It was a new day and a house must be found. Cold water first, to wake us up, then coffee and Moorish bread, with the limestone grit in it that comes from the hand-mill in which the flour is ground. Shereef was off to see the Governor to arrange our visit. Mohammed turned up beaming, with tales of how cheap everything was in the bazar and the market-place, bearing this out with new yellow slippers and a handsome garment that he borrowed an advance of wages to pay for. Our morning reception began with the Doctor, whose rich Scotch cheered us greatly. He left us the wiser by the knowledge of how a camel lies down. His little boy in Edinburgh had put the professor to shame in front of the class by showing him that his drawing was wrong, for a camel does not lie down like a horse, but like a great cat, with its hind legs tucked under it; but you must see these things to appreciate them.

Then Lee came, and ever afterward he was our good genius, right up to the end —that is, until he lent me that Moorish saddle for our return journey overland to Casa Blanca, which we shall come to later. Soon arrived a message from the British vice-consul, who offered us rooms in the Consulate, which we were fain to accept, but waited till we should have seen the Governor and the novelty of house-hunting in Rabat had been added to our experiences.

Our visit to the Governor's palace was

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made on foot. The M'Hasney, or soldier from the British Vice-Consulate, was lent to give dignity to our presence. Shereef was interpreter and master of ceremonies. Our way lay through many narrow streets that twisted and crossed one another in a maze which left us no sense of our direction. Every house and wall is snowy white. Beautiful arches span the narrow alleys. Only the great studded doors vary in color and in the beauty of their carving. The spirits of silence and mystery dwell among these secluded houses of the rich. The veiled figure of a woman sometimes passed, her haïk so cleverly arranged that a diamond-shaped opening revealed only one big, black eye. Detection of the personality seemed impossible, and I suggested this to Shereef. A knowing grin lighted his swarthy face as he replied: "Moorish man he not look at the face; he look at the feet, and the ankles, and the way they walk, then he know!"

In the street in front of the Governor's palace many soldiers were standing or squatting by the wall. The crowd was swelled by those unfortunates whom fate had summoned to appear before him. We were not kept waiting, but, ushered by the chief soldier, at once were led across a courtyard to the open doorway of a long, narrow room. Seated, exactly facing the door, on mats and cushions, we found the Governor and his brother. Soon all of us were similarly ranged on cushions around him, and, after the exchange of courtesies, our letter from the Basha of Tangier was presented.

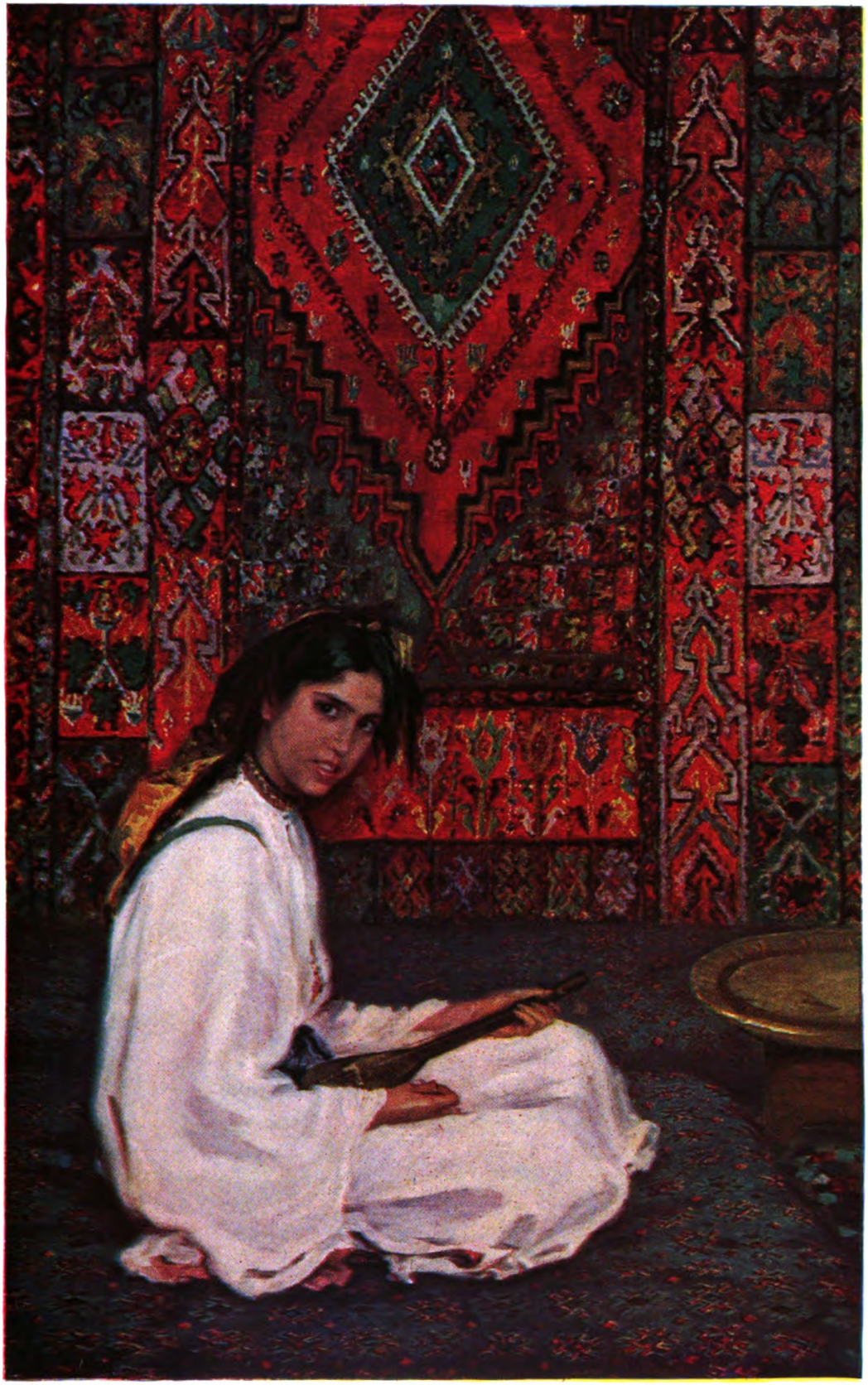
This appeared to be very satisfactory, but, Shereef having explained our desire to rent a house, a true Moorish house in Rabat, a look of gravity came over the keen face behind the glasses. The disfavor was evident, yet courtesy overcame prejudice, and we could have had several palaces at a monthly rental which would have been good pay for a year between Moors, before the French occupied Casa Blanca or the German traders began to grab the land. That only a modest place was required, and at some nominal sum, being finally understood, a promise was given that the chief soldier would find such a house.

It was noticeable that the Governor and his brother looked with interest upon the artist's wife, nodding and smiling toward her. They appealed to Shereef, who informed us that we were invited to visit the Governor's private dwelling adjoining. Every one arose, and the Governor, with the quick energy of an American, led the way, through several doors, up a stairway, across a tiled hall with a glass roof, then into the apartment where he receives visitors. Moorish rugs, in brilliant barbarous coloring, covered the finely tiled floor. Around the walls, richly covered cushions lay for one to sit upon cross-legged. The Governor sat upon one in front of a raised dais. His brother and a nephew, a young man who wore his fez rakishly on one side, were seated near him. Our party occupied the remaining cushions. In the hallway slaves awaited. Behind the Governor on the dais stood a handsome brass bed richly hung with silken curtains and spread. Shereef explained that the Governor rested there when he would have no one disturb him, or he might honor a guest by its use. On the walls were several clocks in pairs, all going, and all wrong.

We conversed while the slaves brought a silver tray and tea-service of Turkish gilded glass, a great kettle with charcoal stove inside, which boils its own water, and trays heaped with rich cakes. But the office of making tea itself always rests with a gentleman, and is never performed by a slave. The good-looking young nephew with the rakish fez honored us. First he warmed the pot. Then he took a large lump of loaf-sugar so big that his hand could not surround it, and thrust it into the pot. A big handful of freshly gathered mint followed the sugar, and then a sufficient quantity of the finest green tea completed the charge. The boiling water was then poured over this, and for the usual five or six minutes it was permitted to stand. A slave then handed us each a glass of the fragrant amber-colored liquid, which was very delightful and wholesome, but more like a rich, unusual punch than every-day tea.

I sipped my tea and allowed the others to talk. The scene was too novel and exotic to spoil with speech. How entrancing is that effect of the familiar in our own person when it is suddenly surrounded by a setting and people entirely strange and Oriental! I noticed the rich, low-

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Painting by Sydney Adamson

A MOORISH MAID WITH HER GIMBRI

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toned decorations painted on the walls, beautifully subdued to bring out the fine garments of the men. How spotlessly clean in clothes and person were these Moorish gentlemen! I listened. There was no noise, no sound of opening or shutting doors, no voices were heard, slaves came and went noiselessly on bare feet. Sometimes one would bend and whisper behind a covering hand in the Governor's ear; and he, screening his whole face with his hood, would whisper, quite inaudibly, to the nearest Moor his commands. One felt a spice of danger. They might be plotting how to dispose of us, under the veil of their perfect manners, as is their way with one another. All that was said aloud was spoken in the lowest tones, deliberately.

Shereef translated that it would greatly please the ladies of the harem if the lady visitor would honor them by going to the women's quarter. It is not too much to say that the lady visitor had been waiting for this. For all that I can set down about the things seen and what happened, I must rely upon the memory of what she told me afterward. Meanwhile, over a copy of *L'Illustration,* I tried to explain how little I knew of aeroplanes and dirigibles to a vastly interested Governor. If all Moorish rulers were like this one, I doubt if Morocco would stay bankrupt or ever really become French.

The story of the lady visitor is, as nearly as I can remember, in her own words: "It seems to me very much like a strange dream. When I left the room in which we had been drinking tea with the Governor, we went down a tiled stairway to a court, and then into another court that was open to the sky, the Governor's brother always leading the way. In the second courtyard he brought me before a great door that parted and was drawn open by slaves with cords. My escort left me here, and I was received within by a company of Moorish ladies, beautifully dressed in rich brocades, each wearing many jewels. Their interest in me was so great that I could scarcely take time to observe them minutely, as I had to strain my wits to grasp the meaning of their looks and gestures, for I could catch only now and then a word of Arabic that I understood.

"The great quantity of my hair, which, they seemed to think, was very long and wonderful, interested them to the point of envy. But they were sorry that I had only one bracelet. Where was the other for the twin arm? Had I lost it? And why had I so few jewels? My eyes had already taken in the great number of clocks, some of them gilded and always hung on the walls in pairs.

"I am five feet eight in my shoes, and they counted me tall among women. They fluttered around me, chattering, and crying out their little exclamations, louder and louder, in hope that finally I must understand. Why had I no kôhol to darken the edges of my eyelids? nor henna stains upon my nails and fingers? They pointed to all these marks of Moorish beauty and to their many jewels. One showed me proudly the tassels of seed-pearls hanging in her hair, girdled about the richly colored handkerchief, such as all the women wear upon their heads.

"There were, of course, the three official wives of the Governor, his brother, and the nephew. Also many more women who filled all the grades down to the slaves in attendance. Even the little girls had their hands and feet stained with henna.

"Coffee was brought to us and cakes, but they were not so nice as those the men gave us in the Governor's room. While we were drinking the coffee, I noticed the long row of mattresses, richly covered, that lay end to end all around the walls, divided each from each at the ends by cushions laid crosswise. At each end of the room, on a raised platform, stood a curtained bed. I think that most of the women sleep on the mats around the wall.

"The slaves brought a gilded cage in which was a gayly colored mechanical bird. He was wound up with a key, then he sang nicely and fluttered his wings to their intense delight. They then sought to entertain me with a music-box. When this palled I was led from court to court and room to room, but I saw each in a sort of maze; only I remember the pathetic part of it all. In one section we found the old women and those no longer beautiful. There the tiny babies were taken care of. It seemed, by con-

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trast, poor and not very nice At last they brought me to the door where the ever-courteous brother awaited. After leave-taking, and, as I understood it, a promise to come again, they let me go, and I returned to find you looking interested, while Shereef yawned and seemed bored."

Nothing could be more beautiful than a house offered to us, in a few days, by the Governor. The courtyard was surrounded with pillars designed after the Alhambra, which upheld fairy arches beautifully arabesqued in every span, from capital to capital. The walls and floor of the court were a wonder of minute colored tiles. A gallery overlooked the courtyard, and from it one had a view over the housetops to the two great mosques, the palm trees, and somewhere a glimpse of the sea. A veritable Aladdin's palace it was; but instead of its being grown in a night, years of patient toil had spun the lace-like filigree and set the intricate mosaics. There was a bath of tiles where charcoal below would heat the water, and kitchens enough to feed a monastery. What would two lost souls do in such a place, without slaves and furnishings and riches to keep the whole going? Sadly, we abandoned our dream and looked at a little house, but it was hardly finished, and the plaster was still damp. Then the Doctor offered us another house that was well enough, even though, before his sanitary attention, every one used to die there, and the Moors knew it as "the House of Death." It may have been superstition, but even its scrupulous cleanliness and the geraniums in the courtyard could hardly banish the thought of its uncanny past.

At last we found ourselves installed in the Vice-Consulate, with a financial share in the ménage, and saddled with the troubles of housekeeping, which, however, were soon forgotten.

Astride fiery Morocco horses, with Lee as guide, philosopher, and friend, we went riding out each morning when the sun was just up—out by different ways, to discover, as we passed, new beauties within the streets. Always there seemed a fresh gate that opened to a new stretch of country, and when the sun was growing warm, and breakfast-time had come, still another wondrous gateway, with twisted entrance to break the rush of men-at-arms, through which we might come in again to the streets of the great white city.

So we learned, when the puzzle began to clear in our minds, that the city is built close up to its own walls, with little room to spare. Save for two broad streets—that in which are the slipper-market, the two great mosques, and the bazar, where every afternoon at auction among the crowd are sold the daggers and brasses and cast-off garments of the rich; and that other street, beginning at the Kasbah, passing the barracks of the French, then ending at a side gate—all the rest is but a network of twisting, intersecting alleys, often arched across to strengthen the great plain walls that conceal fairy palaces within.

Half a mile, perhaps, beyond this wall of the city proper, down by the sea stands the Sultan's summer palace, and running from it is a great outer wall, that reaches the winter palace, and the mosque, upon the rising ground, then swings around in a semicircle toward the unfinished tower that Tarik built, which, as every one knows, is sister to the great Giralda tower of Seville. The land that lies between this outer wall and the wall of the city is filled with orange-groves and the pleasure-gardens of the rich. Hither, on sleek mules, men bring the beauties of the harem. Pavilions are erected on the grass, and for men reclining upon rich rugs, to the sound of the gimbri, life passes on the wings of love.

Lee was an Englishman once; now he is a Moroccan, and speaks to the Moors easily in their own tongue. He is never so happy as when telling you of the strange nature of these people, the poetry that they find in all things to make life beautiful, and about such traits of character as divide the Orient and the West. All of which is strange and admirable in a man who had been captured and treated badly by the wild Arabs.

The morning sun has its tale to tell, even to the poor man in the fields. The song of the birds in the orchard, and the blossoms on the bough, bright against the eternal blue, are themes for their speech and their song. The world is still

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flat, remember, and there are vague edges that go off to unknown places.

One morning Lee told me that a Moor had just sacrificed a sheep upon his door-step. Curiously reminded of Biblical stories, I asked him why? It was a story of oppression and injustice; a share in property denied, and the poor man, powerless, unaided, against his richer brethren. Then I asked, "Are you obliged to heed his petition for aid?" "Yes," he replied; "no matter how great and rich in the land one may be, he should never ignore a blood sacrifice if he would retain the esteem of the community." As I rode on under the great blue dome, watching the distant wall of the city, and listening to the Atlantic roaring among the rocks, I could vision many houses on Fifth Avenue, and great palaces near Hyde Park, and wondered what sacrifice one of the great unknown could make upon any of these door-steps that would reach the heart of its owner and bring his aid to the oppressed and the needy. Self-respect might easily be sacrificed and the answer be a closed door. In Morocco a beggar may stop and speak to the Sultan. Any Wall Street man, after a day or two's acquaintance, would tell you that Lee is quite mad. He lends money to Moorish officials. Yet somehow they pay him back. He has been known to lend an unknown stranger and wait patiently un-



THE GIMBRI-PLAYER. A MUSICIAN OF THE STREETS AND THE CAFÉS

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til it was refunded. Perhaps some was never returned, and then he would say, "N'Shallah"—which means, "It is as Allah wills—I have enough without."

Time had drifted on, and now it was December. The rains of November were past, and one of those beautiful winter months had arrived, with cloudless blue days, always a sharp nip in the shadows, and cold at night. Every gate was familiar, and certain latticed windows, where the faces of women watched behind protecting curtains, and that place where the street turns so sharply that tight reins must check the horses. If it be a lucky day, the door of the mosque —which has a square tower of glittering tiles—is open. For a brief moment one sees the tiny oil-lamp lights like pale stars in the gloom, and there are shadowy figures kneeling, while the drone of worship fills the air. Often our fancy led us, when the sun was turning golden in the closing afternoon, through the slipper-market, where the street is roofed with lattice and matting laid across, to screen the eyes of these venerable ones, guarding their piles of yellow shoes, and on to that place near the great mosque where wild camels and fiery horses often scatter the crowd as they enter a fôndak.



THE MERRY DWARF OF THE MARKET-PLACE

At these times Rabat seemed so very, very remote, that our world and our people might be divided from us by centuries. We had almost strayed upon another planet, where the earth-dwellers stared at us, as white men might look upon an Indian Rajah in the Park.

Along each side of the broad street are little shops, open to the air and flat of roof. Within are heaped the goods, often at many times the property of many men, that agents will offer to the highest bidder in the crowd. Curious things are held aloft while the picturesque vender shrieks the rising value of his ware. Candlesticks that came from a Spanish galleon of the sixteenth century, once the spoils of a Sallé rover; delft, which collectors would pay a price for, and which, perhaps, has held kus-kus for a Moor. Saddle and gun are often sold, and curious stirrup-irons, engraved, or, like the guns, inlaid.

The ride that takes you through long alleys of prickly-pears which guard the bridle-path one never tires of. Where the ground rises at a certain spot, we always stopped our horses and turned to look upon the twin cities, sparkling white and fresh in the clear morning sun, against a sea of perfect blue. Beneath us Rabat and her white square-towered mosques; to the right across the bay, Salé the beautiful, where each night a whole family was blotted out, for now the black death was stalking in the midst of its fairy whiteness. Then we headed through the gate, near the Winter Palace, close by the Sultan's mosque, and in a moment Shellah, the vanished city, lay before us but a gunshot from the outer walls of Rabat.

Only the city walls, high and almost perfect, are left standing, with their beautiful gateways carved in lovely arabesque. Down in the valley, a quaint little mosque, with a stork's nest in its tower, nestles among the trees, and a crystal stream purls in the sunlight, cool and pure; for a marvel, safe to drink.

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A BLACKAMOOR

But what has become of the city, of which only the outer shell remains? Lost in bygone ages, whatever may have been its fate! Was it the raging of some great conflagration that burned out the centre and left only its crust, or the savage destruction of a conqueror that left no stone standing, save the walls, to tell that a city had once been there? Legend says that it was a city of the Phœnicians. Perhaps the doves, that live in the walls, and wheel by thousands in a great rush of wings as our horses clatter on the stones, may know the story of the passing of Shellah. But then, the doves cannot tell.

All sensible people know that it is a strange place, and that there is no wisdom in looking often upon the mosque with the tiles, in which the stork has built his nest. For a curse will surely fall upon you. And so a certain Christian, who is not a godly man, built a house upon a hill that overlooked the mosque. The Moors petitioned him to cease his evil; or at least to put no windows on that side, or surely he would never dwell there with his family. But the man persisted, and the curse fell; so, when the tale was told, only a lonely man sought refuge in the empty, cheerless house.

Lee did not like Shellah; he liked the mosque still less. So we would turn our horses toward the city, and, on those days when nothing could live on the bar, and the cargo-boats waited wearily at anchor for the galleys that never came, Lee would ask me in to breakfast, and Lalah Tamo would wait upon us with fragrant coffee and sometimes a wonderful dish of meat and spices in rich, brown gravy, with raisins and almonds; or even a delicious mince-pie, such as she only in all the world can make, and which had been left over from some feast the night before.

It was on such a morning that first I saw the Red Kaid. We stopped without the city gate, which is of red and white. Just within is the square in which the story-teller relates his marvels, and in the arches that surround it beggars sleep at night.

A pool like a small lake remained from the recent rains before the gate, and in it, upside down, I saw the gateway perfectly reflected. It was the day of the horse-market, and all men had gathered to watch the auction and perhaps to bid, but certainly to see the horses tried, after the manner of the Fantasia, or powder-play. The horsemen start in a row, the horses walking; then they canter; at last

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they rush at a furious gallop, the riders flourishing guns overhead. Then a sudden halt, when the cruel bits send the nervous animals trembling suddenly upon their haunches. Lee pointed to the quiet man in a blue jelaba seated upon a gray horse. All who passed bowed reverently, and many pressed forward to kiss his hand, his foot, or even the hem of his garment.

My curiosity would brook none of Lee's modest caution. Before me I beheld the deathless man, the fearless leader of charge after charge of Arab horsemen, hurled upon the French lines at Casa Blanca; the man who halted but a pistol-shot from the line of French rifles, alone —for all his comrades had retreated—and shouted defiance at them, then cantered back to reform for another charge, while the French held their fire, half in superstitious dread of the man they could not kill, half in chivalrous respect for one whose bravery passed their understanding. I pushed my horse through the crowd straight in front of him and saluted as if he were the general of an army. He looked at me, understood, and smiled pleasantly. Then I held out my hand, and he took it warmly, looking kindly into my eyes. And thus it came to pass that I shook hands with one of the bravest men who ever lived. As we rode in toward the gate a beautiful thing happened. Many women and men in their graceful draperies had gathered on the edge of the great pool. All were standing. In the mirror of water they stood upside down, feet touching feet, and behind them, below, as above, was seen the great gate; and I thought of the picture by Burne-Jones of the women so reflected in the water.

It was in the early days when the great white streets oppressed me and the eternal cry of Allah thrilled with a strange anguish, when to come out of the silent alleys, with the distant roar of the bar in one's ears, into the quiet peace of a white man's house, was a joy worth pilgrimage and pain to possess, that I first saw Lalah Tamo.

I had fallen back in a great chair, letting my fancy play about the room, noting the brass trays in arabesque, the old oil-lamps ornamenting the table, and best, perhaps, the bookshelf with Omar and others of his kind, when the reed curtain parted and a Moorish Witch of Endor stood awaiting her master's command. I thought she heeded me but slightly, and that, when she was introduced, her view was haughty and perhaps of scant approval. But the dignity of her short figure, growing in weight with maturity, and the keen glance of her dark eyes, betrayed a woman of no common power for good or evil.

Perhaps it was the artist's wife that she approved of least, for in her eyes white women, who on occasion wear low-necked dresses, are bound to be looked upon with disapproval, especially in the house of her master.

But later she forgave the Roumi woman (for since the Romans occupied Morocco all foreigners are Roumi), and Lee gave the great dinner at which she was the Moorish Princess, and the admired of Lalah Tamo herself, and of the slave girls who waited.

The consul, of course, was late. The unusual mysteries of evening dress were difficult by candlelight, and a recalcitrant tie was not in agreement with a convivial spirit. When the lady was lost ahead upstairs in charge of the Moorish women, I was shown into a room, the floor of it ablaze with Moorish rugs. Down the middle, standing on the rugs, was a row of enormous brass candlesticks, each holding a great, colored candle. Round the wall were cushioned mattresses. To mark the spaces between each guest, rich pillows lay, and there were others to recline upon.

Lee looked like the Governor's younger brother. His garb was spotless and his hands and feet quite as perfect. Lipscombe was a very presentable young Arabian prince. George, who was the consul, once arrived, might easily just have stepped from his favorite Alhambra, which is not that of Granada, but the later one of Leicester Square. His cigarette properly poised, himself squatting cross-legged on the cushions, his talk naturally reverted to hansoms and festive evenings in the largest city. Then the Princess entered, and I quite failed to recognize this wonderful person with kôkoled eyes, and powdered face, and beautiful Oriental robes. The voice, which was delicately American, with that touch of South Carolina, was alone familiar.

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The height of unreality was reached when we began to tear pieces of tender mutton out of a great roast with our fingers, and tried to roll elusive kus-kus into balls, which one tosses deftly, if one can, into open mouths by a trick of the thumb, much as a boy plays marbles. The kus-kus clung and mounted beyond the fingers of the novices, while the experts kept theirs to the finger-tips. The marvel is in the cooking of the mutton, so that the pieces pluck out easily, like the severing of a well-made cake. The cummin seed in which we dipped the meat added that flavor which makes curry what it is, but without the heat; while the almonds and the raisins, cooked in brown gravy, gave a rich sweetness to this Moorish meal. One forgot the unreality of the scene in the gastronomic certainty of an excellent dinner.

When, after the mince-pies and the cake of almond paste, the slaves, who belong to Lalah Tamo, had poured rose-water over our fingers and we had bathed our faces with it, nothing, not even the sense of unreality, and the Oriental Princess with the American voice, could have kept the artist awake, reclining on those soft cushions, but for the coming of Moorish tea. Even then it was a trouble to talk. With half-closed eyes I looked out, much as Chip does from his cushions, and away off, softly, above the voices, I heard the surf on the bar. And so I dreamed off to a world away beyond, where men race madly in subways to stuffy offices, and then at night again crowd into hot electric boxes and rush madly home. Then I thought of the long reach of the breakers, the blue morning sky, and the swift beat of the horses' hoofs over the turf; of the white mosques in the early sun, and, most beautiful of all, the magic city asleep beneath the wonderful moon. Iron wheels and grinding brakes and the rush of electric cars seemed the evil recollections of some troubled dream. So I closed my eyes and listened to the voices, thinking, "Yes, the East is best, to live in, to dream in, and—for sleep."

Lost

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I KNOW a little garden path
  And tread it every day.
Great dusky roses grow thereby,
  And set along the way
Are strange, tall lilies silver-white
  And purple as they sway.

The hour is late when I go down
  Between their solemn rows;
All golden-tawny is the west
  And hushed to deep repose;
A fragrance thrills upon the air
  And Silence with me goes.

Yet as I pass I hear a voice
  That calls again to me,
And where the lilies crowd and sigh
  I look—but dare not see!
And in the dark the garden fades
  And leaves me—memory.

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The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

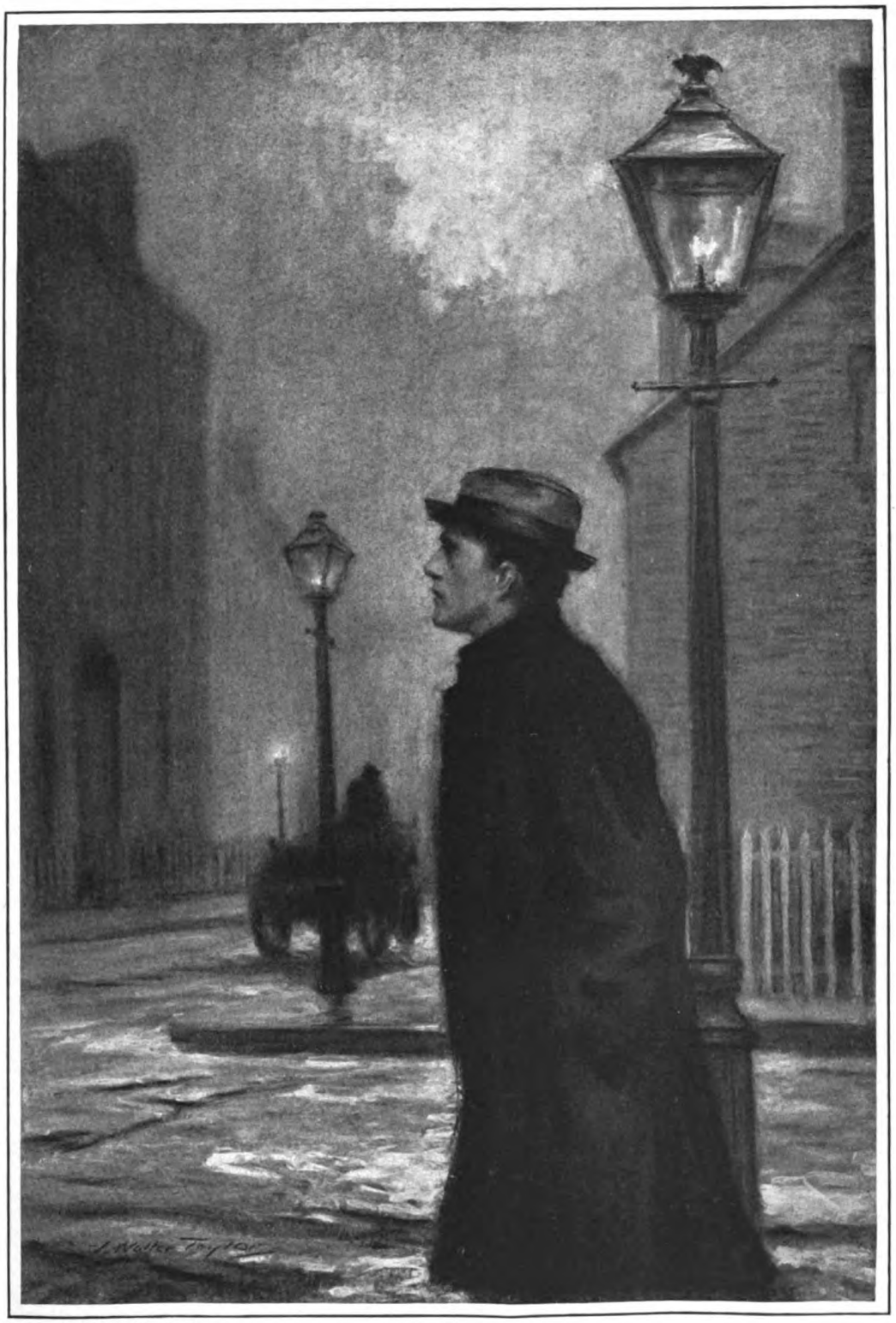
CHAPTER XXI

EXCEPT in his gust of primitive fury when he first knew that he had been robbed, and in that last breaking down in the hall, David knew what had happened to him only, if one may say so, with the outside of his mind. Even while he was talking with comparative calmness to Mr. Ferguson, his thoughts were whirling, and veering, in dizzying circles—bewildered anger, pity, fright, revolt—and then back again to half-dazed fury. But each time he tried to realize exactly what had happened, something in him seemed to swerve, like a shying horse; he could not get near enough to the fact, to understand it. In a numb way he must have recognized this, because in these moments by himself in the library, he deliberately shut a door upon the blasting truth. Later, of course, he would have to open it and look in upon the ruin of his life. Somewhere back in his thoughts he was aware that this moment of opening the Door would come, and come soon. But while he talked to Robert Ferguson, and tried, dully, to comfort Miss White, and even as he went down the steps up which he had bounded not an hour before, he was holding that moment off. His one clear feeling was a desire to be by himself. Then, he promised himself, when he was alone, he would open the Door, and face the Thing that lay behind it. But as he walked along the street, the Door was closed, bolted, locked, and his back was against it.

"Elizabeth has married Blair," he said to himself, softly. But the words seemed to have no meaning. "Elizabeth has married Blair," he insisted again; and noticed that the blur of fog around a street-lamp showed rainbow lines in a wonderful pattern. "They are all at right angles," he said; "that's interesting." And looked ahead to see if the next light repeated the phenomenon. Then automatically he took out his watch: "Nine-forty. Elizabeth has married Blair. The train leaves at ten. I had better be going to the depot. *Elizabeth has married Blair.*" And he walked on, looking at the lamps burning in the fog. Then suddenly, as if the closed Door showed a crack of light, he decided that he would not go back on the express; an inarticulate impulse pierced him like a sword-thrust—the impulse to resist, to fight, to save himself and her! But almost with the rending pang, the Door slammed to again and the impulse blurred—like the street-lamps. Still, the impetus of it was sufficient to keep him from turning toward the railroad station. Instead, he paused uncertainly before the entrance of a saloon, which bore, above "XXX Pale Ale," in gilt letters on the window, the sign "Landis' Hotel." He was suddenly aware of overpowering fatigue. Why not go in here and sit down? He would not meet any one he knew in such a place. "Better take a room for an hour or two," he thought. He knew that he must be alone to open that Door; but he did not say so; instead his mind, repeating, parrot-like, "Elizabeth has married Blair," made its arrangements for privacy, as steadily as a surgeon might make arrangements for a mortal operation.

As he entered the hotel, a woman on her hands and knees, slopping a wet cloth over the black and white marble floor of the office, looked up at him, and moved her bucket of dirty water to let him pass. "Huh! He's got a head on him this morning," she thought knowingly. But the clerk at the desk gave him an uneasy glance. Men with tragic faces and bewildered eyes are not welcomed by hotel clerks.

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"ELIZABETH HAS MARRIED BLAIR," HE SAID TO HIMSELF SOFTLY

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"Say," he said, pleasantly enough, as he handed out a key, "don't you want a pick-me-up? You're kind o' white round the gills."

David nodded. "Where's the bar?" he said thickly. He found his way to it, and while he waited for his whiskey he lifted a corkscrew from the counter and looked at it closely. "That's something new, isn't it?" he said to the man who was rinsing out a glass for him; "I never saw a corkscrew (Elizabeth has married Blair) with that hook thing on the side." He took his two fingers of whiskey, and followed the bell-boy to a room.

"I don't like that young feller's looks," the clerk told the scrub-woman; "we don't want any more free reading notices in the papers of this hotel being a road-house on the way to heaven." And when the bell-boy who had shown the unwelcome guest to his room came back to his bench in the office, he interrogated him, with a grin that was not altogether facetious: "Any revolvers lyin' round up in No. 20, or any of those knobby blue bottles?"

"Naw," said the bell-boy, disgustedly, "ner no dimes, neither."

David, in the small, unfriendly hotel bedroom that looked out upon dreary back yards, and smelled as if its one window had not been opened for a year, was at last alone. Down in the alley, a hand-organ was shrilling monotonously: "Kafoozleum—Kafoozleum."

He looked about him for a minute, then tried to open the window, but the sash stuck; he shook it violently, then shoved it up with such force that a cracked pane of glass clattered out; a gust of raw air came into the stagnant mustiness of the narrow room. After that he sat down and drew a long breath. Then he opened the Door. . . .

Down-stairs the clerk was sharing his uneasiness with the barkeeper. "He came in looking like death. Wild-eyed he was. Mrs. Maloney there will tell you. She came up to me and remarked on it. No, sir, men like that ain't healthy for this hotel."

"That's so," the barkeeper agreed. "Why didn't you tell him you were full up?"

"Well, he seemed the gentleman," the clerk said. "I didn't just see my way—"

"Huh!" the other flung back at him resentfully. "'Tain't only a poor man that puts his hand in the till and then hires a room in a hotel"—he made a significant gesture and rolled up his eyes.

"He didn't register," the clerk said. "Only wanted the room for a couple of hours."

"A couple of hours is long enough to—" said the barkeeper.

"Good idea to send a boy up to ask if he rung?"

"*I'd* have sent him, ten minutes ago," the barkeeper said scornfully.

So it was that David, staring in at his ruin, was interrupted more than once that morning: "No, I didn't ring. Clear out." And again: "No; I'm not waiting for anybody. Shut that door." But the third time he was frantic: "Damn it, if you knock on my door again I'll kick you down-stairs! Do you understand?" And at that the office subsided.

"They don't do it when they're swearing mad," the barkeeper said. "I guess his girl has given him the mitten. You ladies are always making trouble for us, Mrs. Maloney. You drive us to suicide for love of you!" And Mrs. Maloney simperingly admitted her baleful influence. "As for you," he jeered at the clerk, "you're fresh, I guess. That little affair in 18 got on your nerves."

"Well, if you'd found him as I did, I guess it would 'a' got on your nerves," the clerk said, affronted. And he told himself that they could kill themselves all over the house, and he wouldn't lift a finger to stop 'em. "You don't get no thanks," the clerk told himself gloomily. But after that, No. 20 was not disturbed.

At first, when David opened his closed Door and looked in, there had been the shock again. He was stunned with incredulous bewilderment. Then his mind cleared. And with the clearing came again that organic anger of the robbed man; an anger that has in it the uncontrollable impulse to regain his property. It could not be—this thing that had happened. *It should not be!*

He would see her; he would take her.

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As for *him*—David's sinewy fingers closed as talons might close into the living flesh of a man's neck. He knew the lust of murder, and he exulted in it. Yet even as he exulted, the full dishonor of what Blair had done was so astounding, that, sitting there in the dreary room, his hands clenched in his pockets, his legs stretched out in front of him, David actually felt a sort of impersonal amazement that had nothing to do with anger. For one instant the unbelievableness of it threw him back into that clamoring confusion from which he had escaped since he opened the Door. Blair must have been in love with her! Had Elizabeth suspected it? She certainly had never hinted it to him; why not? Some girlish delicacy? But Blair—*Blair*, a dishonorable man? In the confounding turmoil of this uprooting of old admirations, he was conscious of the hand-organ down in the alley, pounding out its imbecile refrain. He even found himself repeating the meaningless words:

"In ancient days there lived a Turk,
A horrid beast within the East,
. . . . . .
Oh, Kafoozleum, Kafoozleum"—

His mind righted itself; he came back to facts, and to the simple incisive question: what must he do? It was not until the afternoon that, by one tortuous and torturing line of reasoning after another, he came to know that, as her uncle had said, for the present he could do nothing.

"Nothing?" At first, David had laughed savagely; he would turn the world upside down before he would leave her in her misery! For that she was in misery he never doubted; nor did he stop to ask himself whether she had repented her madness, he only groaned. He saw, or thought he saw, the whole thing. There was not one doubt, not one poisonous suspicion of Elizabeth herself. That she was disloyal to him never entered his head. To David she was only in a terrible trap, from which, at any cost, she must be rescued. That her own mad temper had brought her to such a pass was neither here nor there; it had nothing to do with the matter in hand, namely her rescue—and then the killing of the hound who had done this thing! It came into David's head—like a lamp moving toward him through a mist—that she must have written to him; he had not really grasped the idea when Robert Ferguson suggested it; but now he was suddenly certain that a letter must be awaiting him in Philadelphia! Perhaps in it she called on him to come and help her? The thought was like a whip. He forgot his desire to kill Blair; he leaped to his feet, fumbling for a time-table; then realized that there was no train across the mountains until the afternoon. Should he telegraph his mother to open any letter from Elizabeth, and wire him where she was? No; even in the whirl of his perplexity, he knew he could not let any other eyes than his own see what, in her abasement, Elizabeth must have written. He began to pace frantically up and down; then stood and looked out of the window, beating his mind back to calmness again, for he must be calm; he *must* think what could be done. . . . He would get the letter as soon as he reached home; until he got it and learned where she was, the only thing to do was to decide how she should be saved.

And so it was that, not allowing himself to dip down into that elemental rage of the wronged man, not even daring to think of his own incredible blunder which had kindled her crazy anger, still less venturing to let his thought rest on the suffering that had come to her, he kept his mind steadily on that one imperative question: *what was to be done?* At first the situation seemed almost simple; she must leave Blair instantly. "To-day!" he said to himself, striking the rickety table before him with his fist; "to-day!" Next, the marriage must be annulled. That was all; annulled! These were the premises from which he started. And all that long, dark morning, well into the afternoon, he followed blind alleys of thought, ending always in the same *impasse*—there was nothing he could do. He did not even know where she was—until the letter in Philadelphia should tell him; and at that thought he looked at his watch again. Oh, how many endless hours before he could go and get that letter! And, after all, she was Blair Maitland's wife. Suppose she did leave him, would

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the swine give her her freedom? Not without long, involved processes of law; he knew his man well enough to know that. Yes, there would have to be dreadful publicity, heart-breaking humiliation for his poor, mad darling. She would have to face those things. Oh, if he only knew where she was, so that he could go that moment and help her to take that first step of flight. She must go at once to his mother. Yes, his mother would shelter her from the beast. Oh, if he could only get word to her, to go, *instantly,* to his mother. But he did not know where she was! He cursed himself for not having taken the express! He could have been at home by ten o'clock that night, had her letter, and started out again to go to her. As it was, now, nothing could be done until to-morrow morning. Then he would know what to do, because then he would know where she was. But meantime—meantime . . .

There is no doubt that when the frantic man realized his befogging ignorance, and found himself involved in this dreadful delay, the hotel clerk's apprehensions were, at least for wild moments, justified. But only for moments —Elizabeth was to be rescued!—David could not consider escape from his own misery until that task had been accomplished. And yet consider: his girl, his woman—another man's; and he helpless! And suppose he did rescue her; suppose he did drag her from the arms of the thief who had been his friend—could it ever be the same? Never. Never. Never. His Elizabeth was dead. The woman whom he meant to have yet—somehow, sometime, somewhere—the woman whom Blair Maitland had filched from him—was not his Elizabeth. . . . The rose, trampled in the mire, may be lifted, it may be revived, it may be fragrant—but it has known the mire!

There were, in the early darkening afternoon, crazy moments for David Richie. Moments of murderous hate of Blair, moments of unbearable consciousness of his own responsibility, moments of almost repulsion for the tragic, marred creature he loved; and, at this last appalling revelation to himself of his own possibilities—moments of absolute despair. And when one of those despairing moments came, he put his head down on the table, on his folded arms, and cried for his mother. He cried hard, like a child: "M-m-materna!"

And so it was that he arose and went to his mother.

CHAPTER XXII

WHEN, after his interview with David, Robert Ferguson went into Mrs. Maitland's office at the Works, he looked older by twenty years than when he had left it the night before. Sarah Maitland, sitting at her desk, heard his step, and wheeled round to greet him.

"Better shut that door," she said briefly; and he gave the door in the glass partition a shove with his foot. Then they looked at each other. "Well," she said, and stretched out her hand. "We're in the same box. I guess we'd better shake hands." She grinned with pain, but she forced her grunt of a laugh. "What's *your* story? Mine is only his explanation to Nannie."

"Mine isn't even that. She merely wrote me she had married him; that was all. Miss White told me what he wrote to Nannie. What do you know about it?"

"Read that," she said, and gave him Blair's note; "that's all I know."

He read it, and handed it back in silence.

"Well, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"Do? There's nothing to do. I'm done with her!"

"He's my son," Sarah Maitland said. "I have got to do something."

"But there's nothing to be done," he pointed out; it was not like this ruthless woman to waste time crying over spilt milk. "They are both of age, and they are married; that's all there is to it. I went into the mayor's office and found the registry. The marriage is all right, so far as that goes. As for David—men don't go out with a gun or a horsewhip in these fine times. He won't do anything. For that matter, he is well rid of her. I told him so. I might have added that the best thing a jilted man can do is to go down on his knees and thank God that he's been jilted—I know what I'm talking about! As for your son—" he stopped.

"Yes," she said, "*my son?*" And even

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in his fury, Robert Ferguson felt a pang at the sight of her torn and ravaged face, that quivered so that he turned his eyes away out of sheer decency. "I must do something for my son. And I think I know what it will be." She bit her forefinger, frowning with thought. "I think I know . . . I have not done right by Blair."

"No, you haven't," he said dryly. "Have you just discovered that? But I don't see what you, or I, or God Almighty, can do, *now!* They are married."

"Oh, I can't do anything about this marriage," she said, with a gesture of indifference; "but that's not the important thing."

"Not important?" he broke in. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that the important thing is to know what made Blair behave in this way; and then—cure him."

"Cure him! There's no cure for rottenness." He was so beside himself with pain that he forgot that she was a woman, and Blair's mother.

"I blame myself for Blair's conduct," she said.

"Oh, Elizabeth is as bad as he is!" But he waited for her contradiction.

It did not come. "Probably worse," she said. And involuntarily he raised a protesting hand. "But I mean to forgive her," said Sarah Maitland, with cold determination.

"Forgive Elizabeth?" he said, angrily, and his anger was the very small end of the wedge of his own forgiveness; "forgive *her?* It strikes me the boot is on the other leg, Mrs. Maitland."

"Oh, well," she said, "what difference does it make? They are the pot and the kettle. I'm not blaming your girl overmuch; although in affairs of this kind the woman is always worse than the man. Besides that, what Elizabeth did, she did from hate; what Blair did, he did from love; the result is the same, of course, but one motive is worse than the other. But never mind that—Blair has got her, and he will be faithful to her—for a while, anyhow. And Elizabeth will get used to him—that's Nature; and Nature is bigger than a girl's first fancy. So if David doesn't interfere—you think he won't?—you don't know human nature, Friend Ferguson! David isn't a saint—at least I hope he isn't; I don't care much about twenty-six-year-old male saints! David may not be able to interfere, but he'll try to, somehow. You wait! But as for Blair, as I say, if David doesn't put his finger in the pie, Blair isn't hopeless."

"I'm glad you think so," he said contemptuously.

"I *do* think so! Blair is young yet; and if she costs him something, he may value her—and I think I can manage to make her cost him something! A man doesn't value what comes cheap—and all his life everything has come cheap to Blair."

"I don't see what you're driving at," he said.

"Just this," she explained; "Blair has had everything he wanted,—oh, yes, yes; it's my fault!" she struck an impatient fist upon the arm of her chair. "I told you it was my fault. Don't take precious time to argue over that. It is *all* my fault. There! will that satisfy you? I've given him everything. So he thought he could have everything. He doesn't know the meaning of '*no.*' He has got to learn. I shall teach him. I have thought it all out. I'm going to make a man of him."

"How?" said Mr. Ferguson, with a sneer.

"I haven't got the details clear in my mind yet, but this is the gist of it—*No money but what he earns.*"

"No money?"

"After this, it will be 'root, hog, or die.'"

"But Blair can't root," Robert Ferguson said, fair in spite of himself. And at that her face lighted with a sort of awful purpose.

"Then he must die! Ferguson, don't you see—*he has begun to die, already?*" Again her face quivered. "Look at this business of taking David's wife—oh, I know, they weren't married yet, but the principle is the same—what do you call that but dying? Look at his whole life: He has always got something for nothing! That's the one immorality that will damn you! It has damned Blair. Look at him: what has he done?—received—received—received! Given nothing. Of course I ought to have realized that before, but I—I was too busy, I

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suppose. He has had privileges and no responsibilities. When I thought it out, last night, I all of a sudden realized that a privilege that doesn't bring a responsibility, is like rust on a steel girder; it 'll eat through, and then—look out for yourself! I tell you, if Blair had had to work and sweat for what he's got, as you and I have worked and sweated for what we've got, he wouldn't have been where he is to-day. You know that! He'd have had something else to think of than satisfying his eyes, or his stomach, or his lust! He'd have been decent."

"He might have been," Robert Ferguson said drearily, "but I doubt it. Anyway, you can't, by making him earn or go without, or anything else, give David's girl back to him."

"No," she said heavily, and for a moment her passion of hope flagged; "no, I can't do that. But I shall try to make it up to David, some way, of course—Where is he?" she broke off.

He told her briefly of David's arrival and departure. "He's gone back to his mother," he ended; "she'll comfort him." Then, with a flare of anger, he added, "Mrs. Richie was always saying that Elizabeth would turn out well. I wonder what she will say now? I knew better, and yet I let Mrs. Richie bamboozle me into building on the girl. I always said Life shouldn't play the same trick on me twice—but it has done it! It has done it. My heart was set on Elizabeth. Yes, Mrs. Maitland, I've been fooled again—but so have you!"

"Nothing of the kind! I never was fooled before," Sarah Maitland said, frowning; "and I sha'n't be again. I am going to make a man of my son. As for your girl, forgive her, Ferguson. Don't be a fool; you take it out of yourself when you refuse forgiveness."

"I'll never forgive her," said Robert Ferguson; "she's hurt the woman I—I have a great regard for; she's made David's mother suffer; and I'm done with her!"

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN, on drunken and then on leaden feet, there came to Elizabeth the ruthless to-morrow of her act, her first clear thought was to kill herself. . . .

After the marriage in the mayor's office—where they paused long enough to write the two notes that were received the next day—Blair had fled with her up into the mountains to a little hotel which at this time of year had so few patrons that he felt certain they would not encounter any acquaintances.

Elizabeth neither assented nor objected. From the moment she had struck her hand into his, there in the tawdry "saloon" of the toll-house, and cried out, "*Come!*" she let him do as he chose. So he had carried her away to the city hall, where, like any other unclassed or unchurched lovers, they were married by a hurried city official. She had had one more crisis of rage, when, in the mayor's office, as she stood at a high wall desk, and wrote with an ink-encrusted pen that brief note to Robert Ferguson, she had said to herself that, as to David Richie, he could hear the news from her uncle—or never hear it—she didn't care which. Then for an instant her eyes glittered again; but except for that one moment, she seemed stunned, mind and body. To Blair, her silent acquiescences had been signs that he had won something more than her consent to revenge herself upon David,—and he wanted more! In all his life he had never deeply cared for anybody but himself; but now, under the terrible selfishness of his act, under the primitive instinct that he called love, there was, trembling in the depths of his nature, *Love*. It had been born only a little while ago, this new, naked baby of Love. It had had no power and no knowledge; unaided by that silent god of his, it had not been strong enough to save him from himself, or save Elizabeth from him. But he did love her, in spite of his treason to her soul, for he was tender with her, and almost humble; yet his purpose was inflexible. It seemed to him it must find response in her. Such purpose might strike fire from the most unbending steel—why not from this yielding, silent thing, Elizabeth's heart? But numb, and flaccid, perfectly apathetic, stunned by that paroxysm of anger, she no more responded to him than down would have responded to the blow of flint. . . .

It was their second day in the mountains. Blair, going down-stairs very early in the morning, stopped in the office of the

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hotel to write a brief but intensely polite note to his mother, telling her of his marriage. "Nannie will have broken it to her—poor, dear old Nannie!" he said to himself, pounding a stamp down on the envelope, "but of course it's proper to announce it myself." Then he dropped the "announcement" into the post-bag, and went out for a tramp in the woods. It was a still, furtive morning of low clouds, with an expectancy of snow in the air. But it was not cold, and when, leaving the road and pushing aside the frosted ferns and underbrush, he found himself in the silence of the woods, he sat down on a fallen tree trunk to think,—for the moment had come when the only god he knew would no longer be denied.

"I might as well face it," he said; and slowly lit a cigar. But instead of "facing it," he began to watch the first sparse and fitful beginnings of snow—hesitant flakes that sauntered down to rest for a crystal moment on his coat sleeve. Suddenly he caught his thoughts together with a jerk; "I've *got* to think it out!" he said. Curiously enough, when he said this his thought did not turn with any especial distinctness to David Richie. Instead, in the next hour of reasonings and excuses, there was always, back in his mind, one face—scornful, contemptuous even; a face he had known only as gentle, and sometimes tender—the face of David's mother. Once, impatiently, he swore at himself, to drive that face out of his mind. "What a fool I am!" he said. "Elizabeth had broken her engagement with him. I had the right to speak before the thing was smoothed over again. Anybody would say so, even—even Mrs. Richie—if she could really understand how things were. But of course she will only see *his* side." All his excuses for his conduct were in relation to David Richie; he did not think of Elizabeth. He honestly did not know that he had wronged her. He loved her so crazily that he could not realize such love could injure her.

It was snowing steadily now, and he could hear the faint patter of small, hard flakes on the dry oak leaves over his head. Suddenly some bleached and withered ferns in front of him rustled, and he saw wise, bright eyes looking at him. "I wish I had some nuts for you, bunny," he said—and the bright eyes vanished with a furry whirl through the ferns. He picked up the empty half of a hickory-nut, and turning it over in his fingers, looked at the white grooves left by small sharp teeth. "You little beggars must get pretty hungry in the winter, bunny," he said; "I'll bring a bag of nuts out here for you some day." But while he was talking to the squirrel, he was wrestling with his god. It was characteristic of him that never once in that struggle to justify himself did he use the excuse of Elizabeth's consent. His code, which had allowed him to injure a woman, would not permit him to blame her—even if she deserved it. Instead, over and over he heaped up his own poor defence: "If I had waited, he might have patched it up with her." And over and over the defence crumbled before his eyes: "it was contemptible not to give him the chance to patch it up." Then would come his angry retort: "That's nonsense! Besides it was better, infinitely better for her to marry me than a poor man like him. I can give her everything,—and love her! God, how I love her! Yes, apart from any selfish consideration, it is a thousand times better for her." For an instant his marrying her seemed actually chivalrous; and at that his god laughed. Blair reddened sharply; to recognize his hypocrisy was the "touch on the hollow of the thigh; and the hollow of the thigh was out of joint"! He pitched the nut away with a vicious fling, and knew, inarticulately, that there was no use lying to himself any longer.

With blank eyes he watched the snow piling up on a withered stalk of golden-rod. "I wish it hadn't happened in just the way it did," he conceded;—his god was beginning to prevail—"but if I had waited, I might have lost her." And then a thought stabbed him: suppose he should lose her anyhow—suppose that when she came to herself—the phrase was a confession—suppose when she came to herself, she should want to leave him? It was an intolerable suggestion. "Well, she can't," he told himself, grimly, "she can't, now." His face was dusky with shame, and yet when he said that, his lip loosened in a furtively exultant smile.

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Blair would have been less, or more, than a man if, at that moment, in spite of his shame, he had not exulted. "She's my wife!" he said, through those shamed and smiling lips. Then his eyes narrowed: "And she doesn't care a damn for me."

And so it was that as he sat there in the snow, watching the puff of white deepen on the stalk of goldenrod, his god prevailed yet a little more, for, so far as Elizabeth was concerned, he did not try to fool himself: "she doesn't care a damn." And when he said that, he saw the task of his life before him—to make her care. It was like the touch of a spur; he leaped to his feet, and flung up his arms in a sort of challenge. Yes; he *had* "done the thing a man can't do." Yes; he ought not to have taken advantage of her anger. Yes; his honor was smirched—grant it all! grant it all! "I was mad," he said, stung by this intolerable self-knowledge; "I was a cur. I ought to have waited; I know it. I admit it. But what's the use of talking about it now? It's done; and by God, she shall love me yet!"

So it was that his god blessed him, as the best that is in us, even if it is a poor best, always blesses us when it conquers us; his god granted him the blessing of shame. It is a divine moment, this of the birth of shame. And Blair Maitland, a false friend, a selfish and cruel lover, was not entirely contemptible, for his eyes, beautiful and evasive, confessed the pangs of that spiritual birth.

As he walked home, he laid his plans very carefully: he must show the most delicate consideration; he must avoid every possible annoyance; he must do this, he must not do that. "And I'll buy her a pearl necklace," he told himself, too absorbed in the gravity of the situation to see in such an impulse the assertion that he was his mother's own son! But the foundation of all his plans for making Elizabeth content, was the determination not to admit for a single instant, to anybody but himself, that he was ashamed. Which showed that his god was not yet God.

When he got back to the hotel, he found that Elizabeth had not left her room; and rushing up-stairs two steps at a time, he knocked at her door. . . . She was sitting on the edge of her bed, her lips parted, her eyes staring blindly out of the window at the snow. The flakes were so thick now that the meadow on the other side of the road and the mountain beyond were blurred and almost blotted out; there was a gray pallor on her face as if the shadow of the storm had fallen on it. Instantly Blair knew that she "had come to herself." As he stood looking at her, something tightened in his throat; he broke out into the very last thing he had meant to say: "Elizabeth—forgive me!"

"I ought to die, you know," she said, without turning her eyes from the window and the falling snow.

He came and knelt down beside her, and kissed her listless hand. "Elizabeth, dearest! When I love you so?"

He kissed her shoulder. She shivered. "My darling," he said, passionately.

She looked at him dully; "I wish you would go away."

"Elizabeth, let me tell you how I love you."

"Love me?" she said; "*me?*" She pushed his arm away. "I am not fit to be touched."

"Elizabeth!" he protested; "you are an angel, and I love you—no man ever loved a woman as I love you."

In her abasement she never thought of reproaching him, of saying "if you loved me, why did you betray me?" She had not gone as far as that yet. Her fall had been so tremendous that if she had any feeling about him, it was nothing more than the consciousness that he had gone over the precipice, too. "Please go away," she said.

"Dearest, listen; you are my wife. If—if I hurried you too much, you will forgive me because I loved you so? I didn't dare to wait, for fear—" he stumbled on the confession which his god had wrung from him, but which must not be made to her. Elizabeth's heavy eyes were suddenly keen.

"Fear of what?"

"Oh, don't look at me that way! I love you so that it kills me to have you angry at me!"

"I am not angry with you," she said, faintly surprised; "why should I be angry with *you*? Only, you see, Blair, I—I can't live. I simply can't live."

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"You have got to live!—or I'll die," he said, roughly. "I love you, I tell you I love you!" His outstretched, trembling hands entreated hers, but she would not yield them to his touch; her shrinking movement away from him filled him with such terror that his breath came in a sob: "Elizabeth! *don't*—"

She glanced at him with stony eyes. Blair was suffering. Why should *he* suffer? But his suffering did not interest her. "Please go away," she said, heavily.

He went. He dared not stay. He left her, going miserably down-stairs to make a pretence of eating some breakfast. But all the while he was arranging entreaties and arguments in his own mind. He went to the door of their room a dozen times that morning, but it was locked. No, she did not want any breakfast. Wouldn't she come out and walk? No, no, no. Please let her alone. And then in the afternoon: "Elizabeth, I *must* come in! You must have some food."

She let him enter; but she was indifferent alike to the food and to the fact that by this time there was, of course, a giggling consciousness in the hotel that the "bride and groom" had had a rumpus. "A nice beginning for a honeymoon," said the chambermaid; "locking that pretty young man out of her room! —and me with my work to do in there. Well! I'm sorry for him; I bet you she's a case."

Blair, too, was indifferent to anything ridiculous in his position; the moment was too critical for any such self-consciousness. When at last he took a little tray of food to his wife, and knelt beside her, begging her to eat, he was appalled at the ruin in her face. She drank some tea to please him; and then she said, pitifully:

"What shall we do, Blair?" That she should say "we" showed that these hours which had ploughed her face had also sowed some seed of unselfishness in her broken soul.

"Darling," he said, tenderly, "have you forgiven me?"

At this she meditated for a minute, staring with big, anguished eyes straight ahead of her at nothing; "I *think* I have, Blair. I have tried to. Of course I know I was more wicked than you. It was more my doing than yours. Yes. I ought to ask you if you would forgive me."

"Elizabeth! Forgive you? When you made me so happy! Am I to forgive you for making me happy?"

"Blair," she said—she put the palms of her hands together, like a child—"Blair, please let me go." She looked at him with speechless entreaty. The old dominant Elizabeth was gone; here was nothing but the weak thing, the scared thing, pleading, crouching, begging for mercy. "Please, Blair, *please*—"

But the very tragedy of such humbleness was that it made an appeal to passion rather than to mercy. It made him love her more, not pity her more. "I can't let you go, Elizabeth," he said, hoarsely; "I can't; I love you—I will never let you go! I will die before I will let you go!"

And with that cry of complete egotism from him, the storm which her egotism had let loose upon their little world broke over her own head. As the sense of the hopelessness of her position and the futility of her struggle dawned upon her, she grew frightened to the point of violence. She was outrageous in what she said to him—beating against the walls of this prison-house of marriage which she herself had reared about them, and crying wildly for freedom. Yet strangely enough, her fury was never the fury of temper; it was the fury of fear. In her voice there was a new note, a note of entreaty; she commanded, but not with the old invincible determination of the free Elizabeth. She was now only the woman pleading with the man; the wife, begging the husband.

Through it all, her jailer, insulted, commanded, threatened, never lost a gentleness that had sprung up in him side by side with love. It was, of course, the gentleness of power, although he did not himself know that, for he was abjectly frightened; he never stopped to reassure himself by remembering that, after all, rave as she might, she was his. He was incredibly soft with her—up to a certain point: "I will never let you go!" If his god spoke, Blair struck him on the mouth. Elizabeth, now, was the flint, striking that she might kindle in him some fire of anger which would burn up the whole edifice of her despair. But

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he opposed to her fiercest blows of terror and entreaty nothing but this softness of frightened love and unconscious power. He cowered at the thought of losing her; he entreated her pity, her mercy; he wept before her. The whole scene in that room in the inn, with the silent whirl of snow outside the windows, was one of dreadful abasement and brutality on both sides.

"I am a bad woman. I will not stay with you. I will kill myself first. I am going away. I am going away to-night."

"Then you will kill me. Elizabeth! Think how I love you; think! And—and *he* wouldn't want you, since you threw him over. You couldn't go back to him."

"Go back to David? now? How can you say such a thing! I am dead, so far as he is concerned. Oh—oh—why am I not dead? Why do I go on living? I will kill myself rather than stay with you!" It seemed to Elizabeth that she had forgotten David; she had forgotten that she had meant to write him a terrible letter. She had forgotten everything but the blasting realization of what had happened to her. "Do not dare to speak his name!" she said, frantically. "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! I am dead to him. He despises me, as I despise myself. Blair, I can't—I can't live; I can't go on—"

In the end he conquered. There were two days and nights of struggle; and then she yielded. Blair's reiterated appeal was to her sense of justice. Curiously, but most characteristically, through all the clamor of her despair at this incredible thing that she had done, justice was the one word which penetrated to her consciousness. Was it fair, she debated, numbly, in one of their long, aching silences, was it just, that because she had ruined herself, she should ruin him?

She had locked herself in her room, and was sitting with her head on her arms that were stretched before her on a little table. Blair had gone out for one of his long, wretched walks through the snow; sometimes he took the landlord's dog along for company, and on this particular morning, a morning of brilliant sunshine and cold, insolent wind, he had stopped to buy a bag of nuts for the hungry squirrels in the woods. As he walked, he was planning, planning, planning, how he could make his misery touch Elizabeth's heart; he was all unconscious that her misery had not yet touched his heart. But Elizabeth, locked in her room, was beginning to think of his misery. Dully at first, and then with dreary concentration, she went over in her mind his arguments and pleadings: he had said he was satisfied to love her, even if she didn't love him. That he had known what stakes he played for, and now he was willing to abide by them; that she ought to be willing to do the same. She had done this thing—she had married him; was it fair, now, to destroy him, soul and body, just because she had acted on a moment's impulse? It was in a crisis of terror, that the primitive instinct of self-preservation thus swept away the acquired instinct of chivalry, and, like a brutal boy, he reminded her that she was to blame as well as he. "You did it, too," he told her, sullenly. She remembered that he had said he had not fully understood that it was only impulse on her part; "I thought you cared for me a little, or else you wouldn't have married me." In the alarm of that moment he really had not known that he lied, and in her absorption in her own misery she did not contradict him. She ought, he said—weeping before her, so that she turned her eyes from such a sight—she ought to make the best of the situation; or else he would kill himself. "Do you want me to kill myself?" he threatened. If she would make the best of it, he would help her. He would do whatever she wished; he would be her friend, her servant,—until she should come to love him.

"I shall never love you," she told him.

"I will always love you! But I will not make you unhappy. Let me be your servant; that's all I ask."

"I love David. I will always love him."

He had been silent at that; then had broken again into a cry for mercy. "I don't care if you do love him! Don't destroy me, Elizabeth."

He had had still one other weapon: *they were married.* There was no getting round that. The thing was done; except by Time and the outrageous scan-

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dal of publicity, it could not be undone. But this weapon he had not used, knowing perfectly well that the idea of public shame would be, just then, a matter of indifference to Elizabeth; perhaps even a satisfaction to her, as the sting of the penitential whip is a satisfaction to the sinner. All he said was summed up in three words: "Don't destroy me."

There was no reply. She had fallen into a silence which frightened him more than her words. It was then that he went out for that walk, over the creaking snow, in the sunshine and fierce wind, taking the bag of nuts along for the squirrels. And Elizabeth, alone, with her head on her arms on the table, went over and over all his threats and entreaties, until it seemed as if her mind was sore. After a while, for very weariness, she left the tangle of motives and facts and obligations and began to think of David; it was then that she moaned a little under her breath.

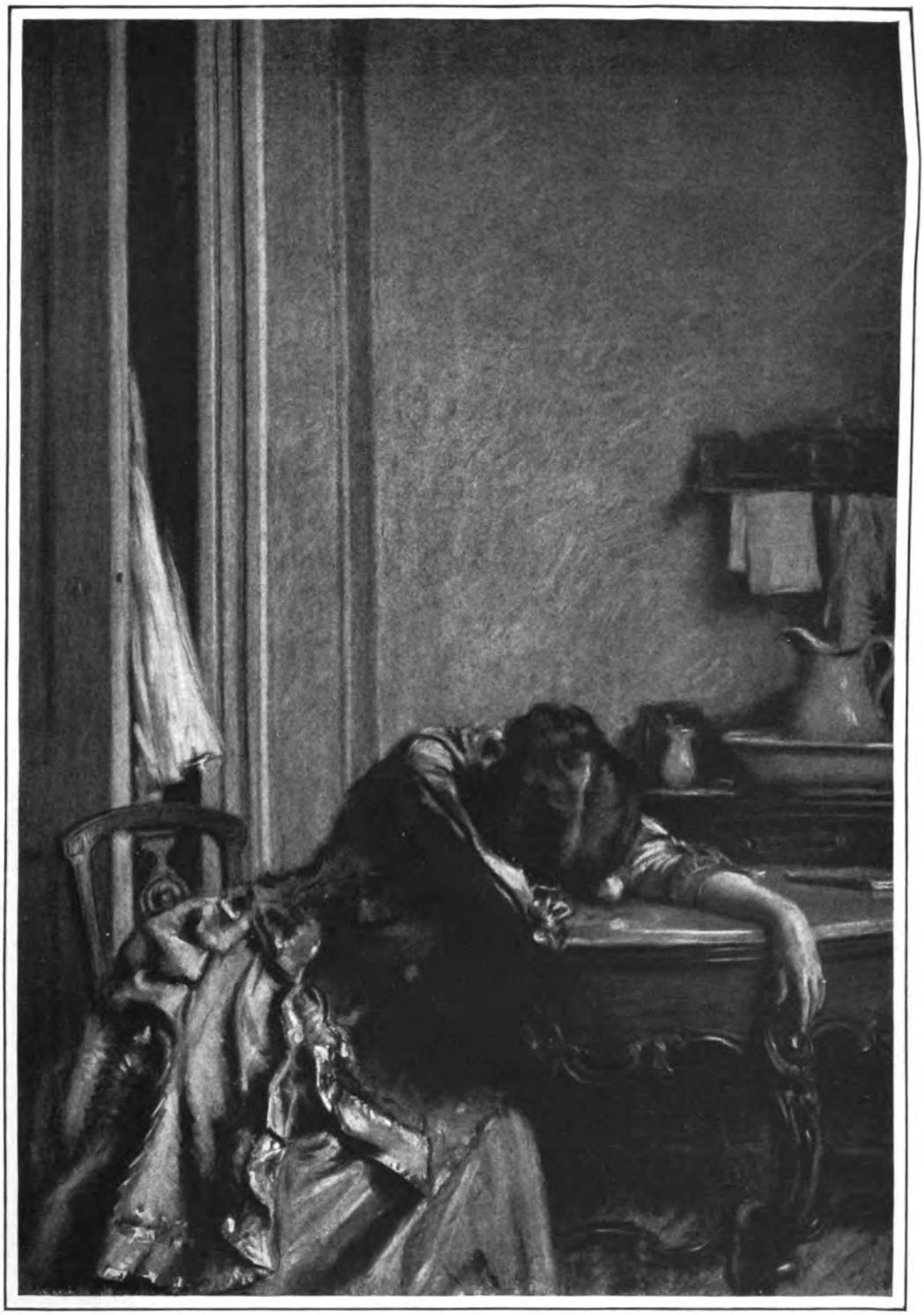
Twice in these four days she had tried to write to him to tell him what had happened. But each time she cringed away from her pen and paper. After all, what could she write? The fact said all there was to say, and he knew the fact by this time. When she said that, her mind, drawn by some horrible curiosity, would begin to speculate as to how he had heard the fact? Who told him? What did he say? How did he—and here she would groan aloud in an effort *not* to know "how" he took it! To save herself from this speculation, which seemed to dig into a grave, and touch and handle the decaying body of love, she would plan what she should say to him when, after a while, "tomorrow," perhaps, she should be able to take up her pen: "David,—I was out of my head. Think of me as if I were dead." . . . "David,—I don't want you to forgive me. I want you to hate me as I hate myself." . . . "David,—I was not in my right mind—forgive me. I love you just the same. But it is as if I were dead." Again and again she thought out long, crying, frightened letters to him; but she could not write them. And now she was beginning to feel, vaguely, that she would never write to him; "what is the use? I am dead." The idea of calling upon him to come and save her, had never occurred to her. "I am dead," she said, as she sat there, her face hidden in her arms; "there is nothing to be done."

After a while she stopped thinking of David and the letter she had not been able to write; it seemed as if, when she tried to make it clear to herself why she did not write to him, something stopped in her mind—a cog did not catch; the thought eluded her. When this happened —as it had happened again and again in these last days—she would fall to thinking, with vague amazement, that this irremediable catastrophe was out of all proportion to its cause. It was monstrous that a crazy minute should ruin a whole life—two whole lives, hers and David's. It was as if a pebble should deflect a river from its course, and make it turn and overflow a landscape! It was incredible that so temporary a thing as an outbreak of temper should have eternal consequences. She gasped, with her face buried in her arms, at the realization — which comes to most of us human creatures sooner or later— that sins may be forgiven, but results are eternal. As for sin—but surely that meaningless madness was not sin? "It was insanity," she said, shivering at the memory of that hour in the toll-house —that little mad hour, that brought eternity with it! She had had other crazy hours, with no such weight of consequences. Her mind went back over her engagement, her love, her happiness, —and her tempers. Well, nothing had come of them. David always understood. And still further back — her careless, fiery girlhood, which did not know the meaning of self-control, a girlhood full of these outbreaks of passion— all meaningless, and all harmless, too; at any rate, all without results of pain to any one.

Suddenly it seemed to her, as she looked across the roaring gulf that separated her now from the past, that all her life had been just a sunny slope down to the edge of the gulf. All those "harmless" tempers which had had no results, had pushed her to this result!

Her poor, bright, shamed head lay so long and so still on her folded arms that one looking in upon her might have thought her dead. Perhaps, in a way,

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THE IDEA OF CALLING UPON HIM TO COME AND SAVE HER HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO HER

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Elizabeth did die then, when her heart seemed to break with the knowledge that it is impossible to escape from yesterday. "Oh," she said, brokenly, "why didn't somebody tell me? Why didn't they stop me?" But she did not dwell upon the responsibility of other people. This new knowledge brought with it a vision of her own responsibility that filled her appalled mind to the exclusion of everything else. It is not the pebble that turns the current—it is the easy slope that invites it. All her life Elizabeth had been inviting this moment—just as some of us are to-day inviting baleful to-morrows. When we shall look back from the depths of those to-morrows and see what we have done, then will we call on the mountains to fall on us, and the hills to cover us. This was Elizabeth's day of looking back—her Day of Judgment. What she had thought of as an incredible injustice of fate in letting a moment turn the scales for a whole life was merely a result as inevitable as the action of a natural law. And when this fierce and saving knowledge came to her, she thought of Blair. "I have spoiled my own life and David's life. I needn't spoil Blair's. He said if I left him, it would destroy him. . . . Perhaps if I stay, it will be my punishment. I can never be punished enough."

When Blair came home, she was standing with her forehead against the window, her dry eyes watching the dazzling white world.

Coming up behind her, he took her hand and kissed it humbly. She turned round and looked at him with sombre eyes.

"Poor Blair," she said.

And Blair, under his breath, said, "Thank God!"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE coming back to Mercer some six weeks later was to Blair a miserable and skulking experience. To Elizabeth it was almost a matter of indifference; there is a shame which goes too deep for embarrassment. . . . The night they arrived at the River House, Nannie and Miss White were waiting for them, of course tearful and disapproving, but distinctly excited and romantic. After all, Elizabeth was a "bride!" and Cherry-pie and Nannie couldn't help being fluttered. Blair listened with open amusement to their half-scared gossip of what people thought, and what the newspapers had said, and—and "how very displeased" his mother had been; but Elizabeth hardly heard them. At the end of the call, while Blair was bidding Nannie arrange for an interview with his mother the next morning, Miss White, kissing her "lamb" good night, tried to whisper something in her ear: "*He* said to tell you—"

"No—no—no,—I can't bear it, I can't hear it yet!" Elizabeth broke in; she put her hands over her eyes, and shuddered so that Cherry-pie forgot David and his message, and even her child's bad behavior.

"Elizabeth! you've taken cold?"

Elizabeth drew away from her, smiling faintly. "No; not at all. I'm tired. Please don't stay." And with the message still unspoken, Miss White and Nannie went off together, as fluttering and frightened as when they came.

Of course the newspaper excitement which had followed the announcement of the elopement of Sarah Maitland's son, had subsided; so there was only a brief notice the morning after their arrival in the town that "the bride and groom had returned to their native city for a short stay before sailing for Europe." Still, even though the papers were inclined to let them alone, it would be pleasanter, Blair told his wife, to go abroad.

"Well," she said, listlessly. She was always listless now. She had lifted herself up to the altar, but there was no exaltation of sacrifice—possibly because she considered her sacrifice a punishment for her sin, but also because she was still physically and morally stunned.

"Of course there is nobody in Mercer for whose opinion I care a copper," Blair said. They were sitting in their parlor at the hotel, Elizabeth staring out of the window that overlooked the river, Blair leaning forward in his chair, touching, once in a while, with timid fingers, a fold of her skirt that brushed his knee. "Of course I don't care for a lot of gossiping old hens; but it will be pleasanter for you not to be meeting people, perhaps?" he said gently.

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There was only one person whom he himself shrank from meeting—his own mother. And this shrinking was not because of the peculiar shame which the thought of Mrs. Richie had awakened in him that morning in the woods, when the vision of her delicate scorn had been so unbearable; his feeling about his mother was sheer disgust at the prospect of an interview which was sure to be æsthetically distressing. While he was still absent on what the papers called his "wedding tour," Nannie had written him warning him what he might expect from Mrs. Maitland:

"Mamma is terribly displeased, I am afraid, though she hasn't said a word since the night I told her. Then she said very severe things—and, oh, Blair, dear, why *did* you do it the way you did? I think Elizabeth was perfectly—" (The unfinished sentence was scratched out.) "You *must* be nice to mamma when you come home," she ended.

"She'll kick," Blair said, sighing; "she'll row like a puddler!" In his own mind, he added that, after all, no amount of kicking would alter the fact. And the little exultant smile came again about his lips. "As for being 'nice,'" he told Elizabeth, "Nannie might as well talk about being '*nice*' to a circular saw! But, at any rate, I'll get it over," he said, gayly.

His efforts to be gay, to amuse or interest Elizabeth, were almost pathetic in their intensity. They were, indeed, one of his first steps out of the narrow circle of his selfishness, and each step had its inevitable result—his love grew a little deeper and a little nobler. But Elizabeth was indifferent to his efforts, and to his anxieties, too. When he said he would go and see his mother at once and "get it over" she was silent. "You might wish me luck!" he said, a little resentfully; but she did not answer, and he sighed and left her.

As he loitered down to Shantytown lying in the muddy drizzle of a midwinter thaw, he planned how soon he could get away from the detestable place. "Everything is so perfectly hideous," he said to himself, "no wonder she is low-spirited. When I get her over in Europe she'll forget Mercer, and—and everything disagreeable." It was curious how his mind shied away from even the name of the man he had robbed.

At his mother's house, he had a hurried word with Nannie in the parlor: "You told her I was coming? Is she upset still? She mustn't blame Elizabeth! It was all my doing. I sort of swept Elizabeth off her feet, you know. Well—it's another case of getting your tooth pulled quickly. Here goes!" When he opened the dining-room door, his mother called out to him from her bedroom: "Come in here," she said; and there was something in her voice that made him brace himself. "I'm in for it," he said, under his breath.

For years Sarah Maitland's son had not seen her bedroom, and the sight of it now was a curious shock that seemed to push him back into his youth and into that old embarrassment which he had always felt in her presence. The room was as it had been then, very bare and almost squalid; there was no carpet on the floor, and no hint of feminine comfort in a lounge or even a soft chair. That morning the inside shutters on the lower half of the uncurtained windows were still closed, and the upper light, striking cold and bleak across the dingy ceiling, glimmered on the glass doors of the bookcases, behind which, in his childhood, had lurked such mysterious terrors. The narrow iron bed had not yet been made up, and the bedclothes were in confusion on the back of a chair; the painted pine bureau was thick with dust; on it was the still unopened cologne-bottle, its kid cover cracked and yellow under its faded ribbons, and three small photographs: Blair—a baby in a white dress; a little boy with long trousers and a visored cap; a big boy of twelve with a wooden gun. They were brown with time, and the figures were almost undistinguishable, but Blair recognized them,—and again his armor of courage was penetrated.

"Well, mother," he said, with great directness and with at least an effort at heartiness, "I am afraid you are rather disgusted with me."

"Are you?" she said; she was sitting sidewise on a wooden chair—what is called a "kitchen chair"; she had rested an arm on its back, and her large, beautiful hand hung limply from it; but, as

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Blair entered, the hand slowly closed, as if she was gripping hard upon some rigid purpose.

"No, I won't sit down, thank you," he said, and stood, lounging a little, with an elbow on the mantelpiece. "Yes; I was afraid you would be displeased," he went on, good-humoredly; "but I hope you won't mind so much when I tell you about it. I couldn't really go into it in my letter. By the way, I hope my absence hasn't inconvenienced you in the office?"

"Well, not seriously," she said dryly. And he felt the color rise in his face. That he was frightfully ill at ease was obvious in the elaborate carelessness with which he began to inquire about the Works. But her only answer to his meaningless questions was silence. Blair was conscious that he was breathing quickly, and that made him angry. "Why *am* I such an ass?" he asked himself, then said, with studied lightness, that he was afraid he would have to absent himself from business for still a little longer, as he was going abroad. Fortunately—and here the old sarcastic politeness broke into his really serious purpose to be respectful—fortunately, he was so unimportant that his absence didn't really matter. "You *are* the Works, you know, mother."

"You are certainly unimportant," she agreed. He noticed she had not taken up her knitting, though a ball of worsted and a half-finished baby sock lay on the bureau near her; this unwonted quiet of her hands, together with the extraordinary solemnity of her face, gave him a sense of uneasy astonishment. He would almost have welcomed one of those brutal outbursts which set his teeth on edge by their very ugliness. He did not know how to treat this new dignity.

"I would like to tell you just what happened," he began, with a seriousness that matched her own. He was reminding himself that he must, as Nannie had said, "be nice." "Elizabeth had made up her mind not to marry David Richie. They had had some falling out, I believe. I never asked what; of course that wasn't my business. Well, I had been in love with her for months; but I didn't suppose I had a ghost of a chance, and of course I would not have dreamed of trying to—to take her from him. But when she broke with him, why, I felt that I had a—a right, you know—"

Mrs. Maitland was silent, but she struck the back of her chair softly with her closed fist; her eyebrow began to lift ominously.

"Well; we thought—I mean, I thought—that the easiest way all round was to get married at once. Not discuss it, you know, with people; but just — well, in point of fact, I persuaded her to run off with me!" He tried to laugh, but his mother's face was rigid. She was looking at him closely, but she said nothing. By this time her continued silence had made him so nervous that he went all through his explanation again from beginning to end. Still she did not speak.

"You see, mother," he said, his face red with the discomfort of the moment, "you see, it was best to do it quickly? Elizabeth's engagement being broken, there was no reason to wait. Only I—I do regret that I could not have told you first. I fear you felt—annoyed."

"Annoyed?" For a moment she smiled. "Well, I should hardly call it 'annoyed.'" Suddenly she made a gesture with her hand, as if she would say "stop all this nonsense!" "Blair, I'm not going to go into this business of your marriage at all. It's done." Blair drew a breath of astonished relief. "You've not only done a wicked thing, which is bad; you've done a fool thing, which is worse. I have some sort of patience with a knave, but a fool—'annoys' me, as you express it. You've married a girl who loves another man. You may or may not repent your wickedness—you and I have different ideas on such subjects, but you'll certainly repent your foolishness. When you are eaten up with jealousy of David, you'll wish you hadn't been a fool. I know what I'm talking about." She paused, looking down at her fingers picking nervously at the back of the chair. "I've been jealous," she said in a low voice. Then, with a quick breath: "However, wicked or foolish, or both, it's *done,* and I'm not going to waste my time talking about it."

"You're very kind," he said; he was so bewildered by this unexpected mildness that he could not think what to say next. "I very much appreciate your

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overlooking my not telling you about it before I did it. The—the fact was," he began to stammer; her face was not reassuring; "the fact was, it was all so hurried, I—"

But evidently she was not listening. "You say you mean to go to Europe; how?"

"How?" he repeated. "I don't know just what you mean. Of course I shall be sorry to leave the Works, but under the circumstances—"

"It costs money to go to Europe. Have you got any?"

"My salary—"

"How can you have a salary when you don't do any work?"

Blair was silent; then he said, frowning, something about his mother's always having been so kind—

"Kind?" she broke in, "you call it kind? Well, Blair, I am going to be kind now—another way. So far as I'm concerned, you'll not have one dollar that you don't earn."

He looked perfectly uncomprehending.

"I've done being 'kind,' in the way that's ruined you, and made you a useless fool. I'm going to try another sort of kindness. You can work, my son, or you can starve." Her face quivered as she spoke.

"What do you mean?" Blair said quietly; his embarrassment fell from him like a slipping cloak; he was suddenly and ruthlessly a man.

She told him what she meant. "This business of your marrying Elizabeth isn't the important thing; that's just a symptom of your disease. It's the fact of your being the sort of man you are, the sort of man I've made you, that is important." Blair was silent. Then, very quietly, Sarah Maitland began her statement of the situation as she saw it; she told him just what sort of a man he was—indolent, useless, helpless, selfish. "Until now I've always said that, at any rate, you were harmless. I can't even say that now!" He was a man, she said, whose only business in life was to enjoy himself. Such a man, considering what kind of a world we live in, is, of course, a poor, foolish creature. "That's the best that can be said for him. As for the worst that can be said of you—we won't go into that. You know it even better than I do." Then she told him that his best, which was harmlessness, and his worst—which they "would not go into"—were both more her fault than his. Yes, it was her fault that he was such a poor creature; "a pithless creature;—I've made you so!" she said. She stopped, her face moving with emotion. "I've robbed you of incentive—I see that now. Any man who has the need of work taken away from him, is robbed. I ask your pardon." Her humility was tense and pitiful, but her words were as rigid as cast-iron. "You are young yet," she said; "I *think* what I am going to do will cure you. If it doesn't, God knows what will become of you!" It was the cure of the surgeon's knife—ruthless, radical; it was, in fact, kill or cure; she knew that. "Of course it's a gamble," she admitted, and paused, nibbling at her finger, "a gamble. But I've got to take it." She spoke of it as she might of some speculative business decision. She looked at him as if imploring comprehension, but she had to speak as she thought, with sledge-hammer directness. "It takes brains to make money—I know because I've made it; but any fool can inherit it, just as any fool can accept it. I'm going to give you a chance to develop some brains. You can work or you can starve. Or," she added simply, "you can beg. You have begged practically all your life, thanks to me."

If only she could have said it all differently! But alas! yearning over him with agonized consciousness of her own wrong-doing, and with singular justice in regard to his, she approached his selfish heart as if it were one of her own "blooms," and she a great engine which could mould and squeeze it into something of value to the world. She flung her iron facts at him, regardless of the bruises they must leave upon that most precious thing, his self-respect. Well; she was going to stop her work of destruction, she said. Then she told him how she proposed to do it: he had had everything—and he was nothing. Now he should have nothing, so that he might become something.

There was a day, many years ago, when this mother and son, standing together, had looked at the fierce beauty of molten iron; then she had told him of high things

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hidden in the seething and shimmering metal—of dreams to be realized, of splendid toils, of vast ambitions. And as she spoke, a spark of vivid understanding had leaped from his mind to hers. Now, her iron will, melted by the fires of love, was seething and glowing, dazzlingly bright in the white heat of complete self-renunciation; it was ready to be poured into a torturing mould to make a tool with which he might save his soul! But no spark of understanding came into his angry eyes. She did not pause for that; his agreement was a secondary matter. She had always been successful, and the habit of success made her believe now that she could achieve the impossible—namely, work out salvation for another creature, save a man's soul, in spite of himself; "make," as she had told Robert Ferguson, "a man of her son." She would have been glad to have his agreement, but she would not wait for it.

Blair listened in absolute silence. "Do I understand," he said when she had finished, "do I understand that you mean to disinherit me?"

"I mean," she said, "to give you the finest inheritance a young man can have; *the necessity for work!*—and work for the necessity. For, of course, your job is open to you in the office. But it will be at an honest salary after this; the salary any other unskilled man would get."

"Please make yourself clear," he said laconically; "you propose to leave me no money when you die?"

"Exactly."

"May I ask how you expect me to live?"

"The way most decent men live—*by work*. You can get on your job; or else, as I said, you can starve. There's a verse in the Bible—you don't know your Bible very well; perhaps that's one reason you have turned out as you have—but there's a verse in the Bible that says if a man don't work he sha'n't eat. That's the best political economy I know. But I never thought of it before," she ended simply. "I never realized before that the worst handicap a young man can have in starting out in life is a rich father—or mother. Ferguson used to tell me so, but somehow I never took it in."

"So," he said—he was holding his cane in both hands, and as he spoke he struck it across his knees, breaking it with a splintering snap—"so you'll disinherit me because I married the girl I loved?"

"No," she said earnestly, as if eager to make herself clear, "no, not at all! Don't you understand? (My God! how can I make him understand?) I disinherit you to make a man of you, so that your father won't be ashamed of you—as I am. Yes, I owe it to your father to make a man of you—if it can be done."

She rose, with a deep breath, and stood for an instant silent, her big hands on her hips, her head bent; then solemnly: "That is all; you may go, my son."

Blair got on to his feet with a loud laugh—a laugh singularly like her own. "Well," he said, "I *will* go! And I'll never come back. This lets me out; you've thrown me over: *I'll throw you over.* I think the law will have something to say to this disinheritance idea of yours; but until then—take a job in your Works? I'll starve first! So help me God, I'll forget that you are my mother; it will be easy enough, for the only womanly thing about you is your dress"—she winced, and flung her hand across her face, as if he had struck her; —"if I can forget that I am your son, starvation will be a cheap price. We've always hated each other, and it's a relief to come out into the open and say so. No more gush for either of us!" He actually looked like her, as he hurled his insults at her. He picked up his coat and left the room; he was trembling all over.

She, too, began to tremble; she looked after him as he slammed the door, half rose, bent over and lifted the splintered end of his cane; then sat down, as if suddenly weak. She stretched out her hands for a moment, then put them over her face. There was a broken sound from behind her hands.

That night she came into Nannie's parlor and told her, briefly, that she meant to disinherit Blair. She even tried to explain why, according to her judgment, she must do so. But Nannie, appalled and crying, was incapable of understanding.

"Oh, mamma, don't—don't say such things! Tell Blair you take it back.

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You don't mean it; I know you don't! Disinherit Blair? Oh, mamma, please forgive him—please—please—"

"My dear," said Sarah Maitland patiently, "it isn't a question of forgiving Blair; I'm too busy trying to forgive myself." Nannie looked at her in bewilderment. "Well, well, we won't go into that," said Mrs. Maitland; "you wouldn't understand. What I came over to say, especially, was that if things can go back into the old ways I shall be glad. I reckon Blair won't want to see me for a while—but if Elizabeth will come to the house, as she used to, I sha'n't rake up unpleasant subjects. She is your brother's wife and shall be treated with respect in my house. Tell her so. 'Night."

But Nannie, with a soft rush across the room, darted in front of her and stood with her back against the door, panting. "Mamma! Wait! You must listen to me," she said. Her stepmother paused, looking at her with mild astonishment. She was like another creature, a little wild creature standing at bay to protect its young. "You have no right," Nannie said sternly, panting as she spoke—"you have no right, mother, to treat Blair so. Listen to me: it was not—not nice in him to run away with Elizabeth—I know that; I admit that—though I think it was more her fault than his. But it wasn't wicked! He loved her."

"My dear, I haven't said it was wicked," Blair's mother tried to explain; "in fact, I don't think it was; it wasn't big enough to be wicked. No, it was only a dirty, contemptible trick." Nannie cringed back, her hand gripping the knob behind her. "If Blair had been a hard-working man, knocking up against other hard-working men, trying to get food for his belly and clothes for his nakedness, he'd have been ashamed to play such a trick—he'd have been a man. If I had loved him more I'd have made a man of him; I'd have made work real to him, not make-believe, as I did. And I wouldn't have been ashamed of him, as I am now."

"I think," said Nannie, with one of those flashes of astuteness so characteristic of the simple mind, "that a man would fall in love just as much if he were poor as if he were rich—and—and you ought to forgive him, mamma."

Mrs. Maitland half smiled: "I guess there's no making you understand, Nannie; you are like your own mother. Come! Open this door! I've got to go to work."

But Nannie still stood with her hand gripping the knob. "I must tell you," she said in a low voice; "I must not be untruthful to you, mamma: I will give Blair all I have myself. The money my father left me shall be his; and—and everything I may ever have shall be his." Then she seemed to melt away before her stepmother, and the door banged softly between them.

"Poor little soul!" Sarah Maitland said to herself, smiling, as she sat down at her desk in the dining-room. "Exactly like her mother."

The next day she sent for her general manager and told him what course she had taken with her son. He was silent for a moment; then he said, with an effort, "I have no reason to plead Blair's cause, but you're not fair, you know."

"So Nannie has informed me," she said, dryly. Then she leaned back in her chair and tapped her desk with one big finger. "Go on; say what you like. It won't move me one hair."

Robert Ferguson said a good deal. He pointed out that she had no right, having crippled Blair, to tell him to run a race. "You've made him what he is. Well, it's done; it can't be undone. But you are rushing to the other extreme; you needn't leave him millions, of course; but leave him a reasonable fortune."

She meditated. "Perhaps a very small allowance; in fact, to make my will sound I may have to. I must find out about that. But while I'm alive, not a cent. I never expected to be glad his father died before he was born and so didn't leave him anything, but I am. No, sir; my son can earn what he wants or he can go without. I've got to do my best to make up to him for all the harm I've done him, and this is the way to do it. Now, the next thing is to make my will—*sound*. He says he'll contest it"—she gave her grunt of amusement. "Pity I can't see him do it! I'd like the fun of it. It will be cast-iron. If there was any doubt about it, I would realize on every security I own to-mor-

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row and give it all away in one lump, now, while I'm alive—if I had to go hungry myself afterward! Will you ask Howe and Marston to send their Mr. Marston up here to draw up a new will for me? I want to go to work on it tonight. I've thought it out pretty clearly, but it's a big job, a big job! I don't clearly know myself how much I'm worth—how much I'd clean up to, at any rate. But I've got a list of charities on my desk as long as your arm. Nannie will be the residuary legatee; she has some money from her father, too, though not very much. The Works didn't amount to much when my husband was alive; he divided his share between Nannie and me;" she paused, reddening faintly, with the strange feminity that lay hidden under the iron exterior; "he—he didn't know Blair was coming along. Well, I suppose Nannie will give Blair something. In fact, she as good as warned me. Think of Nannie giving *me* notice! But, as I say, she won't have any too much herself. And, Mr. Ferguson, I want to tell you something; I'm going to give David some money now. I mean in a year or two. A lot."

Robert Ferguson's face darkened. "David doesn't take money very easily," he said.

Mrs. Maitland did not ask him to explain. She was absorbed in the most tremendous venture of her life—the saving of her son, and her plan for David was comparatively unimportant. She put through the business of her will with extraordinary despatch and precision, and with a ruthlessness toward Blair that took her lawyer's breath away; but she would not hear one word of protest.

"Your business, sir, is to see that this instrument is unbreakable," she said, "not to tell me how to leave my money."

The day after the will was executed she went to Philadelphia. "I am going to see David," she told her general superintendent; "I want to get this affair off my mind so I can settle down to my work, but I've got to square things up first with him. You'll have to run the shop while I'm off!"

She had written to David briefly, without preface or apology:

"DEAR DAVID,—Come and see me at the Girard House Tuesday morning at 7.45 o'clock."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Respice

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

IF, on its dim mysterious way,
My spirit first shall slip, to wait
The coming of thine own, I pray
That God will be compassionate;

Nor rob me utterly of sight,
Nor stop mine ears, but may I see
Some vision of mine old delight,
And hear thee, in eternity.

That my unfettered soul may move
Conscious of memories that bless,
The rare divinity of love
And thine immortal tenderness.

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Conde-Duque d'Olivarez, by Velasquez

DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN, Condé-Duque d'Olivarez, born in Rome in 1587, became the first minister of Philip IV. in 1621, was dismissed in 1643 after a career of mismanagement, and died in exile two years later. A patron of painters, it was through him that Velasquez at twenty-four became Court painter to the young king of eighteen. In return Velasquez painted a number of portraits of his protector. The present example, one of several repetitions to be found in various collections, was painted when Velasquez was about twenty-five years old, shortly after he came to Court, and before Rubens visited Madrid, or Velasquez had become acquainted with the glories of Titian, Tintoretto, or Veronese on that first Italian visit which the affable young king granted him a few years later. It shows the robust figure and impetuous, arrogant nature of the man.

At this early period Velasquez saw his figure as a sculptor views it. It stands forth darkly in silhouette against a low-toned background. There is little color save in the deep red of the table-cover and the gleam of the gold chain of office across his breast. The rest is deep black relieved only by the decoration on the short mantle. Imposing in size, there is a largeness of conception and a dramatic tenseness which produces a stately effect; a big pattern in which you give no thought to its color scheme nor its arrangement of lines. With its mysterious reticence it has the penetrating quality which makes the personality real to us. Later the artist's work became less sombre and more decorative. It was marked also by sophistication and greater fluency. Here the painter strives only to tell the truth about his subject.

The canvas, measuring fifty-one by eighty-five inches, came from Capt. Robert S. Holford, of London, in whose possession it had long been held after having passed through the Baillie Sale in 1858, when it sold for £598 10*s.*, and the Scarisbrick Sale in 1861, when it sold for £262 10*s.*, very moderate sums compared to the surprising figure said to have been paid for it recently. At the time it was painted Velasquez was receiving eleven dollars a month for his services as Court painter.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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Copyright, 1911, by The Hispanic Society of America

CONDE-DUQUE D'OLIVAREZ, BY VELASQUEZ

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Presented to the Hispanic Museum, New York, by Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, in Memory of Collis P. Huntington

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The Mortgage Man

BY G. DORSET

THOMAS BURNAM, from Pennsylvania, was twenty-five years old. His father had made a neat fortune in lumber, and in two years the son had added to it; then gone to Washington with ideas and ambitions. He had a big, gaunt kind of good looks, a jaw hewn out of iron, and a mouth which rarely smiled. Because he was six feet four in his stocking feet he stooped; his hair had cowlicks in it, and his eyes were flecked like quiet pools in the sun. While his ambitions mildly fluttered their wings, Burnam drifted into contact with members of a company engaged in the purchase of oil-wells in the West, and when there was a question of settling up old claims and of foreclosing on unsuccessful mortgages, Burnam, looking out for a job and being offered this one, accepted a commission.

The same week he arrived in Railsville, of a May morning, and walked up Main Street, past hardware-shops, stores of small wares, the rough jumble of merchandise outspread in the windows, until finally he stopped and spoke to a lad engaged in sweeping a dusty corridor into the street.

"Is this the office of Teale & Winders? I am Mr. Burnam, the receiver."

The janitor, a young fellow of the rawboned type, said, curtly: "Go on up. One flight to the left. You don't need no key; there ain't anything to lock up or anything to steal."

In the small room fronting Main Street, furnished by a walnut desk covered with dust, a revolving chair with the spring broken, a map of Wisconsin, and a picture of the President over the bookcase, Burnam surveyed the land. Opening the window, he called down to the janitor:

"Where are Teale & Winders's papers?"

"Robinson Snead's got 'em in his safe next door, but he won't be in to-day—out surveyin'."

"Can I get a rig anywhere, do you know?" Burnam called.

"Most of the teams is gone off to the baseball game. Where'd yer want to drive to?"

"Like to go to the Ostrander farms."

"Ball game's over in Ostrander's fields."

"Well, I'd just as soon see the game," Burnam admitted. "Could you rig up and drive me over?"

"Gosh!" returned the boy, "guess not! Gotter tend to business to-day." He turned his back unceremoniously on the stranger and remarked over his shoulder: "Go on over to Reeks's livery-stable across the street. He'll contrive to get you out some way."

Burnam started off across the street toward Reeks's. The boy called to him sharply:

"Say, goin' to foreclose on the Ostranders, bean't yer?"

Burnam was mildly interested in the business that brought him West.

"Likely to find Ostrander at home in spite of the baseball game at his place, am I not?"

The liveryman gave Burnam the lines and put the whip in the socket. "Wal, Solomon Ostrander may be at home, but ef he is I guess you won't see him. Hope not, leastwise!"

"Why not?"

"Be'n dead a week."

Reeks indicated the road to Ostrander's, and Burnam drove out on the pike. Over the dreary landscape, over flat fields where the crops were young, spring had thrown a mantle of translucent fairness. Burnam took his hat off and sat meditating as the lean horse went its own gait.

In the midst of his reflections his sight was caught by an object which had been

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slowly moving in front of him for some three-quarters of a mile. The object now came to a standstill at the edge of the road, and Burnam saw that it was a large, uncouth draught-horse, meant to plough, and as far as possible remote from such uses as those of the side-saddle perched on his broad flat back. The rider who had, for need of better, ridden this lumbering beast stood by the roadside—she had just dismounted in order to pick up a bundle wrapped in paper, and now that she had secured it to the saddle, she could not remount. Beside the stirrup, Burnam saw a slender girl in a tight-fitting gingham bodice, an old blue skirt of insufficient length, and a round straw hat of no fashion whatsoever, unless it might have been made at a past date in company with some hundred others for an asylum or a charity school.

Burnam leaped out of his buggy with a bound, sank to his ankles in the muddy road, plunged out of the puddle, and came over to her.

"Won't you let me help you mount?"

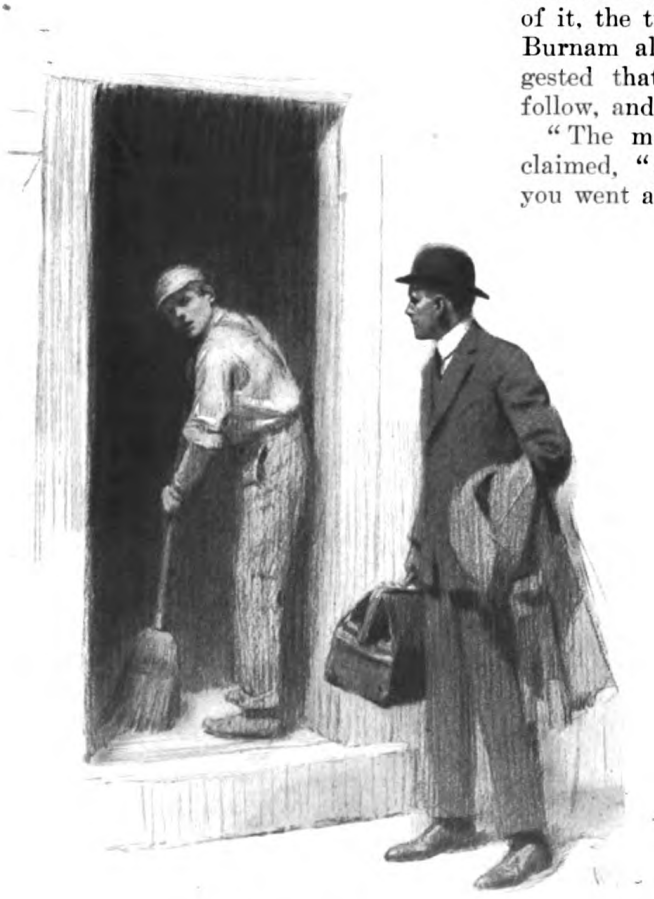
His precipitation and his offer made her flush scarlet, and the young man saw that she was scarcely more than a child.

"Let me give you a lift up," he said, more familiarly. "You can't climb the side of a house, you know, unless some one helps you!"

"Thank you," she answered, gravely, and her blue eyes were curious and showed the interest of the countryside in strangers. She extended her little foot. Burnam took it in his palm, and she sprang up like a bird. He gave her her lines, her switch of birch, saw that her parcel was steady, and lingered. Under her orphan-asylum hat her hair lay golden and soft, the color of ripe grain, and a womanly gentle sweetness gave charm to the immature beauty of her oval face. The strangers exchanged a long glance, wondering on the girl's part, and the sweetness of what his eyes drank in, the tang of it, the tide and pulse of it, went with Burnam all day. The girl at last suggested that Burnam drive on and she follow, and he complied without demur.

"The mare heard your rig," she exclaimed, "and she's balky. I guess if you went ahead she'd travel better."

When, after what seemed to him a proper length of time, he looked back to see her progress, the road behind him was vacant. He was then within a mile of Ostrander's; the game was over and the rigs were rolling home.



"I AM MR. BURNAM, THE RECEIVER"

The following morning, in Teale & Winders's office, Burnam had looked his papers over and filed them. His survey of the Ostrander place had been summary. He had not left the buggy, but viewed the farms and the outlying pastures and the homestead from the road, and after cursorily regarding it, had turned about and driven back to Railsville.

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"WON'T YOU LET ME HELP YOU MOUNT?'

The Ostrander mortgage—long overdue, mellow with several years' unpaid interest—in his hand, he sat in Teale & Winders's office. Ostrander, Burnam understood, had no family, was a widower; there would be no question of heirs.

When a knock caught his attention he said, "Come in," absent-mindedly, and the caller was already in the room when Burnam looked up to see a young woman of stunted growth, dressed in a sort of wrapper of blue-check cotton, more in the style of a narrow bag than a garment. She wore a straw hat of particular ugliness; her mild face, her thin shoulders, struck a chord of pity in the receiver's breast.

"Be *you* the morgidge man?" she asked, in a tone colorless as her face.

"I am Mr. Burnam, from Washington. Won't you sit down?" There was another chair and he drew it up. "I have come to—" He changed it. "I have come West on the Ostrander business for my principals."

The creature did not move her watery gaze from him. She gave a gasp, wiped the back of her hand across her lips. "Why, you wouldn't close up on *Emmy*, would ye?" She smiled on him weakly.

He saw that Mr. Ostrander's relative was not possessed of the intelligence due to normal woman and to the sex. He again politely offered his visitor a chair.

"Are you a relation of Mr. Ostrander?" And at her complete ignoring of his question, "Is *your* name Emmy Ostrander?"

"Me? No, *sir*. *My* name's Pretty!" she informed, proudly. "Pretty Foster, named for all the pretty flowers."

She took the chair that Burnam pa-

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tiently offered her and, with a world of tender interest in her voice, asked again, "*Be* you the morgidge man?" And when he assured her that he was, said, "Emmy didn't know I come."

"Who is Emmy?"

"... Ostrander," finished Pretty Foster, speaking quickly, "Emmy Foster Ostrander."

"Ah!" Burnam thought. "*Emmy* is the relation!"

"Poor thing!" Pretty Foster pitied. Burnam took courage to say:

"If Miss Emmy Ostrander will come in to see me I will be glad to talk with her."

From a pocket hidden in the folds of her dreadful gingham dress the visitor fetched an apple, which she now began to eat leisurely.

"Emmy," she nodded—"Emmy uster see the house from over yonder"—she shook her head backward—"from outen the windy. The trees 'n' the well-sweep 'n' the chimbleys looked awful nice from over yonder, an' Emmy said the place was full of *fairies*. Poor thing!" She removed the apple, wiped it off, and put it back in her pocket, and said directly at Burnam with great impressiveness, "It was full of *him*."

The young man listened, half sitting on his table, one leg dangling, his hands in his pockets. "Do you mean full of Mr. Ostrander?"

She ignored the question. "Emmy and me uster go out an' pick che'nuts an' apples, an' he let us, an' he uster give me watter outen the well for drinks." Pretty Foster sat very straight, her hands clasped in her lap, her child-like face framed by the round hat. "When the lights were lit in the windys, Emmy uster say, 'There is the fairies' candles,' but it only was *him! ... I knew!*"

"You didn't like Mr. Ostrander, then?"

"Me?" she repeated, as she had before, as if to say, "What can the likes or dislikes of such a thing as I matter?" She again mildly put it to him, "Be you the morgidge man?"

"Yes," said Burnam, with firm kindness. "How did you hear of me?"

"Emmy—Emmy talks about you day 'n' night."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Burnam.

"Poor Emmy!" murmured the half-witted woman. "Ye wouldn't close out on Emmy, would ye?"

"What relation is she to Mr. Ostrander?" Burnam once more tried to discover.

"Emmy?" his visitor asked, with great surprise. "Why, none a-tall."

"Ah!" Burnam exclaimed, relieved. And he decided: "These are only caretakers, old servants, benefiting by the vacant homestead."

"Does Emmy live at Ostrander's?"

Pretty Foster turned crossly. "Where d'ye think she lived at?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why, she *did it* for that," the visitor dropped her voice; "she did it to come over an' see the fairies."

Burnam wondered how he could rid himself of this encumbrance, and thought of calling Robinson or the janitor; but Pretty Foster, sensitive to his feelings, put out an untempting hand.

"G'day. I'll tell Emmy." He opened the door with alacrity.

"Good-by, Miss Foster. Tell Emmy that I'll drive over to-morrow and see her. Do you live at Ostrander's too?"

"Me?" she repeated, and smiled toothlessly. "*I* sleep in the spare room now!" She shook with the remembrance of an old annoyance and a new mirth. "*My*, wouldn't *he* be mad!"

He saw her go stiffly down the stairs, saw her pause and dive for her apple, and not knowing who Emmy might be, thought that she was to be pitied.

Tom Burnam closed up his office and called on the liveryman, who rather contemptuously put a rackabones between the shafts. "Where'd you like to drive to?" he asked. "Beeson's Falls' quite a drive, out t'other way."

"Thanks; I guess I'll keep to the old road."

"Ostrander's?" the liveryman nodded, extracted the straw from between his teeth and regarded it. "Old man died bust, mortgaged up to the hilt."

Before the native could tell him things he wanted to discover for himself, Burnam spoke to the friendly horse and started out of the stable.

At the Ostrander place, toward four of the afternoon, Burnam hitched the horse to the old gateway, blanketed him,

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"YE WOULDN'T CLOSE OUT ON EMMY, WOULD YE?"

gave him a cordial pat, and turned into the grounds of the mansion which he was to hand over to his principals.

Pretty Foster was not in sight, no one was; and as he glanced up at the substantial house, with its vine-grown porch and its roof and chimney, from which a curl of fair smoke arose, he recalled the quaint information he had heard about the fairies.

It was a charming old place. The flower-beds were overgrown with weeds, and coarse plants filled the patterns where gayer hues should have been. In the fashion of a very ancient garden, a group of cedars cut in animal shapes lined the path to the arbor, and there was a row of delicate poplars by the well-sweep, and an elf-like silver birch whose ghostly leaves shook in the sun. Burnam could understand how the house seen from "*over yonder*" would charm!

He went round to the back, where tranquillity met him. A big cat blinked in the sun, behind her shone a row of clean milk-pans, and though the kitchen door was closed, it had the look of having been but lately latched.

Burnam wandered to the well-sweep, past the animal-cedars to the kitchen garden, where there was a well-defined, evidently much-trodden path winding its way from the field to the pasture and on. Evidently he was looking toward the "yonder" of which Pretty Foster had made mention. On a hill some half-mile distant rose the stern outlines of a red brick building which might have been a school or an asylum. No doubt, Burnam thought, an institution for half-witted creatures, and one of the inmates had done him the honor of calling upon him that forenoon. Whoever they might be, from those windows

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Pretty Foster and Emmy had gazed on fairy-land.

Turning to the house, he passed a small barn and stable, in the doorway of which a couple of hens were picking, and from within came the low of a heifer. He felt at home with the place; and indeed his ownership was as good as the inmates', since he was going to foreclose! He reappeared at the front of the house in time to see coming up the walk from the gate a small figure in the deepest of mourning, a figure so small that the veil of crape which draped her had the effect of extinguishing her in a cascade of gloom. Burnam thought it was a child masquerading as a lady; then, as the person drew near and threw back her veil, he lifted his hat.

"Do you want to see Mrs. Ostrander?" she asked. It was the girl of yesterday. The coral-red wave under her skin, the slight fine brows, the youth and roundness—she was not a child, but a very tenderly young woman.

"No-o," he stammered; "no—that is, I beg your pardon, I did not know there *was* a Mrs. Ostrander!"

She replied with the gentlest solemn dignity:

"I am Mrs. Ostrander."

Burnam's first thought was, "I don't want her to know my errand," and the things that Pretty Foster had said came to him—"Emmy talks of the morgidge man night and day."

"I am afraid I am trespassing," he smiled, with forced ease; "but the truth of the matter is I have lost my way and I came in here to inquire—"

"Nobody's at home," the young widow said. "The hired girl's gone to Railsville, and my sister is timid. Where did you want to drive to?"

"Beeson's Falls," he remembered, suddenly and unblushingly.

"My, but you are out of your way! It is more than five miles from here, in the other direction."

Burnam bore the news of his straying with fortitude.

"Would you think I was imposing if I asked you for a glass of water? The well-sweep is so tempting."

"Why, certainly! There is always plenty drawn, out back."

He followed, triumphant, to the back door; the cat rose and stretched in welcome.

"This is a splendid old place, Mrs. Ostrander." There was a big brown jug on the window-sill and a glass near it. Mrs. Ostrander drew off her gloves, switched her awkward veil firmly back, and gave Burnam a draught, sweet of cedar as well-water can be, and cold as the



'DO YOU WANT TO SEE MRS. OSTRANDER?"

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mossy stones. "Delicious!" He handed her back the goblet. "I have not had a drink like that since I was a boy."

She seemed pleased. "It seems to me there is no other well like it," she said. "Folks say it's *aqua pura*." She pronounced very firmly.

"I should say it was," he cried, "crystal pure!"

"Were you riding over here yesterday when you helped me on my horse?" She did not blush as she spoke, and he was cast down by the fact.

"Yes, out to the ball game."

"But the game was over long before you got here."

"So it was," he confessed; "too bad."

He admired the place extravagantly—the cedars and their curious shapes. She listened delighted, and at length agreed:

"It *is* a sweet old place, and the house is so home-like."

Burnam cried: "Yes, just that, home-like;" and realized that it was her home, evidently, and that she doubtless loved it; and he was "the mortgage man" who had come to turn her out.

"Stranger here?"

He reluctantly confessed that he was, and she regarded him so gravely that he grew cold. He became anxious to escape from her and to hide his own identity. She walked with him along the path, and her uncomfortable dress dragged mournfully over the young May grass.

"It must be rather lonely here?"

She answered, "Not for those who love it."

Glancing at the old mansion, he ventured: "It certainly is an enchanting old place. It looks as though it were inhabited by fairies."

Mrs. Ostrander started. "Why, do *you* think so?" she asked, quickly, and grew sober instantly.

"Yes," he nodded, "I do; exactly as though it were a fairy house."

She gave a little gasp and paled at his bold use of her own phrases, and her pupils dilated as she met Burnam's fine dark eyes.

With less formality she said: "I am afraid they are unlucky fairies. They haven't been able to save the place. It is mortgaged, every acre of it."

The sensitive little face flushed under the widow's cap. She said no more, but with a tragic fortitude walked beside the stranger to where the horse under the blanket had almost gone to sleep. The buggy hood was up. Burnam did not recall having left it so, and as he came to the vehicle he saw a blue skirt—a foot in a down-trodden shoe. . . . Mrs. Ostrander exclaimed, and Burnam did as well, but silently. Curled up in his buggy was Pretty Foster asleep.

"Don't wake her," he besought, foolishly, as though he could, or would, have driven off with the outrageous burden. He had but one horror—that she should wake and introduce him.

But Mrs. Ostrander reached up and touched the sleeper.

"Pretty—Pretty, wake up."

Pretty Foster did as she was told, and, immodestly displaying a shapeless ankle, flounced out before Burnam could help her. He had to unblanket and untie his horse, and as he proceeded to do so, hot with fear of Pretty's voice, he heard her say:

"My sakes, *it's the morgidge man,* Emmy Ostrander!"

"Hush," her sister commanded, gently, "hush, Pretty." With a pained look toward Burnam she explained, "My sister is nothing but a little child."

The pathos of the phrase struck him through and through, but did not cut deeper than his own treachery. As he drove away he heard Pretty Foster ask uncertainly:

"*Be* he the morgidge man?"

He went to call on Mrs. Ostrander. The hired girl took his card, and Mrs. Ostrander, wearing the dress in which Burnam had first seen her, came in at length. A bib apron drew its strings daringly around her waist—its bib up over her breast. Her education in fashion had been simple; the only "cuts" she knew were for orphan-asylum dresses.

Burnam saw, when she greeted him, that her simple-minded sister's introduction had not been prejudicial.

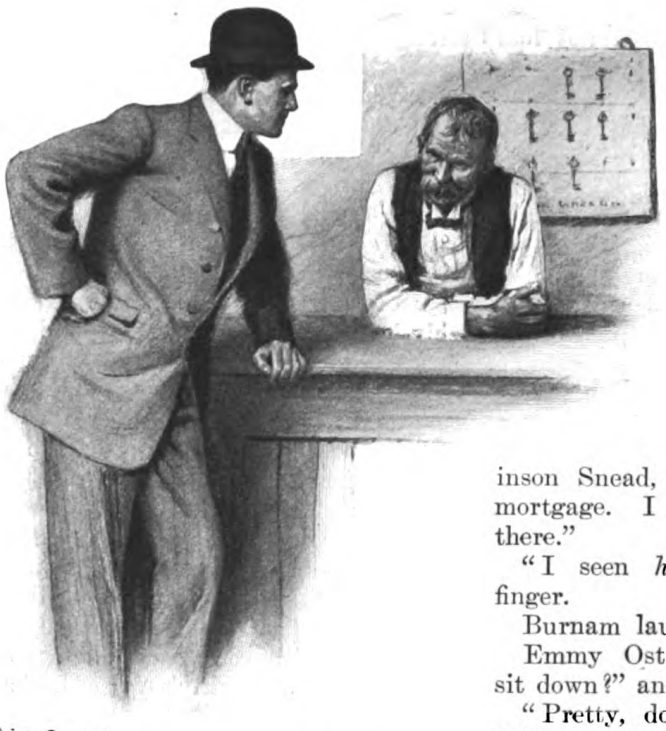
"I was making bread this morning."

"Now," Burnam thought. He had cleared his throat.

Mrs. Ostrander gazed at him as frankly as he gazed at her.

"I was afraid I rode off rather rudely yesterday—you mustn't think—"

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"I DON'T KNOW AS YOU ARE GOING TO TREAT HER ANY BETTER THAN WE DID"

"Oh no! Did you find Beeson's Falls all right?"

"Yes, yes," he assured her, eagerly; "they are perfectly fine. Well worth driving to; such a splendid cascade of water!"

She wrinkled her fair brows.

"Why, what has started them running again?"

Burnam smiled vaguely. "Water, I guess!" he made his little joke.

"How funny!" she murmured. "It's like a miracle; the falls have been dry for ten years."

"Miracles do happen," he offered, cold with anxiety; as he floundered about in his mind, Pretty Foster shuffled in and beamed on him toothlessly.

"Howdy? You bean't come to turn Emmy out, be ye?"

"Excuse her," Mrs. Ostrander said; "she is not used to strangers. Poor Pretty thinks everybody who comes here is going to close out the mortgage."

The half-witted girl had a stocking in her hand, on which she began to knit devotedly. She entertained no prejudice against Burnam for not disclosing his identity—for not standing by her. Her poor mind was misty about all of it except that he *was* the mortgage man. Over her needle she said to him firmly: "You *air* him, though!"

"Pretty was frightened to death the other day," said Mrs. Ostrander. "She went to Railsville to find Mr. Robinson Snead, who she thinks holds the mortgage. I don't know what she did there."

"I seen *him*," Pretty pointed her finger.

Burnam laughed indulgently.

Emmy Ostrander said, "Won't you sit down?" and offered him a chair.

"Pretty, don't you want to go play fairies up attic?"

"Nope," replied the girl, "not with *him* here."

Even Pretty with her needles and her secret knowledge of him did not prevent Burnam from looking at his hostess.

"When we lived to the 'sylum," murmured Pretty, "we uster come over here an' read an' play in Mr. Ostrander's lib'ry."

Mrs. Ostrander interrupted: "It is quite true. I knew every book by heart before I lived here. Would you like to see the books?"

Old Ostrander had been a bibliophile, and Burnam, by the side of the slight figure in the adorable gingham dress, revelled in the country room, whose walls were lined with the indulgence of a ruinous taste. Pretty shuffled away, bored by the silence, and the mortgage man and the young widow were alone. Garden scents came through the open windows.

Emmy Ostrander said: "I was awfully scared when I saw you stop the other day in the road."

"Do I look like a highwayman?"

"No, but I thought you were going to be a robber; I was afraid you were the mortgage man."

"Oh—*that* was why!"

"I just love this place—I could *kill*

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the people that are going to take it away. Honest Injun, I thought of getting a gun as they used to in the old days, and yesterday when I found out that you had only come to ask the way to Beeson's Falls, I was mighty glad. You wouldn't care to *buy* the old place, would you?"

And Burnam said: "Why, wouldn't that be the same thing? Giving it up?"

She changed color. "No-o, you seem to like it, and it would be better than selling it to a company. They'd cut it up, put a railroad through."

She stood between Burnam and the open window. Back of her figure the May light shook a dust that palpitated round her like gold.

"Where will you go?" he asked, slowly, "when the old place is sold?"

She moved out of the light, and he felt at once that he had been indiscreet and taken advantage of her simple frankness. He followed her, disturbed.

"I will go and get my horse," he offered. "You have been very kind, and it certainly has been a pleasure to see this collection."

She had the air of looking past him and around him, but she accompanied him down the steps, and seemed like a little girl at his side.

"That's the asylum," she nodded, "over there on the hills—that enormous building. Pretty and I used to stand in the window when we were little things and make up about the old Ostrander place. It was a great comfort to us."

"We used to watch the first snows fall on the roof," she went on, "and the first blossoms on the apple trees. For 'orphan asylums' who haven't anything else, the old house was a kind of family, so comfortable and homey." She smiled. "It seems silly, I guess you will think, but it gave me the feeling of a comfortable lap, or of arms that would open and take little children in."

She did not strike Burnam as pathetic; besides, she smiled as she talked.

"Then we used to come here to play, and I never went back to the asylum but I felt as though I were leaving a friend who cared, and once when I was a little thing Mr. Ostrander found me hiding in a cupboard when the others had gone and carried me home."

She paused and looked at Burnam as if she said, "Now I wonder why I am telling you all these things?" And then, as though his face told her why, she went on:

"He was very, very kind to Pretty and me."

"But," interrupted Burnam, harshly, "he left you rather badly off—a mortgaged place."

She said slowly: "I didn't know it was mortgaged when—" She stopped, fixed her eyes again on the stranger, as if again she mentally asked, "*Why* am I telling him?" Then she blushed a violent, rosy, brilliant blush. They were both embarrassed. From an up-stairs window Pretty called out to her sister:

"Emmy Ostran-der-r-r!"

Mrs. Ostrander, not even bidding her caller good-by, ran in.

Burnam's business in Railsville could have been wound up in a day. He had only to obtain his injunction to close on the Ostrander heirs. The following afternoon he asked the hotel-keeper the first question he had put to anybody since he had appeared in the town.

"Did old Ostrander leave any family?"

And the proprietor answered that he left what you might call a very young family, consisting of a wife a week old, for he had died the Sunday following the marriage. Seeing the marked interest on his lodger's face, the proprietor continued: A fine old place gone to seed—the orphans in the honor class used to have permission to play in the Ostrander fields. Solomon Ostrander, a man of fifty-odd years, took a great fancy to a pretty little orphan called Emeline Foster, and, by George, sir! married her before he died. "They drove over here to be married by the Justice of the Peace."

Burnam glared at his informant. "And there was no one in this benighted country to prevent such a sacrifice?"

"I don't know about that," said the proprietor, coolly. "Old Solomon passed as well-to-do."

Burnam sprang up. "It was horrible barter," he said; and the proprietor asked sharply, "What relation be you to the Fosters, young man?"

Burnam's countenance was so fine and clear, he was so respectable and dis-

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tinguished, that he had already impressed the hotel-keeper.

"I witnessed the marriage myself," the latter admitted. "She was only seventeen and he was a good sixty."

Burnam clenched his fists. As coolly as he could, he said, "I represent the interests that hold the Ostrander mortgage, and I have come to Railsville to close out."

"Um!" nodded the proprietor, grinning, "I see. Didn't think there was going to be any question of heirs, did you—goin' to close out on poor little Emmy, are you? Well, I don't know as you are going to treat her any better than we folks did when we let her marry old Solomon."

Letters from his chiefs when he returned to Railsville made him think. The "worthless property" referred to had a value for Burnam. He had wandered with Emmy toward the orphan asylum, and there had been the return journey under the early star that blossomed out before he drove away. He had gone with Emmy Ostrander to view her own worldly goods. Old Solomon had left his widow a bit of unattached property—two acres of stone pasture, a cow-stable, and the income of a hundred dollars a year. Emmy's fortune did not put her beyond Burnam's reach. He took stock of his own. If he cleared the mortgage for her it would consume all his capital, for the place represented some thousand acres, and he would be saddled with an unproductive property. Every plan that he had made would be changed.

None of this had made any difference.

He proved to be one of those reckless gentlemen who, for a moment's smile, will squander every penny of their own. He wrote his chiefs that there was a possible sale for the property, and, after dropping his letter in the post, drove out again to the farm.

This afternoon, the gate through which he usually went in to the barn was padlocked, and there was a sign on it reading, "Closed." He sprang out, shivering with the tragic idea that Emmy Ostrander was dead. He tied his horse, climbed the fence, started up to the front door, barred against him, and saw the barn locked and the sorrel's old age threatened! The back door was as deserted as the front; only the faithful flecks of sun were there, nothing else. The worn old path that had taken him with Emmy to the stone pasture caught his eye and he ran to it. A quarter of a mile on was the red barn and cow-stable, a deserted bit of old building of no significance, but now it had the welcome of a sail on a deserted sea. From the brick chimney Burnam saw smoke rise, and his spirits rose with it. The cleated door with its leathern latch stood open, the sunlight lay on the threshold, and the cat contentedly sunned herself; and there came to him the scent of hay and the odor of old granaries. The carriage-house was furnished as a room, a table in the centre; there were a few chairs and a little stove, on which a kettle boiled, and a home-made rug on the floor, and piled in lines and rows and stacks were the priceless books.

"What have you come here for?" asked Emmy Ostrander. Half-way between the floor and the upper granary she poised in the centre of the loft ladder, clinging to its rungs. Pale and small, more child than ever, poised like this, her face shone singularly white and cold. Burnam saw that she knew who he was at last.

"Didn't you see the signs, Mr. Burnam?"

"Yes, but I didn't know why they were there."

"There was one, 'No trespassing.'"

He cried that he couldn't observe that. "When I found the old place deserted I had to find out what it meant."

Winding her arm in the ladder rung, Emmy Ostrander hung like a blue butterfly against the dingy wood. The print dress was as blue as the May skies, as blue as her eyes, sweeter even than the pink one that had charmed Tom Burnam. He moved a step toward her. He wanted to gather her from her perch into his arms, but he could not while she looked like that. It would have been a brutal violence.

"I came over to-day to talk about the farm," he murmured.

Her lip curled scornfully. "Don't you want to ask your way to Beeson's Falls, or to see a ball game, or to get a drink of spring water? There wasn't any water over the falls—there never *will* be any more spring water for you in the well . . ."

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Her look on him was one of clear, quiet dislike. "I am waiting for you to go, Mr. Burnam, so's I can come down."

He reddened to his hair.

"I see you know my miserable errand. I am ashamed and unhappy."

"I should think you would be," she said, coldly. "I didn't know a man could look so—and be so"—and she put in the one word he could least bear to hear—"be so *mean*."

He started to speak. His impulse was to tell her then and there, but the hardness of the small white face frightened him.

"I don't expect you'll listen to a word I've got to say."

"Not unless I have to. I hoped when you saw those signs that you would do just what you came to Railsville to do, and leave me in peace. I got over here as fast as I could as soon as I knew."

"Who told you?" he asked, naïvely, and she answered:

"Mr. Reeks. He came and warned me against you. I didn't believe my poor sister, poor Pretty. It was bad enough of you to fool me, but to take advantage of *Pretty!*"

"Oh, don't!" he begged, humbly—"don't! I haven't much to say, but if you would only hear me—I mean if I could speak—"

"I gave you plenty of chances, and you only used them to tell me lies."

He realized that what she said was true, and blurted out: "Well, you can believe of me just what you will, but I came to-day to offer to buy the place myself."

She laughed a cruel little laugh. "Dear me, Mr. Burnam, you ought to write fairy stories, you have got so much imagination."

"But it's true," he cried; "here are the letters and telegrams I sent to my chiefs."

"Why, do you think . . ." she exclaimed, quite fiercely for so small and blue a thing, "that I'd let *you* buy the old house?"

"Why not?"

Her blue eyes cut him. "Why, I'd rather it was sold to anybody than to you."

And again he asked: "Why? Why?"

"Because I am going to live right on here," she nodded at him, "and—"

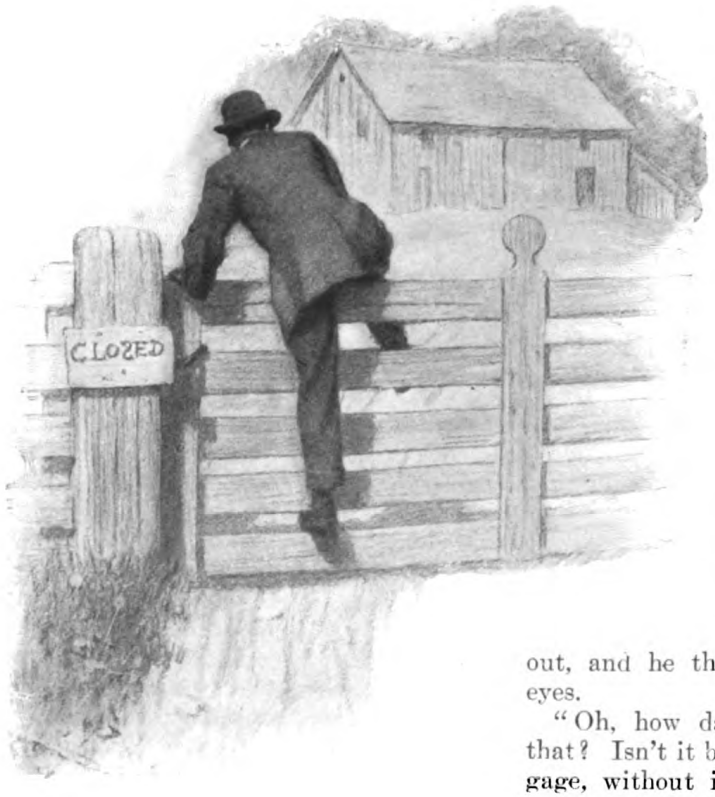
"You wouldn't want me in the neighborhood?"

"No."

"I was not going to *live* there," explained poor Burnam — "that is, not as things stand. I was going to buy the place and give it to you."

Emmy Ostrander gasped. She cried out, and he thought tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, how dare you talk to me like that? Isn't it bad enough to hold a mortgage, without insulting a woman whose home you are taking?" She stamped her foot a little on the ladder rung. "Why did you come here? Why do you insist



HE TIED HIS HORSE AND CLIMBED THE FENCE

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like this? Won't you go? Won't you go? I hate you like anything. Why don't you go?"

"Because you are unjust and unfair to me."

A storm of anger with other emotions beat in the young girl's breast. She really did hate him then, and, being in his power, she was savage. Between her partly closed lips she said: "I knew you were a liar, but I didn't know you would persecute a woman."

And Burnam turned on his heel sharply as though she had struck him.

"I won't. You've got your way." And he strode out so madly that he trod on the cat and nearly knocked down Pretty Foster, who came in carrying a pail of water. She let it fall careening; the water spread over the ground, and Pretty raised a sharp plaint.

"I beg your pardon," Burnam breathed, but kept on in stony fury down the path.

His chiefs telegraphed him: "No sale considered." Months overdue, the back interest unpaid for three years, the property was already a legal asset of his employers, and the forms alone over which he had dawdled were all that was needed to rob Emmy Ostrander of her home. He had but one idea in his brain—the little girl in the blue print dress. The janitor of the Robinson Snead building hitched up this time for Burnam.

"Well, I know as plain as snakes what you're up to, mister—"

Burnam's face relaxed.

"Do you?" he smiled. The smile was so pleasant that the boy laughed gayly.

"Struck ile yet?"

"*Oil?*"

"Why," the boy answered, promptly, "the fellow what came along yesterday, an expert from the East, he was out here looking for ile. When the sky-eyed loon came along with his contrivances and his test-toobes, why, I iled his gear for him so's he'll run far enough all right. He asked his way to Ostrander's, an' I guess he's ten miles beyond Beeson's, testin' on old *Peter* Ostrander's corn-fields."

The boy gave a short, throaty laugh.

"Don't you worry for fear he'll ask his way of any one else! He's on the mum, too."

The facts hit Burnam hard and smartly as he drove toward the farm. There was a rumor, then, which had reached Washington, that there was oil in the tract around the Ostrander farm. Now, if this was true, poor little Emmy was being done out of her home by greed.

He made his way across the deserted garden and grounds, stepping now as over a gold-mine. In his coat pocket bristling was a sheaf of papers — the mortgage man had come to do his duty. He stood again within the open door of the barn dwelling. Emmy Ostrander had seen him coming down the path.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ostrander, but I have been obliged to return on business."

She was sitting by the table, a basket of work by her side, an open book before her, and the cat at her feet. If Burnam had known the faces of women better, he would have seen that this one bore the traces of recent weeping.

"Won't you sit down?"

Burnam took a chair and drew it close to the table.

"These papers are the legal documents for the foreclosure of the mortgage on your property, Mrs. Ostrander. Have you any lawyer whom you would like to have look them over?"

She dropped her work. "There is the Justice of the Peace at Beeson's, but I don't think it is necessary."

"That may be," said Burnam, "but you don't know that they are in form and order. You must have them examined."

He laid them down by her work-basket, opened the telegram he had brought, and laid that down too.

"Here is the answer from my employers to the offer I made to buy the place. I thought if you saw it you might not think so badly of me."

She did not glance at the despatch. It read, however: "Foreclose mortgage immediately. Delay inexcusable. No sale will be considered."

"As I knew that the property was worthless," said Burnam, "I was surprised and angry."

He feasted his eyes on her in her blue frock. The purity of her little face, the child-likeness of it, the gentle appeal of her, went through him.

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"This is my wretched business," he said, quietly, "to close out on a woman, on a woman I would give my life to help. I would have bought your place for you if it had taken all I possessed. You don't believe me, but it's God's truth!" He covered the papers with his big hand. "There they lie," he said. "Let them take your home, my dear, but they cannot take away the love I bring you. It is a queer thing to come and say, a mortgage in one hand and love in the other, but that's just how it stands."

The strong fellow trembled and his voice shook. His other hand went out and covered Emmy's where her work lay between her fingers.

"Emmy, you said there wasn't ever to be a drink of spring water for me again. Just the same I've come back to ask for more than one drink of happiness. . . . *Won't you look at me?*"

He felt her hand stir under his. He saw the bright color flood her stainless cheeks. She slowly raised her eyes. He got down on his knees by her side, and gathered her into his arms, work and all. He held her there so long and so silently that the cat rose, stretched himself, and rubbed her nose and fur against the mortgage man.

"Where do you think Pretty's gone?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Burnam answered. He was in his chair again, holding her hands in his, telling her dreams, and that they were all to come true. Emmy said:

"Why, Pretty felt so when she saw me crying that she said she was going out to hunt fairies. That's what she does when things are wrong, poor dear."

"How do you think she'll like the mortgage man for a brother, Emmy?"

"She'll never call you anything but that, anyway," said the sister.

As they stood looking out a strange wail like that of a child made them start. They heard as well the voice of a man in consolation.



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WOULD PERSECUTE A WOMAN"

"It's Pretty!" Emmy cried, and seized Burnam's arm. "She's hurt."

Round the corner of the building from the back pasture Pretty Foster came, half supported by a stranger. In one hand the stranger carried a small black case.

"Oh, what has happened to her?" gasped her sister.

Emmy flew to the door. Pretty Foster had pursued her fairies to some watery haunt, for she was dripping from head to foot like a dog, muddy, wet, weeping.

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"I am on Mr. Solomon Ostrander's place?" asked the stranger, wiping his forehead. "I may say that I have found it under discouraging circumstances."

This news was agreeable to Burnam, who invited the man in. "Sit down," he said, "and I will fetch you a drink of water," and poured out a glass for the stranger, but none for himself.

"Good water," said the man, as he drank thirstily; "too good. I have been out here prospecting for a New York company for oil. There isn't a drop in the whole blamed region, and I am going back to report. You've been testing on the Ostrander place?" he asked, curiously.

"About three weeks," said Burnam, tranquilly. "Know every line of the ground, or ought to. So you thought you would strike oil, did you?"

"Hoped to," confessed the man. "Now I am going back to town to look up a chap called Thomas Burnam. Know anybody by that name hereabouts?"

Burnam confessed that he did, and also told the agent that the gentleman in question would be found at the Railsville Hotel after supper that evening; got rid of the man, sent him away with his tubes and instruments.

When Emmy came back he said, "You are a lucky woman, Emmy."

"I knew that an hour ago."

"But you don't know that I shall probably be able to buy the old house for you for the price of a song. This man has been prospecting for oil. That's the only possible value the property could have for them. He will make his discouraging report, and if they don't accept my offer, I must foreclose; but things will drag along after that, and we can buy back at your own price, my dear, the house you love—and we'll open every window and door for the fairies."

But Emmy hardly heard him, although he spoke of the beloved home whose romance had charmed her childhood. She was dreaming of real things, looking out into the sunny air. Burnam drew her hand within his arm.

"Emmy, will you take me back to the well and give me a drink of spring water? I am thirsty for the taste of it again."

The Dropping Bloom

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

EVERYWHERE that I do look, what is it I see,
Dropping, dropping, dropping in the light?
Plum bloom, pear bloom, white as it can be;
Quince bloom, cherry bloom, white, white, white.

If my love be in the east, I shall find him out,
Let but that his shadow by me pass;
If my love be in the west, we shall fare about—
Plum bloom, pear bloom, dropping in the grass.

If my love be east nor west—past the quickening clod,
I shall track him by the white, white, white;
My love and my love to the very gate of God—
Quince bloom, cherry bloom, dropping in the light.

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William Strang, Painter and Etcher

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

AN artist of inventive imagination and a versatile craftsman, William Strang has distinguished himself in painting, etching, drawing, and illustration. He is one of that group of Scotsmen who have done so much to refertilize British art, and might have been reckoned in the so-called Glasgow School if circumstances had not determined that he should become and remain a Londoner. For he was born at Dumbarton and spent his boyhood on Clydeside, divided between the two desires of becoming a sailor and an artist. To assist a decision, his father, a builder and contractor, placed him in the office of a Glasgow ship-builder who was also something of an amateur painter. This gentleman, interested in testing the boy's capacity, set him to copy an etching, and was so well pleased with the drawing that he gave the lad a guinea for it and advised the father to fit him for an artistic career. So at the age of sixteen Strang was sent to London and entered in the Slade School, where for six years he worked under the instruction and inspiration of Alphonse Legros.

Though of French birth and training, Legros has lived in England since 1863. As a draughtsman and etcher he occupies a unique position in modern art. He has etched landscape subjects, but his most characteristic work has been in studies of the priesthood and Catholic ceremonials and in portraits. For the light elegancies and obvious beauties of life he has shown no taste; it is the masculine in life as in art that has attracted him. He has treated it in a style that inclines to be ascetic in its intense, unqualified virility, but is touched with high-bred distinction, the result of reverence for both his art and his subject and of a gift of psychological penetration which discovers what is finest in the personality he studies. His etched portraits are unrivalled in modern art and stand the test of comparison with the best of Rembrandt's. For a young man, during the years when his character was in the forming, to come under such a master was a rare privilege, and Strang so profited by it that he is regarded as Legros's best pupil. The influence that the younger man derived was indirect. Strang is nobody if not himself, and what he gained from Legros was a profound respect for and reliance upon craftsmanship and a reinforcement of his own virility. The result has been in his case, as in Legros's, that he is a stylist.

One almost hesitates to use that term, since it has fallen into disrepute with the general public, and it is for the latter I am writing. It is, however, not the true stylists, but the would-be stylists, who are chiefly responsible for the misunderstanding and reproach; for example, "those impeccably clever technicists of ours who ignore humanity, with their desperate fear of meaning something, their insufferable preciseness of theme." I wish the words were mine, but honesty compels me to add the marks of quotation, since I copy them from a letter recently received from one of our woman poets who is herself a stylist in the true sense. For your true stylist is always the one who is "meaning something"; who, in fact, has something to impart of such quality and so sincerely intended that it demands a conscientious care of expression. It is in this true way that Strang is a stylist, particularly in his etchings, which are the expression of deeply felt and moving ideas. The character of the ideas is elemental and, as befits his Scottish origin, romantic and tinged with mysticism. Accordingly the character of his style has nothing of preciosity, no finish or refinement, as these terms are generally understood.

His forms, since they represent elemental types, are often uncouth; the lines in which they are rendered abrupt and

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harsh. His laborers and their womenfolk are akin to Millet's; cumbrous, slow-moving, ox-like in their passive strength; only a little shrewder in their brains and more sensitive in their capacity of suffering than the beasts that perish. But they assert their superiority to the beasts in a certain dry, quite Scotch humor; the man's equivalent for brutish ignorance. "Unmindful of their fate, the little lambkins play," even if the butcher is peeping over the fence. The beasts are saved from despair and suicide by ignorance, but man by a sense of humor. This is an element in the patient endurance of the laborer which has escaped the observation of Millet. The gloom of an inexorable fate lowers over all his peasants. It is difficult to imagine them making love; almost impossible to imagine them smiling. They may feed rock-salt to their cattle, but the salt of humor has never quickened the dull appetites of their own minds.

It is from such undue bias toward one aspect only of the peasant that Strang's racial inheritance has saved him. The result is a broader philosophy than Millet's and less profound emotion. Strang's work has never reached the overwhelming impressiveness of "The Sower," but, spread over a wider field of observation and penetrating sympathy, it is in a general sense more human and in a specific way more fully characteristic. He himself wrote the ballads which form the nucleus of the illustrations to *The Earth Fiend* and *Death and the Ploughman's Wife*. They savor more than a little of Burns's lyrical melodiousness, dry humor, and poignancy. There is the case, for example, of the farmer who to complete his happiness needed only a guidwife. He has got her and she him, and they sit over the fire after the day's work, stubbornly conscious that according to the conventions they are happy, but looking very bored. The suggestiveness of the moral, if you choose to call it so, extends far beyond its application to these two peasants or even to the marriage state in general. It presents a glimpse into the universal craving of humanity, epitomized in the relation of the sexes; meanwhile, the inherent pathos of the idea is rectified by the suggestion of its equally inherent alleviations and compensations. And, true to his instincts for the elemental, Strang has pictured the idea in terms of simplicity and breadth; the bare walls, fireplace, a table, lamp and book, the man and the woman; rude inchoate forms set in waste space; the contents of the scene implacably unalluring, but united into a harmony and rhythm of their own by a large sonorousness in the distribution of the lights and darks.

It is his technical intention and accomplishment that determine the character of Strang's expression of ideas. I have spoken of his philosophy of life and will return to it again; meanwhile, let us adjust the balance of our appreciation of his work by dwelling upon his gift and experience of craftsmanship. The latter represents the artist in him, the creative faculty; his philosophy represents the man in him and the impulse. So many people and some who call themselves artists confuse the two individualities. The public, attracted by ideas, ignores the presence or lack of craftsmanship in the expression of them; the painter, on the other hand, properly conscious of the importance of craftsmanship, ignores the virtue of ideas. The one misses the point that the ideas can only be communicated by being bodied into form — form of words, musical form, or the plastic forms of architecture, sculpture, painting, and so forth—and that without such creative process the idea has not reached the stage of art which only comes to birth in the act of craftsmanship. The other, intent solely on his craftsmanship, creates a shell with nothing in it. If he came upon a nut of that description he would pitch it away and possibly criticise the man who sold it to him; nevertheless he expects a comfortable market for the empty shells which he not only sells, but actually makes. Created, I had written first; but I question if you can speak of a creation wherein there is no life.

Strang is one of those craftsmen, none too common, who actually thinks in his medium. He does not use his medium simply for the translation of his idea; the latter is simultaneously modified, often actually suggested, by the resources of the medium. The hand works with the brain even in the effort of imagination which pictures the work in advance of its being actually realized in the eye.

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THE BLACK SHAWL

One discovers, especially in his etchings, the product of this union. The character of the line-work, the distribution of masses and patterning of light and dark, grow out of the character of the idea involved and at the same time suggest that a delight in particular aspects of the medium's resourcefulness has colored the idea. Perhaps this is nowhere more evident than in his series of illustrations to some of Kipling's works. These are not illustrations in the ordinary usage of the word that they give a close representation of the facts of the author's text. For example, "She rose from her seat and extended her hand with a welcoming smile," illustrated by a smiling lady in front of a sofa holding out her hand. Such illustrations a very large number of the public find exceedingly jejune

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A PORTRAIT GROUP

and futile. They have imagination of their own and can picture the author's incident without such a "child's guide" to appreciation. But Strang's illustrations are of that rare kind which illuminate the spirit of the author's narrative; in this case that atmosphere of strangely blended sensuousness and cruelty, barbarity and overwrought refinement, subtlety and crudeness, which composes the environment of Kipling's Oriental stories. The pictorial artist has divined the greatness of the literary artist in his gift of re-creating, for those who have never known it personally, the spiritual fact that "East is East and West is West," and has himself achieved an act of re-creation, translating the idioms of the writer into the different but corresponding idioms of the etcher. With each it is a gift of suggestion; directed in one case to the mind's eye, in the other to the mind through the actual eye of sight; and the success of both is due to their faculty of recognizing and enforcing the elemental. One comes on this again in Strang's illustrations to *The Pilgrim's Progress,* which are projected against the elemental fact of humanity's consciousness of right and wrong and the craving of its soul for personal salvation through reliance on a Power unseen.

The etching of "War," reproduced here, gives an opportunity of studying the artist's method of interpretation. In the first place, the whole character of the design is Gothic. This is habitual with Strang. He has no kinship with what Allen Upward calls "Mediterranean" thought and feeling: the perfected beauty of the Greek, the organized complexity of the Roman, the Renaissance revival of both, colored by the heat of its own splendor. All these are based on an imagined perfection of beautiful forms in beautifully balanced relations of perfect harmony and rhythm; visions of a dream-world. Strang is, bone and spirit, a Northman; of that hardy race which has

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looked the facts of life in the face and grappled with them; has dwelt in no ambient atmosphere of golden glow, but has wrought out its physical and spiritual existence strenuously in heat and cold, wind and storm; fronting the accidents of life; the solemnity of its silent dark places, peopled with unseen powers, haunted with unknown terrors; the awe and majesty of deep woods; steep snow-clad mountains, thundering torrents, and mysterious trackless seas. To that race, life was a grand romance of contrasts and surprises, and it embodied its spiritual conception of this most characteristically in the Gothic cathedral. It translated its conception of the power and mystery of life into endless pillared vistas, each leading forward to a suggestion of what is only felt, not seen; into labyrinths of light and shade wherein sight discovers itself, only to be lost beyond; borrowing for decoration the beauties of natural forms, of plants and flowers, and from its imagination uncouth grotesqueries as the symbols of invisible forces. It is an embodiment of magnificent audacity seen in its latest development in the modern sky-scraper; of compressed intense force and of expanding aspiration; of graciousness and awe, threaded over with a vein of fantastic humor.

This design of Strang's is reminiscent of the spirit and form of Durer and Holbein. In the impersonation of War it goes back of both of the popular allegories of the old "Moralities" and "Miracle Plays." It presents a grotesque mixture of lean live form with a death's-head, uncouth and extravagant in gesture. But observe its plastic reality; it is no patterning of form against a background; the figure has bulk and muscular action. How well the staggering braggadocio of its drunken impetus is suggested! What a fine spot of emptiness the drum presents—a nucleus for the tumult of lines about it and eloquent of the futility of war. It is noteworthy that even the swirl of the smoke and flames seems to have plastic reality. Like the sky, across which its volume and momentum surge, its natural aspects are interpreted by conven-



THE RED GOWN

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tional forms, which are mingled with the realization of natural forms in the true spirit of allegory.

The range of Strang's etched work comprises over five hundred prints, which are singularly free from repetition of motive and style; the fecundity of his imagination being exhibited not only in his vision of life, but also in the technical resources which he selects to interpret its several phases. Yet, incidentally, this print of "War" is representative; inasmuch as it reveals the deep sincerity of his intention and the vigorous invention of means to realize it. There is nothing petty in his vision; it grasps the big meanings of life, the elemental; and always with a correspondingly large handling that does not undertake to solve the riddle, but to suggest the profoundness of its significance.

This grave regard for what is vitally significant appears in his portrait drawings, which are mostly of the head and bust, executed in black crayon, relieved with sanguine. They reveal a penetrating search for the salient characteristics; the facial angles, the joining of the head to the neck and of the neck to the shoulders. He applies himself with intense scrutiny to the facts of form in front of him to realize its constructional relations. He is strictly the naturalist; for the present not concerned with peering behind the actualities of form for hints of sentiment or psychological suggestion. If here or there we seem to find a glimmer of the subjects's inner self, it is because a trace of it is marked upon the outer self. The happiest instance of this deeper revelation that I know is the boy portrait of Harold, the son of Fitz Roy Carrington. The little fellow is seated in profile, his dark hair trimmed to the shape of an inverted cup around his slim neck. On the latter the head is poised with the grace and firmness and inevitable simplicity of a flower upon its stem. Meanwhile, the sensitively featured face is gazing fixedly, as if projecting on to the vacancy outside himself the visions of his own young brain. I do not doubt that he was so employed, for the child is of very subjective temperament and full of fancies. The fact was woven into all the features of the face, and the artist has reckoned with the web of expression as with the rest that met his eye. The result is that this is an unusual portrait of a human personality, and withal very tender and gracious. I do not suggest that it has grace and sentiment, an imputation which I suspect the artist would resent. For it is rather distinction that he aims at; qualities particularly of technical distinction in the character of contour and modelling, expressed with few and choice expedients. In consequence, his portrait drawings may seem at times to be too severe, both in reticence and in expression, in the rigor of leaving out as in the strict simplicity of what is included. They occasionally lack persuasiveness and again are inadequate as portraits. If you do not know the subject, you may be satisfied with the general evidence of character in the portrait; but if, knowing the original, you do not recognize the character as adequately his or hers the disappointment is admissible. For in a mature face it is not only the constructional qualities, the physical saliences of the features, that reveal the character, but also and perhaps much more the accidents of expression; the fugitive traits, the slight differences of value that travel over the numberless subtle touches, impressed upon the face by mental and physical experiences. These are likely to be overlooked in the brief summary which these portraits represent.

In his paintings Strang again proves himself an indefatigable experimenter, an observer of life interested in the suggestions it affords for technical problems rather than in its humanity. He has used the oil medium as he has that of etching comparatively seldom for the embodiment of ideas. One of these was "In the Beginning," a man and woman standing, nude, with arms entwined, fronting the world and the dawn of life, while children play about their feet. It has been criticised for being "prosaic and detailed in naturalism," just as Ibsen's prose dramas were criticised. Like the latter, the picture lacked, on the one hand, the "Mediterranean" elegance and (from the modern realist's standpoint) make-believe, and on the other the modern frippery of sentiment and preciosity of technique. Accordingly, it was rejected in 1906 by the Committee of the Royal Academy, which is the High Priesthood

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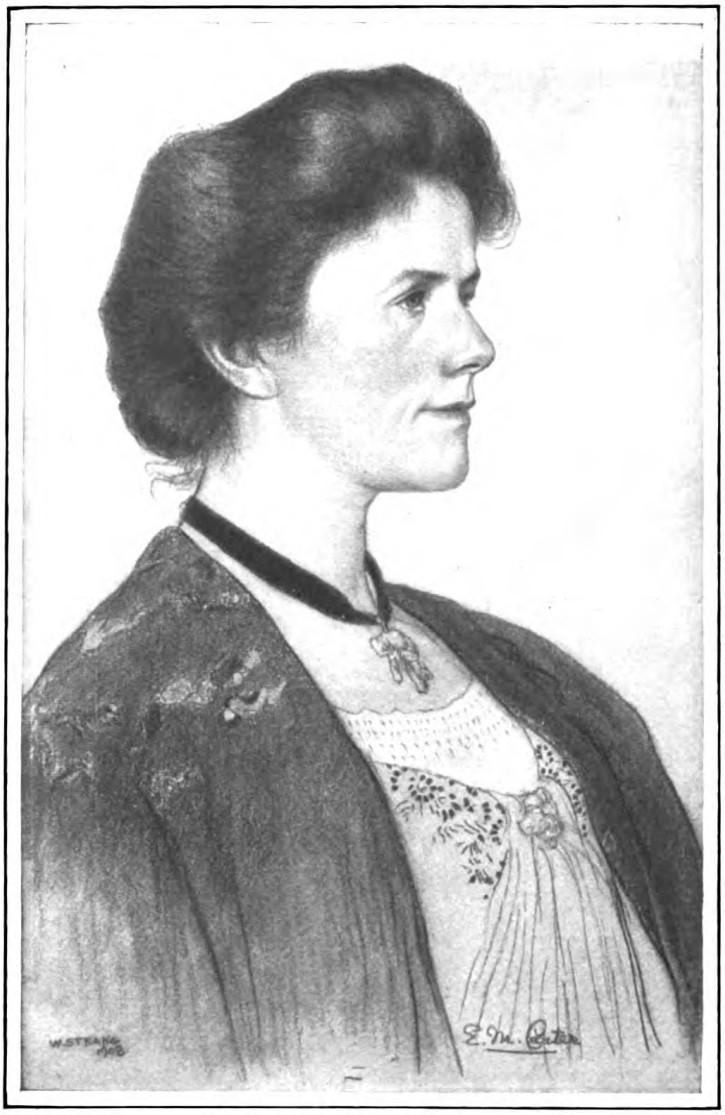
THE STRADIVARIUS OF "1726"

in England of the "Mediterranean" cult. It proclaimed too loudly and obtrusively for delicate ears the earth-voice of the Northman.

Probably Strang had in mind the words of the Bible, "And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed," and followed the unashamed directness of the central thought. He would give the suggestion of nakedness and not of nudity, rejecting the evasiveness of artistic convention demanded by the prudish dread of life which, since the corrupt days of the Renaissance through three hundred years of varying moral corruption, has been held alike by Catholic and Puritan. Strang was doing what Dürer did; but taste since the latter's day, it will be said, has changed. It has and is still in the changing. The northern mind of women and men alike, in its increased sense of the meaning of life, is losing its dread of what life involves. It is studying life for what it is and not through the glamour or evasion of past conventions. It is in process of establishing a truer and wholesomer convention.

But while Strang's picture involved naturalism, its prose was admitted to be set in a composition of "ample and dignified design, bold and successful in color, and in general aspect fresh and invigorating." In fact, the artist had succeeded in his motive to project this real man and real woman in their elemental environ-

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MRS. CARTER

ment of a new earth of spacious and abounding promise, bathed in the splendor of the new sun; an allegory of inspiring stimulus to every modern man and woman in the beginning of their new life together.

Another picture rejected on the same occasion was "Evening." It represents a mother and her baby, a subject hallowed by beautiful memories in life and art and also not seldom travestied by sentimentality. Strang, with his obstinate North way of facing actualities, pleasant or unpleasant, represented the mother as coarse-featured and uncouth, an earth-mother. There are such, and to minds that can divine it, they are part of the elemental poetry of life. But for the expression of this share in the universal harmony and rhythm, elegancies would be out of place. The form in which the poetry is expressed must be elemental, unshaped, unpolished as a boulder left in some trim New England pasture by the cumbrous momentum of a prehistoric glacier.

Another of these elemental allegories is "The Dancers"—sturdy children and full-blooded women; rude-limbed forms of nature swaying to the ample rhythm of wind-blown trees and billowing clouds. Occasionally Strang dips to the South for an inspiration, as in the "Love Song." It is based on the example of Giorgione, introducing, as did the Venetian, into a landscape scene the undraped female form in company with a youth dressed in early sixteenth-century costume. As he strikes his guitar he gazes into vacancy as if lost in the beauty of his own song, while one of the women lies luxuriously on a bank in dreamy ecstasy, and the other, with bowed head and crumpled form, finds the music poignant. This very contrast betrays the Northern imagination. To Giorgione may be due the idea of a "conversation piece" of this kind, but he omitted the personal human note of individual sentiment. However, in Strang's picture the sentiment is not emphasized to the extent that it tells a story. Its suggestion is again elemental, figuring three moods of the abstract emotions

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WAR

aroused by music. Moreover, the theme was probably undertaken primarily because of the opportunity it allowed for a composition of suave and noble amplitude. It presents, in fact, another example of what has been already noted, that the conception of the picture in Strang's mind is so interwoven of idea and craftsmanship that it is difficult and possibly unprofitable to try any conjecture which of the two was the antecedent motive.

The artist's love of music has determined the choice of subject in "The Violinist" and "1726," in both of which, however, the elemental idea is abandoned for an excedingly personal treatment. The latter picture represents a man of powerful frame and forceful head stringing his violin, a Stradivarius of 1726. The freedom and deliberate decision of his gesture find a foil in the constrained attitude of the lady who stands at the back.

In both these pictures the individuality of the several figures is strongly realized, as is the case also in one of the artist's latest works, "A Portrait Group" of himself and family. The older lady is dressed in a dark-green velvet gown, the bodice laced over a white stomacher, her gray hair showing against the brown of her husband's coat and the drab of the young man's. The girl stands in a pose of attractive simplicity and frankness in a plum-colored dress and black hat. The arresting quality of the picture is very strong, and it holds its own, gaining by familiarity in impressiveness. It has a quality that is discernible in all this artist's work—an abstraction of feeling. These people are aloof in a seclusion of their own separate personalities. The mind of each is a single kingdom of its own. Here, as in all his work, Strang, while primarily occupied with what his eye confronts, sees it in relation to the wide horizon of an idea. He is, in the true sense, a realist.

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The Pursuit

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

TWO white nymphs and one gray satyr,
And each with a river god to await her.
"Speed!" cry the nymphs; and "Stay!" shouts the satyr—
Up in the tangling vines!

Daphne started and Dirce followed,
Up where the craggy hill-wall hollowed.
Ah, but the satyr puffed as he followed
Down through the baffling vines!

Linger not for cajoling and laughter!
Satyr-hoof cometh blundering after!
Flee like the white hind, leaving your laughter
Wild in the whispering vines!

Wild-grape flower and wild-grape fragrance,
Vine a-riot to catch the vagrants,
Satyr and white nymphs, drunk with the fragrance
All through the odorous vines.

Lean by the hemlock, leap by the hollow!
Daphne! Dirce! follow, follow!
Hear the river hurl by in the hollow
Under the hiding vines.

Satyr! follow their slim white flashing:
Look, like the August star-show'r, dashing
Down to the river, falling and flashing
Down through the shadowy vines!

Daphne! Dirce! leap, and they hold you.
Great cool arms of the river enfold you,
Swift lips kiss you and strong hands hold you
Safe in the sheltering vines.

Satyr, satyr, fall in the river;
Splash and sputter and swim and shiver!
Lo, they are gone, and laugheth the river
Under the dancing vines.

Satyr, satyr! Fie, thou dull satyr!
Each with a river-god to await her.
Why should they pause for thy pleasure, old satyr?
Hearken! the gossiping vines!

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A Father for the Baby

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

LITTLE Pattie Batch, of Thirty Drinks, in the lumber woods, had from the very beginning intended never to be married; but with the advent of the baby—shortly thereafter, to be precise—she had changed her mind. It was not often that the positive little creature was disposed to weakness of this description; but she had all at once gone round about the matter—with something of a jerk, indeed, and in surprise, like a robin turning its head—and she had now *fin'ly* decided. At first, however, when the baby was quite new, conceiving herself then to have been made altogether independent of a Mr. Pattie Batch by this amazing stroke of good luck, her ancient resolve against matrimony had grown all of a sudden fixed and gigantic. "Why," thinks she, in gleeful illumination—and as though shaking a defiant little fist in the face of the whole masculine world—"I—I—I don't *have* t', do I? Ain't I *got* one?" All very well: but presently the baby—well, of course, as everybody knows, a baby is everywhere a fashioning power. One can never tell what extraordinary changes a baby will work without so much as a word or a wink or a by-your-leave. And this baby—Pattie Batch's baby—began at once to revolutionize the adoring universe of Pattie Batch's little cabin at the edge of the big woods.

It was not Pattie Batch's very own baby; nor, of course, was it the Rev. John Fairmeadow's baby: it was nobody's baby at all, indeed, in so far as the bedraggled lumber town of Thirty Drinks was aware. It was a foundling child, the gift of a winter's gale, brought to Pattie Batch, in ease of her desolation and in advancement of its own fortunes, by John Fairmeadow, the young minister to those unrighteous woods, to whom it had mysteriously been bequeathed by a Shadow, now vanished, and never seen again. John Fairmeadow had found it on his door-step; and he had known—without a second thought—exactly whom to give it to. The baby must go to Pattie Batch. A welcome gift, to be sure! with Gray Billy Batch lost in the Rattle Water rapids in the drive of that year, and his tender daughter, left abandoned by his death, living alone and disconsolate in the log cabin at the edge of the big, black woods. Moreover, Pattie Batch had with her whole heart always wanted a baby; and now that she *had* a baby—a baby to polish, at the appointed intervals, from the crown of his head to the very most cunning of all created toes—a suitable and amazing infant in every respect—she was content with all the gifts of fortune.

When, next morning after the baby's astonishing arrival in the arms of John Fairmeadow, Pattie Batch bent in a glow of motherly adoration over the morsel in the basket—

"By ginger!" thinks she, "I'd jutht like t' thee the *Prethident o' the United Thtateth* athk *me* t' marry him."

The baby, of course, chuckled his approbation, whereupon Pattie Batch ferociously declared:

"*I'd* thquelch him!"

What of the untoward—and in what overwhelming measure—might instantly have happened to the poor gentleman, in the event of a declaration so presumptuous, Heaven knows! An indication of the sorrowful catastrophe, however, in which a similar temerity would surely have involved the bold gentlemen of Thirty Drinks and Elegant Corners, was conveyed in Pattie Batch's mounting flush, in the flash of her scornful gray eyes, in her attitude of indignation, in her rosy little fists, and, most of all, perhaps, in the saucy but infinitely bewitching tilt of her dimpled chin. She would not at that moment have indulged the choicest flower of those parts—not with a perfectly satisfactory baby already in her possession.

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Pattie Batch, having declared her loyalty to the baby, kissed his round cheek so softly that it might very well have been the caress of a dewdrop; and then she lifted him from the basket and let him lie on her breast, where he just exactly fitted.

And—

"Huh!" she snorted, "I reckon *I'm* not athkin' no odds o' nobody."

Kings and emperors included!

Subsequently, however, motherly little Patience Batch, forever on the lookout for menacing circumstances, had all of a sudden discovered a lack in the baby's life. The need, indeed, was a swift and poignant revelation, and bitter, too, to the mother-taste; and, like the untoward, it remained thereafter in Pattie Batch's memory fixed in its scene. Pattie Batch recalls to this day that the sun was warmly shining, that a little breeze flowed over the pines and splashed into Gray Billy Batch's lazy clearing, where it rippled the fragrant grasses, and that the twitter and amorous call of spring were in the soft wind. It was Sunday: an interval of rest from the wash-wash-washing for the Bottle River camps in behalf of the baby's education. Pattie Batch had polished the baby—she had soaked, swabbed, scrubbed, and scraped the baby until the delicious morsel shone to a point of radiancy that might fairly have blinded the unaccustomed beholder; and the Blessed One, with that patience with love which distinguished and endeared it, had done nothing but smile, in bored toleration of all this motherly foolishness, from the moment of first unbuttoning to the happy time of buttoning up again.

Pattie Batch had the baby, now, in a sunlit patch of wild flowers at the edge of the woods, past which presently came the lumber-jacks from the Bottle River camps, drifting from the dim forest trail to the clearing of Thirty Drinks for Sunday diversion. She heard laughter going by. It was no clean, boyish glee: it was a blasphemous outburst—by which, however, bred at Thirty Drinks, Pattie Batch would not have been greatly disturbed, had not the baby, catching ear of it, too, crowed in response.

It was the answering call—Pattie Batch fancied in a flash—of man to man.

"What you laughin' at?" she demanded.

The baby chuckled.

"Thtop it!" said Pattie Batch, severely.

By now the laughter of the men had gone down the trail; but the baby was still chuckling, with a little ear cocked for the vanishing hilarity.

"What you laughin' at?" Pattie whispered.

The baby stared in amused bewilderment.

"Thtop it!" Pattie commanded, scowling in a rage of fear. She caught the baby's dimpled hand—a rough grasp. "Don't laugh like *that!*" she pleaded.

The baby laughed again.

"Thtop it!" screamed Pattie Batch.

Of course the baby was infinitely astonished, and puckered his lips, in protest that, whatever it was, *he* couldn't help it; and he would next instant have surprised the woods—his mouth was opening wide—had not the motherly little thing snatched him to herself.

"Never mind!" she crooned, contritely; "oh, never mind—never mind!"

Now, her heart in a flutter, Pattie Batch tried to interpret its agitation in definite terms; and presently she understood that the baby was a departing guest. It was the inevitable revelation. For a moment she stood at bay against the law of growth and change, amazed, pale, her rosy fists clenched, her sweet red lips tight shut, her gray eyes pools of resentful fire. Love is no trifling, nor any free delight; it costs to love, and there is no easing of the obligation; but there abides in love the seed of its own salvation. Pattie Batch cried a trifle. It would malign her motherly heart to protest that she did nothing of the sort. But at least she had the decency to turn her face away from the baby—who had nothing to do, of course, with the law of growth and was innocent of blame—and to manage a wry and glistening smile when she turned about again. She picked the baby up then from his bed and throne of flowers, and hugged him tight, and kissed him until he squirmed; whereupon she set him away, and stood off regarding him in awe and wilful accusation—and at once began to cry again, her heart yielding against her will.

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John Fairmeadow had been a Bowery drunkard in his time: a gentleman—and a young one—fallen to those depths. Perhaps that accounted for his presence at Thirty Drinks; at any rate, it accounted for his humility in the presence of little Pattie Batch, whom he had fallen into the way of loving. This was unfortunate, of course; for one cannot have been a Bowery outcast and fairly lift the eyes of love to the like of little Pattie Batch. But the Rev. John Fairmeadow was no longer a Bowery outcast. He was now a strapping, rosy, bubbling young fellow with a mighty zeal in behalf of a clean world; and he was, in the days of this stressful time, engaged with a broom of lusty faith upon the accumulations at Thirty Drinks and all the shanty towns of his big, green parish. It promised to be, he sometimes fancied, a permanent employment; but every morning, with a soul refreshed, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, seized his broom, and turned to once more, with a smile and a hearty will, his zeal not in the least discouraged by the magnitude of his task. He was a fine figure of a man, body and soul: he was known to Thirty Drinks as a man—a jolly, pugnacious, sensitive, prayerful fellow, with a pure purpose in the world and a fixed determination to achieve it. He had twinkling gray eyes, broad shoulders, a solid jaw, a straight back, and a tender voice. It was not, however, with these charms, nor with those which have been omitted from this catalogue, that he impressed a better way upon his remote and rebellious parishioners; it was rather with a masterful intention, amazing devotion, a pair of dependable fists, good fellowship, and generosity unfailing and just. A worthy fellow, indeed, from his soft utterance in prayer to his roar of laughter in the glow of the bunk-house fires!

Turning now from the Bottle River trail—he was bound out to the camps for Sunday preaching—he came upon Pattie Batch in tears at the edge of the woods. "Why, why, why!" he exclaimed, aghast; "what's all this, child?"

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"Nothing!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, with a snuffle, "I'm jutht cryin' a li'l' bit."

"I should think you were," said John Fairmeadow. "There's a tear on the tip of your nose. But *why?*"

"Nothin'," Pattie Batch replied, indifferently.

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow declared.

"Nothin' *much*," said Pattie Batch.

John Fairmeadow inquiringly lifted Pattie Batch's hand—whereupon Pattie Batch looked shyly away without very well knowing why—and demanded an explanation.

"It'th the baby," Pattie Batch admitted.

"Preposterous!" said John Fairmeadow, in disgust; "the baby isn't old enough to hurt *anybody's* feelings."

"The baby," Pattie Batch sighed, "hath got t' grow up."

"Glad of it!" cried John Fairmeadow. "I'm delighted!"

"Ithn't goin' t' *be* no baby no more!"

"Of course not!" said John Fairmeadow. "Have you nothing better to do than cry over that?"

Pattie Batch said:

"Nope."

For the life of him, John Fairmeadow could discover no cause of grief in this fine prospect of growth. "Good heavens!" said he, "why shouldn't the baby grow up? Hasn't he the right to grow up if he wants to?"

Pattie Batch sat up with a jerk and stared at John Fairmeadow. "What say?" she gasped.

"Hasn't he the right to grow up?"

Pattie Batch pondered this. Presently she sighed and wiped her gray eyes. "Thith here baby dothn't belong t' me at all," she said, slowly, with the resignation inevitable in good mothers when the revelation is complete; "*he—belongth—to—himthelf!*"

A good thing to have over and done with!

Pattie Batch, resolute young heart! was not much given to weeping; and once having faced the inevitable—persuaded now, too, that a soul is its own possession—she dried her tears completely and turned with rising courage to refashion her motherly strategy in the light of this new vision. There would be growth and change and going away. The baby would

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grow up: the baby would presently disappear in the boy, and the boy, like a flying shadow, would vanish in the man. Very well; what then? Pattie Batch must instantly devise a plan to accomplish good growth in the baby and the boy. It began to rain, by and by; the lazy breeze, flowing over the pines, brought at nightfall a cold drizzle; and Pattie Batch, the baby stowed away in rosy sleep, drew up to the fire to think, in her father's way. Then and there, for the baby, she scattered her future to the winds of chance, emptied her heart of its abiding desires and overturned her little world. She sat for a long time, heart and mind washed clean of selfishness, dreaming heavily, in the glow, concerning the making of Men. How should one make a Man? What was demanded? What cleverness—what labor—what sacrifice? And the night had not far sped before wise little Pattie Batch came gravely to her momentous conclusion. Only a man, she determined, could make a Man.

John Fairmeadow tapped at the door, and, heartily bidden, entered for a moment from the rainy wind. "Well, well!" said he; "it's high time all little mothers were in bed. Come, come, my good woman! I just dropped in to pack you off."

"Thith here little mother," said Pattie Batch, with a saucy toss, "ith bithy."

"Busy!" cried John Fairmeadow.

"Yep," Pattie Batch declared; "but she'th pretty near through."

John Fairmeadow demanded to know, of course, what the little mother had been bothering her pretty head about.

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"None o' that!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Anyhow," said Pattie Batch, "nothin' much."

"Out with it, young woman!"

"I th'pothe," Pattie Batch drawled, "that I got t' get married."

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow ejaculated.

"By ginger!" Pattie Batch burst out, with a slap of her knee. "I got t' get thith here baby a father."

"A *what*?"

"A father for thith here baby."

John Fairmeadow jumped. "Patience Batch," said he, promptly, "how would I do?"

"Thertainly *not*!" said Pattie Batch.

"Why not?" John Fairmeadow wanted to know.

"Becauthe," drawled Pattie Batch.

"I'd be an excellent parent," John Fairmeadow declared. "I'd be an excellent parent for *any* baby. Why, I'd—"

"John Fairmeadow!" Pattie exclaimed.

"What's the matter with me?" Fairmeadow demanded. "*Why* wouldn't I do?"

"The idea!" cried Pattie Batch, her gray eyes popping.

John Fairmeadow was forthwith shooed into the night and rainy wind to cool his ardor. And John Fairmeadow laughed all the way to Thirty Drinks. Sometimes it was a roar of laughter, with his head thrown back; sometimes it was a quiet chuckle; sometimes it was laughter without much mirth in it at all. But at any rate he was vastly amused with the situation; and he continued his doubtful laughter to the door of Pale Peter's saloon at Thirty Drinks. As for Pattie Batch, the conscientious little thing sat brooding for a long, long time; and she determined, at last—and fin'ly—that however much the baby might need a father, John Fairmeadow would never do! Never! He would not do at *all!* Admirable as he was in general—good and kind as he was—he was not desirable as a parent.

Pattie Batch could not explain, possibly, precisely how she had come to this conclusion; but that she did come to it—and that thereupon she resolutely crossed John Fairmeadow off the list of prospective fathers—is a matter never disputed. She must address herself, she fancied, to the task of discovering somebody else; and having discovered a person of promise, she determined she would not let the grass grow under her feet. It would perhaps be a difficult task—it would surely be a delicate one—to disclose her mind to the victim; but this must be done, and done with good cheer, for the baby's sake. Singularly enough, when Pattie Batch had put the baby to bed for the night, and when, too, she had put herself to bed, she began to cry.

After all, she was an untutored thing; and, for the matter of that, big John Fairmeadow wasn't much better.

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In these busy days—and busy days they were, indeed—John Fairmeadow's thoughts ran with strange perversity, and with aggravatingly increasing frequency, to little Pattie Batch and to her extraordinary quest for a suitable father for the baby. Pattie Batch must be looked after, of course; Pattie Batch must have the most perspicacious guardianship in the world in this respect, she must have the most profoundly wise advice; and the interests of the baby, to be sure, must properly be regarded. John Fairmeadow might have picked a father for the baby from the boys of Bottle River, he fancied, with whom the baby would have been quite content, captious as the baby now seemed to have become in respect to the company he kept. There were some fine fellows on Bottle River. There were young fellows from the East—big, hearty young fellows, merry, efficient, and self-respecting—any one of whom might have sufficed to guarantee a reasonably secure future for the baby; and the baby, whose predilection for lumber-jacks was well known, would have been no doubt eminently satisfied. But a relationship of this sort implied a relationship of quite another sort; and it was with the relationship of the second description that John Fairmeadow was chiefly concerned. When it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of Bottle River—when it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of the Cant-hook and the Yellow Tail—when it came to choosing a Mr. Pattie Batch from the boys of Thirty Drinks and Elegant Corners—the good minister was altogether at a loss. There was only one young fellow, indeed, of them all, from Thirty Drinks to Lost Chance, whom John Fairmeadow could with any degree of equanimity consider; and when it came bluntly to the consideration of *that* individual, John Fairmeadow could only sigh and turn from these romantic musings to the grave problems of his ministry at Thirty Drinks.

"Thou fool!" he was used to saying.

It may be that, having looked back upon the career of this particular candidate, he lay awake under his blanket in the Bottle River stables; it may be that he suffered such pangs as remorse may excite to trouble a man; but when he chanced to encounter little Pattie Batch on the trails there was no shadow of melancholy upon him.

"Hello, Pattie Batch!" says he, with a broad, rosy grin.

"Hello, there, John Fairmeadow!"

"Found that father yet?"

"Nope."

"Looked 'em all over?"

"Nope."

"Got your eye on anybody in particular?"

"Nope."

"Near the end of the list?"

"Nope."

"Anyhow," says Fairmeadow, chagrined, "if you're not perfectly suited when you *do* get to the end of the list, be sure to begin all over again; and don't you forget, young woman, that I'm at the *head* of that list, and the very first young man to come up for reconsideration. You're going to give me another chance, aren't you?"

"Nope."

"What!"

"Nope."

"Crossed me off?"

"Nope. *Yep*—I mean."

"Well, well!" cried John Fairmeadow. "That's flat enough, I'm sure! And now, young woman," says he, in a fine pretence of indignation and despair, "will you be good enough to tell me what a love-lorn young man like me is to *do*?"

Pattie Batch found this banter delicious; and the more John Fairmeadow indulged in it, the more she chuckled and the more bewitchingly she grinned.

There was a large earnestness beneath this jesting guise. John Fairmeadow was persuaded, in his big, tender heart, that the suitable young fellow he had in mind would not only devote himself to the welfare of Pattie Batch's remarkable baby, but would with great love, perfect and abounding, chastened in adversity, cherish little Pattie Batch herself, would Pattie Batch but allow it; but there was at all times present with him in his melancholy brooding this prohibition: that the young fellow had himself in other days created the problem of his own unworthiness. Fanciful? Perhaps. John Fairmeadow's young man had been, except in one respect, not altogether un-

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worthy in his ways; and it may be that in the uplifting labor of these days he had won back from the past all the rights of honor. As for Pattie Batch, in these jesting times, the conscientious little thing was sorely troubled indeed; and many a night—many a night when the rain was on the roof and the black wind came howling from the forest—she cried herself to sleep. She could discover no father for the baby. There was not a suitable father to be had in Thirty Drinks; nor was there a promising candidate at Elegant Corners, nor in all that wide section, even to the Big River and the northernmost limits of the Logosh Reservation. That is to say, there was only *one;* but that one was out of the question, *quite* out of the question, and must be dismissed from mind at once and forever, however much weeping might be required to accomplish the result. Pattie Batch had changed her mind. She had fallen into the way of thinking that as a father for the baby the young man in question was perfect in every respect; but the foster-fatherhood of the baby, as Patty Batch very well knew, implied a relationship which must not—*must* not—MUST not be permitted to encumber the young man's life with a silly, worthless, ill-born, ill-bred, dull, poverty-stricken, perfectly ugly bit of baggage like Pattie Batch, who never *had* been any good, never *could* be any good, and never *would* be any good, even to the baby, bless his little heart!

"No, thir!" says Pattie Batch, to the baby, who cared not a snap. "By ginger, it wouldn't *do!*"

With this the baby indifferently agreed.

"It wouldn't do at *all!*" poor little Pattie Batch repeated, quite resolved that, at all hazard to herself, and at all hazard even to the baby, the glorious young man must be protected against himself.

"No, thir, by ginger!" declared this heroic little person, between sobs.

At this crisis Jimmie the Gentleman, a bartender at Pale Peter's Red Elephant, came a-courting. What was in his mind Heaven knows. I should not like to enter and discover. At any rate, he was of a dashing way—a curly-headed, blue-eyed, bejewelled young sprig of the near East, devoted to fashion (as it was to be found at Big Rapids), and possessing a twinkle, a laugh, a saucy charm, a bold arm, and the conscience of a lively pirate. Jimmie the Gentleman came up the trail from Thirty Drinks of a soft June night. It was not his first appearance at Pattie Batch's cabin at the edge of the woods. There had been others—in John Fairmeadow's absence from Thirty Drinks, of course. And there had previously been certain flirtatious passages in the streets of town, of which Pattie Batch, ingenuous little one! being then on the lookout for a father for the baby, was in duty bound to take notice; since, as she was quite well aware, affairs of the heart commonly began in that way, proceeding from these small beginnings to the great event desired. It had for some time been evident that Jimmie the Gentleman was in love. There was no question about it at all. The Gentleman's ardent blue eyes, his deferential politeness, his soft voice, his swift and tender little touches in the dusk, his significant phrases at parting, could mean but one thing; and that thing, Pattie Batch was *quite* sure, signified, in the issue of it, the employment of a parson. Pattie Batch had come imminently face to face, it seemed, with a declaration and a proposal; and she had already determined, being a precise and orderly little person, her attitude in respect to the impending situation.

June dusk fell.

"Gimme a kiss!" Jimmie whispered.

Pattie deliberated.

"Aw, come on!" Jimmie pleaded. "Gimme a kiss, won't you?"

It was a tender night; it was soft and still and sweet-smelling at the edge of the great woods; and far above the little clearing the little stars shone clear, making the best of their opportunity to flash their serene messages to the world of hearts before the opulent moon should rise to dim their teaching.

"Just one!" Jimmie the Gentleman besought.

They were now on the trail to town.

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, in doubt, "I—I—been—"

Jimmie slipped an arm around her.

"I—I—I—been thinkin'," Pattie began, shyly, sure now that the great moment had indeed arrived, "a little bit about . . ."

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"Come on!"

"I been thinkin' a little bit," Pattie went on, quite steadily now, "about gettin' married."

Jimmie stepped away. "Have you?" said he, blankly.

"Maybe," Pattie continued, "you better *had* kith me."

The Gentleman came closer.

"I'll try it," said little Pattie, resolutely, "an' thee how I like it."

Jimmie kissed her, in his accustomed way.

"I don't like it!" Pattie cried, freeing herself, in a passion of humiliation and terror. "I don't like it! Oh, I don't like it!"

"What's the matter with you?" Jimmie demanded.

"I d-d-don't know," Pattie sobbed.

"Want another?"

"N-no!"

"Might as well *have* another."

"I—I—I'm awful th-th-thorry, Jimmie," Pattie wept; "but I—I—I *d-d-don't think you'll d-d-do!*"

The Gentleman laughed a little.

"You won't mind, will you?" Pattie asked, in a flush of compassion.

"Don't you worry about *me,*" said the Gentleman.

Little Pattie whispered softly—earnestly.

"I'm *tho* glad you don't mind!"

The moon had risen. Jimmie the Gentleman looked deep into Pattie Batch's glistening and compassionate gray eyes. What was in his mind God knows! What he said—and this in a whisper not meant for the ears of Pattie Batch—was:

"No; you don't want *me.* I—I—wouldn't do!"

"Good night, Jimmie!"

"Good-by."

Jimmie the Gentleman paused in the shadows of the trail beyond Gray Billy Batch's clearing. He was still in a daze; but presently he laughed and went his way toward the lights of Thirty Drinks, whistling cheerfully along. Pattie Batch went into the cabin in shame such as she had never known before—hot, red shame, flaring in her heart and flushing her face.

Next day was the baby's birthday. Nobody knew the baby's birthday, of course; but the next day was the baby's birthday, nevertheless. That is to say, it was Pop's birthday—the birthday of Gray Billy Batch, lost in Rattle Water, and decently stowed away in the green field near by town three years ago by young John Fairmeadow. The baby must have a birthday, to be sure. Why not Pop's birthday? The memory of Gray Billy Batch would in this be honored; and the baby would be decently outfitted with an anniversary such as every other baby in the world surely possessed. John Fairmeadow was coming to tea. Nobody else was coming. There was nobody else, in fact, quite good enough—not *quite* good enough—to participate in the celebration of a festival so distinguished. And John Fairmeadow came, just when the shadows of the great pines at the edge of the clearing had crept near and the flushed sun was dropping into a glowing bed of cloud. John Fairmeadow was in rare spirits. He was quite irresistible with his banter. Pattie Batch, troubled little heart! and strangely detached from all this bubbling happiness, almost said yes, in sheer absent-mindedness, when he demanded to know whether or not she had made up her mind at last to take him for better and for worse. John Fairmeadow laughed; John Fairmeadow joked in his gigantic way; John Fairmeadow tossed and tickled the baby until that knowing prodigy (being now on the edge of speech) almost commanded him to behave himself; and John Fairmeadow ate and drank everything in sight when tea was spread on a little table outside in the sunset light.

When the stars were out and the baby had been stowed away, when the mild breeze had failed and the mystery of its silence lay again upon the woods and clearing, when the great moon had risen round and bright above the pines, Pattie Batch walked with John Fairmeadow to the trail to town; and there, at this old parting-place, she stood downcast and disquieted.

"I have been wicked," she whispered.

"Wicked!" Fairmeadow ejaculated, in quick alarm.

"I have been very wicked."

There was silence.

"I *got* t' tell you!" said Pattie Batch.

"Tell me," said Fairmeadow, his alarm

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now grown beyond him, "just what a friend may know."

Pattie looked away.

"Tell me nothing," Fairmeadow warned.

"I got t'."

Fairmeadow waited.

"Jimmie the Gentleman—he—"

"Well?" Fairmeadow demanded, harshly.

"You thee, thir," Pattie gasped, "Jimmie the Gentleman—he—kithed me."

Fairmeadow started; but presently he possessed himself again, and continued silent, unable, for pain and rage, to utter a word.

"He—he—kithed me."

"That," said Fairmeadow, quietly, "is a matter easily remedied. Jimmie the Gentleman," he added, distinctly, "will not—salute—you again against your will. I will see to it that Jimmie the Gentleman—does not offend again."

"I athked him to."

"You—asked—him to do—that?"

"Yeth, thir."

Fairmeadow sighed.

"I—I athked him," Pattie went on, "becauthe I—I been lookin' for a father for the baby, an' I—I thought I'd have him d-do it," she stammered, "t' thee—t' thee—how I l-liked it."

"Was it very nice?"

"No, thir."

"Was it nice at all?"

"No, thir."

"Would you like him—"

"No, thir," very promptly.

There was another silence. Pattie had no courage to lift her eyes from the moss. Fairmeadow stood in amazed contemplation of the downcast little figure. The stars looked down—winking their perfect understanding of the situation. The big moon peeped over the trees as though bound not to miss a moment of the comedy. And presently Fairmeadow laughed. It was no dubious chuckle. It was a roar of laughter, hearty and prolonged. And the stars winked as fast as they very well could; and the man in the moon grinned his broadest in sympathy. Indeed, the face of the whole sky was wrinkled and twitching with amusement, and kept grinning and winking away until John Fairmeadow, for the moment a daring fellow, took Pattie Batch's hand in his, and tipped up her little face with his forefinger, and found her gray eyes with his own, and looked deep down therein, but not in the way of Jimmie the Gentleman. Whereupon of sheer interest the little stars stopped winking, and the big round moon, intensely agitated, peered with shameless curiosity into the clearing, and the whole world of sky and forest bent near, determined to hear, in this silence of the June night, every word that young John Fairmeadow should say to the little culprit whom he held ever so gently by the hand.

"Pattie Batch," said John Fairmeadow, severely, "don't you dare to do it again!"

Pattie flashed him a shy smile.

"Young woman," Fairmeadow continued, more severely still, "if ever you feel that a similar operation, performed with perfect propriety, would conduce to your peace in the world, just glance over your list of eligibles and consider the name of the first applicant thereon set down, and then instantly come—"

Pattie Batch fled chuckling up the path.

With Jimmie the Gentleman, at Thirty Drinks that night, John Fairmeadow procured the favor of a word or two. The words were not many; and they were quiet-spoken—and they were uttered in private. Moreover, they impressed Jimmie the Gentleman. They were so impressive, indeed, that Jimmie the Gentleman might have repeated them, every one of them, word for word, had he been required to do so. The conclusion, which is quite sufficient to repeat, was this:

"Jimmie, my boy, you have had a narrow, a very narrow, escape."

To which Jimmie the Gentleman, having not yet quite recovered his color, stuttered in reply:

"I guess that's right, Mr. Fairmeadow."

"It *is!*" said John Fairmeadow.

And Jimmie remembered.

It was spring again at Thirty Drinks. The snow was gone; the trails were dry and greening. Balmy winds came over the illimitable forest from the west. All the busy little persons of the woods began to chirp and twitter in vast excitement. There was the flutter of

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wings in the underbrush; and there was a noisy chatter in the branches of the big pines, changing to crooning, sweeter calls at dusk. Once more, of a Sunday afternoon, Pattie Batch—gray-eyed, dimpled little Pattie Batch—had the baby at the companionable patch of wild flowers on the edge of the woods. A toddler now, that adorable Little One! And quite able, too, if you will believe it, to utter with perfect distinctness the sweetest word in all the world. An accomplishment, indeed, hard to be matched in babies of that tender age. It was a gentle day: a blue sky, with ships of white cloud sailing past, high above the forest, bound Heaven knew where! but to some joyous event, and hurrying thereto. A soft, redolent breeze flowed into the clearing, where it paused to play with the flowers and sweet grasses; and then off it whisked, in shadow and sunshine, to that selfsame joyous, distant place to which the great white clouds were going. It was a day for dreaming: the sunshine of it, the tender wind, the new, sweet green, the amorous twitter. And little Pattie Batch was dreaming; she plucked flowers for the baby. She gave him a garland, she crowned him, she put a sceptre in his dimpled hand; and she was dreaming all the while. Sadly? Not at all! The mist in her gray eyes—which presently gathered and fell in two little tears—had no part with melancholy. Not a bit of it! Pattie Batch was very, very happy. She would have admitted it had you asked her.

John Fairmeadow struck in from the Bottle River trail and came smiling broadly to the patch of wild flowers on the edge of the woods.

"Hello, there, Pattie Batch!" he shouted.

"'Lo, Jack!"

"Where's my tea?" John Fairmeadow demanded, scowling tremendously.

Pattie Batch pursed her lips.

"Eh?"

"It ithn't ready."

"Not ready!" John Fairmeadow complained, with a great air of indignation. "Well, well! I like your independence!"

"When it ith *time* for your tea, John Fairmeadow," said little Pattie Batch, in firm reproof, "you will *get* your tea—and not a minute before."

"Wh-wh-what!" John Fairmeadow stammered.

Pattie Batch smiled. It was delicious indeed to treat big John Fairmeadow in this masterful way. The chagrin and astonishment which he was quick to feign were really quite irresistible. Pattie Batch smiled: she couldn't help it; and then she giggled, and then she chuckled, and then she broke into a ripple of laughter. John Fairmeadow laughed too, a great roar of laughter. And the baby, of course, displaying an amazing perception of the joke, chuckled like a cherub: than which, as everybody knows, there is no sweeter chuckle in the heavens above or on the earth beneath. What with John Fairmeadow's resonant, deep bass roar, and the baby's heavenly cachinnation, and Pattie Batch's rippling, tintinnabulous cadenza, you may be sure that a fine chord of glee was struck on that mellow Sunday afternoon in Gray Billy Batch's clearing on the Bottle River trail beyond Thirty Drinks.

Presently the afternoon was spent; the shadows were grown long in the clearing, the twitter in the woods had begun to fail, the west was flushing.

"Pattie!" said John Fairmeadow.

Pattie Batch started; the ardent quality of John Fairmeadow's voice was such that—

"Patience!" Fairmeadow repeated.

One glance was sufficient for Pattie Batch: one glance into John Fairmeadow's eyes was enough to startle the little thing quite out of her wits.

"It'th time for tea," said she, hastily, her lisp overcoming her.

"Not yet."

"Yeth, yeth!"

"Not yet," Fairmeadow repeated; "not until I—"

"Yeth, yeth!" Pattie gasped.

Big John Fairmeadow had a sense of helplessness to which he was not at all used; and still continuing in this strange paralysis, he watched and listened, without lifting a finger to help himself, while Pattie Batch snatched the baby from his bed of flowers, protesting all the time that it was time for tea, that it was long past time for tea; indeed, that there wouldn't be any tea at all if she didn't look out—watched and listened, confounded, while Pattie Batch fluttered off

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to the cabin, calling back that she would call John Fairmeadow when tea was ready, and that he mustn't come a minute before.

Here's a pretty pass for a tale to come to which should have been a happy ending! John Fairmeadow brooding in the failing light at the edge of the woods: John Fairmeadow downcast and self-accusing. "Poor little thing!" thinks he; "she's frightened—a mere hint of the thing has frightened her!" John Fairmeadow, pacing the patch of wild flowers, in grave trouble, called himself hard names. Had he not frightened and distressed the little soul that he loved so much? Why shouldn't he call himself hard names? And what right had John Fairmeadow, sometime Bowery drunkard and outcast, to lift his eyes to this sweet-blooming flower of the woods? Regeneration was all very well in its way; but regeneration and new service could not wash a man's past away so that no stain remained upon his honor. John Fairmeadow had asked his God all about it, of course, being a man of that sort, and his God had seemed to approve; but Fairmeadow was convinced, now that Pattie Batch had fled, that he had mistaken the quiet voice in his own heart, and Fairmeadow was ashamed of himself. He would say no more; he would teach Pattie Batch to forget that he had said anything at all; and in this resolve he waited, downcast, brooding, and ashamed, for Pattie's call from the cabin. And as for little Pattie, in the meantime, she was having much ado to get tea at all; for the mist in her gray eyes blinded her, and her hands would never do the thing she told them to, and she could find nothing at all in its place, and the tears just *would* fall on the toast, and everything, positively everything, was at sixes and sevens in her heart no less than in her kitchen.

Pattie Batch, you see, who had long ago observed the crisis approaching, had resolved and determined *not* to spoil John Fairmeadow's life—not even if the baby *never* had a father.

"No, by ginger!" thinks she. "I won't."

Nothing but the dusk and starlight of spring could solve such a tangle as this. A deuce of a job, too, of course!

Dusk and starlight came together—dusk and starlight of spring at the edge of the woods. This was long after tea, long after John Fairmeadow, in the merriest fashion in the world, had partaken of toast and tears. Long after the baby had been put to bed, too: at a time, indeed, when the mystical powers of dusk and starlight had waxed large and mischievous. John Fairmeadow and Pattie Batch sat on Gray Billy Batch's porch together. The still, sweet dusk had fallen. They looked out over the little clearing to the black pines and to the high starlit sky. Presently John Fairmeadow began to tell Pattie Batch of those Bowery days, days terrible in memory. And at the end of the wretched recital, so had dusk and starlight and love worked upon them both, little Pattie Batch was snuggled close to John Fairmeadow—was held close, too, so that John Fairmeadow had no difficulty whatsoever in softly kissing her upturned, tear-stained face.

"I love you, dear," said he.

"I'm glad," she whispered. "Oh, I'm *tho* glad!"

They looked away to the pines and stars. Beyond—far beyond—Fairmeadow saw himself walking upright and at work in a world of men, but not now going the path alone; and it may be that Pattie Batch, too, visioned, in the far sky, the glory of her future.

"You and I, dear!" said Fairmeadow.

"You and I, Jack!"

"Always, dear?"

"Yeth."

They sat in this way for a long, long time, both dreaming, both with eyes lifted to the stars, each with a heart of joy; but presently little Pattie Batch jumped up, as though bethinking herself of a forgotten duty.

"Jack," she gasped, "I forgot to tell the baby!"

Roused from sound sleep, the baby wailed dolorously. It was a lusty complaint.

"Well?" Fairmeadow asked, when Pattie got back.

"He'th glad, too," replied little Pattie Batch.

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Millard Fillmore's Forgotten Achievements

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, L.H.D.

MIDWAY between Washington and Roosevelt stood our thirteenth President, Millard Fillmore. He was then fifty years old, in the full vigor of mind and body, one of the youngest of our Chief Executives. He resembled McKinley in his cast of mind, and Lincoln in his temporizing policy. A maker of precedents, he was yet the incarnation of the Constitution. In the crisis he obeyed the voice of conscience, without regard to ease or fame. In courtliness of manner he fell in no whit behind the early Presidents with their winning urbanity and majestic simplicity.

The turreted fastnesses of the medieval castle saw the evolution of the lady, but Fillmore showed his grit and won his graces in the forest. Behind him was the ever-shaping personality of his wife, Abigail Powers. He has been wittily called a wife-made man. His life falls within three epochs—toil amid the trees and in the clearing; strenuous achievement in Empire State and national politics, culminating in the Presidency; and then twenty-one years of tranquillity as "first citizen of Buffalo," on which city, after a half-century of residence, Millard Fillmore left his beneficent and ineffaceable stamp.

Without the gift of prophetic insight, but intensely loyal to the nation's fundamental law, this passionate lover of the Union as it was never quailed at any menace from the North or the South. With the devotion of a Roman to his oath and of a Puritan to his convictions, Fillmore was the last of the Whigs. He fell with the "institution" protected, approved of, and, as some thought, entrenched forever in the Constitution. He signed the Fugitive Slave bill, hoping thereby to promote peace. Nearly forgotten as the survivor of a race of buried giants, his vast and signal services to the nation have lain in shadow. A study of his private papers, recovered in 1909, compels the recasting of opinion concerning him.

A survey of his life and work in order to find his place in history places Millard Fillmore in the first rank of the Presidents in the second group, between Van Buren and Lincoln, and not in any lower line of ability and character.

When, in 1799, Nathaniel Fillmore, of Bennington, Vermont, struck his axe into the maples of Cayuga County in central New York to build his log cabin and bring to it his bride of sixteen, Phœbe Millard, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, our flag had but sixteen stars in its blue field. The Empire State west of the Hudson was almost an unbroken forest.

Snow lay on the ground on the morning of January 7, 1800. The blazed path to the nearest physician, seven miles away, was in a wolf-haunted forest, through which the father hastened *in spe*. The future President, however, arriving before his parent's return, was cradled in a maple-sugar sap trough, which had been made ready for the approaching spring crop. When scarcely out of babyhood the boy began a life of toil with axe and hoe.

Bitter experiences with poor soil and defective land titles determined the father to choose for his second child and first son some other livelihood. Millard, after some log-schoolhouse experience during winter months, was dissuaded from enlistment on frontier service in the war of 1812, but his surplus energy was taxed in walking a hundred miles—to learn the business of carding and cloth-dressing. After much manual drudgery he returned home, mastered a dictionary, and taught school in order to teach himself. To visit relatives he travelled westward to New Amsterdam on Buffalo Creek, then rising from its ashes

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after the war fires kindled by the British torch, and now the city of Buffalo. Returning home on foot, Judge Walter Wood, of Montville, seeing the boy's promise, invited him to study law. Buying off his employer's claim upon him as apprentice, he studied Blackstone, won local fame by a Fourth-of-July oration, and gained his first fee of three dollars in a case before a justice of the peace. The unexpected sequel was a quarrel with the judge, who scolded him for his premature advent into the law; so, his father having removed to East Aurora in Erie County, he went West.

At twenty-one years of age he began practising pedagogics, legal science, and surveying, as necessity dictated and opportunity offered. When the nest was feathered for his mate, he was married at Moravia, New York, and thenceforward had a home of his own. Another partnership, this time in law, followed, and in 1830 he opened an office in Buffalo. From the firm founded by Millard Fillmore were graduated two Presidents, Grover Cleveland being one of them.

At this time the Freemasons, now a body of gentlemen the last to be suspected of lack of patriotism, coercion of conscience, or interference in governmental affairs, formed a powerful social organization, strongly tinged with political ambition. In the eyes of many they were a menace to the safety of the republic. Anti-Masonic agitation was organized on party lines, and on its wave Fillmore, Seward, Weed, and others rose to fame. In time the anti-Masonic was absorbed in the Whig party. Elected as member from Erie County to the Legislature, which was then guiding the development of a wilderness, Millard Fillmore, despite his comparative youth, achieved two great reforms. He secured the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and of religious tests for witnesses, earning the gratitude of both commonwealth and nation.

The growth of law governing the debtor, which has resulted in the freedom of to-day, forms one of the noblest chapters in the complex evolution of the modern man. The ancient creditor held the body, or even the life, of the indebted man as his own chattel, but in modern or Christian procedure only the prisoner's liberty was abridged. As late as 1830 Whittier made his impassioned plea in behalf of the prisoner for debt. He painted a harrowing picture of the aged Continentals, who were rotting their lives slowly away, because creditors had put these sons of poverty behind bars. The poet demanded that the prison's living tomb be opened and the victims of a savage code be released:

> "Nor dare as crime to brand
> The chastening of the Almighty's hand."

In a word, Whittier demanded that Massachusetts follow New York, led by young Fillmore.

Robert Morris, our financial burden-bearer in the Revolution, suffered gyves because unfortunate in business. Thurlow Weed's father was kept in prison for a debt of twenty dollars. Some student might find a theme for a noble thesis in studying the evolution of public sentiment in this matter. It is certain that Mr. Fillmore was the principal author of the act of the New York Assembly, passed April 2, 1831, and signed by the Governor on April 26th, making imprisonment for debt impossible in the Empire State. Happily the other commonwealths in time followed her noble example.

Almost equally important was the bill relative to the competency of witnesses in court. At this time the testimony of any man reputed to disbelieve in the Deity, or state of future rewards and punishment, was not received. Fillmore took the ground that "it is utterly impossible, in the very nature of things, for one man to know another's religious sentiments." In one county a man was indicted for murder. The only witness was a friend of the accused. Not wishing to give testimony against his intimate, this man, who knew the facts, gave it out to a third person that he did not believe in a Deity or in retribution hereafter. He was therefore, greatly to his own wicked satisfaction, declared incompetent, and the murderer was acquitted. Indeed, all the members of one of the Christian sects were by their own creed incompetent to testify. The law framed by Fillmore, now in substance adopted everywhere in the United States, was in harmony with the national and State Constitutions, which declare that

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"no other oath, declaration, or test shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust."

In everything that meant the uplift and development of man, and notably in popular education, Mr. Fillmore was warmly interested. He believed that women should receive equal pay with men for the same work done. Elected to Congress in 1833, his participation in committee work and debate shows how well he measured up to the tasks that were laid upon him. When the first snowflakes of the storm which was to burst in 1861 sifted into Congress, in the form of memorials praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, certain partisans arrayed themselves against a principle as old as the Netherlands city republics or Magna Charta. The member from Erie County argued that "each party should be fully heard, and that each should have the privilege of spreading their views before the people generally." What as to debtors, test oaths, and right of petition is to-day accepted as commonplace, was then with many most dangerous heresy.

Though opposed as a Whig to Jackson's policy, Mr. Fillmore did not consider the establishment of a national bank as important as did a majority of the Whigs. Regarding all banks of the kind in vogue in the thirties as necessary evils, he labored for a better system of American finance. In his speech of September 25, 1837, he said: "I hope, sir, to live to see the day when the moral pestilence of political banks and banking shall be unknown." Later, as Comptroller of the State of New York, he anticipated in his report the now well-established system of national banks.

At the time of the Patriot War in Canada, culminating in the *Caroline* affair, when disloyal Canadians and their American sympathizers tried to force their particular brand of freedom upon Queen Victoria's subjects, hostile feeling along our frontier was hot for several years. While others fumed and threatened Great Britain, Mr. Fillmore urged a proper system of defence as the better alternative. It eventuated, and no one rejoiced more in the result than Mr. Fillmore, that the two great English-speaking nations gave the world a unique object-lesson of a frontier, three thousand miles long, on which there is not a single fort or one mounted cannon. The United States steamer *Michigan,* now the *Wolverine,* since the mighty battleship borrowed her name, which at first carried one gun, representing our entire navy on the Lakes, is the oldest iron vessel in the world. When launched at Erie, Pennsylvania, December 5, 1843, thousands of spectators assembled to see her sink at once, because made of iron. Her service as a police ship, checkmating counterfeiters, murderers, border ruffians, Fenians, and Confederates, makes a long and superb record.

During his first Congressional term, Mr. Fillmore's work was laborious rather than brilliant, but in 1842 his abilities as a financier made him the acknowledged "leader of the House." The vital question was revenue. Made chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means—then the most important of all—Mr. Fillmore fathered the tariff bill of that year.

More permanently influential in the development of the modern world life was Mr. Fillmore's championship of the magnetic telegraph. Having seen Professor Morse's model, he believed that the charged wire was to be at once useful and increasingly valuable. Despite gibes and the opposition of ignorance, he persistently pleaded for national aid to the inventor. One opposer, adept in the art of sneering, suggested that Congress should subsidize mesmerism. The measure was passed in the last hour of the session, and Morse himself had gone home discouraged, only to be informed early in the morning by a young girl that his project had met the favorable attention of Congress. It was her mother who proposed the first message—"What hath God wrought." The appropriation of $40,000 set up the wires between Baltimore and Washington. Ezra Cornell assisted. The Irish maid servant epitomized Morse's biography quickly—"He invented telegraph poles."

Declining further nomination, Mr. Fillmore devoted himself to his more lucrative law practice. In Buffalo, within his home on Franklin Street, well stocked with books, he and his wife—a lady of fine literary and linguistic culture and well-cultivated social taste—

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were both able to attract to it many delighted visitors. Millard Fillmore's craft seemed ever on the crest of success. He was nominated for the Governorship, but was defeated by Silas Wright, who had to face the anti-rent war, which Cooper has pictured in his tedious novels, *Satanstoe, The Chainbearer,* and *The Redskins:* Indians and Injins. He was offered the nomination for the Comptrollership, and was thought to be the most available candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but Tyler with Harrison was nominated and elected. The latter died in office, giving to our fathers their first experience of an "accidental President," and to the victorious party the novelty of a man independent enough to "betray his friends," or, in other words, to become the President of a nation instead of a section.

Almost compelled to become Comptroller in 1848, when this office included many functions which have since been subdivided, Mr. Fillmore handled the finances of the Empire State with masterly skill, keeping back the harpies from the public purse, even as the great seal of the office pictures.

In those days the Stars and Stripes were not as now lonely curiosities on the ocean. Vast was our merchant marine and whaling fleet, and many were the American voyages of exploration. The country was at the height of prosperity. The war with Mexico had greatly increased the nation's area, yet all west of the Mississippi was unknown territory to most Americans. "Manifest destiny" was in the air. Whitman had carried the first wagon wheel and the first white woman over the Rocky Mountains, though Frémont, following his trail, won more fame as pathfinder than he. Only a few far-seeing statesmen and scholars could then realize the revolutionizing influence of this western territory upon internal conditions and foreign policy. The cotton-gin had made land in the South so valuable and slave labor so indispensable that more area was demanded. This could not be in the cold north, so believers in slavery as an "institution" looked southward and over to those warm sea islands which lengthened the fibre of this wonderful tree wool. A colonization that was much like invasion, through Texas toward Mexico, and the capture of Cuba by filibusters, with Central America thrown in, were openly talked of. Hence the Mexican war, with its sequels, Lopez and Walker. The "balance of power," a doctrine borrowed from Europe, demanded equilibrium between the free and slave States.

The Northwest would certainly be free. Hence the vehement propaganda of State rights and secession doctrines. Demarcation lines were drawn tense. Every Whig must either favor slavery or leave the party.

Statesmanship and character had given way to the shibboleth of American politics—"availability." Military men, brave in battle, but political nonentities, were set to capture conventions. Clay and Webster were passed by. The Whigs shirked a declaration of principles and shouted for "Old Rough and Ready"—a frontiersman who had not voted for forty years. Party managers nominated and the American people elected Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore.

The civilian Vice-President was and had been a maker of precedents. He was called to preside over the Senate, which had increased from twenty-six to sixty members, during the longest session and the hottest debate known in its history, occupying three-fourths of a year. To this gathering Clay came to his last work, Calhoun to die, Webster to lose fame, and Seward to win national renown. Fillmore at once attacked the rule, established by Calhoun, that no Senator could be called to account. The South-Carolinian held that the United States was not a nation, but a confederacy only, and that a gathering of envoys from States particular met as a States-General, or Senate. He would call no member to order. Having mastered precedents, traditions, statutes, and rules, Mr. Fillmore forbade one Senator to interrupt another or to address him in person instead of through the Chair. Despite the (unloaded?) pistol of Foote against Benton, disorderly tendencies were checked. Since Fillmore's deliverance, the Senate rules have been scrupulously observed, making it the most august deliberative body in the world.

Zachary Taylor, pure and lofty in his ideals, was so passionate a lover of the

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Union that those who, whether in the North or South, threatened to destroy it instantly felt his iron hand. To the hero of Buena Vista the assault of office-seekers proved more terrible than Mexican bombs. Fillmore had been so "lucky" (because leaving least to luck), that a Buffalo prophet was quick to declare that Taylor, who escaped Mexican bullets, could not survive "Fillmore luck." On a hot Fourth of July, sitting in the sun, the old hero listened to a sirocco of spread-eagle eloquence, and then the curse of American iced drinks dealt a mortal stroke. A nation just beginning to know its chief was called to mourn. After the only sleepless night in his life, on July 10, 1850, Millard Fillmore, without an inaugural, took the oath as President. From the full consequences of his sacramental promise to "protect and defend the Constitution of the United States" he never swerved for the length of a second or by the breadth of a hair.

California precipitated the great debate, prolonged it into midsummer heats, and opened the American Book of Exodus, while awaiting the high decision that broke forever the balance of power. A tea-caddy full of glittering grains and shining nuggets of gold, when displayed in Washington, dazzled the nation. Fleets of ships moved to Panama. Armies of emigrants started overland. Ardent as crusaders, but calculating as engineers, armed with pick, shovel, and washing-cradle, they began the business of getting rich quickly. Two hundred thousand men quickly peopled the Pacific coast. With them there could be no slave labor These Argonauts formed a constitution and asked for admission into the Union.

Should free or slave labor predominate in the million square miles of the new territory to be carved into commonwealths? Presiding over the long debate, in which the giants, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, Benton, Seward, and others, took part, Fillmore was disciplined for his Presidential duties. With millions of Americans, the new President believed that the compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave bill, would, if made into law, settle forever the slavery agitation. Like Lincoln, he believed in Union first, and would redeem the slave with money instead of blood. When presented to him for signature, he asked his Attorney-General's opinion upon a bill meant to enforce a provision already in the Constitution. Crittenden pronounced in its favor, and Fillmore asked no second question. Furthermore no Whig President could consistently veto what the American Parliament, the national legislature, decreed. He signed, believing that to do otherwise was to precipitate civil war. The law was trampled on in the North, and the Underground Railway opened to Canada. Yet the American people at the next two elections endorsed Fillmore's action. He postponed for a decade, and until the nation was prepared for it, the inevitable uprising of 1861.

Although this was the time of great novelists and expanding American literature, there were then in the White House no books, not even a Bible. Obtaining a modest appropriation from Congress, with the aid of Charles Lanman, the forest-born President secured a good library. This "temple of inconveniences," the Executive Mansion, was thus made more home-like. The hostess, of gracious presence, and their daughter Mary, of fine literary culture, linguistic powers, and musical accomplishments, made the social centre of the nation magnetic to young people and foreign visitors. Splendid and showy were the men and women of that era. Many the celebrities from various lands and continents who were present in the Blue Room. Rich in colors were the dresses then in vogue. Receptions and state dinners in the White House were never more brilliant than from 1851 to 1853, even though the Chief Executive received but one-third the salary paid to-day, and had no allowance from Congress for entertainment. No wonder that some of our Presidents, beginning with Jefferson, were financially wrecked on the rock of their honors.

Lively are the descriptions given by white-haired old ladies, who were once gay young girls, of life in the White House. Though "agonizingly punctual," the President was always genial, enjoying the presence of youth and merry life. Yet he was also the first of the Presidents to welcome his father—"a forest Socrates"—in the Executive Mansion.

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With a hostile majority in Congress, the Chief Executive could not carry out the enterprises for which he plead. His messages teem with ideas and plans, for he recommended many things then novel, but now commonplace. His state papers won praise even beyond sea, for this was a time when English sympathy with us was keen. The Continental revolutions of 1848 had failed. Only John Bull and Brother Jonathan were free.

On the score of actual achievements there is an exceedingly large list to Fillmore's credit. He loved the city on the Potomac and labored to beautify it, especially in the placing of parks and the planting of trees. The Capitol was enlarged from a chubby little building capped with squat rotundity to one superb in mass and glorious in depth of light and shadow. On the central soaring dome stood the star-crowned figure of Liberty. To the main edifice two imposing wings were added, making of old and new one glorious unity, its white marble affluent in the witchery of light and shade. When a fire in the old library turned priceless treasures of color and canvas, of print and binding, of manuscript and rarity, to ashes, another collection began in the new Capitol. This in time, outgrowing its quarters, put on new robes of mosaic and marble, until we behold a noble phœnix in the beautiful edifice of to-day.

Excepting the one unpopular measure rejected by the North, all of Fillmore's initiatives link themselves with the present and future life of the nation. Never before or since were exploring expeditions, in the arctic, the tropics, the Holy Land, the Amazon valley, and into our new Western domains, more scientifically and fruitfully carried out. An armada was sent to Japan to tickle into wakefulness, with an olive branch, the sleeping Thornrose of the Pacific. For this task, as delicate as that of a wooing lover, the President chose Perry. Happily consummated, it impressed Europe as only one, or possibly two, previous events in American history had done.

Meanwhile the filibusters, who coveted Cuba, were as active as hornets. To watch, prevent, or capture these trespassers gave the President anxious moments. Denounced and misrepresented as Spain has been, when the misguided youths captured in the Lopez fiasco were sentenced to hard labor in the mines beyond sea, they were cheerfully repatriated on request made from Washington. Then Mr. Fillmore, through his Secretary, Edward Everett, warned off Great Britain and France from interference in Cuba, and clearly foreshadowed the recent policy of the United States toward the Pearl of the Antilles.

It is a popular superstition that Fillmore's administration received whatever glory it gained from the presence of Daniel Webster in the Cabinet, but the records do not bear out this notion so flattering to sectional pride. More than once, and especially in the matter of the fisheries, and in dealing with England, the President was obliged to check the rather blustering procedure of his Secretary of State. Despite guesswork, all the documents show a mutual confidence and a tender personal friendship between the two men, unbroken to the last. In general the foreign policy of the Fillmore administration was both brilliant and solid. Such men as Elgin, Bulwer, and Crampton were in the British Legation.

Under Mr. Fillmore the United States became an epitome, visible in Europe. At the initial World's Exposition, held in the London Crystal Palace in 1851, an opportunity was offered for the study of American resources and inventions. As we were still a slaveholding people, the newspaper wits and *Punch's* cartoonists made merry with the infirmities of Brother Jonathan and the peculiarities of Yankee Doodle. Nevertheless the British press was warm with fraternal feeling toward America. The reason is not far to seek. England and the United States seemed to be the only free nations. The uprisings of 1848 on the Continent in behalf of freedom had ended in failure. The priest and the soldier were in the saddle, while patriots and lovers of a better time were in prison or in exile. In their truly splendid isolation, Britons hailed with joy their kinsmen and the new and better Europe beyond sea.

The American who remembers only the lack of sympathy and cynical treatment of President Lincoln and the North during the Civil War finds in the pages

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of the English newspapers in the early fifties a delightful surprise. Here are a warmth of tone, a brotherly feeling, a genuine admiration for the American spirit, that touches his heart deeply and even brings moisture to the eye. Mr. Fillmore's messages were printed in full and highly praised. While the fun was poked at our "peculiar institution" in a lively way, there was no sting of malice; no, not even when our yachts beat theirs. They cheered our sportsmen. The utterances of friendship and sympathy and the prophecies of American greatness, in their heartiness and volume, far outweighed what might be put down on the debit side.

Could we Americans to-day see the exhibit of our nationals in London in 1851, we should laugh very heartily too, and even wonder that the English did not laugh more. Congress was stingy, and we were without experience in selection or arrangement. No salaries were paid, and hardly anything furnished by the government, except a ship for transportation. Not half of the space the Americans had asked for was occupied, and our exhibit looked lean. The American eagle in the Crystal Palace, after so much screaming and wing-flapping at home, looked very much like a common rooster.

In fact, the dress, manners, quality of household furniture, our sectional and parochial ideas, the style of oratory practised and enjoyed, and our politics were then without international interest. Our general view of things was provincial. We not only deserved the criticism of Europeans, but, seen in retrospect, our fathers' follies provoke the same smile which the mature man wears when he remembers his own days of crude and verdant youth.

When Washington laid down the law of non-intervention in the affairs of foreign countries, he used an adjective in regard to alliances which stands as a beacon and warning. Kossuth, leader of the Hungarian revolution, was a picturesque personage, who turned the heads of statesmen and hypnotized vast audiences, but Mr. Fillmore declined to become a "subject." Despite oratory and dazzling uniforms, "the politest man in America" informed the Hungarian that he would abide by the policy of Washington. American people, fired with an inordinate love of freedom in Hungary, subscribed handsomely for public dinners —and ate them with good appetites—but our country was saved from further incursions upon its sympathy.

Execrated by a minority, but honored and popular with the nation at large, after leaving office Mr. Fillmore was quickly made acquainted with grief. On the stone terrace of the Capitol, listening while Franklin Pierce delivered his inaugural in a snow-storm, Mrs. Fillmore, chilled to the bone, received her sentence of death, dying at the hotel within a few days. At home in the following summer, his only daughter died of cholera.

The ex-President, after a Southern tour, went abroad to see Europe and note how men were governed. He had audience with Queen Victoria, the Pope, and the King of Prussia. He visited Humboldt, Motley, and Macaulay. Uncertain as to his garb when invited to dine with her Britannic Majesty, this gracious lady told Mr. Fillmore to come in any dress that he might be pleased to wear. The British Cabinet then fixed the precedent for the reception of visiting American Presidents which they have since followed. Upon Mr. Fillmore's return, it was in the experience of overwhelming defeat, as candidate of the Whig party, that his political career was closed. Nevertheless, with the single exception of a possible political mistake, that career is one of constructive statesmanship of which the nation may be proud.

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Dorothea

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"WHAT are you thinking about, Katherine?"

Henry Hobart stretched himself lazily and a little wearily in his chair in the parlor-car. He had been married thirty-five years, and this journey to the Northwest was the first excursion to which he had let his wife persuade him. He looked at her now smilingly, his eyes beaming with the same hearty warmth with which the fires of his great furnace cheered the eyes of the countryside.

Mrs. Hobart's eyes were fixed on the sunset. It was June, in southern Pennsylvania—it might almost have been Paradise. Mr. Hobart repeated his question.

"Oh, did you speak to me?" cried Katherine. "I didn't hear you. Why, I'm thinking about my nice box-mattress and my immaculate sheets."

"You weren't thinking of Dorothea?"

"Not at that minute."

"This has been her first responsibility, hasn't it?"

Mrs. Hobart shrugged her plump shoulders.

"She has had to get up in the morning and eat three meals. I left all the orders with Martha."

"Oh, you did!"

Mrs. Hobart answered as one who defends herself.

"Dorothea is a child. Martha has been with me since before Dorothea was born. She wouldn't take orders from Dorothea."

It was half an hour before Mr. Hobart spoke again. It was quite dark now; they were within an hour of home.

"Katherine, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking that I should put my Niagara Falls plate next to the one that your sister Helen brought me from the World's Fair."

Mr. Hobart smiled. The collecting of souvenir plates was his wife's one enthusiasm. She ranged them side by side on a "plate-rail" in her dining-room and thought them the most beautiful things in the world.

"Don't you think about Dorothea at all?" he asked.

"Why, certainly!" Again Mrs. Hobart seemed to be defending herself. "But she's right there! She's well!"

"She's never given us a moment's anxiety, has she?"

"Of course not. Why should she?"

Still the mind of Dorothea's father seemed unable to leave her.

"What were you thinking about when you were her age?" he asked.

"What she is, I guess—nothing."

"Shall you ever forget how she announced her engagement? I can see her plain as my hand—her blue eyes solemn as an owl, her little pigtails standing out as straight as her starched apron, her little round nose coming just above the table. 'Father, I have fallen in love. It is Johnny Williams and he loves me, too.'"

"I remember how the boys laughed and shouted," said Dorothea's mother. "They soon teased that out of her. I was awfully afraid that Dorothea was going to be soft. Anything but soft people!"

Mr. Hobart sighed.

"You'd certainly never call Dorothea soft. I'm not sure that it was right to let them tease her. I shouldn't have laughed at her myself. I should have—"

"Nonsense!" cried Katherine. "My brothers teased all sorts of nonsense out of me."

"When I was a child"—Mr. Hobart spoke a little thickly—"I had a dreadful experience. I tried to tell my father, and he wouldn't believe me or listen; he—"

Mrs. Hobart sat suddenly upright.

"Now, Henry," she said, sharply. "Have you thought of that dreadful experience of yours for twenty years?"

"No," acknowledged Henry.

"Well, then, don't bring it up to prove anything. It was good for you. It's good for anybody to learn not to run and tell."

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Drawn by John A. Williams Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE STOOD STRAIGHT, SMILING, COMPOSED, THEIR CHILDISH DOROTHEA

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"But I don't remember Dorothea's ever telling me anything since then." There was another long interval between Mr. Hobart's sentences. "Don't you think Dorothea has been different since she came back from her aunt Helen's?"

Katherine rose, hat in hand, on her way to find a mirror.

"No," she answered. "Why should she be?"

The trains stop twice in Lawton, first at Oak Street, then, after crossing the long trestle, at the main station. At Oak Street Mr. and Mrs. Hobart got out. Here they were within five minutes' walk of home; from the main station they had to ride fifteen minutes in a shaky omnibus. The porter would hand their checks to a baggage-man and their trunks would come out the next day. They were not expected till the morning and they had sent no word. To the even tenor of Dorothea's way an earlier arrival would make no difference. They would find her placidly reading or making presents for next Christmas. As for Martha the cook, and Jennie the housemaid, it would not be a bad plan to surprise them. It is well to surprise servants occasionally.

From Hobart Hill one can see over the town and far out to the western mountains. There are only half a dozen houses on the little rise; the Hobarts', the Hiltons' of the Delta Silk Mills, the Warrens' of the Warren Furnaces, and a few others. The Hiltons and Warrens are fashionable folk, continually changing their way of serving food or the position of their furniture. Mrs. Hobart had changed nothing for twenty years, when, the year before Dorothea was born, the house had been remodelled. Once a year she invited the Hiltons and the Warrens to supper and gave them fried chicken and biscuit. It was a blessed thing that Dorothea had been either too sensible or too indifferent to wish to copy their ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart fared slowly up the hill, stopping at the entrance of their own driveway to look back. Across the town in a still deeper valley the bleeder flame at Mr. Hobart's furnace burned with exactly the proper color and intensity. The bleeder flame is both pulse and temperature of a furnace; they had watched it together for thirty-five years.

"And see!" cried Mrs. Hobart. "Our train's still down on the trestle!"

Mr. Hobart started up the drive like a boy.

"They can't cross till the up train passes them. Come on, Katy; let's find our girl."

Mrs. Hobart breathed a long and happy sigh. With the scent of her own roses and syringa in her nostrils, and the dim locomotive-like outlines of her house rising before her in the darkness, she said to herself that it was good to be back. She could see all the dear crowded rooms, the heavy walnut furniture, the thick carpets, the spotless lace curtains, her loved plate-rail, and she hastened her steps. She would not scold Jennie, she would—

Then suddenly she stopped and called to her husband in a high whisper.

"Henry! Look!"

Mr. Hobart had reached the piazza. By the time he turned to meet her she was beside him, panting.

"Look, Henry! The light! What is it?"

Mr. Hobart's eyes sought his great furnace. But there was no unusual light there. The relief made him speak sharply: "What light, Katherine?"

"There!"

He saw now. On the close-cut grass below the dining-room windows were long, narrow streaks of bright light shining from between curtains not quite drawn together.

"Somebody's in the dining-room," he said, bewildered by her fright. "What of it?"

"It's ten o'clock at night, Henry! And I can see heads moving, Henry! Dorothea has gone to bed—you see how Dorothea takes responsibility—and the maids are giving a party! I—"

"Let us go and see," said Henry, cheerfully.

Mrs. Hobart led the way. The dining-room windows were low; one could sit comfortably in a rocking-chair on the piazza and look through the bay at the table. And into a rocking-chair Mrs. Hobart now sank, not for the sake of comfort, but for actual physical support. For the first time in her life she was sure that she should faint.

"Henry!" she cried, desperately. "It is not our house!"

Henry's voice was as unsteady as hers,

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not from fright, but from excitement. The changes in the furniture, the absence of the row of homely plates—the World's Fair plate, the President Arthur plate, the Battle of Gettysburg plate—and of the wax fruit piece, the work of his wife's hands, and of the stuffed birds which he had shot before he was married, made no impression upon his masculine mind. It was the other extraordinary details which overwhelmed him.

"It's our house all right," he whispered. "Isn't it jolly?"

"Jolly!" repeated Mrs. Hobart, with a gasp. "Jolly!"

Her plates were gone, her fruit piece was gone, the pheasants were gone. The table was covered with trifling doilies instead of a table-cloth; the "dome light" with its fine Welsbach burner was scorned, almost hidden with vines; instead of its bright comfort there was candlelight —the worst of all the stupid modern fashions. And the company gathered round the board—the board which had been hers!

At its head sat Mr. Hilton, on one side sat Mrs. Hilton and Jack Warren, on the other Ethel Warren and an entirely strange and handsome young man. At the foot—Mrs. Hobart put a trembling hand across her heart—at the foot sat Dorothea, plain, quiet Dorothea, whose mother thought her still a child. Her dress was low in the neck; her mother had never for a moment pictured Dorothea in a low-necked dress. It was pale blue and lovely; it had been made to wear at Aunt Helen's. But it had had a guimpe! Her hair was elaborately arranged, her chin—her father had never realized that Dorothea had such a lovely chin—rested on her hand; she was talking to Hilton, while the rest watched her, Jack Warren blinking, the strange young man not taking his eyes away from her long enough to blink. She was enchanting; she was incredible; she was an utter stranger to her father and mother, watching her, breathless, amazed, with aching hearts.

It was upon the unknown young man that Mrs. Hobart's ominous gaze now rested.

"Who is he? Who can he be?" she whispered.

Her husband did not answer. He was trying to hear what Dorothea had to say to Hilton. Hilton laughed like a boy. But Dorothea's voice was low. Suddenly Mrs. Hilton pushed back her chair.

"William," she said, clearly, "are you aware that we've been sitting here for three hours listening to this young siren?"

"Three hours!" Mrs. Hobart repeated it dully. Where were Martha and Jennie, who resented nothing so much as late hours? Perhaps they had gone, perhaps Dorothea had sent them off. Then she clutched her Henry's arm. The dim light in the library brightened. For an instant Jennie, smiling, evidently interested and wholly good-natured, stood before them. Then, having adjusted the light to her satisfaction, Jennie vanished.

"It's like a comedy," said Hobart.

"It's a tragedy," wailed Mrs. Hobart.

Suddenly her hand tightened on her husband's arm. In the library, within ten feet of them, the guests were saying good night. They could see their Dorothea now from the top of her head to the sweep of ruffles at her feet. She stood straight, smiling, composed, their childish Dorothea.

"This has been the loveliest dinner-party of my life," declared Ethel Warren.

"She speaks for me too," said Jack.

The stranger took Dorothea's hand in his.

"I don't wonder that your aunt can't entice you away from these charming neighbors. Good night, Mrs. Hilton. Oh, I should like to, Mr. Hilton, but I'm off to-morrow. Good night."

"And now, Dorothea," said Mrs. Hilton, breathlessly, "explain yourself!"

Dorothea laughed gently. "I'm the same Dorothea," she said. "Mr. Rossiter is a friend of Aunt Helen's and he was to be here just for a day and a night. I wanted to do something for him, so I gave him the greatest pleasure I could think of." The Hiltons glanced at each other, the Hobarts seized each other a little more closely. This facility of speech, this grace of compliment! "And Martha and Jennie were interested, so it was easy to do." Cross Martha and flighty Jennie interested! "I am so much obliged to you for coming. You see, father and mother won't be here till morning—"

"So father and mother can meet him

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then," said Mrs. Hilton. "Well, he's charming."

But Dorothea was not to be teased. "Yes," she said. "Isn't he? Good night. Good night."

"Now come!" Mrs. Hobart put both hands on the arms of her chair and lifted herself as though it were only by main force that she could rise. The Hiltons had gone across the lawn; their screen door had slammed behind them.

"Hush, Katherine!" warned Mr. Hobart.

The Hiltons had gone, but the young man had come back. He stood just inside the window. Distressed, confused, the Hobarts dared not move. Dorothea's father shut his eyes.

"Dorothea!" cried the stranger.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said Dorothea, breathlessly.

"Do you really, really love me?"

"I love you more than tongue can tell."

"You have such a dear name! And you are such a dear armful! How early in the morning may I come?"

"At ten. Are you sure you don't mind seeing him alone?"

The stranger laughed happily. "Why, no. You aren't afraid of them, dearest?"

"No," answered Dorothea, clearly and slowly. "Not exactly afraid. But you know how parents are; they do not understand. Oh, you must go! I've been so proper, haven't I?"

"Alas! you have."

"Those deadly Hiltons!" breathed Dorothea.

"Yes," echoed the young man. "And those Warrens!"

"Good night," said Dorothea.

"Good night. Till ten o'clock, dearest."

"It seems a thousand years," said Dorothea.

"And now," said Dorothea's mother, "we will go in."

"Katherine!" Dorothea's father's voice was short.

"What is it?"

"Have I often had my own way when you wanted yours?"

"No," confessed Mrs. Hobart. "Henry, I am so tired, and we must talk to Dorothea before we go to bed, and—"

Mr. Hobart put his arm round her. With the other hand he lifted their suitcase. His voice shook.

"I know you're tired, dear," he said. "My heart aches for you. But we're going down to the hotel to spend the night, and we'll appear when we are expected."

It was exactly nine o'clock the next morning when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart drove to their house in the rattling 'bus of the Lawton Hotel. The train upon which they had arrived in Lawton the night before had been held on the trestle for three-quarters of an hour, and they had gone into the hotel with their fellow passengers, so no explanations had been necessary.

Now they looked tired and worn, as people are expected to look after a night in a sleeping-car. Dorothea, meeting them on the piazza, kissed them dutifully, took her mother's hand-bag, and said she was glad to see them back. She wore a white linen suit, a little short for a girl of twenty; her eyes were clear, her hair dressed in its usual prim fashion. Behind her in the doorway were Martha and Jennie, the former as taciturn, the latter as friendly as usual.

The Hobarts went directly into the dining-room, which was exactly as it had been when Mrs. Hobart went away. Her plates were arranged in their proper order on the rail; her favorite second-best tablecloth was on the table; her wax fruit was on the china-closet. They had the main course first and the cereal last, as usual.

Dorothea answered their questions in Dorothea's placid way. She had had company twice, once to dinner and once to supper. Yes, the neighbors were all well. There were letters from all the boys on the study table. Yes, the maids had done well. No, she had not been lonely, but she was glad they were back. They were very kind to have brought her a present; she was quite curious to see what it was. To her white-faced mother — under orders, she said to herself, from her husband—it seemed that the answers were dragged forth. To her father she seemed no more reserved and quiet than she had ever been.

"We will not ask Dorothea a question," he had said, sternly, to Mrs. Hobart.

They sat long at the table. Mrs. Hobart ate slowly. It seemed to her that

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Drawn by John A. Williams Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"DOROTHEA, HAVE YOU NOTHING TO TELL ME?"

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when she rose everything would be changed. Whether or not the young man came back, everything would be changed. She felt that she could never take pleasure again in the treasures of her household, her linen, her silver, her plates. The Niagara Falls plate might stay in her bag forever. Once or twice her lip quivered.

It was almost ten when they rose from the table and went into the hall.

"What are you going to do to-day, Dorothea?" asked her mother. She paid no heed to her husband's glance. She was not prying into Dorothea's affairs; it was merely an empty inquiry such as she might have made any day.

Dorothea turned and faced them. Her voice was smooth, her blue eyes met theirs frankly.

"I'm going up-stairs to put my room in order. Do you mind"—it was always in that timid, childish way that Dorothea asked for things—"do you mind having company the first day you are back? There is a Mr. Rossiter in town, a friend of Aunt Helen's;" she spoke with no more emotion than if Mr. Rossiter had been like Aunt Helen, stout and gray and fifty. "I asked him to come to dinner this noon. I thought Aunt Helen would like it."

"Why, no, we don't mind at all." There was not a break in Mr. Hobart's gay voice. "What time does he come?"

The grandfather's clock near by whirred suddenly, foretelling the stroke of ten. Mrs. Hobart stood perfectly still. So did Dorothea's father. Only Dorothea moved, starting up the steps.

"I imagine he'll come early," she said, lightly.

Then clearly through the still, bright morning air sounded a man's whistle, soft, gay, infinitely happy. Against it, the voice of Dorothea's father rang like a wail of tragedy. "*Dorothea!*"

"What is it, father?" said Dorothea, turning.

"Have you nothing to tell me?" Her father stood on the step below her.

"No," said Dorothea.

"Nothing, Dorothea?"

"Nothing."

"Dorothea!" Her father's arms went round her. The young man's step was almost on the porch. "Once you came to tell me something, Dorothea, long ago, and I laughed. Forgive me! Have you nothing to tell me now?"

Dorothea put her hands on his shoulders. She wondered, as one gives an instant's thought to an unimportant question, how they had found out. "Why, yes, father." She spoke softly, in perfect composure, not because she was a child confiding in her father, but because she was a woman and pitied him. "Mr. Rossiter wishes to marry me."

"And do you love him, Dorothea?"

"Yes, father." She answered kindly, politely, this Dorothea who had cried, "I love you more than tongue can tell!"

"And are you happy?" Her father's voice shook. She would go away, his youngest child, his darling; she belonged to him for only a single moment, and she had an old hurt in her heart. He could not bear it.

"Yes, father," answered Dorothea.

Then loudly, insistently, the electric bell rang through the house. An officer of the law, crying, "Open in the name of the commonwealth!" might have announced his presence in so lordly a fashion, or a conqueror in love or war. It was final, it signified the end of old things, the beginning of new.

A bright color came into Dorothea's cheeks; suddenly she shivered and looked deep into her father's eyes. She saw there the old, established things—deep, yearning affection, unselfish care; she realized perfectly that for a moment's merry laughter she had punished him with ten years of coldness. She had not withdrawn intentionally or even consciously; the childish hurt would not go away. But it had been childish, and now she was a woman.

Then suddenly she ceased to think about her father. The echo of that triumphant peal still lingered. Last night, with her lover's arms about her, she had been so sure; now, in the daylight, everything seemed different. As though she had found there a refuge through all her life, she laid her head upon her father's breast.

"Father dear," she said, tremulously. "I am happy; indeed I am happy. But I am a little afraid."

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Editor's Easy Chair

AN author so important in many kinds, in poetry, in fiction, in philosophy, in science; a man of such varied experience that it would be hard to equal him and impossible to surpass him in any world of ours; a scholar widely acquainted with the literature of the time, and generously ambitious of the excellence of our own: this admirably qualified and peculiarly authorized censor of the needs and qualities of criticism has invited the Easy Chair to a study of "the functions of the critic," as it knows him, or rather as it does not.

Such an invitation from such a man is like one from royalty or presidentiality, and implies acceptance upon the face of it. No smooth regrets for a previous engagement, or intended absence from the city, or confinement to the house from serious indisposition, will avail. It is not only an invitation but a command; yet it is not wholly imperative, and it offers a pleasure as well as urges a duty. Probably no writer living (for we will not explore the realms of oblivion for the consciousness of writers no longer living) but feels an actual or potential critic of high order in himself, and must hear the alluring call to autobiography in such an appeal. What he has always thought, if he has not often said, concerning criticism is so and so; and round about the theme stretches a faery realm of personal instance, in which his self-satisfaction may endlessly play, and feel no sense of shame, or dread the blame of any just spectator.

But is not the Easy Chair always, covertly or overtly, censuring the censorship? When it was The Study, in the years before that department became the haunt of a benigner and wiser spirit, was not it perpetually thundering at the gates of Fiction in Error, and no more sparing the dead than the quick? Did not it unfailingly outrage the sensibilities of that large class of dotards who believed that they read Walter Scott all through once every year? Did not it say things of Thackeray and Dickens and Balzac that sent shivers of horror down the spines of the worshippers at those sacred shrines? Did not it preach Hardy and George Eliot and Jane Austen, Valdés and Galdós and Pardo-Bazán, Verga and Serao, Flaubert and the Goncourts and Zola, Björnson and Ibsen, Tourguénief and Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, and Tolstoy, and ever more Tolstoy, till its hearers slumbered in their pews? The tumult of those strenuous days yet fills our soul, and shall we again unseal their noises? This, we think, can hardly be the desire of the friend who lays his command upon us in the form of a request, and whom we are but too eager to obey. Therefore no stormy reverberations from that sulphurous past, no echoes of that fierce intolerance, that tempestuous propaganda which left the apostle without a friend or follower in the æsthetic world. Prudence, if no more magnanimous motive, shall rule us in the deliverance of our belief that there never was a time when the critics more needed a critic than now; when criticism was more the sanctuary of the unprincipled, the citadel of the imbecile and immoral. If this opinion will not conciliate the critics themselves, if it will not win the favor of all moderate-minded and well-meaning men, we have no arts to captivate them, and must make the truth our sole defence against their hardness.

Naturally, we do not mean all we have said, even in those gentle terms. We do not mean that criticism, the great mass of it, was not always so, or will not always be so bad. Critics, like the rest of us, are men (when they are not women), and they are unhappily too often young men, who can have nothing to learn in the nature of the case, who were born knowing it all and have not forgotten any of it at school. We say this autobiographically, because it was so when

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we ourselves began to write criticism, and were as richly endowed for the work as any actual youth. Where our omniscience gave out, we supplied the defect with infallibility, and the author under review never knew how nearly we came to realizing our danger.

But it seems to us that in this day the average critic has often superadded a specific wisdom on points which knowledge has lingered in reaching. He has often been an interviewer, and has acquired a skill in misconception not to be won except in the interviewer's university of disqualification. Bringing to his task an accumulated ignorance not inconsistent with congenital or acquired knowingness, he is able to praise or blame impartially even after reading the book in hand. But the cause of polite learning has no longer to dread the blame of such criticism so much as its praise. In its praise Criticism has sat at the feet of Advertising, apparently, which it emulates in both the simplicity and the elegance of its style and the unsparing use of superlatives. We all know these, and criticism seems resolved that we shall not know them less but more. Yet there is no reason to doubt the reviewer's incorruptible sincerity; if he does not really admire the book so much, he admires the genius of the advertiser in praising it, and wishes to emulate him in an art which has now been carried to the extreme of force and beauty.

After music, advertising is the most modern of the arts, and its advance upon criticism has been indefinitely great. It has become a school in which we may all learn, in the measure of our ability, a habit of shrewd analysis, a lightning swiftness of thought, a diamond brilliancy of diction, and an adamantine poignancy of application, together with an unfailing divination of the public's mental possibilities. It is notorious that more than one professional ad-writer earns ten thousand dollars a year, and with this fact held dazzlingly before the eye, the ardent young reviewer cannot go amiss. Some of the older critics may linger in the superstition that it is they who have taught the advertiser his trade, but let any unprejudiced reader compare the lifeless comment of the old reviewer with the pulsing and sparkling announcements of the ad-writer, and there can be no question on this point. No, if our criticism is ever to achieve perfection, the book-noticer must continue to sit at the feet of the ad-writer.

We do not mean, necessarily, that the critic must be biassed by the ad-writer's dicta; these are the ardent appeals of the advocate, rather than the verdicts of the juror or the sentences of the judge. But he must feel more and more that the ad-writer's manner and matter are what the people want, and what the critic of the future must study to supply. If the reader will turn to the book-announcement in any magazine page or newspaper column, he will find convincing proof of this condition. Sentence after sentence reads like the unpaid applause of the reviewer, and yet all is the work of the publisher's employee, and it is really work and not play, as the reviewer finds when he comes in his turn to say the same things.

In the mean time, what is the state of the criticism among us which may be called static, if that of the book-noticer may be called dynamic? In the order of critics, to which the different nations contribute here and there a talent, we have our fair if not our full share. We suppose that there will scarcely be more than one mind as to the primacy of Mr. W. C. Brownell among these. To our own thinking he deserves to rank with the French masters, who have no peers among the English, and with the sole German who may match them, Georg Brandes. The Russians could not have so great a fiction as theirs without critics of as fine make, but their names persist in escaping us. Next to Mr. Brownell, and not necessarily lower, we should put Mr. Brander Matthews, of a like ethical and æsthetic conscience, of due information, and of keen intelligence. Then for the sympathetic and appreciative criticism of authors still too remote from our average, we must recognize Mr. W. L. Phelps's varied performances. Whatever he says is worth minding, though it may not always be admissible. When he says, with his generous fervor, "Russian fiction is like German music, the best in the world," one wishes he had distinguished and said that in Tolstoy it was

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the best, but that in Dostoyevsky, in Gorky, in Gogol, even in Tourguénief, it was perhaps not better, or not so good as the best Norwegian, Italian, French, and Spanish, or even the best English, fiction of to-day or yesterday. Yet in spite of Mr. Phelps's temptation so to give himself away without stint, he is a good third with the two we have named, and with whom we should like to name some other if we could think of him.

But three are enough for any nation in this sort, though the trio leaves us without any critic who may approach Sainte-Beuve in active usefulness, in an equal concern for current literature and for literature which no longer flows. Our friend mentions the courageous and able reviewing of Miss Margaret Sherwood in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and we should like to recognize the excellent work of Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox in the *North American Review.* We are not excluding others in naming these, and we are far from explicitly ignoring the honest and capable book-noticing in other magazines and newspapers, though we might grieve that honesty and capability took rather regrettably often the airy form of flippancy in one of the cleverest of our newspapers. Flippancy is good enough in many cases of current literature, but not in all, or not even in most. This feeling, in an author who has suffered it, becomes a poignant conviction. He believes that he would like a little more seriousness; but perhaps he would not, if he got it.

When, in fact (and this brings us to another point in our friend's letter), was an author ever pleased with the form of a critic's censure? He could point out a dozen places where he was at fault, but to be touched in a virtue, as if *it* were a fault, that is really too much. The trouble with *all* critics, good, bad, and indifferent, is not their naughtiness, but their superfluity of naughtiness. We have ourselves exercised their function from time to time for more than fifty years. Whole battalions of authors have passed under our pen as under a yoke; poets, novelists, essayists, historians, political economists, have fallen captive to our omniscience in every department of letters, and have been relegated to lasting oblivion, or, to their great surprise, no doubt, have been crowned with unfading bays, and dismissed to the plaudits of the multitude always waiting to honor our verdicts. Yet we could not lay our hand upon our heart and say that we had done the least of them the least good, though we had hailed him true poet, novelist, essayist, historian, political economist, or the reverse. Nay, more (and here we are making the reader the greatest confidence, a secret known to a constantly dwindling few), we have been ourself poet, novelist, essayist, historian, and political economist, and have been brought in all these capacities before many judgment-seats. Yet never once do we remember to have profited by any judge's charge, that fixed our fate for extinction or distinction.

The critic is disabled by the very conditions of his function. He comes to the exercise of it upon the *fait accompli,* the *corpus delicti,* when he cannot avail. He could have availed only if he had offered his help before the deed was done, the crime committed. But instead of him it was some unknown friend who came to the author's help, his wife, or his brother or sister, and saved him from such folly and shame as he escapes. All the surer of escape is he if he accepts the counsel of such a friend unwillingly, if he disputes it and defies it and rejects it with despite and contumely for the giver; if he comes back and declares again and again that he will have none of it. In the end, unless he is a much greater egotist than even most authors, he will accept it and save his soul alive. In any case, however, custom now brings him before the austere and polite tribunal of public criticism. The critic appears in print, and judging the irrevocable performance, sends the author from him maddened by his contempt for his virtues, or reeling away drunk with the praise of his faults.

We do not say this is always the case. We do not deny that a critic sometimes praises an author's virtues and blames his faults; but there is constant danger of the other thing, and the fact of the practical inutility of criticism remains. The critic is often quite right, but he is right too late; he comes on after the play is over, after the statue has been founded in perdurable bronze. In our

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whole long and varied experience of book-noticing did we ever, save once, have an author own up that the blemish we blamed was really a blemish, and not a beauty in disguise? This single and signal instance was that of a great Spanish novelist, who not merely wrote to say our stricture was just, but in the preface of his next book printed this acknowledgment and promised never to err in that sort again.

We should not ourselves have had so much courage in his place, we confess it. As a critic we should have expected no less of ourself; as an author we should have known it was too much. The case of this large-minded Spaniard is indeed so rare that reflection upon it has latterly brought us question of the justice of our censure. It is a fearful doubt, and we hasten to leave it.

Apparently, then, from what we have been saying, criticism of a thing published is idle, and we are left to imagine in the place of the present individual reviewers a critical trust, or, say, board of criticism, before which the typewritten but unpublished work of an author could be brought for the effect of such censure as he does not get from unsparing friends. The scrutiny of the work could be entirely secret; if adjudged worthless it need not be printed, but if found hopefully defective, amendments could be suggested that would fit it for submission to the public. At present the public gullet seems to engulf anything flung to it from the press; things are tried on a dog, as the actors say of the country audience before which a play has its first performance, and is then revised; but in the case of books the dog's taste seems to be final.

In New York we have, we believe (we are certain of nothing), a board of fine arts which can forbid the erection of a statue or monument on municipal ground; which can authorize the city to refuse any mendicant abortion or monstrosity the hospitality of its parks or squares. Even under this strong constraint we have several *chefs-d'œuvre* of their authors which we could wish well back in the smelting-furnace. But these are mainly pensioners of an earlier date, and our fine arts board, or commission, or whatever, discharges its duty so faithfully, so intelligently, that the popular taste is in far less danger now than formerly. Why, then, cannot we have a Belles-Lettres Commission which should peremptorily forbid the publication of abortive or monstrous poems, novels, essays, histories, and works on political economy? Such a commission might be fitly composed of the professional readers for the different publishing houses. It may be urged that these readers already perform some such public duty, but we answer that they do it in the way of business, and that they are constantly under the temptation to commend a manuscript because it is of that peculiar trashiness which will command a wide sale; to give the public what it wants instead of what it ought to want. If these readers were all united in such a commission as we have supposed, they would form a check upon one another. One would not dare to promote the publication of an unworthy big seller, for fear of shame before the others who, he knows, would instantly detect his base business motive. He would be compelled to a wholesome hypocrisy, and obliged to a zeal in the cause of good literature which would perform the effect of high principle. Certainly no publisher's reader who cared for his standing with other publishers' readers would dare to pass the indecent fictions which now appear under honored imprints. Perhaps if these good men and true came to talk the manuscripts sanely over, they would condemn many books of butcherly heroism, realizing that the act of "running a man through," or "cleaving him to the chine," is an act as bestial, as abominable to the imagination as any suggestion of sensual violence or allure of lust.

The author would not be tried unheard by this high court. He might be condemned, but there would be reserved to him the high privilege of back-talk, so priceless in the case of that friendly or family criticism which is the only criticism worth having at present. Before the judge sentenced him to the bonfire or the waste-basket, he must ask him, as the judge now asks the vilest criminal, to say why not. That would be the convicted author's opportunity; and what an opportunity to teach the court something of true criticism!

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Editor's Study

WE were saying, at the close of the preceding Study, that human nature has a kind of recrudescence with each successive generation. It is thrown back into its elemental state, as an indispensable condition of its going forward, and the racial development seems to be beginning all over again.

For a year at least the child is reduced to wordlessness, and is restrained from assuming that upright carriage which by Dr. Ernest Klotz, as by many an eminent biologist before him, is held to be unnatural to the human animal. It is true that in the procession of generations human progress is cumulative, gathering momentum in aspirations; but, in order to keep up with the ever-quickening procession, the child in every successive generation must develop after its birth new physical brain processes, in response to increased stimuli.

Physiologically man is as inseparably linked with physical nature as any other animal, and at his nativity there is no apparent indication in his bodily structure — whatever invisible implication there may be—of his special distinction as a being who in capacity and faculty transcends the animal plane, a being to whom science, philosophy, art, society, and the humanities, as we have come to know all these in human civilization, are possible. Of everything which we count distinctively human there is no visible sign or one that the most powerful microscope could detect. With this blank complexion does every human child enter the world.

Yet the entire human evolution is bound up with this nativity. If we could suppose that a human race had from the beginning occupied the earth and had continued without procession of generations, we should at once give humanity an immense reversion to an epicene estate, sexless, deathless, and in no feature of it, indeed, recognizable as human.

We can conceive of, though we cannot define in any known terms, such an estate as coming to us in a future life, when there should be a new earth as well as a new heavens, and we should be as the angels of God, neither married nor given in marriage, nor should die any more; indeed we must thus conceive of it if it is to be immortal and content with immortality. But, in any perspective of organic life familiar to us, the conception is anomalous and literally preposterous, since it would relegate our race back to the rank of unicellular organisms—to an estate of singular simplicity and unrelieved monotony. Curiously, as seen from this point of view, it is the very estate from which we are extricated by nativity, and we are pleased to accept mortality as the price of that emancipation. Birth is a rare chance, missed by a vast majority of the whole number of possible souls, while to all that are born death is a certainty; and surely 'Tis better to be born and die than never to be born at all.

And this much-misapprehended death, which, according to our faith, is finally a divesture of mortality itself, distributes through the whole mortal term priceless advantages not usually placed to its credit. The first, or earliest, is the advantage of nativity. Not only is it true that a seed is not born except it die, but obviously the passing of generations alone gives place for generations to come. Autumn, passing into winter, not only leaves behind its largess of ripe harvests, but permits the spring-time. These matter-of-course things, if the course be that of nature, like the procession of the seasons and of generations, disclose the great miracle of life—which is *new* life, crescence and increase; and, as we are constituted, we cannot grow without growing old.

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But the advantages of mortality which we prize most are those which promote our human culture in life and art. These are our human treasuries—home, society, and the habitations of creative imagination, including those of faith. Leaving out of view the obvious consideration that to a deathless race homes would have no meaning and that for such a race society would not be grown into, but would be whatever it could be from the beginning to the end, without fresh increment, let us appreciate rather the positive stimulation which comes to every generation of the race, as actually constituted, from the constant presence of death; the quickened pulse of domestic affection just because homes must be broken for new homes; the hopeful renewals, from fresh fountains, of social aspirations; the very birth of art and its successive renascences.

We cannot otherwise account for literature any more than for art. If we go not hence, what is there to commemorate even in the faintest rescript? Memory would be the substitute for history and itself a stagnant, pulseless record. Race distinctions there could not be, since these imply distinct native origins. Strangeness, surprise, adventure, romance, would be impossible, and there could be no imaginative ideals, no sense of mystery, no quest or questionings that concern life beyond life. Eternity would lose its essential quality, stalled in mere everlastingness. If we could imagine a deathless humanity interpolated into this nature we know, the contrast of all other life that is born and grows and dies would seem an irony so immense that man, flouted by the wheeling spectacle, could not turn to the world, to which he paid nothing and owed nothing, and find in it through science or æsthetic perception the interest denied to any study of himself—could find there nothing indeed but the word with which he might pray for mortality.

So, in the scheme of things familiar to us, it is our good fortune to be actually mortal and only to dream of immortality. That is our best dream—it sums up the worth of dreaming at all. Man is the only dreamer, because he is the only creature who being mortal is not content with mortality, the only one who, in the face of death, apprehends eternity not as quantitative duration but as the quality of life. It is his psychical distinction. That apprehension of eternity as the essential quality of life—something caught in the very vanishing of things, as Moses glimpsed God—makes him poet, artist, and seer. He not only apprehends, but his creative imagination embodies this quality and brings it home to the human soul. He sees arise in beauty incorruptible something that was sown in corruption. In all of our humanities this dream of immortal loveliness and beauty is dominant, yet inseparably associated, as nativity is, with the weakness, lowliness, and pathos of mortal things.

The questionings of the human soul thus mystically joined in partnership with Nature are but the reflex of a quest which forever overleaps the immediate enclosure. To the human imagination no enveloping curtain is wholly opaque. From the moment that a resisting surface awakens in the infant the consciousness of self till the soul confronts its last wall of enclosure, and so the ultimate disclosure, every opposing limit is the term of a new knowledge. Thus is begotten in the mind of man an infinite curiosity, the ground of an infinitely varied romance touching the past and the future, the seen and the unseen. Science grows beyond the yielding barriers of a universe, the mind of man gathering from fields it has not strewn, domesticating subtle and hitherto alien elements to intimate and serviceable familiarity, cosmically widening consciousness, and quickening practical experience with flashes drawn from demiurgic furnaces—all because the Sphinx at the doorway of Death has put so large a question and suggested so strange an adventure.

While art brings such solace to a generation that must pass, science and philosophy, because of the quality of their quest and of its satisfactions, create a tormenting dilemma. As, from a sordid motive, those who through practical wisdom have accumulated vast material possessions, grieve because they must leave all these behind, so some of those who have, with worthy and disinterested purpose, garnered vast psychical treasure

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regret the interruption of so noble a quest, and, complaining of Nature's wasteful economy, insist upon divine justification thereof as only possible through unbroken continuance into the life to come. Thus they would exchange utter newness of life for the retention of knowledge. But immortality is not static, it is dynamic—though the secret of the transformation is forever hidden from us, intimated only in the natural process of birth.

The really creative human imagination—that which makes the poet and gives poetic insight to the greatest of scientists and philosophers—reaches an interpretation whereby life is seen as one in all its pluralism and complex specialization—not "one" in the numerical sense, or in the abstract sense, as the Absolute, but in the implication of a dynamic harmony. Science therefore is forever resolving the terms of matter into terms of power, which are also the terms of faith, since they intimate potentialities not yet visibly realized—the present miracle crediting the miracle beyond.

The poets have anticipated science in this acceptance of Nature: Shakespeare implicitly, with a sense of present wonder at all she is—making every mean of art, and just a touch of her making the whole world kin; Wordsworth, in a more modern mood, seeing the intimations of immortality in nativity, which is the complement of mortality, and rejoicing, in the face of death, "that nature still remembers what was so fugitive"; and Tennyson, with the bold prevision of transformations involving Nature's ruthless extinction of familiar types—"I care for nothing, all shall go."

In our creative literature the distinctively ultra-modern note is the acceptance of life on its own terms, in Nature and in human nature—the willing acceptance, as contrasted with the ancient stoic's enforced resignation to inevitable fate.

The scientific preparation for this mood—quite different from that expressed in the static axiom formulated by the most cynical of eighteenth century English poets, that "whatever is is right"—has been important, because it has helped us to a clearer vision of natural evolution and of human evolution in lines of departure from and of return to Nature. The relentlessness of Nature begot in the ancient mind the idea of fateful necessity. Modern science has translated this relentlessness in terms of an everlasting fidelity and helpfulness—also man's conflict with it in terms of normal reaction and ascent. Death was the most impenetrable mask of that old Fate. Modern science has shown it to be the transparency veiling Love, and our deeper philosophy finds in its stony barrier the open door to the exalted dreams, ideals, expansions, and renascences of humanity.

By our mortality we are debarred from one exaltation—the true vision of that part of Nature which we blindly name the inorganic world. The same mist which gathers about our dream of immortality, dislimning every outline, so that there are that way no "gates ajar" to earthly denizens, obscures our vision of the inorganic anode—the ascent of the ladder of that life we call the lifeless. The course of evolution visible to us is cathodic—a descent of the inorganic to and for the organic, a diminution and disintegration of mighty forces and radiant elements to permit, for a brief period of the world's time, an opaque planet and a temperament tolerable to living organisms, of which man—ultimate in this line of descent—is the most highly specialized, by virtue of his complex limitations. Perhaps, since we are children of the Sun as well as of the Earth, that immortality which we cannot define is somehow linked with that hidden ascension of Nature which we cannot comprehend. What the analogue of Love may be in that high photosphere we do not know, though the warm sunshine, tempered to our earthly senses, so fresh in the morning stillness, so brooding at noon, and so profusively prophetic at evening, as with a promise not only of another dawn but of some dawn supernal, may be the Bridegroom's never-failing sign of it.

Meanwhile we are sheltered, in our mortal sequestration, not sensible even of our swift motion through space, and only mildly sensible of the swifter motions of sun and stars. It is a gracious temperament—plighted by Mother Earth for us with her ancient bridegroom; and,

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in the mighty whirl, we are allowed the sense of dwelling and of the measured course of times and seasons—our passing gently broken into little moments—and, withal, so much hidden from us that there is infinite room for faith.

We are climbers—a race that holds itself erect and superior to all other living creatures—transcendentalists in our lofty speculations, poets and artists who have, as we imagine, stolen the divine fire. Man, if he may not become a god, aims at least to become superman. But in his most exalted dreams he does not take the starry path—he refuses to be dehumanized. Rather he insists upon humanizing his gods and would take his immortality mortal-wise. In no revolt of even his creative imagination is it possible for him to escape the nature in him.

His imagination, in life, art, and literature, is the creative side of that nature—the winged human Psyche, freshly escaping from its chrysalis in every new generation. We behold the child, creeping on all-fours, more helpless than any other animate thing, wordless, and hopeless of ascent save by the gracious descent and service of Nature and of its elders—then the emergence of the distinctive humanity in bold erectness and haughty postulance and aspiration. Not merely human progress, in the material sense and in mental and moral terms, is the gainer by this newness of birth, but chiefly the creative imagination, which, more nearly allied to Nature than the formal understanding of man is, is the determining psychical factor in the evolution of human nature. Nativity for the physiological human organism means something vastly implicate. As, after birth, the child passes through stages of development which repeat those the race has traversed, so, before birth, it recapitulates every chapter of organic evolution from the protozoan to the human. Moreover, the physiological holds the implication of the psychical renewal, which is, for man, the essential miracle, involving all that gives him superiority over other animals in faculty and sensibility, from the miracle of individual genius to the greatest of all miracles—that of associative idealism. His imagination it is that creates the distinction—this, and the light of it, which is his Reason. Because nativity forever discloses the dawn, lets the stream pass and leads back to the fountain, the pulse of life is felt, the feeling of ascension kept alive from new heights and with widening horizons of consciousness, while mortality accentuates the deeper sense of an unseen world.

Release is for new leverage of power. The apparent break or discontinuity becomes the emphasis of the continuity of our human culture, deepening the historic sense which interprets the past and giving clearer vantages to prophecy. Tradition becomes dynamic.

The distinctively ultra-modern mood, as we have said, is one that accepts life on its own terms. In fiction this means realism, because we ultra-moderns refuse to recognize idealism as in any way divorced from reality. Realism in the representation—or, from our point of view, we should say the presentation—of life, is very much the same that pragmatism, in the late William James's interpretation of it, is in philosophy. Henry James would say that it is life as it is felt—that is, in a living experience.

The terms of idealism in human life and art are genetic, as the terms of Nature are; they are not the terms of a proposition. Fitness, as an implication of creation, is not logical, but harmonic and inexplicable. The creative imagination in life—in living human experience, individual and social—lifts it into that harmony by rhythmic tension. In art it can do no more. The art of fiction has this advantage—that it does not work *in alia materia,* but directly in the terms of human experience, enriched and diversified in expression and embodiment by the expansion of our modern consciousness. Its peril is that its medium is language, and words and phrases afford too easy lodgings for unrealities. The writer cannot be reduced to the wordlessness, or infancy, of the plastic arts and of music, but his imagination is really creative only through speech, which, along with his thought and feeling, is forever brought back to the font of nativity.

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Editor's Drawer

The Teapot

BY LEE WILSON DODD

MILDRED FRENSHAM had not been married very long, four months and some odd days, to be precise, but she had been married long enough to recognize in the domestic sky certain signs of an impending tempest. She and her husband were both young, both charming, and they adored each other. But it has also to be added, alas! that life was not entirely composed for them of a little billing mingled with a little cooing. The scene of this story is not laid in Arcadia, nor is the time the Golden Age.

To begin with, it was a rainy Sunday, after a week of beautiful days, a week during which Fred Frensham (the youthful husband), who was a bad but hopeful golfer, had been kept hard at work in a small, dark office.

He had been dreaming of fifty-foot putts and three-hundred-yard drives—and he woke to the roar of many waters. The disappointment was too great; it numbed; it deadened. His conscience simply refused to act. At breakfast he was silent, and after breakfast he surrounded himself with an effective stockade of Sunday papers and stretched his slippered feet out to a leaky gas-log. And thus did he sit, morose, inhaling gas and exhaling gloom.

Mildred hovered afar, if it is possible to hover afar in a rather small apartment. She was sorry for Fred, but she was also a little piqued by his self-absorption. He might at least *say* something.

Before her marriage she had lived with her mother, Mrs. Wolcott, in one of the spacious Colonial mansions which are still to be found in the environs of Philadelphia. This mansion had belonged to the Wolcott family for over a hundred years. It had the dignity of an older world and was furnished exclusively with heirlooms. Antique mahogany, antique silver and pewter, antique porcelain and glass; framed daguerreotypes, and a complete "gentleman's library" with its stately sets of the most genteel authors of the eighteenth century . . . you can easily compose the picture. This for twenty-one years had been Mildred's home environment. Moreover, her mother, a magnificently overpowering widow, had done all which humanly could be done to make Mildred appreciate the value (social, æsthetic, and even pecuniary) of these household gods.

When, therefore, Mildred had moved to New York she had carried with her as much of the authentic eighteenth century as a six-room flat will conveniently hold. And by this means, with her mother's assistance, she had been enabled to re-create in an alien civilization the "Wolcott tone," that atmosphere of distinction so necessary to her happiness. But she had done more than this: she had made her new home not



"NOW, MIL, DON'T BOTHER ME. I'M BUSY"

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only distinctive, but livable—a far more difficult achievement. And she was, rightfully, proud of this achievement. She felt, she could not help feeling, that Fred ought to think himself a very fortunate young husband indeed.

True, the rooms were few in number and small in size; true, the radiators either rattled or leaked or did both; true, the family above them owned all manner of patent devices for the manufacture of ragtime; true also that the gas-log gave forth more smell than glow! In short, New York was New York! One could not avoid the basic discomforts of existence in so vulgar a metropolis. She had done her best to palliate them; she would do her best to tolerate them; it was all she could do.

And she *did* think that Fred might show some appreciation of her efforts!

Wasn't a rainy Sunday the day of all days for him to exhibit pleasurable satisfaction in the home atmosphere which she had so lovingly created for him?

What did he mean by sitting there with a sullen scowl like a criminal condemned to solitary confinement!

Did Fred really love her? Was it all a sham?

Fred's back was turned to her, and the protesting hump of his shoulders seemed sinister and forbidding. Her throat began to tighten . . . No, he should not thus brutally bring her to tears! She—a Wolcott!

She turned away with set lips and her eye came to rest upon the dial of the grandfather's clock. The hands marked ten minutes past six. Fred, then, had neglected to wind it! Now this clock had belonged to Nathaniel Wolcott, who had been once, on a historic occasion, the host of Lafayette. Of all her family treasures it was the most valued but one. One supreme treasure surpassed it in her estimation—a teapot. . . .

Just now, however, the clock sufficiently absorbed her. It was the final proof that Fred cared nothing, nothing whatever, for his home. Had she not begged her husband never to forget to wind that clock each Saturday night, as her own forebears had religiously done for who shall say how many years? It was an act consecrated by changeless custom. And now!

This at least could not be lightly passed over. A broken promise! The clock of her ancestors!

"Fred!"

No reply.

"Fred!"

"Eh?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"I'm not going to church to-day. I told you that at breakfast."

"Something else?"

No reply.

"Fred!"

"Eh? What *is* it?"

"Nathaniel's clock has run down."

"Now, Mil, don't bother me. I'm busy."

"Nathaniel's clock has run down."

"Well, tell him to wind it up again."

"Oh!"

The last trump had sounded. Mildred was prepared—nay, she was eager—to die. It was the first time that Fred had ever spoken to her with deliberate impertinence. For an instant it crushed her.

Then the Wolcott pride set for her in either cheek the red cockade of revolt. Who was this upstart whom she had married? Had he not been born in Chicago? Had he not attended kindergarten in Detroit and public school in Toledo? Her heart flamed for her wrongs.

But when she spoke her tone was frigidly remote. She seemed to speak from another planet.

"I sha'n't soon forget how you have insulted me."

Fred threw down his paper and rose from his chair. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Mil," he flippantly suggested, "let's cut out the tragic! That blamed old clock hasn't kept time for fifty years, but I'll do my best to animate the corpse if you want me to."

She stood rigidly before the clock, with squared shoulders, her eyes blazing. "I am beginning to realize," she said, "as never before, how little you appreciate—"

"My blessings?" Fred interrupted. "Oh, I don't know about that!" And just at this unhappy moment one of the patent devices for the production of ragtime began to manufacture above them its familiar varieties of syncopation. Fred cocked his ear at the ceiling. "For instance," he commented. "And it doesn't cost us a cent!"

Tears of wrath came into Mildred's eyes. "Perhaps you imagine," she retorted, "that I enjoy living in a place where *that* sort of thing goes on. If you do you're mistaken. I was willing to put up with it so long as I felt you—you cared for me . . ."

There can be no question about it; Fred was not in his happiest vein that morning. He had the bad taste to laugh. "My darling girl," he chuckled, "you'll be telling me next you are going home to mother."

"I am," Mildred affirmed. "I'm going now."

"Better not. You'll get wet."

"I hate you!"

Fred shrugged his shoulders, lighted a long thin cigar, retreated to his chair, and built up once more his impenetrable stockade.

Mildred walked from the room into the adjoining bedroom and firmly shut the door.

Presently Fred was uncomfortably aware of certain muffled sounds issuing from the bedroom. He tried his best not to listen to them, but to no purpose. There was no disguising the nature of the sounds. They placed a mental picture clearly before him—a picture of Mildred lying face downward on the bed wildly weeping. This was too much. "I *have* been a brute," he muttered; and he rose, walked to the bedroom door, and tried to open it. The door was locked.

He rattled the knob. "Mildred," he called, "I'm awfully sorry. Please let me in."

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No answer. The muffled sounds suddenly ceased.

Again he rattled the knob. "Please, Mil—please. I want to apologize."

No response.

"Oh, very well," he thought; "I've done all I can. If she wants to be nasty about it . . ."

He was then seized by what he conceived to be a brilliant idea. He proceeded to wind and set Nathaniel's clock. He knew that the turning of the key and the striking of the hours and half-hours would be plainly audible in the bedroom.

When this operation was carefully completed he listened again at the door for a long moment. Silence. This was distinctly irritating. He was almost on the point of demanding entrance.

But the memory of the muffled, heart-broken sobbing returned and he controlled the hasty impulse. He determined to be patient—very patient. "I'll give her time," he reflected; "she's sure to come round. No use making a mess of things."

And he began to prowl about the little room, puffing nervously at his shortening cigar. Each time he passed the bedroom door he stopped an instant to listen. No sound within. It was curiously annoying. It fretted his nerves.

Finally he went to a window and stood staring out at the vertical deluge and the deserted street. This sad occupation, by an association of ideas, brought to him a sudden vision of the joys of golf. It occurred to him that even if he had been cheated of his game it might prove amusing, it might calm his nerves, to swing a club for a little while. So he went to the coat-closet in the hall, where his golf-bag was hanging, selected from the bag a favorite mid-iron, and returned with it to the little living-room. No, the living-room would not do; it was far too crowded with furniture. He would try the dining-room. Now the dining-room was separated from the living-room by closed portières; he pushed through them, club in hand.

This dining-room was, if anything, a trifle larger than the living-room, although in itself a sufficiently tiny apartment. Still, Fred, after surveying it a moment doubtfully, thought that with a little care it might answer his purpose. But first he would have to push the dining-table as far as possible into one corner.

It was while he was engaged upon this absorbing operation that Mildred opened the bedroom door. She had on a travelling hat and a rain-coat, and in her hand she carried a satchel. As she came forward into the living-room she quietly closed the bedroom door. It was a mechanical action done without thought, for even as she did it she was wondering what had become of Fred.

Her intention was to make a dignified little speech to Fred and then to go . . . if he would let her . . .

What had become of him?



"MILDRED WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME NOW"

Standing thus attentive, she heard sounds from the dining-room; and as it was her maid's day out she knew that Fred must be in there. And instantly a daring idea smote her. She would teach Fred a lesson he would not soon forget.

Tiptoeing with infinite care, she gained the hall, and softly opening the outer door—was gone.

Fred meanwhile had arranged the dining-room to his entire satisfaction. By means of cautious experiment he had discovered that there was just one spot where it was safe for him to stand. From that one spot, however, by placing himself at a carefully calculated angle, he could obtain a free swing with his mid-iron. He had tested the range thoroughly and was sure of his ground. He removed his coat.

Then, after a brief preliminary flourish of the wrists, he fixed his eye on an imaginary ball and proceeded to try for one hundred and fifty yards. . . . He had, perhaps forgotten that under the pressure of excitement one reaches a little on the carry through.

There happened to be three breakable objects on the mantelpiece. It would have been wiser to have removed them. But either one of two of these objects could have been replaced. These two remained intact. The third, though not remarkable for beauty, was in itself unique. In short, it was Mildred's "one supreme treasure." It was the Wedgwood teapot which had been given to

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her ancestor, Nathaniel Wolcott, by General Washington.

This it was that Fred Frensham, rigid with terror, now held in his hands in two divided fragments. In his right hand he held the body of the teapot and in his left hand he held the spout. He was thinking hard.

"This ends it," he was thinking. "Mildred will never forgive me now. My life as a married man is over."

Mildred never permitted the teapot to be touched by any hands but her own. She had made her husband swear solemnly never to lift it from its central position on the dining-room mantel. As he recalled this oath he weakly smiled. "Perhaps," he thought, "that is why I didn't have sense enough to remove it out of danger." But he knew that this excuse would find little favor in Mildred's ears.

Mildred's ears! . . .

Why had she not heard the crash?

Still holding the fragments, one in either hand, he pushed through the portières into the living-room and stared gloomily at the fast-shut bedroom door.

And a great anger surged through him because of that fast-shut door. What did Mildred mean by treating him in this way! It was insufferable!

He approached the door trembling.

He put out his hand toward the knob—only to realize that it held the spout of the damned teapot. Between fright and anger the devil in person entered into his heart.

"Mildred!" he shouted, "I'm holding your teapot in my hands! If you don't come out right away—I swear I'll smash it!"

No answer.

"You don't think I dare, eh? All right, then." And he dashed the body and spout of the teapot against the shut door, reducing them once and for all to a shapeless clutter of fragments. Then he seized the door-knob and shook it fiercely and the door opened beneath his touch.

He stared into an empty bedroom. Within three minutes he had searched the apartment. The Wolcott fetish had avenged itself. Mildred was gone.

When Fred Frensham came again to his collected senses he found himself sitting on the living-room floor carefully picking up the fragments of the shattered teapot. Some one was standing in the hall doorway. It was Maggie, a very much astonished maid of all work. Fred sprang to his feet.

"Maggie," he exclaimed, "I thought you—"

"Sure it's drowned I was outside, so I came home early. Where's Mrs. Frensham?"

From the hall came the insistent ringing of the telephone bell. Fred did not stop to answer Maggie's question.

Yes, it *was* Mildred's voice. She was sorry. She hoped he hadn't been worried. She hoped he would forgive her. They had both acted so foolishly. She was at the railroad station. She would be home in half an hour. . . .

When Fred returned to the living-room, it was to find that Maggie had swept the fragments of the teapot into a dust-pan. She was just retreating toward the dining-room as he came upon her.

"Maggie," he exclaimed, "Ill give you a check for fifty dollars if you will tell Mrs. Frensham that *you* broke that teapot. Do you understand?"

Maggie halted, then shook her head. "What's fifty for 't? It 'll cost me the place—"

"How much will you take and risk it?"

Maggie needed time to consider. "'Tis a good place," she said. "I'll not get an easier . . . But I don't mind riskin' it for a hundred now."

"Done!" said Fred.



"WHAT'S FIFTY FOR 'T? IT 'LL COST ME THE PLACE"

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Justified

THE venerable rector of St. Luke's has a saintly and apostolic appearance. He also has decided opinions of his own on most matters, and is not averse to expressing them. Recently, unknown to him, the vestry decided to have the next supply of coal for the church put in a different cellar from the one commonly used. When the coal was delivered, the rector, seeing the drayman making what he thought was a mistake in its disposal, interposed, and in no uncertain tones bade the darky place the coal in the cellar always used for that purpose.

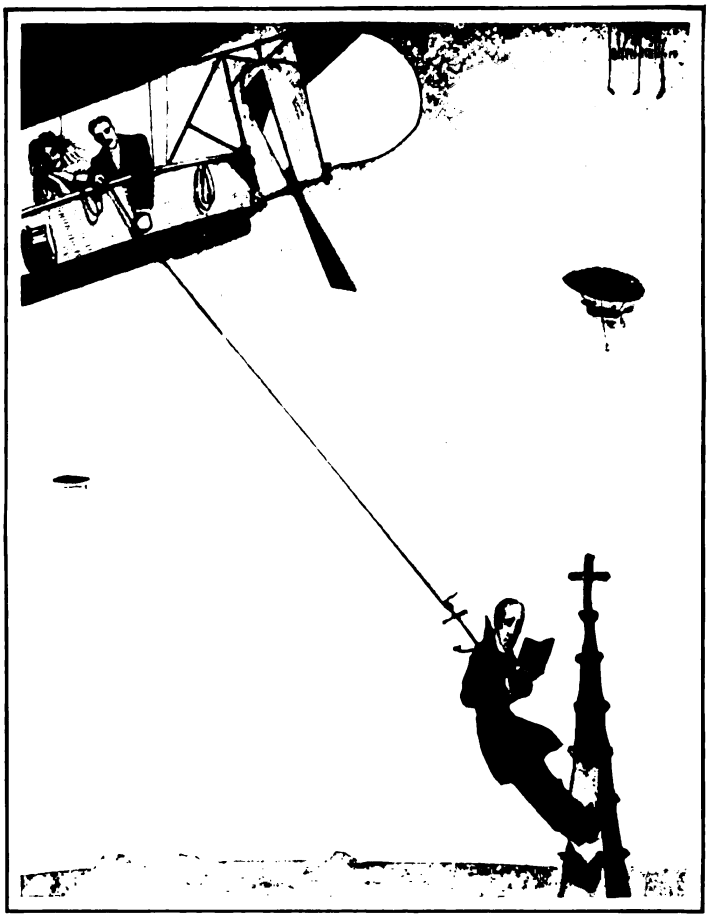
The senior warden, several days later, was much annoyed to discover that his orders had been disregarded and that the coal was in the same old cellar. With wrath in his eye he complained to the coal-dealer. The latter declared he had carefully explained to the drayman where to put the coal, so to settle the matter the darky was called up.

"Sam, you black rascal," thundered the coal-man, "didn't I tell you to put that coal for St. Luke's in the cellar opening on Fourth Street?"

"Yassah."

"Mr. Smith tells me you didn't do it. Why can't you carry out my orders?"

The darky grinned sheepishly, hesitated, scratched his head. "Well, boss, you see, I done started to put dat coal wheh you tole me—yassah, I done started—an' ole St. Luke hisself he come out an' gimme fits about it."



The Eloping Couple—Engaging the Minister

Perfect Comfort

IN some parts of the North Carolina mountains only the barest necessities are known. A mountain boy who spent the night at a farmhouse some distance from his own cabin was at first uncertain what to do with the pillows he found on his bed. That he finally put them to good use was disclosed in his account to his family of the affluence of his host.

"Why," he said, "they even had little feather-beds to put y'r feet on!"

Fame

IF I go with my friends to ride,
Perhaps in some historic town,
They say with ill-concealed pride,
"*That* used to be the home of Brown!"

Or if I'm in some other State,
They say, "By dint of much research,
We have discovered, sure as fate,
That's where Jones used to go to church!"

Or eagerly they cry, "Look there!"
I see a heap of bricks and sod!
"We *think* that was the smithy where
Robinson had his horses shod!"

Ah me! 'tis great to be renowned!
I long to think, in years long hence,
People may slowly drive around
My somewhat battered garden fence!

I love to think, as at a shrine,
Their awestruck gaze will rove about,
And reverently they'll opine,
"*That's* where she hung her washing out!"

CAROLYN WELLS.

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No Melon

DURING a dinner given by the chamber of commerce of a Western city a certain business man who is extremely near-sighted had as his left-hand companion a gentleman who is completely bald.

At dessert the man with the bare thatch dropped his napkin, and stooped to pick it up. At that precise moment the near-sighted man, who was talking to his right-hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and beholding the bare pate on a level with his elbow, said:

"Thank you, no melon. I will take coffee."

An Ornament

AN amateur philanthropist had, after much difficulty in subduing the parents, secured the services of a distinguished oculist and hospital treatment for a small colored boy.

A fortnight later the father gayly reported the patient's progress:

"Little Rhode Island's suttonly doin' fine. Hi' eye do look beautiful."

"Oh, Sambo, I'm so glad, but is his sight as good as ever?"

"No—m," with soft deprecation, "I don't think he *see* none out'n it, but it sure am a splendid eye."



At the Zoo

"Gee, Billy, I wish dey had to fine people to keep 'em from feedin' us."

The Big Balloons

AS I was riding on a 'bus
Out on Fifth Avenue,
I saw a man with big balloons
All red and green and blue.

He had such very big balloons
I hardly could believe it.
Sometimes a child would stop to see
His pack and would relieve it.

But I was riding on a 'bus,
And there I had to stay,
While the big balloons waved wildly
And I went on my way.

My father says that this is "life."
I don't know what he means,
But O! to pass so fine a sight—
How very hard it seems!

EDNA M. OWINGS.

Modern Italian Version

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in the Italian quarter of Chicago had been telling her pupils certain of the fables of Æsop, and of these the story of the fox and the grapes seemed especially to appeal to one little dusky son of Italy.

By a stroke of luck the teacher was enabled to hear the lad give his version to a lad in another class.

In a delicious dialect the boy recounted the fable pretty much as it is written until he reached the climax, which he rendered thus:

"Den de olda fox he say, 'I thinka da grape no good, anahow. I guess I go geta de banan'."

Another Drain on the Forests

AMONG the household supplies recently laid in by a newly married couple in Washington were a number of jars of jam.

The husband assisted his wife in the opening of the packages containing the jars, one of which was set aside for immediate use. In this the young wife promptly discovered something foreign. She held it up for her husband's inspection. "This looks like a hardwood splinter," she said.

"And so it is," agreed hubby, after examination. "These must be some of those forest preserves we hear so much about."

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In the Language of Flowers

MORNING-GLORY. *"Oh, I wonder if I'll ever be able to make music like that?"*

Homesick

HOMESICK ain't like th' other sicks
You get an' hafto go to bed
An' drink th' stuff th' drug-stores mix,
Or have things tied aroun' your head,
An' when your ma she wash your face
An' use th' silver bresh an' comb
To comb you, an' she fill a vase
With flowers, 'cause you're sick at home.

Homesick ain't *med'cine* sick at all;
It ain't a sick like stummick ache
'At make you double up an' bawl
An' say you *didn't* eat th' cake,
Until your conscience it ache, too,
Nen you con-fess, an' your ma smile
An' say she got a joke on you
Buhcause she know it all th' while.

Homesick ain't when they see your tongue
Or feel your pulse, or your ears buzz,
Or doctor listens at your lung—
But, oh, how much you wisht it *wuz!*
Homesick is when you go away
A-visitin' all by yourself,
An' miss th' clock 'at ought to stay
A-tickin' on th' mantel-shelf.

But you don't miss it till it's night
An' time to go to bed, an' nen
You think if it would be po-lite
You'd like to go back home again.
An' you don't know just what it is
You want, but wisht you had it, though;
An' grampa sez 'at it is his
Up-pinion 'at you'd like to go.

An' folks tell stories to you, too,
An' try their best to *make* you laugh.
Th' wind cries in th' chimbley flue,
An' in th' barnyard is a calf
'At bawls an' bawls— An' worst part yet
Is all th' time how well you know
No matter how homesick you get
An' want to go home, you *can't* go.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Real Curiosity

AT a county fair in a Western State, one of the attractions of which was an exhibition of curious animals, there appeared a countryman attended by a large assortment of boys and girls and a wife in a huge sunbonnet.

The countryman took the "barker" for the exhibition into his confidence. "I'd like to go in and see them animals," said he, "but it would be kinder mean to go in without my family; and I can't afford to pay for my wife and fifteen children."

The city-reared "barker" stared at the man in amazement. "Are all those your children?" he asked, gasping.

"Every one of the fifteen," said the man.

"Just wait a minute and I'll fix it up for you," said the obliging "barker." "I'll bring out them animals and let 'em have a look at you and your family."

Both Had Suffered

AN East Side druggist lately received a hurried call from a small girl, who desired to purchase liniment and some cement.

"Liniment and cement?" repeated the pharmacist, puzzled by the unique order. "Going to use 'em at the same time?"

"Sure," promptly responded the youngster. "Ma, she hit pa with a pitcher."



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THE WHALE. "*Don't you think it would be nice for us to take another little trip together?*"
JONAH. "*No, no, I disagree with you!*"

The Omnipotence of Laurier

THE winter work of the Canadian lumberman cuts him off, in a great measure, from the outside world; and when he emerges from the woods, in April or May, he feels a natural curiosity to know what has taken place during his absence.

In the spring of 1901 one of these French-Canadian woodsmen greeted, with warmth, an old acquaintance, and, in the same breath, demanded "the news."

His companion mentally reviewed the various public events which had come within his knowledge during the past winter, and selecting the one which he deemed most noteworthy, stated that Queen Victoria had died.

"Ba gosh!" exclaimed the interested *habitant*. "An' who's got dat job?"

"The Prince of Wales," replied his informant.

The lumberman reflected. Then leaning forward confidentially.

"Mus' ben good frien' ter Laurier for git dat job," he whispered, with a knowing wink.

No Time to Scold

A WESTERN physician has two children, Ernest and Alice, aged nine and eleven respectively. Recently the doctor and his wife made a week-end trip to the country, leaving the children at home with the servants. They were to return Monday night on a train due at ten o'clock. The children wanted to meet them at the depot, and of course received very definite instructions not to do so.

When the parents arrived, at half past eleven, their train being an hour and a half late, they were surprised to find Ernest and Alice waiting for them, and all alone. The mother rushed forward to expostulate, but was cut off by the shrill voice of Alice crying: "Hurry up, mother. Don't stop to talk. The taxi's up to seven dollars and sixty cents already!"

Had Made Up His Mind

A CLEVELAND lawyer tells how, during a trial, one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and fled from the court-room. He was, however, arrested in his flight before he had left the building, and brought back.

"I should like to know what you mean by such an action as this," demanded the judge, in a lenient tone, however, as he knew the man, an elderly German, to be a simple, straightforward person.

"Vell, your honor, I vill exblain," said the juror. "Ven Mr. Jones finished mit his talking my mind vas clear all through, but ven Mr. Smith begins his talking I becomes all confused again already, und I says to mineself, 'I better leave at vonce, und stay avay until he is done,' because, your honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like der vay der argument vas going."



The Day of the Dog

"*Auntie, may I pat Fido?*"
"*If you are sure your hands are perfectly clean.*"

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NON-CIRCULATING
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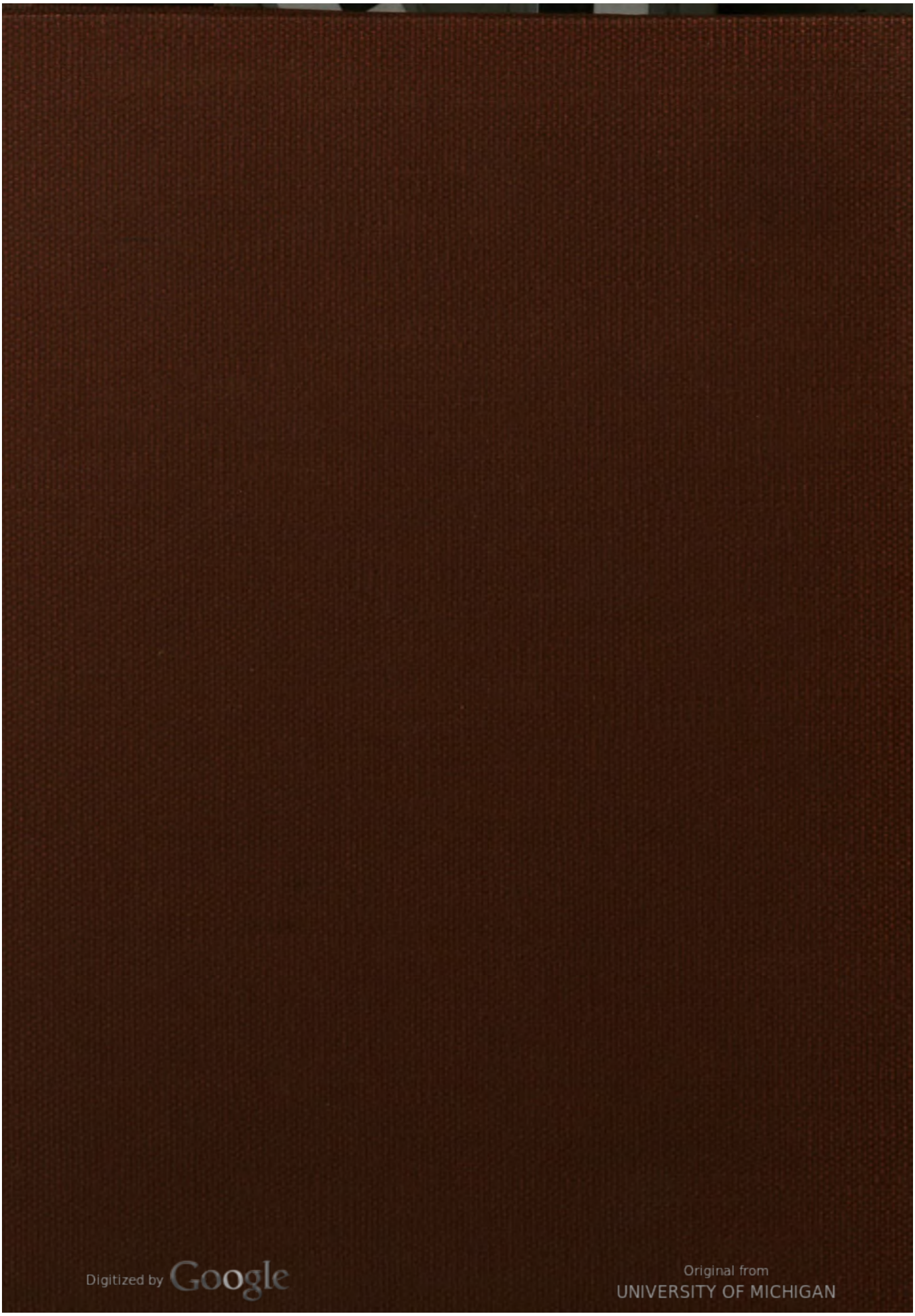
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